# Dwight's journal of music

John Sullivan Dwight

Digitized by Google

Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
382836A
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1925

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 783. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 1.

## A History of Opera.

BY C. SCHULZE*

It is no easy task to give, in the narrow limits of a journal, a clear and complete picture of the origin, progress and development of Opera, a work of art to the production of which such different arts: poetry, vocal and instrumental music, elocution, mimicry, painting and perspective, dancing and mechanics, have with sisterly love aided each other—a work of art, which, in the course of time, has gone through the most varied changes, to whose worship men have erected, all over the globe, thousands of temples, where thousands of singers, of both sexes, raise their voices, and which, every evening, delights the hearts and senses of an endless crowd of auditors. The historical picture which I shall endeavor to place before the eyes of my readers, would, certainly, be clearer and more striking if it could be illustrated by musical examples. But, owing to the limited space at my disposal, I must renounce all ideas of this sort. My object must be only to draw, in sharp outlines, the course of development which dramatic poetry, in the closest alliance with music, has pursued for nearly three hundred years.

At the same time that, in the far West, a new world was discovered, the dawn of a higher epoch of civilization was gilding the old one. Truth and reason lighted a fresh torch; the sciences awoke from their death-sleep, and the old Greek and Roman authors once more saw the day. Men plunged with love, nay, with enthusiasm, into classical antiquity, and, among the subjects belonging to it, old music attracted the attention of scholars and educated persons. People grew ecstatic about this music, concerning the true nature of which and the manner in which it was practised, they knew about as much as a man born blind knows about colors. They placed it immeasurably higher than the music of the period, because, in the writings of ancient authors, they found glowing descriptions concerning its wonderful effects. The most profound reverence and admiration was above all entertained for the old Greek tragedies, with their choruses, which were regarded as musical models for imitation.

Greek Drama was formed out of epic (narrative) and lyrical poetry—the ode or song—and just the same process naturally took place in Germany and France. *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, *Nibelungen* and *Gudrun*, the *Songs of Roland* and of *William*, together with Greek lyrics, and the lays of minstrels and troubadours, are so many parallel links, fashioned quite independently of each other in the long chain of development followed by dramatic poetry.

The commencement of our modern dramas is to be found in the religious plays of the Middle Ages, in the Mysteries, as they were called, which used to be performed at Christmas, at Shrove-Tide, in Lent, and at Easter, in the market place, in the open country, and afterwards in the churches. This very last year, we have seen at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, the performance of one of these passion-plays, which, for centuries, has been repeated there from time to time, and in which nearly the entire village appears in action upon a natural stage. Such plays soon spread most widely in Germany, France, Italy and Spain. In the decretalia for the year 1230, of Pope Gregory IX., it is expressly mentioned that priests and deacons are to be masked in the church-plays. Music was allied at a very early period with these naïve dramatic essays. The German "*Marienklage*" (*Lament of Mary*), dating from the end of the 13th century, was actually all sung. Pilgrims returning from the Promised Land, and with sentiments elevated by the recollection of the holy places they had visited, sang Christ's Passion, the history of the Virgin Mary, and of the Apostles, and th legends of the Saints, first separately, and afterwards in chorus. But there was even dancing in these old plays, especially at Shrove-Tide.

Greek tragedy, and the religious plays of the Middle Ages, were, therefore, the two starting points of Opera in a poetically dramatic sense. What were they musically?

Vocal music had already reached the symphonetic stage, and was probably also accompanied by instruments. The separate parts were, however, written according to the stiff rules of counter-point. One unison chord was neighbor of another. This produced a monotony which crushed all feeling. The melodic element was very subordinate, and the text was unintelligible to the auditors. The mind therefore was left entirely vacant by such compositions. Music was cultivated not only in churches, but in private life as well, at the courts of temporal and spiritual nobles, especially on festive occasions. As musical forms in profane music there gradually rose up the Ballad, and the Canzone, or dance-song, the Maggiolata, or May-Song, the Carnival Song, and the Madrigal, or Love-Song. If to these we add the Chorus, the Interlude, as it was called, and the dramatic Scena, we have enumerated all the steps, by which opera at first victoriously ascended. The last-mentioned forms appeared as early as in the dramatic performances got up at the Courts of the Estes in Ferrara, and of the Medici in Florence and in Rome, on festive occasions, at the end of the 15th century. The chorus was introduced into tragedies, and the prologue or intermezzo, into comedies. The intermezzo was originally a madrigal for several voices. At a later period, one or other of the vocal parts was accompanied by music, as was the case in a pastoral by Beccario, in Ferrara, about 1550, in which the priest appears upon the stage with a lyre, and sings his part. If to all this we add the important fact that, at the same time, Italian painting, imitating Antiquity, had raised itself to a height never anticipated, and imparted greater brilliancy and magnificence than ever to the Court-festivals of the above-named princes, and that the Italian language, by its clear, melodious vocalization, and its simple consonant-combinations, appeared, more than any other, as though made expressly for music, we shall not be astonished that Italy was the native land of Opera.

We may call Florence the cradle of Opera. We there find, about 1580, in the house of that lover and patron of music, Giovanni Bardi, Count di Vernico, a small literary-musical circle, consisting of men of science and lovers of the art. Three of them: Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the celebrated astronomer; Count Bardi himself; and Girolamo Mei, had written valuable works, in which they set forth their views, on old and new music. They asserted distinctly that the new music was deficient in verbal grace and expression. From theory, they quickly proceeded to practice. Galilei was the first to write songs for one voice. The performance of the scene he composed of Count Ugolino, from Dante, and some fragments from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which he sang himself accompaniedon the tenor-viol, met with unanimous approbation from his auditors. It is true that these and other like essays in composition, especially those of the singer, Caccini, who had been living at the Court of Florence since 1564, are lost, but they must be regarded as the beginning of artistic solo song. After Count Bardi removed to Rome, where he was made a chamberlain of the Pope, the central point of the musical club was the house of the Florentine noble, Giacomo Corsi, who had written on the music of the Ancients, and composed canzonets. Among those who frequented the house were, also, the poet Ottavio Rinuccini, and the musician Peri. The efforts of all these men were directed to combining the words properly with the music, to recovering the old spoken-song of the Greeks, the true ancient Recitative, and more especially, to produce the same results by means of modern music. They endeavored to effect this by making the performer recite in a singing tone, by bringing the accompanying bass part, in passionately accented passages, in harmonic combination with the melody, and allowing the instrumental part to remain quiet only when the words were not strongly accented. They called this the "*Stilo rappresentatico;*" we call it now-a-days, Recitative.

Rinuccini then wrote a pastoral: *Daphne*, for which Peri and Caccini supplied the music, and which was performed, with the greatest applause, in Corsi's house.

But Rinuccini was still more fortunate with *Euridice*, in 1600. This poem was written by its clever, handsome, and enamored author for the marriage of Maria di Medici, whom he adored, with Henry IV. of France. Some of the airs in it were composed by Corsi; the part of Euridice and the choruses by Caccini; and all the rest by Peri, the solos being treated as recitative, and the choruses written very simply. The novelty of the thing, and the musical expression, aiming to be true, surprised all Florence, and Rinuccini's fame was soon spread about, a result to which the presence of so many princes of France and of Italy, and the co-operation of the best singers in the world, contributed their share.

*Euridice* was, it is true, rather a series of madrigals joined one on to the other than a tragic poem. The language was a mixture of antique notions and affected bombastic forms of modern expression, and the music awkward and stiff. Still, the new style, which, by the element in it of earthly love, unconsciously formed a sharp contrast to sacred music, excited enthusiasm everywhere. It was called: "*nuova musica*," "*tragedia*," or "*drama per musica*," "*melo-drama;*" and "*tragicomedia*."

The name of "opera" was not known till much later, and appeared first, in 1656, in an English opera book. Outward splendor of scenery and costume, and the sense-entrancing arts of dancing and mechanics were in no wise wanting to the first-born of Opera. From the very origin of melo-drama, the poets manifested, in a remarkable manner, a partiality for the wonderful and the magic element, in which of course the ignorance of the great masses always takes delight. Mythological subjects predominated for a long time in the musical drama. When the mythological notions of the Ancients were exhausted, authors turned to northern mythology. Demons, gnomes, and fairies appeared on the stage; the legend and the saga were rifled in all directions. This tendency towards the Wonderful, a tendency that permeates opera even at the present day, appears to be instinctive, for the magic arts of the machinist and of the scene-painter have always had to serve as beauty-patches to vapid librettos and suspicious music.

The scenes in *Euridice*, for instance, represented first green fields; then the wide expanse of ocean; then smiling gardens; then a thunder-storm with dark clouds, rain, and wind; then the abodes in Elysium; and then the fearful torments of the infernal regions. From beneath the bark of trees, which opened of its own accord, the forms of fair maidens came forth; forests sprang up by magic, and were populated by fauns, satyrs,

*From the Berlin Echo. [Translated for the London Musical World.]

and dryads. Fountains and rivers gushed out, and were animated with nymphs.

As another example of the scenic invention of that period, I will mention an allegorical spectacle of Capponi, of Bologna, which was performed, in the Carnival of 1628, in the Royal Palace of Turin, to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of France.

At the opening of the Royal hall, amid the loud sound of instruments, there appeared all the gods in heaven who are well disposed to man; each one sang a short recitative, answered by the chorus. Then the Elements appeared, symbolized under different shapes, namely: a ship, signifying water; a theatre, instead of the earth; a mountain vomiting flames, instead of fire; and a rainbow, instead of air. In a moment, the entire hall was filled with water, like a sea, on which the ship sailed slowly round; in the forepart of the latter, was a rich throne, prepared for the sovereign and the other princes of the Court. Here and there on the sides of the ship were engraved the arms of the provinces subject to the Duke of Savoy, and in the middle of it there was a large table, laid for forty persons. The god of the sea begged the prince, the ladies and the noblemen, to come on board, where they were waited on, at a rich banquet, by tritons, who brought the dishes on the backs of marine monsters. Meanwhile, on a rock, which rose at no great distance, was represented the story of Arion, who was flung into the sea and rescued by a dolphin. The music constituted the prologue. The first act set forth the departure of Arion, from his native place, Lesbos. In the second, he was seated singing on the dolphin. In the third, he was in Corinth, where King Periander expresses a wish to hear his misfortunes, and tells the sailors who had betrayed him who he is. At the end, the Sirens danced a ballet, invented by the Duke Carlo Emmanuele.

Dancing, too, was thus, at an early period, the willing attendant of Opera. Rinuccini invented, especially during his stay in Paris, several beautiful dances, which, according to the custom of the period, were combined with vocal canzonets. The rhythm was marked by long-sustained, deep instrumental tones. It was not till later that the art rose to allegorical dances and ballet.

As a matter of course, orchestral music could not, in the first half of the 17th century, either satisfy artistic requirements, nor could the mind be really and profoundly moved by the singing. There was a want of musical contrasts, produced by the conscious employment of consonances and dissonances, and by free combinations of tones, not restricted by stiff rules. Peri and Caccini despised, it is true, counterpoint, but they had not reached such a height in art as to be able to come forward as reformers. Another master completed the schism in the old traditional harmonic chord system. This was Claudius Monteverde, born in 1568, at Cremona, and a pupil of Ingegnari. In two of his madrigals, which appeared in 1598, he introduced, in order to express deep passion, free dissonances, an innovation which occasioned a great sensation and a paper war. *Orpheus*, composed by him in 1607 for Mantua, far surpassed Peri's music. The declaimed portion was more energetic and more passionate than any before then; there were even cantilena-like passages in the music, and they must be regarded as the beginning of the subsequent sharply-defined difference between the recitative and the air. The bass, as an accompanying part, was more mobile, and took a share in the expression of the vocal part. The orchestra, which was strengthened, had more to do; took the interludes, and attempted, by different kinds of tone-coloring, to characterize the dramatic situation. Monteverde's *Ariadne*, the words of which were written by Rinucci, was produced in 1608, and created as great a sensation as his former work. The monologue, delivered by the heroine of the piece, when she has been deserted by Theseus, made an extraordinary impression on the public, and was long afterwards regarded as a musical masterpiece. Monteverde's fame now spread all over Italy. In this capacity, he continued to exercise a great influence upon the development of secular music, especially of the musical drama, though that influence did not penetrate very far, till after 1640, when regular operatic performances were given in Venice, particularly under the direction of his pupil, Cavalli, who developed still further the aria, and organized the orchestra.

Monteverde's operas made the round of all the theatres of Italy, predominating, more especially, at the theatre in Venice, a town which gave such performances the preference over any others. From 1637 to 1700, 357 operas, by some 40 composers, were produced at seven different theatres there. After Monteverde's death, in 1643, more and more adherents were gained over to the opinion that a number of harmonies, simply following each other, just like colors placed side by side in painting, could not touch our inward feelings or our mind, but that it was the drawing, *i. e.*, the melody, alone which moved, excited, stirred, and charmed us, that it was melody which breathed life into the words of the poet. We may here name, as the representatives of melodic style, Cesti, Viadana, and Carissimi. Viadana applied these principles to the sacred concertos, which he invented, and his efforts, and more particularly Carissimi's, could not fail to affect opera also. Carissimi, who had been a chapelmaster in Rome since 1649, and up to 1680 marked an epoch in musical matters, never, it is true, wrote an opera, but carried the recitative and the melody of the drama into the chamber-cantata, as it was called, and thus facilitated extremely the further development of the musical form. Up to now, polyphonic choral song had exercised exclusive away in church music. In the chamber-cantata, solos and chorus relieved each other *concertante*, and, in this way, were especially conducive to the further development of oratorio. This composer rendered, indirectly, great services to opera, by his efforts to introduce more delicate accentuation in the declamation; a more rhythmical song-like construction of the cantilena, as air and duet, by canonic treatment of solo-parts for several voices, and by the harmonic sub-basis of the recitative, in which, by means of modulation, the effect of the verbal expression is increased, and by means of greater mobility in the heavy basses.

This cantata style was without more ado at once introduced into the singing-drama by Carissimi's pupils, of whom I will mention only Buononcini, Bassani, Legrenzi, and the elder Scarlatti. It was more particularly Alexander Scarlatti (born, 1650; died, 1725), subsequently upper chapelmaster in Naples, and founder of the Neapolitan school, which far surpassed the Venetian school, who continued, with credit, his master's work. It was, through him, the glory of the flourishing days of Italian music, through him, who wrote hundreds of masses, cantatas, and oratorios, besides one hundred and nine operas alone; who declared Hasse to be the greatest master of harmony in Italy, and Jomelli the greatest composer of church-music of his day—it was through him that vocal music gained that soft, noble character for which this entire period was distinguished. Recitative, to which he lent still greater effect by an *obbligato* instrumental accompaniment, attained, under him, a perfection previously unknown. With regard to the aria-form, he introduced the innovation of repeating it, though this innovation is found, also, simultaneously in the works of German composers, Steffani, for instance. Scarlatti's operas, of which the most important one is said to be *La Principessa fidele*, held away all over Italy, and gained many admirers in Germany, also, especially at Vienna and Munich. It may safely be asserted that the influence of his school is perceptible even at present in Italian musical style.

Before proceeding further in the development of opera, it may not be out of place to cast a glance on the first spread of this new form of art. Even when scarcely born, it began its wanderings through the world. In Rome, the pastoral, *L'Anima ed il Corpo* (Soul and Body), by Cavagliere, was produced as early as 1600, and, in the carnival of the year 1606, the Romans saw, on a Thespian car, which visited all the largest open squares in the Eternal City, five singers and five performers representing a musical drama by Quagliata, for the public amusement. Bologna was one of the first cities in Italy where melodrama settled, for Rinuccini's *Euridice* was performed there in 1601. In Venice, opera was introduced by Monteverde with Manelli's *Andromeda*, in private houses, in the palaces of the Doges, and, afterwards, in the theatre. All other large towns of Italy followed with amazing rapidity. Opera then traversed the Alps. In the year 1645, Mazarin sent for Italian operatic singers, men and women, to Paris, and the first opera given there was *La finta Pazza*, performed in the presence of Louis XIV. This was followed, in 1647, by Peri's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, got up with extraordinary magnificence. In the year 1669, Perrin obtained the exclusive Royal privilege of composing for the French opera. This was the reason why Cambert, the composer, who felt affronted at it, left his country for England, importing thither the French musical drama.

Italian music, however, very soon supplanted French music again, but it could not obtain a firm footing in London. The best Italian operatic company, and the most energetic managers were sent for: the nobility gave thousands upon thousands; Handel industriously set one Italian book after another, and yet opera suffered shipwreck. One reason was that the Italian language clashed with the taste of the proud and prudish islanders; but a still more important one was that the vapid, offensive, books, and the acrobat-like tricks of the Italian *bravura* style, could warm no English heart. All the operas produced in London vanished as quickly as they came. It must, therefore, strike us as astonishing, that even down to the present day, that is to say, after a lapse of more than 140 years, one English opera has kept its ground, having, when first produced, been played sixty-three successive nights. I allude to *The Beggars' Opera*, by Gray. This work took like wildfire, always filling the house and the treasury, so as to give rise to the joke on the manager, Rich, and the composer, Gay; "*The Beggars' Opera* made Gay rich, and Rich gay."

The book of this patch-work affair is thoroughly immoral, frivolous, and impudent; the music consists of well-known melodies, treated in the form of popular songs; the whole is really not an opera, but a play interspersed with vocal music.

The secret of its success at this epoch is to be found in the delight of the public at the evident satire directed against the prime minister, Walpole, and the Court, and the palpable contrast between the realistic roughness, nay, coarseness, and pretended propriety, arrogant, self-sufficient Pharasaical virtue, and despicable amorous toying depicted in the piece. This realism is probably the reason why *The Beggars' Opera* attracts an audience in England even at the present day. Among us, too, there is a public which feasts both ear and eye on the poison of French stage productions.

(To be Continued).

## The Centennial of Beethoven.

BY REV. R. LAIRD COLLIER.

[From Old and New, March, 1871.]

Beethoven was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, and died at Vienna; and it was fitting alike to his genius and career that his day of welcome should have fallen in December, and his day of adieu in March. He came when the earth was dreary, and went himself to repose when Nature was disporting herself in lightnings and thunderings and storm. In this interval, between his first day, in 1770, and his last day, in 1827, a deep monotone of spiritual sadness was the weird chord upon which all included days were strung.

This crown of thorns, the inevitable law and penalty of all genius, pierced his spirit at every point and pore; and of this he died. When he was four years of age, music became the pursuit of his life, in no sense the labor of his life; for he followed and made suit to the Muse, and so early as his eleventh year heard her voice accepting his heart. Thenceforward, this spiritual affiance was never chilled, and knew no day of jealousy or passionate accusation. This was a love where sanctity was never questioned, and so never set to words, but a matter of that

Digitized by Google

deepest consciousness which knows, "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine." The musical instinct and bias, moreover, were of the quality of his nature, the only valuable inheritance which he received with his blood. His father, a tenor singer in the Elector's chapel,—a man of irregular habits, and worthless results in life,—early became the musical taskmaster of his son. The boy was impatient of his father's mechanical and inartistic methods, and impetuous to discard all laws of the letter, that his original genius might become a law unto itself. His way out to the fulness of his career had been appointed by an Inspirer who needed no formal sign-boards of instructors. He loved music after the fashion of his own heart, and not another's. He went to the piano as a reminder, perhaps formulator, of the melodies afloat in his own soul. When driven there by the scourge of authority, the piano was but a mechanism of wires and strings, black and white keys.

He never knew the sweets of home, wrapped in the warm love of a mother, and the wise solicitude of a father. The tenderest and most potential influence which one bears on through life to make it hallowed and hallowing to all other lives was wanting to his. He cherished deep affection for the name of his mother, and bore the image of his dear good grandfather, who died when he was but three years old, and of whom he always delighted to speak with reverence and love.

But the ideal and domestic side of his nature, the highest and divinest, found a noble culture in the hospitable family of his life long friend Von Brenning. In this sacred circle, he was loved with a love always on the alert to reconcile merits of nature with faults of temperament,—a love never without new and adequate resources to magnify his genius and pardon his follies.

The light of love never went out upon this vestal altar; and at this hearthstone he became familiar with the great German minds through books and society. His education was scanty, and never advanced in the rudiments and technicalities beyond "a little Latin." At the age of fifteen, he was appointed organist in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, through the friendly offices of Count Waldstein, an amateur of taste, and an appreciating admirer of the great master's genius through life.

His career in Bonn was terminated when Beethoven was in his twenty-second year; and thereafter Vienna was the scene of his studies, his achievements, and fortunes. Of his years of study, but little is told us. He was not unknown to the great artists yet living, as a versatile and originative composer, when he arrived in Vienna to enjoy the instructions of Haydn, the most distinguished. Though ignorant, for the most part, of the science of counterpoint, he obeyed the voice of his own sense of beauty, which was the higher law of his inspiration; and, though this frequently set at nought all that was arbitrary and limiting, he did wisely to trust then, as always thereafter, his own instinct, which was always in harmony with those deepest and undefinable laws of nature. The most perceptible influence of his great master traceable in his style is in the first symphony in C major, and the sonatas dedicated to Haydn. In his later works this influence has wholly passed away, giving no indication that it ever became a part of the texture of his artistic culture. These early days, attended by hope and prosperity, were the only days of his brilliant career,—brilliant on its professional side, in which the angel of peace entered his heart, and folded its wings to abide.

At this period, it was evident that the tone of his mind was introspective, that his resources were not in the wealth of the artistic world about him, but the wealth of the artistic world within him. Already he had more to give the world than the world had to give him; for he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He had little aptitude as an instructor, from original distaste for the work; and he only resorted to it when in dire extremity himself, or in the hope of helping his family. Madame Von Breuning often compelled him to go over to the opposite house, and continue his lessons in the family of a distinguished ambassador. He would walk along until he reached the door, when he would promise to come the next day. His friend would look out of her own window, and say, "Our Beethoven has had another '*raptus*,' "—a phrase himself was fond of using.

In these days, he was too busy for society; and, when the days came in which he could have commanded the leisure, he had no heart for it, as we shall see.

He had no flattery for rank and titles, and disdained, with inborn pride, to court the patronage of nobility.

His manners were never regulated by conventional laws; and, in defence of their singularity, he condescended to speak or write no word during life. As always, many were jealous of his rising fame, and made him the subject of unfriendly, and frequently cruel, criticism. Of these, though sensible, he was unheeding, and by inward spiritual impulse moved forward to the mastery of his art; and, during the first decade of his sojourn in Vienna, he composed his first two symphonies, over twenty sonatas, trios, quartets, his well-known septet, his only oratorio, and many of his best-known and most admired productions.

These, too, were the pictorial days of his life, when he worshipped at the shrine of love. The story of this passion is told, with all its fulness and interceptions, in the Sonata, in C sharp minor, dedicated to the Countess Guicciardi.

One may read his soul there as readily as in the words addressed to her: "My angel, my all, *myself!* If our hearts were still near together, that would be, indeed, my life. Great as is thy love for me, mine for thee is still greater. I can only live entirely with thee, or not at all. How I long for thee, with tears, my life!" This sonata is known as the "Moonlight Sonata," having been compared, by Rellstab, to a bark, visiting the savage sites of the Lake of the Four Cantons of Switzerland, by moonlight. This was his farewell utterance of love. She married another. And of this husband it is said that, when he was manager of the Imperial Theatre, and Beethoven was old and poor, he refused permission to have "Fidelio" performed.

When past fifty years of age, Beethoven said: "She married the count, and then sought me weeping; but I repulsed her, for I despised her." He repulsed and despised her. He thought the old and only love was gone; but love is never quite gone when the memory of it remains and is cherished.

This ideal and Platonic love joined hands with his great infirmity to shut his heart to the vulgar voices of the world, and infused into all his compositions of this period a depth of sentiment, and intensity of passion, which flowed forth in the tones of unutterable longing. No domestic felicity ever gave cheer or solace to his life; his brothers, Carl and John, were suspicious of his brotherly attachment, were exacting and demanding, until his very relation to them seemed the "evil principle" entering into his life. On one New Year's, John, who had become possessed of some wealth, sent in his card to his noble brother, as if to mortify and tantalize him, "John van Beethoven, Land-owner." Beethoven returned it, "Ludwig van Beethoven, Brain owner."

Domestic sorrows and disquietudes came like billow upon billow; and when deep was calling unto deep, his father still dissipated, his brothers still exasperating, his nephew, now his ward through long and vexing litigation, still reckless and ungrateful, the last link binding his heart to home—a link which in itself was the very heart of home—was severed; his mother rested in death. And, as if the Fates had ordained that the clouds portentous should have no silver linings, the great personal disappointment and grief of his life settled upon his soul. That sense most needful to him was deadened; and his deafness became an incurable complaint,—yes, complaint, rather than malady; for, though he strove to know the peace of resignation, he never was reconciled to the prison-house into which this confined him.

The little Brentano, like a fairy whom we see not coming or going, whose presence is known only by the gifts of spirit which are left behind, writes in one of her felicitous letters to Goethe a sun picture of Beethoven, full of happy detail, which makes open passage to his heart,—

"I could not get any one to introduce me; but I found him alone. He has three apartments, in which he alternately secretes himself—one in the country, one in town, and a third on the ramparts. It was there I found him on the third floor. I entered unannounced. He was seated at the piano; I gave my name; he was most friendly, and asked me if I would hear a song which he had just been composing, and sung with a shrill and piercing voice, that made the heaven thrill with wofulness, 'Knowest thou the land.' 'Is it not beautiful,' said he, 'exquisitely beautiful? I will sing it again.' He was pleased with my cheerful praise. 'Most people,' he remarked, 'are *moved* on hearing music; but these have not musicians' souls; true musicians are too *fiery* to weep.' He then sang another song of yours, which he had just been composing, 'Dry not, dry not, ye tears.' He accompanied me home; and it was during our walk that he said all these fine things on the art, talking so loud all the while, and standing still so often, that it required some courage to listen to him in the street. He, however, spoke so passionately, and all that he uttered startled me so, that I forgot even the street. They were not a little surprised, at home, on seeing me enter the room with him in the midst of a large dinner-party. After dinner, he sat down to the instrument, and played, unasked, wonderfully and at great length."

Beethoven was now separated unto his divine function and high calling. His habits were abstracted; so that he would enter an inn, throw himself upon a seat, and order his bill, without remembering that he had ordered no food. He would stand by the hour, when in a frenzy of composing, pouring buckets full of cold water upon his hands. He was constantly removing from one lodging to another, and would frequently be paying for three or four dwelling-places at once; since his freak or fancy would drive him now to the south side of the city, and now to the north side of the city, in the full belief that he could the more fluently compose.

The quality of this man was antique. The basis of his nature was ethical, and its flowering in character pure and spotless. The society surrounding him was, by its low moral tone, unworthy of him; and he was not without wrath at the baseness of men.

Beethoven knew asperities of temper, and hurled the stern convictions of his just soul against his time and its temporizing conventionalisms in harsh and unsightly sentences; but it has been said, with an exquisite charity: "The faults of man are the night in which he rests from his virtues."

He was passionate and excitable. This temperament is the birthright of genius; culture puts the bit in the teeth of such natures; and the champing is what the world calls master strokes of genius. There were morbid moments, when he believed himself the most wretched of all God's children; yet it was both the purpose and custom of his life to set Fate at defiance.

These correlated facts of temperament and trial made his life strange and introverted; but he lives in our hearts, not the afflicted, rugged, storm-beaten genius that he was, but an image of an inspiration, and fact of an altitude, whither so often we have been led and lifted by his music, that we might catch an outlook into the infinite which has now enfolded him, and with welcomes awaits our coming.

The familiar andante of the *Fifth*, and the allegretto of the *Seventh* Symphony; Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, in the *Ninth*; the raging, then waning storm, the outbreak of the shepherds' joy and song in the *Pastoral*, are to the soul only spiritual prompters, urging the spirit upward towards heights where the invisible and eternal are still only suggested.

Indeed, the Symphonies are all homilies, lifting, by their utterance, the aspirer beyond the atmosphere of sense into the world of the unseen.

Beethoven, unlike Mendelssohn, never parts company with the responsive soul at the horizon line where earth and heaven blend into one but leads through the open way into the world of light and spirit.

Although the overture to Coriolanus and the four overtures to Fidelio are brilliant and weird, offering frequent temptation to sacrifice the elevated purpose of music to the temporary effect, there is no single instance where the master surrendered to the passing suggestion of the tempter. We discover the more yielding nature of Mozart, usually so pure and conscientious, who, in the midst of the grand, even solemn music of *The Magic Flute*, introduces the purely superficial ballads of the bird catcher.

The music of "Fidelio" in its original inception and form called "Leonora," after Bouilly, tells with more exact literalness and lucidness the pure heroic love, the sighing, inventive, open-eyed love, of Leonora, than the libretto; indeed, the performance was delayed, because no words were to be found so full of intensity and passion as the music. And until the warm heart, magnificent acting, and overpowering voice of Wilhelmina Schröder were sought and found to carry "Leonora" abroad into the world, Beethoven wrote no other opera; for he had no hope that words, so fixed and rigid are they of import, could be put together to satisfy the demands of his higher vehicle of sentiment.

There is a "tone-tongue" and a "tone palette" higher and diviner than the word-language of the poet, or the color language of the painter. In striking illustration of this is the unmistakable controversy going on in the allegro of the sonata in G major; it is alike sad and bewitching. There is the almost querulousness of the treble, as it turns into remonstrance at the heady, wilful ways of the bass. There is love, redemptive love, in the one, and the determined waywardness in the other, until the "resisting principle" gives out, and the music becomes as tender as the flesh of an infant.

There is always a spiritual fulness in his melody, even in its most gradual declinings, when it sinks into the whisperings of the softest summer wind, when "no leaf of nature trembles, and no wave curls in the still lake," leaving room for the suggestion, that the artist has power precise to bear away

Digitized by Google

to the farthest orbit of the aniverse, and far beyond give glimpses of a boundless shadowy void; for his music is never the symbol of scantiness, nor yet of superfluity, but prodigality. We never fear the next measure will be sacrificed to the fulness of this; but this is a pledge of richer resource in the next.

Criticism has decided that the Funeral March of the Heroic Symphony was added after it was completed, and dedicated to the First Consul, upon the master's hearing the news of Napoleon having caused himself to be proclaimed emperor. In the absence of authentic data, we are led to believe that this famous march is no freak of *resentment*, but the flowering of its own fulness; and, indeed, this martial hymn, unlike Chopin's, celebrates, not the going out of a life, but an ascension to life,—the passing away, but through departed clouds, to a higher glory. Among the achievements of man, I know of none characterized by such wealth of resource and creativeness of genius as Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. The literature of metaphysics has not more entirely lifted the veil from the workings of the human intellect, or the visions of poetry more vividly revealed the passions of the human heart.

This symphony, furthermore, welds into one the types of Humboldt's "Cosmos" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

This age of art has left us no sacred music so fraught with the richest spirit of religion as Beethoven's Missa Solemnis and the Mass in C. They are most religious in that they are least dogmatic. The faith of this music reaches unto the eternal, gives hope to the most desponding, and embraces in true catholic charity the most isolated and the most foreign.

The soul of Chopin, subtle, undulating and arabesque, was attuned to the minor key in this a branch of the true vine; for the most part sad and sombre, yet he knew parentheses of joy and gladness, and by times, as Liszt well said, was "fantastic like the playful stampings of a delicious little teazing sylph."

Mendelssohn is Hebraic, reminding one of the stateliness of the pomegranates and the bells of the synagogue.

Beethoven is a re-assurance that the canon of inspiration is not closed; for he became a point of departure in the poetry and method of music. Angels of harmony will fold their wings, and abide with other souls,—fit temples for their indwelling. In the memory of the master, there is a fitting unity; his music compares with the majesty of his face, his face with his spirit, and his spirit with the circumstances of which it was born. Beethoven poured a new current of life into the forms of music, and is the foundation, nay, the very ground in which the foundations of a new order of music is laid. He clothes religion itself in a possible language; to express which, speech, by its very formality, is inadequate.

Forced from society, its evanescent and mutable fashions had no influence upon his music; so it is divine, in that it is not the voice of a time, but *all* time; not of *a* people, but *all* people.

Finally, nature, by her own habit, sanctions the method of the singer. She never brings her messages in words; for words divide the world, as do boundary lines, into nations, each speaking a different language. So, too, the voice of music is universal. The German text is a confusion to the unfamiliar English eye; but the notes of the German staff are the notes of the English staff. The forms of music are the same the world over, wherever the spirit of music has taken to itself forms. Her voice is the symbol of unity and brotherhood.

Civilization has its criterion in this: that it advances as man passes from the rigidity of thought and its formal statement to the relaxation of sentiment, and its glow in art and song. So this gives hope of the re-union of the now dismembered race; when sentiment shall bear sway, and music shall be its speech, the Rhine shall not divide, nor the channel separate; neither shall the great ocean be broad enough to keep asunder continent from continent. As the centennial anniversary passes, it renews the promise of one people with one language over all the earth.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

Oratorio Concerts. On Wednesday evening Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti* was given for the first time in London. The whole work was listened to with the most profound interest and attention, and enthusiastic demonstrations of sympathy with its gifted composer must have assured him that the triumph he achieved at Birmingham was confirmed by the verdict of his London audience. The vocalists were Miss Wynne, Miss Spiller, and Messrs. Cummings and Santley. Mr. Barnby's Choir did good service in the trying and unfamiliar choruses, and the band, conducted by Dr. Hiller, was as steady as could have been expected at a first representation.

The second part of the concert consisted of two compositions by M. Gounod—viz., a quartet, *O salutaris Hostia* and a setting of the 130th Psalm, *De Profundis*, both given for the first time, and listened to with much interest; and Handel's tenth Chandos Anthem, "Let God arise."

Dr. Hiller, M. Gounod, and Mr. Barnby divided the duties of directing the music.—*Musical World, March* 18.

Ferdinand Hiller's Recitals. Yesterday week, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, assisted by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and some lady vocalists, gave a recital of chamber music to a mere handful of listeners. The scant attendance was a disagreeable fact for those who talk largely of English art-progress. It could not easily be explained away. Here was a composer and professor of world-wide renown, in co-operation with artists of the highest rank, presenting new or unfamiliar works manifestly worthy attention; and yet the amateurs of London almost unanimously refused their countenance. Are then the pessimists right?—and is there no such thing among us, in any unappreciable degree, as a genuine love of high class music? We are sometimes told that when performances of classical works do succeed in England it is only because steady persistence creates an idea that they are succeeding—which in turn suggests the desirableness of "swimming with the tide." About the truth of this we offer no opinion; but to see a concert like Dr. Hiller's given to a "beggarly account of empty benches" is to be reminded of the observation.

The programme of Dr. Hiller's first recital was entirely made up of works from the distinguished professor's own pen, and included an adequate variety of selections. Of its interest there can be little need to speak in the hearing of those who know how accurately Dr. Hiller represents the prevailing phase of musical thought and expression in Germany. Without going so far as the advanced liberals, who would abolish "pure" art altogether, and make music the subservient handmaid of a sequence of ideas or emotions, the Cologne professor holds aloof from the conservatism which exaggerates form into formality, and by setting too much value upon the visible, misses that which is spiritual. In most of Dr. Hiller's works there is enough of "intellectuality" and of free expression; but at the same time they show how modern ideas can be grafted on the good old stock—in other words, how it is possible to reject the doctrine of finality in music without a resort to illegitimate practices. Therefore, as reflecting current notions in the land of free thought, Dr. Hiller's compositions have a value apart from their undeniable merit; and should be studied by all who would observe the artistic signs of the times. The first piece in Friday's programme was an air with variations for pianoforte (Op. 98), which Dr. Hiller played so as to make it clear that he has lost none of his old executive power, nor of his well-known skill in interpreting with absolute fidelity whatever he takes in hand. Much fancy distinguishes the variations; but they struck us as being somewhat overcrowded with details, and proportionately foggy. No such objection can be brought against a Suite de Pièces—Gavotte, Sarabande, and Courante—(Op. 118), which showed how it is possible to throw upon antiquated forms the light of modern taste, and make them again attractive. The second and third movements are particularly fine; but indeed the entire set deserves almost unqualified praise. Dr. Hiller played the Suite in magnificent style; his execution of some rapid octave passages for the left hand being especially noteworthy. An operetta without words, for two performers, rendered by Madame Schumann and Dr. Hiller, presented a novel and attractive feature. In it twelve movements familiar to lyric dramas are grouped according to a certain plan; as, for example, the overture, followed by the "Air of the Maiden," a "Scolding Song," a "Chorus of Hunters," "Air of the Youth," &c. These materials may be wrought up into any fitting romance; but the different numbers have an attraction even for listeners who decline to trouble their imagination about a plot. The work, as a whole, displays abundant merit; but some of the movements are conceived and developed after a singularly happy fashion, conspicuous examples being the "Scolding Song" (encored), the "Chorus of Hunters," the "Drinking Song," and "Chorus of Women." With such artists as Madame Schumann and Dr. Hiller it is superfluous to discuss the performance of the operetta. Enough that every movement was given with an intelligence as remarkable as the execution was precise. A *Duetto appassionato* for piano and violin (Op. 58), in which Dr. Hiller was assisted by Herr Joachim, may be passed as calling for little observation; but, on the other hand, we could say much in praise of a Serenade (Op. 64), for piano, violin, and violoncello (Signor Piatti), without exhausting the catalogue of its merits. The last named work is in five movements, and has important dimensions; while each part, but especially the *minuet* and *finale*, reveals the hand of a master and the ideas of an original thinker. A composition so classical, in the highest sense of the term, should be better known. The vocal music, consisting of six songs, was well sung by Mdlle. Drasdil and Miss Fanny Chatfield; Signor Randegger doing able service as accompanist. The second recital was to take place last night.—*Ibid.*

Royal Italian Opera.—All that our London operatic managers can have lost by the war is the privilege of producing some work, novel or revived, which might perchance, but for the war, have been brought out last winter at the Theatre des Italiens. It must, on the other hand, have placed an unusually large number of singers at their choice—a fact of which we had already had indications in the many new names which have recently appeared in concert programmes. It gives Mr. Gye, as we were before saying, Mme. Miolan Carvalho for a few months, M. Faure for an entire season, and M. Jourdan for a period which it has not been thought worth while to define.

Mr. Gye loses Mlle. Tietjens (by which the public will lose *Fidelio*, *Medea*, and some other operas and operatic parts in which Mlle. Tietjens is unrivalled), and he gains Signor Mongini who last year, it will be remembered, belonged to Mr. Wood's company at Drury Lane. This loss and this gain will set the public wondering what new operatic combination or combinations have been effected. We can give no information on the point. All we know is, as per programme, that Mlle. Tietjens is to be replaced in such parts as Donna Anna, Agata (*Der Freyschütz*), and Gertrude (*Hamlet*), by Mme. Parepa-Rosa, who since her first appearance in England some fifteen years ago, has been singing with the greatest success in the United States; and that Signor Mongini will share the principal tenor music with Signor Mario. Here, too, is another fact to be observed in the operatic politics of the day. Mme. Mombelli, the charming mezzo soprano of last season's Drury Lane company, joins the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Bettini, too—last year, with Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, of the Drury Lane Opera—is this year with Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, of the Royal Italian. Has opposition been replaced by a friendly combination, by a dual, or even a triple monopoly? Unable to answer the question, we can only say that Mr. Mapleson announces the opening of "Her Majesty's Opera" for the fifteenth of April, and in the meantime that Mr. Gye has got together a company which even for the Royal Italian Opera is unusually strong.

The first attractive feature in the programme is, so to say, of a negative character. Signor Mario, who is to sing this season, will, after this season, never sing again. Thereupon a well-merited eulogy is pronounced on the talent of the retiring vocalist, the whole enlivened by a really appropriate quotation from Moore. Signor Mario, who has been, we scarcely like to calculate how many years before, the public, has, as the programme points out, sung at the Royal Italian Opera twenty-three seasons out of the twenty-four which that establishment now numbers. Signor Mario is not even, it appears, to continue his performances until the end of the coming season. His final retirement is fixed for the last days of June. Naturally, this great artist, who for the last quarter of a century (and more) has appeared in every important Italian opera that has been produced in England, cannot in a single season go through his whole repertory of characters; but we are promised that an opportunity will be given us of hearing him once again in many of his most celebrated parts. We have said that several of the principal tenor parts are assigned this year to Signor Mongini, who will be heard, (for the first time (as Vasco di Gama) in *L'Africaine*, and for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, as Otello. Signor Mongini will also appear as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, and on the opening night (March 28) as Edgardo, in *Lucia*.

The list of sopranos includes Mme. Adelina Patti, Mme. Pauline Lucca, Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, Mlle. Sessi, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mlle. Orgeni, and others. In regard to Mme. Patti, we agree with the author of the Royal Italian programme—"that it is entirely superfluous to write any panegyric on the talents of this most gifted artist;" and the same may be said to a less degree of Mme. Patti's associates in the same vocal department. We may add on our own account, however, that nothing is more remarkable in

Digitized by Google

Mme. Patti's talent than its versatility; and of this we are to have fresh proofs during the approaching season, when she is announced to appear for the first time as Elena in *La Donna del Lago*, as Desdemona in *Otello*, and as Caterina in *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. Mme. Paolina Lucca, besides repeating all her celebrated parts, will undertake for the first time those of Fides in *Le Prophète*, Pamina in *Il Flauto Magico*, and Rachel in *La Juive*.

Among the baritones the public will be glad to find, in addition to M. Faure, MM. Graziani and Cotogni. Signor Ciampi still retains the position of *primo buffo*. The conductorship is entrusted to MM. Vianesi and Bevigna[illegible] Mr. Augustus Harris will continue to fill t[illegible] stage manager.—*Times*.

JOACHIM AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The most crowded audience of the season was drawn to St. James's Hall by the announcement that Herr Joseph Joachim would make his first appearance. The great violinist—greatest of violinists, indeed, both as executant and as faithful interpreter of all that is most beautiful in the art he professes—was welcomed with enthusiasm. This is as it should be; for Herr Joachim, though extraordinarily endowed, is, by his own choice, art's devoted servant, and never, like many of his contemporaries, uses art as a mere pretext for egotistical display. Give him the simplest quartet by Haydn or Mozart, and he bestows as much thought upon it as upon the most elaborate and pretentious of the later works of Beethoven. When he plays Haydn and Mozart, he makes us think only of Haydn and Mozart; when he plays Beethoven, he makes us think only of Beethoven; and this is invariably a rule with him, no matter upon what music he may be engaged. There is not in our remembrance a more self-denying, as there is not in our remembrance a more thoroughly accomplished artist, judge him from what point of view we please, than this prince of Hungarian musicians. But to discuss merits so unanimously recognized is unnecessary. We believe that the violinist does not exist who, however sensitively jealous of others, would decline to make an exception in favor of one in particular, and to admit Herr Joachim as his superior. In fact, were it not so, the world would step in and make the exception on its own account. We have said before and say again, that Herr Joachim is at this moment art's most loving and zealous, no less than its most gifted, disciple, and is thus fairly entitled to the position he has won and the universal esteem he enjoys.

The programme did not include a single piece from either J. S. Bach, or Beethoven—Herr Joachim's idols; it comprised, nevertheless, enough to enable him to vindicate his right to be credited as *facile princeps* among violinists. Mendelssohn's really "grand" quintet in B flat for stringed instruments (No. 2) is one of those compositions which enable Herr Joachim to put forth all his strength; and seldom has he led it more superbly. Each of the four movements was nobly set forth; but, perhaps, the *adagio*, in which Mendelssohn approaches so nearly to Beethoven that he might even be mistaken for Beethoven, was the finest exhibition of all. In the delivery of the theme, where the other instruments accompany the first violin, *tremolando*, Herr Joachim surpasses himself. His companions in the quintet were Herr L. Ries, Herr Straus, M. Zerbini, and (the Joachim of the violoncello) Signor Piatti. It could hardly by any chance have been better executed.

Herr Joachim's solo was J. S. Bach's marvellous *Chaconne* with twenty-nine variations, which he has played so often at the Monday Popular Concerts, but never more magnificently. With what simple majesty he delivers the theme—with its wide spread harmonies, so difficult to express upon the instrument—and with what rare felicity he imparts to variation after variation a marked individuality, while preserving that balance which keeps together and gives unity to the whole, need not be said. Enough that the *Chaconne* was heard from end to end with the old delight and applauded with the old fervor. That Herr Joachim had to submit to the usual penalty for so brilliant a display will be readily believed. The audience, indeed, would gladly have listened to the theme and its many variations over again, but on returning to the platform Herr Joachim gave another piece, from the same inexhaustible source, and with the same success.

The last composition in which the Hungarian violinist took part was Schubert's quintet in A for stringed instruments—an early work, written when its author was scarcely twenty-two, but none the less attractive for that reason. In this quintet the pianist was Mdme. Schumann; and a more spirited performance could scarcely have been heard.

Now that Herr Joachim has arrived, the Monday Popular Concerts may be said to be at their zenith.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The programme of the eighteenth Saturday concert contained some very interesting orchestral selections. There were included in it, for example, Cherubini's rarely-heard overture to *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*; Berlioz's extraordinary effusion known as the overture (No. 2) to *Benvenuto Cellini*; Schumann's Symphony in B flat (No. 1); and Spohr's violin concerto (No. 15).

On Saturday last J. F. Barnet's *Paradise and the Peri* was given under the composer's direction; and with Mdme. Vanzini, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley as principals. There was a large audience, and an excellent performance elicited much applause. The cantata was preceded by Auber's overture to *Zanetta* and followed by the "Wedding March," from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN. The programme of the tenth Museum Concert included an entirely new Symphony, in D minor, by Herr Albert Dietrich. The Symphony affords abundant proof that its composer thoroughly understands all the mechanical details of his art, but is deficient in imagination and feeling. It was exceedingly well performed by the band, under the direction of Herr L. Müller, and the same may be said of the overture No. 4, E major, to *Fidelio*. Mdlle. Anna Regan, from Vienna, and Herr Benno Walter, violinist, from Munich, two young artists as yet little known, appeared on this occasion, and produced a favorable impression. The lady possesses a pleasing and carefully trained, if not very strong, soprano voice. She sang a Canzonetta by Alessandro Scarlatti (1680); an air by Antonio Lotti (1700); and Mozart's "Crudele." Herr Benno played, with great feeling and artistic finish, Spohr's D minor Concerto, No. 9, and Ernst's Fantasia on March and Romance from *Othello*.

PRAGUE.—Signor Giovanni Gordigiani, who, for about the last ten years, has enjoyed a pension as retired professor of singing at the Conservatory, died lately in his seventy-sixth year. When Mme. Alboni was singing here, Signor Gordigiani produced a three-act opera, *Consuelo*, the characters in which were sustained by Mme. Alboni, Mlle. Soucup, Herr Reichel, and the composer himself, who took the part of Porpora. He composed, also, several short Italian operettas, which were well received; and published various sacred pieces, including an "Ave Maria;" a "Pater noster;" and a "Regina Cœli." He was, moreover, a libretto writer and musical critic. His younger brother, Luigi, a popular composer in Italy, died some years since at Florence.

MADRID. The *London Musical World* translates the following letter from the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:

Musical life in the Spanish capital, provisionally diverted, by the tribute paid to the Carnival, into the sphere of vulgarity, will take a higher flight with the Classical Orchestral Concerts, given by Monasterio in the Circo de Madrid, at the commencement of March. It is true that the programme of these six concerts, executed by one hundred performers, moves almost exclusively in that circle which is now usually designated in new musical Germany as an "*abgethaner Standpunkt*," or standpoint long since past. But it is still very new for Spain, if we only moderately assume that the musical education of Spaniards is about a hundred years behind that of the other nations of Europe. We must not then be astonished at reading in the bills: "First performance of Mozart's C major Symphony," and "for the first time, Haydn's Symphony with the kettledrum"—Schumann, Robinstein, Raff, Brahms, Wagner, and even Mendelssohn, and Schubert, are, for Spaniards, as yet—not even names, and, in all probability, will not be born here before the next century. Were they, indeed, not composers, but bull-fighters, what brilliant popularity they would already have achieved! If we compare the very small number of concerts and the very bad attendance at them, with the bull-fights which are regularly held in all seasons, and invariably command overflowing audiences, we may form a general idea of the national feeling for art; and if the assertion is true that Spain has not yet been laid under contribution by virtuosos, it results simply from the fact that there is absolutely nothing to be laid under contribution. There are theatres here in Madrid which, to exist, charge a real (three-fourths of a franc) for a seat, and four cuartos (two sous) for admission to the gallery. You may imagine what the profits must be, especially in the provinces, where the number of places is very small. Thus, for instance, five provinces (Alava, Albacete, Alicante, Almeria, and Avila) possess twenty-six theatres, with 6,500 places altogether, one theatre having only 90, and most of the others varying between 100 and 300. Alicante only has a larger sized theatre, with 1,200 places. Spain can boast, it is true, of some more important theatrical cities, such as Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, Malaga, and Cadiz, but more especially Barcelona, at which latter place there was, a few years since, the best opera in the country; this year, however, they are all in a very bad state. Even the Grand Opera here in Madrid, despite the splendor in which the pieces are usually got up, and a few celebrated artistic names, such as Tamberlik, Tiberini, Ortolani, Selva, and Giraldoni, cannot by any means be considered satisfactory. The day before yesterday, Rossini's *Barbiere* was given, with Tamberlik for the first time as Almaviva. Good Heavens! What a heavy monstrosity they made of this charming work, which seems to have been written between a bottle of champagne and the fiery eyes of a loving Doña. Just fancy an orchestra of a hundred performers blowing and fiddling away with might and main, and strengthened moreover with trombones and ophicleides, and the vulgar sounds of the piston. If Rossini had heard the last instances of barbarism, distorting his light, sparkling and original instrumentation, he would have taken his leave of this horrible world long before he did. Fancy, moreover, Tamberlik, a heroic tenor, singing Almaviva's *fioriture!* Fancy a Figaro, Signor Aldighieri, who always shouts as if he had to sing Verdi's Trovatore; a Bartolo without comic talent or voice; and a Basilio, who gives the "Calumny" air in the sleepiest of *tempos*, and without the famous *crescendo*—and you will have a faint notion of this melancholy Barbiere. The most successful artist was Madame Ortolani-Tiberini, not by any means because she gave a graceful impersonation of Rosina (in this respect Mesdames Artot and Patti are models of excellence), but on account of the introduction into the Lesson-scene of a *Habanera*, an original Spanish melody, which she was compelled to repeat three times. This was the great success in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which was in the other parts literally played and sung down. But the management thinks the artists are paid, and, therefore, bound to sing and play away valiantly; while, for the trumpeters, a part must be written, even though Mozart did not compose one, so that they may earn their salaries. And thus materialism and Spanish taste ruin even the works of genius. In a short time it is to be the turn of Mozart's *Don Juan*. I am curious as to how many trumpets will accompany the entry of the Governor's Statue, and whether the trombones of Spanish military musicians will be pressed into the service. A. v. Cz.

BERLIN. At the Royal Operahouse, previous to the performance of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, on the 2d inst., the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" were first heard. These were followed by the national hymn, the entire audience standing up. The curtain then rose, and the Goddess of Peace was perceived, with the green olive branch. At her side was a shield with the word "Peace" inscribed on it, and surrounded by soldiers of the different German states. The enthusiasm of the audience was, of course, something tremendous.—Herr Taglioni has concocted a new ballet, of a military character, in honor of the German victories. The music, in which are interwoven popular old marches, is by Herr Hertel. The ballet is to be performed on the Emperor-King's birthday, and will, according to report, be preceded by Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien*, a work peculiarly adapted to the occasion.—On the 8th instant, Mdlle. Hedwig Raabe, a talented actress, was married to Herr Niemann, the tenor.

VIENNA.—Herr Johann Strauss's new operetta, *Indigo und die vierzig Räuber*, was a great success on the first night, a fact due to the joint attractions of the music, the splendid *mise-en-scène*, and, above all, the admirable way in which the artists sustained their parts. With regard to the book, Herr Johann Strauss has not been more fortunate than other German composers.

HAMBURG.—Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerrages*, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A major, were the principal orchestral pieces at the last Philharmonic Concert. The singer was Signor Emilio Pancani from the Scala, Milan. Herr Fr. Grützmacher, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, played a new Violoncello Concerto, by Herr Taubert, and took part with Herren Louis Lee, Sebastian Lee, and Kline, in Herr Franz Lachner's "Serenade."

The programme of the eighth Philharmonic Concert comprised Symphony in C minor, Gade; overture to *King Lear*, Berlioz; and Eighth Symphony, Beethoven.—A very creditable performance of J. S. Bach's *Johannes Passion* was given last week by the members of the St. Cecilia Association, under the direction of Herr Carl Voigt. The air, "Es ist vollbracht," was sung by Mme. Joachim with such depth of religious feeling and beauty of expression, that the audience were perfectly spell-bound. She produced a similar effect in the solo,

Digitized by Google

"Von den Stricken meiner Sünden." The music of the Saviour was sung very admirably by Herr Adolf Schulze. The tenor part of the Evangelist was confided to Herr Rudolf Otto, from Berlin, who performed his fatiguing and difficult task like a true artist.—Soirée of Herr Henry Schradieck:—Nonet, Op. 31, Spohr; Octet, op. 166, Schubert; and Septet, Beethoven.

COLOGNE.—Sixth Gürzenich Concert:—Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Adagio and Allegro from the Violin Concerto, No. 6, Spohr (played by Herr Japhat); Symphony in D major, Mozart; and *Missa Solemnis*, C major, op. 86, Beethoven. Fourth Soirée for Chamber Music:—Trio-Nocturne, Schubert; Stringed Quartet, A minor, Schumann; Pianoforte Concerto, E flat major, Field; and Stringed Quartet, F minor, Beethoven.

Eighth Gürzenich Concert:—Symphony in B flat major Haydn; Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, F minor, composed and played by M. Dupont of Bruxelles; Bass Air, with final chorus, from *The Seasons*, Haydn [Herr Scaria]; Pianoforte Solos, Chopin, J. S. Bach, and Mr. Dupont]; "Zigeunerleben," Schumann; Songs, Hartmann, Gounod [Herr Scaria]; "Jubel Ouverture," Weber.


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 8, 1871.


☞ In this Number One of the New Volume [XXXI], we give the Title Page and Index for the past two years, instead of the usual four pages of Music. In the next number the publication of Bach's Passion Music will be resumed and continued by fortnightly instalments to the end.

## Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The tenth of the Symphony Concerts, on Thursday Afternoon, March 23, brought a sixth successful season to a close. The audience was the largest of the season. The programme, in completion of the plan of honoring the Centennial anniversary of the birth of Beethoven by a Beethoven Concert at the beginning and end of the series, as well as by two more (one with the Handel and Haydn Society) during the birthday week, was again made up almost entirely of some of the noblest compositions of the great orchestral master; to-wit:

Overture to "Coriolanus" .................... Beethoven.
Fifth Piano Concerto, op. 73, in E flat ....... "
Miss MARIE KREBS.

Overture to "Egmont" ........................ Beethoven.
Piano Solos:
a]. Polonaise in C, op. 89 .................. "
b]. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor.... Bach.
Eighth Symphony in F ........................ Beethoven.

In the execution of all these works the Orchestra gave signal illustration of the benefit of a whole winter's thorough, careful training. We run no risk in saying that at this moment it is an excellent orchestra; and could it only be kept together in full force and frequent occupation with the same high class of music, we should enter upon another season next November with good auspices indeed. Mr. ZERRAHN has certainly succeeded in inspiring more of delicacy and precision, more of sympathetic vitality, into the whole band, than ever Boston orchestra has shown before; and the improvement has been manifest all along from the first concert to the tenth. Those two wonderful Overtures, with all their concentrated fire and meaning, and their subtle delicacy, were brought out in a most satisfactory manner. The smiting, startling, chords in the "Coriolan" were instantaneous and electric; and that wonderfully compressed and brief, yet complete, epitome of the whole tragedy of "Egmont" was worked up so powerfully to its dramatic climax, as to realize the intention to a rare degree. The Eighth Symphony, full of Spring and sunshine and return of youth and joy amid the clouds and sorrows of the later years of a sad and troubled life, had a most reviving influence after the more sombre, trying pictures. Far gone indeed must one be with weariness and heaviness of heart, whom the first phrase of that buoyant Symphony will not instantly revive. To hear it is like going out of close confinement in a hot room into the pure and nimble air of a perfect Spring day. The sunshine which pervades it is intrinsic in the music, imprisoned in its clear and perfect form as they say the lustre is in the most precious diamond; in the darkest place it gives out light, and irradiates the darkest chambers of the soul. How much of light, gay, sparkling music, so-called, one may hear with but increasing sense of heaviness, like empty jokes and games prolonged to such a torturing pitch, that one would fain either go to sleep, or find a truer rest in contact with a deep soul like this! The joy which so deep a spirit can feel, even in the midst of trials, is something infinitely surpassing the capacity of joy in frivolous and careless natures; and it is such joy that thrills through every chord of this Beethoven Symphony, while in its artistic mastery it is a clear and perfect gem. This, too, was felicitously rendered.

The "Emperor" Concerto was the *pièce de resistance* of this concert; and in the rendering of it Miss MARIE KREBS, who had a poor chance to prove her quality in the Nilsson Concerts last November, was at once recognized as one of the best among the fine classical pianists of whom we have heard so many. Of individual magnetism, of any marked subjective quality or inspiration, less was felt than in Miss Mehlig, or in some of our older pianists, who fall far short of her consummate execution. All this were too much to expect of one so young; it requires experience of life, that sort of culture of heart, mind and soul, that growth of character, which could not come to one scarcely out of a girlhood wholly spent in laying the technical foundations of an artist life in the most solid, thorough manner. But she has rare intelligence; she has a certain eager, joyous and adventurous enthusiasm; a sincere love of her art; and the most wonderful power of musical memory that we have yet witnessed here; for indeed virtually *all* the great Concertos, the Sonatas, the concert pieces of Bach, the important works of all the masters, which figure much in concerts, seem to be at her fingers' ends without a page before her. These powers, aided by the admirable teaching of her father, and the impression of the best traditions, qualify her amply for the interpretation of the great repertoire of pianoforte music. Absolute certainty in every chord, phrase, passage; a crystal clearness of touch, making every tone most vividly distinct and separate; great strength and evenness; careful regard to light and shade and tempo; and, in the main, correct conception, ensured a rendering wherein the power and beauty of the great Concerto were brought home to all. We do not say that there was nothing wanting; she has of course much yet in life and Art to live for, and, so far as aptitude and study could go, is she not wonderfully well equipped for the journey?

If we noted any particular short comings, they were these: an overpowering strength sometimes in the left hand, not keeping the unaccented middle chords enough in the shade, and thereby obscuring the melody; a certain stiffness in the beautiful Adagio, as if the teacher sat behind; and then, in the transition from the Adagio into the Rondo, a rather heavy announcement of the *motive*, which although *fortissimo*, should be elastic. But such defects will surely disappear.

The Polonaise in C, a very bright and joyous thing, full of bravura, was heard here for the first time, and few, we fancy, would have thought it was by Beethoven. Flung off with such sparkling precision and freedom, it was as refreshing as a dash of clear spring water. But her greatest power was shown in her admirable rendering of the great Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue by Bach. The exuberance of rapid figures and *fioriture*, which sometimes seem conventional and empty, were shown to be poetical, and in those highly charged recitative passages seemed given out in irrepressible electric flashes; nothing more real, or more full of feeling, good friends! ye who fancy these great things of Bach to be mere works of calculation and that therefore they require nothing but mechanical precision in the player! And then those marvellous successions of great chords, each striking fire! The Fugue, too, unfolds most majestically, and was so fully brought out that (even though it was a Fugue!) it appeared to enchain attention more than the Fantasia. The only blemish in the rendering did not come to trouble us until the whole was over: that rush up the whole length of the keyboard, to end on a bright high note, [illegible] not by Bach, nor in his style at all. Being [illegible]ly encored, Miss Krebs played the too much neglected *Tarentella* by Chopin, and in a manner simply perfect.

CARL ZERRAHN's Benefit Concert, on Thursday, March 30, naturally and fitly supplemented the series of Symphony Concerts, which for six years he has conducted with steadily increasing success. And it was one of the best concerts of the winter, except that it was much too long. Of course the Orchestra, if we have spoken truly of the tenth Concert, was in a condition to do justice to the following programme:

Symphony in B flat, No. 4 .................... Beethoven.
Piano Concerto, in A minor .................. Schumann.
Miss MARIE KREBS.

Adagio and Andante from the "Prometheus" music.
Beethoven.
Polonaise, in A flat .......................... Chopin.
Miss Krebs.
Serenade for 5 'Cellos, Contrabasso & Timpani. Schwencke.
Messrs. Suck, Rietzel, Heindl, Kaltenborn, Hoffmann,
Stein and Stohr.
Overture to the Hindoo Legend, "Sakuntala". Goldmark.

The fair young Saxon made another marked success in the Schumann Concerto, which one would have thought a task as formidable as any. It was a complete, clear photograph of the work, as it is written, in a strong light. And it was carried through with unflagging fire and energy, the zeal of the strong runner. The great Chopin Polonaise, too, was an easy triumph. For an encore the lady played Thalberg's Variations on "Sweet Home" (not Wehli's!) with a liquid evenness and grace that Thalberg himself could not exceed. Beethoven's warmest, tenderest, rose-colored Symphony, yet sweeping on with rush of strong wings in the infinite unrest of love, was beautifully rendered, holding the audience spell-bound. The sweet and pastoral "Prometheus" movements, played for the third time, were by no means cloying. But Goldmark's Overture, also for the third time, and coming after so much solid matter, did seem too much. The Serenade for five 'cellos, &c., is a good rich piece of harmony and euphony, without marked originality, and was nicely played.

The feast was bountiful and choice and well served, but, we are pained to say, there were too few at the table. The Music Hall should have been filled completely. It surely was not from want of recognition of the valuable services of the beneficiary, that it was not full; but solely owing to a cause which sadly interferes just now with the support of concerts generally: the pre-occupation of mind and time and purse of almost everybody with the French Fair, and its countless tributaries in the shape of private concerts, readings and theatricals. The measure of Mr. Zerrahn's claim is clearly seen in the present excellent condition of the Orchestra. And so again we urge the importance of having its members kept together in such true work, bridging over as much as possible of the interval between now and November, so that they may not scatter and entirely lose the good routine and common understanding reached by the winter's practice. Has not good orchestral music become so indispensable a luxury to most of us, that there would be large and eager audience once a week, from this time forward into June, if the same orchestra would keep on giving concerts of a lighter kind, but good, and at an easy price? Who would not be too glad, if he could run in at a convenient hour on one day any week, and hear a Symphony alone for fifty

Digitized by Google

cents? While for another class, works of a lighter kind might follow. We think it would be gain to the musicians, not only in a material, but in an artistic sense, by keeping up the *morale* of the orchestra as an organic whole.

---

Miss Marie Krebs gave her first Piano-forte Recital, on Tuesday Evening, March 28, at Brackett's Piano-forte Hall, to a large audience (for a chamber concert) She was assisted by her mother, Mme. Krebs-Michalesi, long a distinguished singer at the Dresden royal Opera. The programme was as follows:

Sonata Characteristique. Op. 81..............Beethoven.
Song: "Der Wanderer"......................Schubert.
a]. Nocturne..................................Chopin.
b]. Novellette, No. 4......................Schumann.
Song: "Waldesgespräch"....................Schumann.
Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantelle, in A min.......Bach.
Song: "Mein Hochland"........................Krebs.
Rigoletto-Fantasie..............................Liszt.

The young pianist more than confirmed the first impression of her complete command of all the resources of her instrument, and of a most varied and extensive repertoire of the classics of the pianoforte from J. S. Bach to Liszt. She played entirely without notes. Admirable as it was in execution, her rendering of the Beethoven Sonata: "Les Adieux, l' Absence, et la Retour" was less satisfactory in point of feeling, being somewhat cold and dry, like the recitation of a lesson thoroughly learned. It seemed all clearly mirrored in a soul unshaken; yet the swift onsweep of the last movement was exciting. Again her greatest triumph was in Bach. The Prelude and Fugue in A minor, (to which some publisher must have put the title "*à la tarantelle,*" because both the Prelude and the Fugue move in whirling triplets like the Tarantelle,) was listened to with breathless interest,—a worthy counterpart to her performance of the Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue in D minor. Here she seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the work. The Chopin and Schumann pieces, particularly the latter, were also very satisfactory; and in the Fantasie by Liszt she revelled in unbounded wealth and power of execution.

Mme. Krebs-Michalesi has a voice which must have been extremely beautiful in its best days, and still well preserved, of great volume and richness in the contralto tones and of good compass. The rendering of Schubert's "Wanderer," albeit a little constrained and cold, evinced an artist of a noble school. But in Schumann's "Wood Talk," and in her husband's setting of "My heart's in the highlands," there was true dramatic fire and fine expression. It would be interesting to hear more of the flowers of German song from so true an interpreter. And therefore, as well as on her own account, we trust that Miss Krebs will, later in the month, not fail to give us the two more "Recitals" which she had intended.

---

Mr. Hermann Daum's Farewell Concert was not so well attended as it would have been in a more favorable season. There was much that was excellent and much that was enjoyed in the performance of the following programme; but instead of the Rondo by Chopin, Messrs Lang and Parker played, with fine effect, a portion of the "Homage à Händel" by Moscheles; and for the Bach Concerto was substituted part of a Haydn Quartet by the Listemann-Heindl party:

Fugue for the Organ..............................Bach.
Mr. John K. Paine.
Madamina, Il catalogo..........................Mozart.
Mr. J. F. Rudolphson.
Sonata in C, op. 2. No. 3.....................Beethoven.
Mr. Hermann Daum
a]. "The leaves are falling around me"...............Abt.
b]. "The Charmer"..........................Mendelssohn.
Mrs. J. F. West. (Miss Houston.)
Concerto in C major for three Pianofortes..........Bach.
Messrs. B. J. Lang, H. Leonhard, and J. C. D. Parker.
Accompanied by two Violins, Viola, 'Cello and Bass.
Messrs. Listemann, Heindl and Eugestein.
May Song..........................................Hiller.
Miss Addie S. Ryan.
Rondo in C, for 2 Pianofortes..................Chopin.
Messrs. B. J. Lang and J. C. D. Parker.
La ci Darem...................................Mozart.
Miss A. S. Ryan and Mr. J. F. Rudolphson.
Polonaise in E flat, op. 22......................Chopin.
Mr. Hermann Daum.

---

Nilsson in Oratorio. We have not listened to the old familiar oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Creation* with such fresh interest for many years, as on last Saturday and Sunday evening. There is something individual, original, and charmingly sincere in whatever the young Swedish singer does; something genuine from within, which is even better than the purity and sweetness of her voice and her artistic modulation of it; and we were not surprised to hear from her a somewhat different rendering of the great songs in the *Messiah* from the examples set to us by great singers heretofore. The distinguishing quality of Christine Nilsson's singing of them was its beautiful simplicity, much of the time almost childlike, and a pervading gentleness, the expression as of a deep, interior, meditative rapture (even in "Rejoice greatly"), rather than the perpetual giving out of the full power of voice to triumph by main force. Hence when the strong, emphatic points did come out, they told with a peculiar power, because the feeling was so genuine, so uncontainable. There was a virginal purity and sweetness, and a clear power, in her delivery of the first Recitative: "There were Shepherds," which we have not heard surpassed; it was indeed an imaginative realization of the scene, the holy peace and beauty of the starry night, with its miraculous new hope! "Rejoice greatly," given with exquisite grace and evenness, was not less truly the expression of true joy because it did not leap out into loud, bold revelry of song; it was the heart full of happiness communing with itself; something too much, perhaps, of the *sotto voce*, so that some of the more shaded tones may not have fully reached the ear in all parts of the hall; but still one knew how true and good it all was;—and how feelingly the words: "He is the righteous Saviour," &c., were expressed in the tearful voice!

If there was disappointment anywhere, it was in that song; but we love the Art which seeks truth rather than effect. The Air: "How beautiful," made a profound and beautiful impression. In the great song of Faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," it is much to say that she actually made it new to us, imparting so much freshness and originality (not sought for as *such*) to it, that, for the first time since we heard Jenny Lind sing it, we were not bored but happy to hear the song repeated It was characterized, as we have said, by quiet fervor and assurance; a heart's confession to itself, rather than a bold proclamation and profession; touchingly shaded as the various reflections come up; and when the words "I know" returned again, it was not with strong, bold emphasis, but with a "still voice," far inward, as in rapt reverie and ecstacy of faith. We do not care to decide which is best; but this at any rate was true and individual; let every one sing from her own heart: if that be right (pre supposing vocal conditions and artistic method, which no one doubts in this case) the song will surely tell.

A new spirit seemed to be infused into the whole. Never, hardly, have we heard the choruses all go so well, and they were well accompanied. The other leading singers, too, all did their best. Miss Annie Cary won great applause by her admirable singing of "O thou that tellest," and "He was despised." Mrs. West in "Come unto him" was worthy of herself; Mr. J. F. Winch gave the bass solos in a most satisfactory manner; and Mr. Wm J. Winch manifested improvement, singing 'Comfort ye' quite finely, though he is not equal to the pathos of "Thy rebuke," nor the strength of "Thou shalt dash them."

The *Creation* also was an uncommonly good performance as a whole. Never have we heard anything more sweetly, evenly and exquisitely melodious than Nilsson's singing of "With verdure," and in all her pieces, in the Trios, &c., the listening sense only acquired new appetite by what it fed upon; though "On mighty pens" seems better suited to the grander, soaring style of Jenny Lind, whose voice went up there like a rocket. Mr. Myron M. Whitney's grand, deep bass never was so telling as in those descriptive pieces; and Mr. Simpson sang the tenor airs with fine voice and style, though now and then a little dry. Mrs. West, in the trying predicament of inheriting the soprano role from Nilsson (in the Adam and Eve part) acquitted herself in a most praiseworthy manner.

---

CROWDED OUT.—By some strange miscalculation of space, in the hurry of going to press a day earlier than usual on account of Fast Day, half of our Editorial matter is excluded.

---

Worcester, Mass.—Mr. B. D Allen gave the third of his chamber concerts on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, with the assistance of Miss M. J. Ingraham, and Messrs. Schultze, Ryan, and Fries. The programme opened with the Grand Trio Concerto for violin, viola, and 'cello, in D, op. 8, by Beethoven; it abounds in lovely melodies, and fresh, rich harmonies; full of happiness and sunshine, so unlike what one usually hears of Beethoven; a welcome waif from the early days of the great composer, before his spirit was so sorely troubled. Its treatment was original, and it was played *con amore*. Miss Ingraham sang Cherubini's "Ave Maria," (with clarionet obligato) with fervor, and rare devotional feeling; its tender, religious strains suiting well the beautiful *veiled* quality of her voice. She also sang, later in the evening, with charming simplicity and feeling, two of Mr. Allen's songs, "*The Child's Garden*" and "*The Summer's Call;*" and for a last selection, "*Bel Raggio;*" giving it a triumphant rendering, which received an *encore*; it being answered by Franz's beautiful song "*Mother, O sing me to rest.*" Mr. Allen's piano solo was a *Fantasiestück* by Schaeffer; a strange, original composition; strangely fascinating one, yet at the same time baffling one's understanding. Its performance was a masterly one, arousing a desire to become better acquainted with this strange, wild composition. The Mendelssohn Sonata for piano and 'cello, was great in idea, and difficult of performance; and its rendering was a telling one. The concert closed with a Mozart Trio for piano, clarionet, and viola; brim-full of Mozartean beauty and grace; the instruments in exquisite sympathy with one another, weaving a perfect string of pearls; making a happy ending to this delightful concert.

The fourth and last of the series was given at Washburn Hall on Friday evening, March 4th. His assistants were Mrs. Houston-West, and Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Ryan, Fries, Story and Parkhurst. The programme was historically arranged, embracing music from the time of Bach and Handel, to Franz, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Gade; extending over a period of more than a century and a half. The concert opened with the *Bach Concerto in C*, for three pianos, with quartet string accompaniment; which proved a fresh, exhilarating opening piece, and was rendered to perfection; not a break, or a flaw in any part; the rich volume of sound flowing on faultlessly, inspiring every one with its nobleness. Mrs. West sang, with nice appreciation of its beauties, Handel's lovely aria '*Lascia ch io pianga,*' to illustrate the vocal music of the first period. The exquisite quartet playing of Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries was a rare treat; the lovely *Mozart Quartet in F, No. 8*, with its delicate questionings and responses, in the midst of such rich, harmonious beauty, being a happy selection; "*On mighty pens*" receiving a noble interpretation; the soul of the singer fairly revelling in its delicious beauty; it was such a rendering as but few give. Mr. Allen opened the third period with a piano solo, overcoming the manifold difficulties of *Von Weber's Polacca Brilliante*, op. 72, in a masterly manner; he was recalled, and played *Träumerei*, made dear to every one by the Thomas Orchestra.

We thank Mrs. West much for bringing to us the choice little gem, *Tears of Love*, by Beethoven, with its rare delicacy and pathos; it was treated most artistically, and would have been perfect, but for the ill effect of her recent sickness making itself known at an inopportune moment; the lady had been so hoarse all day as to hardly speak aloud; but she mastered her discomfort wonderfully. The fourth period introduced a slow movement from Schumann for clarionet, viola, and piano, two lovely songs: "*The Parting,*" by Franz, and "*The Charmer,*" by Mendelssohn, sung with rare feeling and expression; and a *Novellette* (piano, violin, and 'cello) by Gade, the great Danish composer, whose music always abounds in fresh, original ideas, full of buoyancy and beauty. It was a happy ending to this noble series, for which Mr. Allen has the heartiest thanks of the whole musical community.—*Palladium.*

---

Philadelphia.—The *Bulletin*, March 31, writes thus glowingly of some of our Boston artists:—

"There was a splendid audience at the Academy of Music last evening, when Mr. Pugh brought his "Star Course" to an end with a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Weston, vocalist. The stage was decorated with plants, flowers and wreaths, and this, with the arrangement of the lights, had a beautiful effect.

The performance of the Quintette Club was, of course, simply perfect. We do not think a work like Kreutzer's overture to *A Night in Grenada*, which was written for a full orchestra, can have justice done to it by five instruments; but so far as execution goes, there could be no complaint. The quartet and quintet pieces were all charming, and the solos by Mr. Heindl, Mr. Schultze and Mr. Fries were exquisite. All this was expected, as a matter of course; but the singing of Mrs. Weston was a surprise, and a most delightful one. Rarely has a voice so fresh, pure and delicious been heard in the Academy. It is not very powerful or of very extensive range; but for velvety sweetness and for evenness of quality, we know few voices that equal it. Add to this that Mrs. Weston has a very modest but very winning manner, and that she sings with intelligence and a most admirable method, and it is not to be wondered at that she created a sensation.

The song of "Urbain," in *Les Huguenots*, caused an encore, and she sang Mr. Moulton's "Beware" in a very captivating manner. She also sang a new Italian canzonetta, by Pinsuti, with English words,

and a very pretty English ballad, by Osborn, called "Who's at my Window?" Each of these was enthusiastically encored, and she responded to each with a well-chosen ballad—one of them called "The Merry Sunshine" being particularly animated and graceful. The other was a pretty Irish ballad called "Norah the Pride of Kildare." It will be seen that Mrs. Weston's repertoire is made up of fresh pieces, and that she does not rely for effect on hackneyed, common place or clap-trap songs. No concert-singer that has ever appeared in the Academy has had a more legitimate success than hers of last evening, and every lover of good music, interpreted in the best manner, must hope for frequent visits in the future from this very attractive artist. She goes with the Quartette Club to the north and west.

## The History of Music.

### FIFTEENTH LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Advertiser].

Mr. Paine began with a few remarks upon Mozart, and said that Beethoven—the subject of this lecture—was the greatest of the school of pianists which grew up on Mozart's model,—not on account of his executive ability, but his wonderful fire and inspiration. He was born on the 17th or 18th of December, 1770. At a very early age he was instructed by his father, and by the time he was eleven years of age had attained great skill. In his fifteenth year he was appointed assistant organist, and a few years later he was sent to Vienna to study with Mozart. Mr. Paine referred to Beethoven's sorrows and hardships in early life, and said that after spending five of the happiest years of his life he withdrew himself from the world as a performer to give himself up to an ideal world. Then followed a very productive period in his life. During this period deafness had already begun to afflict him. He proudly and patiently bore his increasing deafness, the coldness of his friends and the sneers of others. He was a staunch republican all his life in his political ideas, and did not hesitate to avow his principles. He had not only a great heart but a powerful mind, and reflected on all the great events of his time. He was not only the representative musician, but might also be called the artist and poet of the nineteenth century. Mr. Paine devoted some time to treating of Beethoven's sorrows and said that he was the great master of instrumental music as Mozart was of opera, Handel of oratorios, and Bach of Passion Music.

### SIXTEENTH LECTURE.

(Reported for the Boston Journal.)

The sixteenth lecture by Mr. Paine, delivered at Wesleyan Hall, on Saturday, was devoted to a consideration of "The Opera in Europe in the 19th Century—Italian, French and German."

It was a singular fact that the land of Palestrine and Gabrieli should have long ago lost the love for their heavenly harmonies, and in secular music should have wandered so far away from the path marked out by Scarlatti. Italy's present position in the musical world is the result of almost an entire abandonment to the light, pleasing and sensuous side of the art. The Italians know what they want of the opera. This is more than can be said of the Germans, whose ideas on this subject often clash. In Italy people go to the opera simply to be amused, or to receive visits, to make appointments and even to transact business. Under such circumstances, having no higher aim than to have their ears delighted, their fancy pleased, or to enjoy the entertainment of social intercourse, it is no wonder that the Italian Opera has been a brilliant success at home, and through the wonderful voices and talents of her singers a favorite with the great mass of the public all over the civilized world. Italian Opera, since Mozart's day, has reached its climax in the achievements of Rossini, and since the close of his active career, it has gradually declined. The lecturer gave an interesting sketch of Rossini's life. A consummate mastery of the vocal style, he declared, was the secret of Rossini's power. He had the wisdom to write out all the florid ornaments, passages and cadenzas, or *fioriture*, which before his day were left entirely to the singers to introduce *ad libitum*, and he showed so much taste and discrimination in manipulating the vocal part that he succeeded in limiting what had grown to be an annoyance and abuse. Rossini is unquestionably the first Italian composer of this century, that is to say in the pure Italian school. But it cannot be said that many of his operas will live. Only two, "The Barber of Seville," and "William Tell," now hold the stage. His "Stabat Mater" was described by the lecturer as very pleasing and sensuous secular music profanely set to one of the most pathetic and religious hymns ever written. Rossini had imitators and successors, the most celebrated of whom are Mercadante, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi. We find certain characteristics common to all these masters, inherited in part from Rossini as the presiding genius of the group.

In music the French have been great only in the comic opera. The best names among her native composers are Grétry, Boieldieu, Herold, Auber and Adam, who distinguished themselves chiefly in this branch. In the grand opera they have carried off the palm. Lully, the founder of the French opera, was an Italian by birth, and Gluck, Piccini, Salieri, Cherubini, Spontini and Meyerbeer were the daring foreigners who took Paris by storm, and made the grand national opera the stepping-stone to fame. The French, like the English, have never produced a great epoch-making musician, yet, nevertheless, France, more than England, has exerted a powerful influence, at least on one branch of music. French music, like French literature, is a product of the wit and understanding. The Italians demand above everything beautiful melody and singing, the French an impressive action and plot. Singing is held secondary to dramatic expression and subordinate to the declamation. The Germans seek to unite both harmoniously and to add an important accessory in the polyphonic, architectural forms of music in a richer and more plastic treatment of the orchestra, but, with the exception of a few great masters, struggle vainly to reach their *ideal*.

Meanwhile the Italians and the French have gained the applause and success of the unthinking world. The French are the only people who have had a national opera in the strict sense of the term; for the centralization which makes Paris the nation, combined with that patriotic pride which amounts almost to fanaticism, and the love for the theatre which pervades all classes, has made that capital for the last one hundred years the centre of the operatic world, notwithstanding the fact that Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber and other great masters wrote for another sphere, and, as the music testifies, a much higher one—an ideal sphere. In connection with a sketch of the French opera, the lecturer reviewed briefly the music of Boieldieu, Halévy, Auber and Gounod, the chief native composers who were Gretry's contemporaries or successors; and Antonio Salieri, Luigi Cherubini (whose compositions were highly praised), Gasparo Spontini, Meyerbeer, who had been the most eminent foreign composers to follow Gluck. The French composer Méhul, on account of his solid German style, was less appreciated by his own countrymen than by the Germans.

Germany, said Mr. Paine, has for a long time been the battle ground of various dramatic principles, not only in regard to the opera but the entire art of dramatic representation. The opera in Italy and France has had more or less connection with the political history of those countries, but the German opera has had more to do with the history of æsthetic and poetical culture of the German people than their political life. The Germans until recently have been more of a speculative than a practical people, and in their efforts to thoroughly grasp the principles that underlie the dramatic art and embody them in their works they have generally failed to realize their aims. It cannot be said that German composers as a class have shown as much productivity in the opera as in other branches of music, notwithstanding that the greatest representatives of the musical drama have been Germans. It may be truly affirmed that the one opera of Beethoven is worth more to the life of music than a score of operas by Donizetti or Auber, and that the serious thoughtful efforts of Gluck have been more fruitful of good results to the art than the prolific routine of Italian operatic composers. Yet it remains a curious fact that no German master has founded a dramatic school in his country that might be compared with the Neapolitan school, or the French comic opera. Both Gluck and Mozart had more numerous followers among the French and Italians than at home. Mozart was undoubtedly influenced by Gluck, and Beethoven by Mozart, yet neither followed in the other's footsteps so closely as to be identified as dependents. Beethoven's "Fidelio" marks a return of the opera in Germany, from its universal height accomplished by Mozart, to a national German character. Those who came directly after Beethoven in time, did not follow this truly national and modern direction, but chose instead a more narrow and insignificant course, which led to the so-called "romantic opera." In this latter connection, and in concluding, the lecturer dwelt briefly upon Louis Spohr, Carl Marin von Weber, and Henry Marschner, who were designated the representative composers of this school.

Dr. Langmaid gave very effectively two musical illustrations in connection with the lecture—an aria from Rossini's "Barbiere," and the prayer from Weber's "Oberon."


## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Pearl of the Isle. 3. Eb to e. *J. R. Thomas.* 35
A *pearl* of melody.

For You. 3. D to *g*. *M. Keller.* 30
A thought! a thought! for the rosy morn. Sweet fancies to sweet music.

Regret Thee! 4. Eb to f. *V. Gabriel.* 30

Speak to me. 3. A to d. *F. Campana.* 30
Two very effective exhibition or concert songs, the last suitable for alto voice.

Again the flowers we loved to twine. 3. Eb to e. *L. B. Barnes.* 30
Poetry by Rev. Thos. Dale. Music smooth, flowing, and fits well to the words.

Ave Maria. (Holy Spirit, hear our Prayer). 4. F to *g*. *B. F. Baker.* 40
Uncommonly sweet melody. Latin words an *Ave Maria, gratia plena &c.* The English is not a translation but a prayer set to music.

Oh! for the Wings of a Dove. Sacred Quartet. 4. Ab to *a*. *J. S. Knight.* 40
Original, and with great variety. Contains a fine solo, followed by a duet, then by a quartet, which has two movements. Ends in five flats.

Merry Land of Childhood. 3. A to f. *C. Templeton.* 30
"The merry land of childhood
How far away it seems!"
Charming reminiscence of early days, with a good chorus.

Stay home with me to-night, dear Tom. 2. G to d. *W. T. Porter.* 30
"Stay home with me to-night, dear Tom,
Don't put my arms away."
Beautiful home song, as is the next.

As Good as Gold! 2. F to d. *A. Lee.* 30
"My love is but a shepherd lad,
A shepherdess am I."
Has a "lady's" and "gentleman's" version.

Over the Sea. 3. Eb to e. *L. E. Hicks.* 30
Fine Irish song with chorus.

Poor little fatherless child. 3. F to e. *A. Nish.* 30

Poor Child of the Drunkard. Song and Cho. 3. Ab to e. *W. F. Sherwin.* 30
Simple, affecting ballads, both of them, and good for anybody to sing.

#### Instrumental.

Germania. Waltz. 3. Ab. *W. Torsell.* 40

Moet and Chandon. Waltz. 3. C. *J. S. Knight.* 30

Valse Brillante. Military Style. 3. C. *Leybach.* 40

Old 96 Waltz. 2. F. *E. Christie.* 30
The large number of fine pieces to be noticed in this column, renders it necessary to classify, although all are worthy of separate descriptions. Torsell's Waltz is very rich and sweet. Knight's arrangement of a popular air must meet with favor. Leybach's waltz is singular, but very taking throughout, and Old 96 is simple, but very pretty.

Summer Night Schottische. 2. G. *J. H. Wand.* 30
Has considerable variety and power, with simplicity.

Eleven Chorals from Schneider's Organ School. 3. 35
Good themes for voluntaries.

Dawn of Love Mazurka. 4. *Ab.* *E. L. Ripley.* 50
Full of rare and pretty effects. A fine Mazurka.

Fire Fly Galop. 2. C. *J. W. Turner.* 30

Gay Galop. 2. G. *C. E. Harrington.* 30

Touriston Galop. 3. F. *F. Zikoff.* 30
Three pretty galops, the last of which is the most elaborate and "high-class," but will not please, perhaps, more than the others, whose composers know how to make the *Fire-Fly*, and the *Gay* hours pass quickly.

The Little Ensign. (Der kleine Fahnrich.) 4. F. *F. Bendel.* 40

In the Fields. (Auf den Bergen). 3. D. *A. Jungman.* 40

Five Songs without Words. 3. *G. D. Wilson.* 75
Three very pleasing piano pieces, which will well repay practice.

My Mountain Home. Styrienne. 4. *Eb.* *C. Wels.* 50
A semi-mountain melody, which reminds one of the Alps. Brilliant.

Blanche March. From *Kücken.* 3. D. *T. Bissell.* 30
A pleasing arrangement of a German "gem."

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic letter* the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 784. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 2.

## Opera and the Art of Singing.*

BY CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI.

If we follow the several phases of development, through which the Opera has gradually moulded itself into the Musical Drama of our time, our interest will be at once directed to the Art of Singing as the chief factor of the whole kind.

The several epochs of the style of singing go hand in hand with those of the Opera. A *school* of singing (method) forms itself as the necessary result of a musical style, which, coming forward independently, and for some time controlling the direction of the public taste, sets peculiar conditions to the performing artists, and requires a study with special reference to its peculiarities.

Hence Opera and style of singing are so inseparable in their development, the one conditioning the other, that in the history of the Opera we can also follow that of Singing.

The distinctive national ways of feeling determine the ground color of musical works of art. Our mode of feeling and expression takes its form from the influence exerted upon us by the spiritual life of the people in the midst of which we grow up, or to whose peculiarities we are most drawn through character and inclination. Only to independent, individual creative faculty is it possible to call into life a series of Art works, whose influence is powerful enough to bring about a revolution in taste. That such an influence is not confined to talent of the most pure ideal direction, we see everywhere in the history of Opera. Even composers, whom we cannot count among those commonly called "classical," have for long periods exercised an important influence on the direction of public taste. The element of novelty and of surprise, the power of sensual charm, has lifted their works into notice; and the prevailing mediocrity, the want of fresh productive talents, has made them indispensable to our stage repertoires for years. This circumstance alone passes with many for the trial (as it were) by fire, if not, in certain cases, even for the stamp of classicality.

"This opera is really good; it has already kept its place so many years upon the repertoire," we often hear it said. This properly is no proof of its goodness; it only shows how destitute a great part of the public is of any sort of judgment in matters of Art, since it will not open its eyes to the shallowness of these mere manufactured articles, after they have been performed for years. But great and lasting as the influence may be of talents, often in themselves significant, but moving in eccentric paths, still for the history of Art they have merely the value of every ephemeral manifestation, that of a mistaken direction, lacking the propagating element, the intrinsic necessity, which alone can give the basis for a wider development.

Of the three main tendencies in Opera, presented by the style of different nations, the French have exerted the most local influence; the German, the latest, but artistically the most widely operative; the Italian, the earliest and the most long-lived. While with the French composers the fundamental feature of their style is found in the tone of the popular ballad, in the songs of the troubadours, the German tone-poet, like a genuine son of his people, draws something original and individual out of the depths of a rich spiritual life. The style most influenced by the beauty of the given material is that of the Italian Opera. So rich is this material, so pliable the organ of the natives of that land of paradise, that Art has only to continue what Nature has already begun; the voice, endowed with the highest euphony and flexibility, reaches a degree of technical culture seldom found in other races.

Thus we have seen the Italian Opera and its style of singing, down to the second decade of our century, control the taste of the whole European public. All the great singers who had come before the world till then, were mostly formed in that school, whose fatherland can truly be called the cradle of song. Neither the French masters of the latter part of the 18th century, nor the reformer Gluck, were able essentially to lessen the taste of the great public for the Italian Opera and its artistic interpreters. Even Mozart, whose "Magic Flute" rears itself like a sublime monument of German Art out of the midst of a fermenting mass of heterogeneous tastes, could not overcome the sensuous intoxication which held the whole theatre-going public captive. Far beyond its own time stretches the dominion of the Italians; nay, a new period of splendor was developed for their Opera when Rossini came upon the stage.

A later German master, Carl Maria von Weber, was the first to succeed in breaking a path, at least in Germany. His popular music, and particularly the success of "Der Freyschütz," (first performed in 1821), penetrating into all classes of the people, contributed essentially to place the German Opera in the foreground and establish a new current. Then men began to give room to the thought, how much nearer the native Art stands to the spiritual life of the German people, than all the sensuous charm of the foreign virtuoso opera. But, though the feeling for the simple and the true forms such a leading trait in the character of the German people, still the great public was too much accustomed to the splendor of Italian Opera, and too much carried away by pomp and externality, for any decided revolution to be looked for then. The epoch, which was destined to crowd out the empire of the Italians, surpassed in brilliancy of execution and of scenic display all that the Italians ever had produced. The triumpher of this epoch is Meyerbeer; the man who had conceived the bold idea of combining the style of the French Grand Opera with that of the Italian,—of making the one in a certain manner the foundation for the other.

Meyerbeer had studied at the same time with Weber (1810–11) under the Abbé Vogler. Widely as their paths diverged, and different as their efforts subsequently were, yet they have reached a common result, in so far as it was vouchsafed to both of them to lead the taste of the theatre-going public into new paths. The startling, almost stunning effect produced by Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" marks the tendencies of that composer, just as clearly as the far-reaching influence of Weber on the development of German Opera gives the true measure for the appreciation of the artistic individuality of the latter.

After Meyerbeer had brought out "Jephtha" and "The Two Caliphs" without much success, in Germany, he turned, at the suggestion of Salieri, to Italy. "Romilda e Costanza," "Margherita d'Anjou," "Emma di Resburgo," and "Il Crociato in Egitto" are the fruits of his sojourn beyond the Alps. With the last named opera he succeeded in establishing a reputation for himself, not only in Italy, but also in Paris and in Germany. So he returned, in the year 1825, to his Fatherland, where there was at last a hope of seeing from his talent works of a German tone and spirit. But how far Meyerbeer still was from fulfilling the hopes entertained of him in Germany, he showed in the year 1831, when he entered the lists with his "Robert le Diable."

As with a stroke of magic came the effect of this ensnaring opera, so perfectly new in style with its unwonted brilliancy of instrumentation, and all its pomp of decoration and machinery. Rossini's star began to pale; and when Duprez, the famous tenor, came back from Italy and, in a grandiose, till then unheard-of manner, departing from the traditional style of singing, made his rôles so effective, Meyerbeer had fully conquered; the Italian Opera and its method of singing was from that moment thrown into the shade. Rossini quitted the arena and went immediately back to Bologna. From that time he composed no more operas.

We still hear, from many sides, how prejudiced the public mind is, in regard to Rossini's retirement and perseverance in the resolution to write no more operas, with the mistaken notion that he felt that his creative faculty had become exhausted, that the spring from which so much that was beautiful had flowed, was dried up. And yet this man only a few years before had written his finest work, the "Tell," so wholly different from his earlier operas, so fresh in invention, and all the purer in style that it seemed quickened by the breath of the German muse; so that the appearance of this work might well be regarded as a turning point in Rossini's creative activity. That he should have "written himself out" with the completion of this opera, can hardly be supposed also in a work of its great compass; traces of such a diminution of the inventive gift would certainly have shown themselves. But here we seek for such in vain, and even the later composition, the *Stabat Mater*, betrays no symptom of

* Translated, for this Journal, from the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* (Leipzig).

Digitized by Google

exhaustion. Rossini's withdrawal had a wholly different reason: He, who for nearly twenty years had reigned over the whole world of opera, saw clearly enough how great was the attractive power of the new talent now in the ascendant, how a new epoch was preparing, against which he could not make head, and he wished to retire while at the zenith of his fame. Doubtless Rossini might have kept on writing works still worthy of his name, and had he been *a German artist*, as he was *an Italian composer*, he would have been still faithful to his banner, and have held it up, though thousands turned away from him to do homage to the new colors. The German self-denial, the impulse to create for the sake of creating, is what the Italian Rossini did not possess. To turn aside into the paths of Meyerbeer, to compete with him for the favor of the crowd, would have been a sin against his own artistic independence; to go on in the way already chosen, to see his old fame obscured, and his new works rewarded with a *succès d'estime*, to experiance a slow dying out of his splendor,—that Rossini would not, could not, simply because —he was Rossini.

[To be Continued.]

## A History of Opera.

BY C. SCHULZE.

[Continued from page 2.]

In Germany, the introduction of opera was greatly facilitated by the love for art and magnificence characterizing the Emperor Leopold, the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, as well as other reigning princes, who frequently used to get up brilliant dramatic performances at their respective courts. The first German *Singspiel*, or play interspersed with songs, was Rinuccini's *Daphne*, translated by Martin Opitz in 1630, that is to say, in the midst of the turmoil of the Thirty Years' War, which might have been supposed to scare away anything in the shape of art. The piece was produced with the music of the *Capellmeister*, Heinrich Schütz, at the marriage of Sophie, sister of the Elector Johann Georg I., with the Landgraf of Hesse, Georg II.

Among the oldest musical pieces really German, the first place is held by the religious sylvan poem, *Seelewig*, composed by the famous organist, Joh. Gottl. Stade, at Nuremberg, in the year 1644, for three treble voices, two alto voices, and one bass voice, and scored for three violins, three flutes, three reed pipes, a big horn, and a theorbo (bass lute), as a foundation for the whole. A peculiar trait of this German work was the characterization of the personages by the vocal parts assigned them, and the intentional employment of the German rounded form of the song, which moreover was enlarged into the air and the concerted piece.

German was not, however, retained in the service of opera, Italian singers of both sexes being yet employed. It was not until after 1678, when the first German theatre was erected in Hamburgh, that our mother tongue succeeded to its rights upon the operatic stage. We find mentioned as the first musical piece at this theatre: *Der geschaffene, gefallene, und aufgerichtete Mensch* (*The Creation, Fall, and Regeneration of Man*), words by Richter, and music arranged by Theile, a pupil of Heinrich Schütz. The book, like those of the operas represented up to the year 1690, was treated, it is true, as regards its purport and language, exactly like the coarse Shrovetide pieces, and the music composed, solely by amateurs, was doubtless appropriate.

In Spain, it was the custom, even during the earliest years of Phillip II.'s reign, to sing duets and trios in comedies, but it was not till the nuptials of Carlos II. with Maria von Neuburg that the first opera, Lully's *Armide*, was brought out. Italian music, however, was preferred, and soon afterwards, singers and composers were sent for from Naples and Milan.

In Russia it was, of course, not until a late period that opera took firm root. The Empress Elizabeth built the first Russian operahouse in Moscow. At her coronation, in 1762, Hasse's *Clemenza di Tito* was performed in this theatre with all imaginable splendor. Metastasio's three poems, *Alexander in India*, *Semiramis* and *Olympias*, with music by Manfredius, enjoyed the same honor.

The first Russian opera mentioned is *Cephalus and Procris*, words by Sumarokov, music by Araja, only Russian singers and players taking part in the performance. But in this case, also, the Italians retained the prize. Catharine II. gave a large salary to the celebrated Galuppi, whom she sent for from Venice, and his music to Metastasio's *Dido* achieved an immense success.

We have seen how Italian music and Italian poetry subjected all the countries of Europe beneath their sway. But the greater the sphere of their dominion became, the more depraved grew the taste displayed by them. The books became worse and worse, being a confused mixture of historical and mythological, real and allegorical, sacred and profane, subjects, while the language was stilted and high-sounding, sentimental, full of empty phrases, and purportless. The poetic art was no longer the royal sister of music; it was degraded into a Cinderella. Though, about 1650, Cicognini combined the serious with the comic, the elevated with the low and common, and poetry with the loosest prose, he was considered a reformer of the drama and a model for imitation.

It must not, however, be supposed that the progress which I have mentioned as taking place in composition, melody, harmony, and instrumentation, found favor with all the musicians of the period, and excited them to follow in the same path. The case was then exactly what it is now. The progress made was itself, too, insignificant. Not a single composer, till shortly after 1650, advanced true musical expression. The contrapuntal-periwig style continued to flourish bravely. Fugue and canon still attempted to carry on their soul-murdering game: musical riddles and eye-music could not satisfy the thirsty feelings, and the narrow-minded system of harmonics did not budge from its own ground. The melody suffered seriously from being overloaded with ornamental shakes, slurred notes, tremolos, interrupted cadences, and *Rückungen*; noisy instrumentation became more and more a perfect curse on the land. Dances, good scenery, and artistic machinery, such were the birdlime with which it was attempted to catch the public. We are indebted to French opera for the first improvement in this respect. The success obtained by the performances of the Italian singers whom Mazarin had invited to Paris, excited in a high degree the emulation of French authors and musicians. In 1659, the Abbè Perin wrote a pastoral, for which Cambert, organist at the Church of St. Honoré, composed the music. They did the same in 1661. Both pieces appear, however, to have excited only a passing interest. Perin, to whom, as I have already mentioned, was granted the privilege of erecting permanent theatres in Paris, and other towns of France, was more fortunate with his melodrama of *Pomone*, which, with Cambert's music, entranced the Parisians for eight successive months, and brought the author in the respectable sum of 30,000 francs. The privilege conceded to Perin was, however, obtained the following year, 1672, by Lully, who founded French opera, and thus represents a step in the development of opera generally, preparing most creditably the path for the ideas of a great master who came after him, and who understood better than all other musicians to turn his ringing thoughts into ringing coin.

Lully began his career at Paris as a scullion, and died a royal chapelmaster, leaving behind him property to the amount of 630,000 livres. He was born in [illegible]93, at Florence, and went to Paris when he was a boy of twelve. His opera of *Cadmus*, for which Quinault wrote the book, was produced in 1673 as the first lyrical tragedy of the French theatre. In that same year he obtained the theatre in the Palais Royal. A Royal order forbade at the same time more than two singers and six violins to be employed in any other Parisian theatre.

The new theatre opened with Lully's *Alceste*, the words of which were written by Quinault. This was followed in 1675, by *Theseus*; in 1676, by *Atys*; and, in 1677, by *Isis*. As Lully ascribed the small success of these operas to Quinault, he allied himself with Corneille, who wrote for him *Psyche* in 1678, and *Bellerophon* in 1679. In every subsequent year, however, we again find Lully in faithful alliance with Quinault. The last opera, namely, *Armide*, was produced in 1686. It pleased, however, neither the public nor the Court. Under these circumstances, Lully had it performed for himself alone, the only other such instance, only with a contrary motive, being one that occurred not long since in Munich. The plan succeeded, for it caused King Louis to think there must be something in the opera after all. He ordered it to be revived, and the Court and public went into ecstacies of delight. Even after Lully's death, which took place in 1687, his operas were the favorites of the French, and continued to be so for more than half a century.

His music, it is true, enjoyed a higher reputation than its value deserved; Lully's recitatives are not so pleasing and characteristic as those in the works of many of his predecessors. The choruses were generally treated in one uniform manner, although more carefully than before; his airs were really nothing more than *chansons*, and this is why they soon spread about as street ballads.—But airs, chorus, and ballet were skilfully dovetailed into one another. It was Lully who developed the heroic and historical ballet, as it is called, and composed the music for it. His scoring, too, is clever. His instrumental basis for the orchestra, especially in the choruses, is the stringed quartet. His overtures for stringed instruments used for a long time to be played, even in Italy, before every opera, until they were displaced by Scarlatti's. They consisted mostly of two movements in the same key, one of which moves homophonously in the Largo, and the other figured in the Vivace. Besides furnishing the music to Molière's *Princesse d'Elide* and *L'Amour Médecin*, Lully composed nineteen operas. His greatest merit was the fact of his constantly endeavoring to obtain good poems, which Quinault, who was very talented, wrote for him. *Armide* and *Atys* are, in their way, masterpieces of poetical expression. Quinault's have been used down to the most recent times, though the recitative is brought rather too prominently forward in them. The whole stock in trade of mythological wonders was flung overboard; the public wanted to see reasonable beings speak and act. The great characters of Greek and Roman history became henceforth the supports of opera. The acts were reduced from five to three; the wearisome prologues were lopped away; the recitatives were curtailed; the airs and duets were removed to the end of the scenes; and the choruses previously introduced at the end of every act abolished. The scenery and changes of scene became much more simple. Apostolo Zeno, too, of Candia (born 1750), the founder of magnanimous opera, contributed as much as Quinault to the improvement of operatic text books. His characters were elevated, though their expression of passion appears frequently somewhat flat; the action was always based upon sufficient motives, though rather involved, and in many scenes too long, so as to render the music fatiguing. But still higher than Zeno stood Metastasio (died 1782), whose soft, harmonious language seemed expressly created for composition, to which it excited even Mozart. As we are aware, the book of *Titus* is by Metastasio. He employed in a skilful manner long and short lines, different metres, and even rhyme; he introduced, with equal skill, the lyric into the dramatic style, and strove to attain truthfulness of character, a greater rapidity in the events, and animation in the scenery. We must, it is true, sometimes overlook the fantastical nature of his mode of expression, the frequent and cloying recurrence of amorous toying, and the invariable sameness of the dramatic complications and crises.

(To be Continued).

Digitized by Google

## Dr. Ferdinand Hiller.

[From the London "Times."]

The temporary sojourn among us of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, one of the most distinguished representatives of the musical art, and Spohr's successor as the honored "*Altmeister*" of Germany, is conferring upon some of our public performances just now a great interest. The junior of Mendelssohn by about three years, Hiller was one of the most intimate of the few very intimate friends of that great musician, and ranked high in his esteem among the companions who strove heartily with him towards a common end. A reference to Mendelssohn's published letters will suffice to acquaint all previously unaware of the fact upon what terms Hiller was with their illustrious author, and what Mendelssohn himself thought of Hiller. But even this honorable testimony is not required on behalf of one who has labored so assiduously and effected so much for art in various ways. There are few branches of musical composition which Dr. Hiller has not, from time to time, successfully essayed. Oratorio, opera, and orchestral Symphony have come to him with like facility; while his numerous additions to the repertory of the pianoforte, upon which he is still one of the most masterly of living executants, have contributed no little towards the preservation of the "universal instrument" as a medium for upholding and strengthening a taste for that genuine art which meets with such formidable antagonists in those who look upon music only as a beginning, the middle, and the end. Against the system of pure "virtuosity," Dr. Hiller, although from the earliest himself a virtuoso of the highest attainments, has argued with unbending severity, and thereby earned among lovers of music for its own sake a high and durable reputation. Moreover, this he is one of the most deeply read and accomplished critics of our day, and by the exercise of his literary pen has done essential service for the cause of healthy art (as by the example of his musical productions. Dr. Hiller, in short, deserves the hearty recognition which is everywhere the affinitive precedent to honest and earnest labor; and he comes so rarely among us, we are glad to find that his present visit has not been past by unheeded in certain influential quarters. The familiar friend and in some respects the rival of Mendelssohn is no ordinary man. Such was Hiller, and that he is now accordingly more has been satisfactorily proved since his recent arrival in England.

At the third Oratorio Concert the first piece in the programme, and indeed its most important feature, was Dr. Hiller's *Nala und Damayanti*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and produced with entire success. In St. James's Hall the other night, as in the Birmingham Town Hall last September, Dr. Hiller directed his performance. We need not again describe the cantata. It will be remembered, by all who take an interest in the matter, that the poem is founded upon an episode in the ancient Hindu epic, the *Mahabharata*, and that it turns upon the loves of Prince Nala of Nishadha and Princess Damayanti, daughter of King Bhima, who, enamored of each other by hearsay, although they have never met, are, with certain supernatural aids, relieved of troubles together and duly wedded. Such a subject would have possessed little interest at the musician who were it not on account of the fanciful and richly-colored music which Dr. Hiller has invented for it, and by means of which he has, if we may employ the phrase, galvanized a corpse. No one cares for Nala; no one cares for Damayanti—in spite of the renown of her beauty; least of all does any one care for King Bhima. Has ever one with an ear attuned to harmony must care for Dr. Hiller's music—and particularly for that part of it which illustrates the opening scene of the cantata (in the Gardens of King Bhima). The execution, on the whole, was even better, perhaps, than at Birmingham; and for this result credit is due to Mr. Barsby, who, although he had prepared the work for public performance, resigned his conductor's stick, with excellent taste, to Dr. Hiller on the occasion. The principal singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley (the same as at Birmingham), against not one of whom could a single objection be raised; the orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus, our admirable English violinist, as leading violin, was all that could be wished; and the chorus, generally, with an exception here and there, were given in such a manner as must have satisfied Dr. Hiller himself, difficult to satisfy as he notoriously is. Under any circumstances he could hardly have been otherwise than pleased with the very cordial reception he experienced at the hands of Mr. Barsby's audience.

At Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert, a still more important share of the programme was awarded to Dr. Hiller, who not only conducted the performance of his grand orchestral Symphony in E—"*Es muss doch Frühling werden*" ("*It must soon be spring*"), but played the pianoforte part of Mozart's concerto in D, as well as two solo pieces composed by himself. The Symphony has been more than once described. It was originally introduced, six years ago, at the concerts of the unhappily defunct Musical Society of London and was also played at the Crystal Palace under the direction of the same thus twelvemonth. Ambitious in design, large in proportions, and, for the most part, thoroughly original in the method of its development, the work is perhaps somewhat difficult for amateurs, however attentive and intelligent, to grasp the purport of the whole, as a whole. Each new performance, however, helps to disclose fresh beauties, and establishes more and more clearly the fact that while Dr. Hiller, in the composition and working out of his grand Symphony, has been true to a certain degree influenced by his famous contemporaries, Mendelssohn and Schumann, he is a vigorous thinker on his own account, and had Mendelssohn and Schumann lived, might in some measure have also influenced them. Schumann (who was very commendatory of Dr. Hiller's Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who was born in Hamburg in 1809, and died in 1847, paying a high tribute both to his works and to his high and noble devotion in his art. Mendelssohn's genius was exercised in almost every form of musical composition, except the opera, from the *Lied* to the oratorio and Symphony, and the easy mastery he exhibited on every side renders him comparable to the universal Mozart, with this difference, that Mendelssohn remained faithful to the musical ideal and individual type, while Mozart transformed the different European types into harmonious unity; although Mendelssohn's great work as the collective result of his activity, it cannot be said that he opened any new paths of development, or enlarged any of the boundaries of the world of music. His oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah," are the greatest works in this department that have appeared since Handel's day.

A sketch was next given of Robert Schumann, who was born June 8, 1810, and died in 1856. His services as a critic, in the cause of music, were in turn dwelt upon somewhat elaborately. Mr. Paine awarding him a high place in both connections. The closing days of this author were rendered unhappy by mental disorder, and he died in an insane asylum. Like Mendelssohn, Schumann and others, he finds the place on the starting point of his music. All the productions of the first ten years of his artistic life are piano compositions. These followed a year of songs (1840), and then a year of Symphonies and other orchestral music (1841). The next year was devoted principally to quartets and other chamber music, and in the following years appeared his great vocal works among all kinds of compositions. Bach, Beethoven and Schumann are the most German of German composers. It is doubtful whether Schumann's music will ever be liked in Italy and France, where Mozart and Mendelssohn find a place, and even the English who are allied by race with the Germans have not fully accepted Schumann's or Sebastian Bach's music. Schumann, like Mendelssohn, was an earnest student of Bach's music. In his songs he shows a progress beyond Schubert and Mendelssohn, in giving powerful and consistent expressions to the text. Of all composers since Beethoven he is the least of a mannerist. Among the talented artists who were identified prominently with Mendelssohn and Schumann were Niels W. Gade, Sterndale Bennett, Ferdinand Hiller, Julius Rietz, Carl Reinecke and others. In closing, Mr. Paine remarked that there were two remarkable artists who also demanded attention: Chopin and Robert Franz; but the limits of the lecture prevented any extended account of them.

At the conclusion of his lecture Mr. Paine performed upon the pianoforte, Chopin's Nocturne, with the last, two compositions by Schumann—a piece from his "Wood music" (Op. 82), and a *novelette* in F major (Op. 21).

EIGHTEENTH LECTURE.

Mr. J. K. Paine delivered the eighteenth and last of his series of University lectures, on the History of Music, at Wesleyan Hall, Saturday noon, taking for his especial theme the Music of the New German Masters.

He said the lamented deaths of Mendelssohn and Schumann arrested at its full career the onward course of the traditional art of music. Had these leaders of the musical world lived to the present hour in the active practice of their art, the relative prominence of later musicians, like Wagner and Liszt, would doubtless have been modified by their living influence and example. No one can doubt that Mendelssohn would have exerted all his power and influence in a different direction. Before his death the various public attempts made by Berlioz and Wagner failed to strike any root. Robert Schumann

Digitized by Google

wrote in his private journal on the 5th of August, 1847, concerning the new opera of "Tannhäuser:" "It is an opera which cannot be so easily described in a few words; it is certain that it possesses a touch of genius. If Wagner were as melodious a musician as he is an intellectual one, he would be the man of the time" This precisely describes the present opinion of a large class of people in regard to the musical abilities of Wagner. The premonitory symptoms of the violent revolution in the musical world, which was fairly inaugurated soon after the political revolution of 1848, were witnessed in the acts of Hector Berlioz, a Frenchman by birth and education. This remarkable character was born in a small town near Grenoble in 1803, and died in Paris in 1869. Berlioz was not content that music should suggest or characterize in a general way a poetic idea, or intellectual thought, but strove to make it take the place of words even in points of detail. He would make music secondary or subordinate to mental conceptions. As pure instrumental music is solely the language of the emotions, he would fain make it intellectual by means of a programme of the poetic contents. Berlioz was a brilliant musical journalist, and for many years was connected in this capacity with the *Journal des Debats*. His valuable work on modern orchestration is distinguished by a vast amount of technical knowledge and poetic talent.

Richard Wagner, the leading figure of the group, was born in Leipsic in 1812. His early youth was spent under different artistic impressions, but at the age of fifteen his attention was turned to music, and at the age of nineteen he began his life as a practical musical director. After some years passed in connection with different theatres in Germany, he went to Paris, where he was unsuccessful. In 1842 he returned to Germany, and his "Rienzi" was brought out for the first time at Dresden. It met with distinguished success, and the author found himself suddenly the favorite of the Dresden public. The music did not break away from the traditional style, and this fact, together with the pomp and display of the stage spectacle, an element which Wagner had borrowed from the French opera, insured the favorable reception of his work. This was speedily followed by his "Flying Dutchman" and the "Tannhäuser," but neither of these operas was well received by the public. He had departed too far from the path marked out by his predecessors. As a fierce radical in politics as well as in religion and music, Wagner became, of course, a very active participant in the revolution of 1848, and in consequence of the failure of that movement, he was compelled to flee from the country. In his exile he published those writings which were destined to cause a greater commotion in the musical world even than his music. Meanwhile Liszt published an able analysis and eulogy of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and brought those works out with brilliant success at Weimar. It was not long after this that Wagner's name and music became universally known, either to be honored and loved, respected and admired by a friendly class, questioned by a more wary and critical class, or despised and execrated by still another class of the inharmonious sons of music. Wagner's personal history since this time is well known. The great aim of Wagner's theories is an entire revolution in art, society, politics, and religion. The general features of this scheme are announced in his first pamphlet—"Art and Revolution." The theory is developed as a whole in the following pamphlet, "The Future Work of Art," and its especial discussion and application to poetry and music form the subject of the third pamphlet, "The Opera and Drama." He says that modern life is founded on hypocrisy; that the industry of modern nations is perverted or degenerate, and draws a parallel between the artistic life of the Greeks and ours, unfavorably to the latter. He holds that the development of genuine art is incompatible with Christian knowledge or consciousness, and also that man is his own god and stands above nature, corresponding, in his inward and outward life as an emotional and reasoning, as well as an impressionable creature, to that grand and complete art which is the result of all the separate branches or modes of art. His object, in a word, is to reunite the various branches of art as they were united in ancient Greece, but on a higher plane. In his last pamphlet, Wagner proceeds to the special application of these principles. He reviews the opera and drama of the past with sharp, unsparing criticism. Poetry and music must be equally and happily wedded in order to constitute the ideal work of art. It is contended that there is no true opera or true drama, and Wagner would abolish the literary drama as well as the opera, substituting for them a work of art addressed to the senses and feelings alone. He denounces what is usually termed melody, that is, the traditional form of the air. This must be done away with, and the *infinite melody*, hinted at in Beethoven's last works, must be introduced. The only genuine melody, he declares, is that which arises from the heartfelt delivery of the language—melody that does not attract any attention on its own account, except as the sensuous expression of a sentiment which is clearly manifest in the language. Wagner did not apply these principles to full practice at the outset. He was too shrewd for this. In his "Flying Dutchman" he approaches this aim from a safe distance. In "Tannhäuser" he goes further, but still retains the air, concerted pieces, and other traditional forms. "Lohengrin" comes nearer to the ultimate goal of his desires, since he selects for the first time a mythical subject, it being his creed that the myth is the beginning and end of all true poesy. "Tristan and Isolde" marks the nearest attainment of his ideal. "Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" are operas founded on the Nibelungen myths. His only comic opera, "The Master-Singer of Nuremberg," brings to light many pleasant reminiscences of the venerable traditions of old fashioned art.

Having drawn a sketch of Wagner's views and works, the lecturer passed to a consideration of the counter-views which have become universally current among reflective minds. Wagner's denunciation of modern life, and the declaration that our present religion, society and politics must be completely revolutionized before the future work of art can be appreciated, is so far from any possibility of realization, that we may dismiss it as the vagary of a wild dreamer. His scheme of uniting all the fine arts in order to form a grand comprehensive art, such as the Greeks are said to have had, looks promising enough at first, but reflection does not lend wings to our faith. There is, in fact, nothing eminently new or original in the idea. Music, poetry and dancing have long appeared conjointly in the drama in some form, accompanied as far as can be considered practicable by other fine arts. Even the Greeks did not combine the arts equally, and perhaps the nearest approach to a grand *ensemble* of the arts was afforded by mediæval religious performances, like the dramatic representations of the Passion of Christ. This sprang from the very soul of Christianity itself, a religion incapable of future art, according to Wagner. Every one of the arts has its particular province, in which, as soon as it reaches its highest attainment, it excludes the others. A concession robs each art of its highest prerogative. To banish the air from the opera is unjustifiable, because its æsthetic influence is too great. On the same grounds the chorus and concerted movements are fully justifiable, even if they arrest for a moment the further action of the drama. The ground taken by Wagner that the genuine source of the ideal drama is the myth, will not stand the test of criticism. No one will doubt that Wagner is a man of remarkable character and a genius, but neither his head nor his heart have been altogether right. He has been led astray by vagaries. His pernicious theories have marred all his later music, yet here and there wonderful beauties come to light in his scores. His best music has an element of popularity in it.

The concluding part of the lecture was devoted to a brief consideration of Liszt, and to a general view of modern music. Who knows, asked the lecturer, but that another and younger people may yet rejuvenate the life of music? As patriotic and art-longing Americans, added he, let us hope that this will be the mission of our own land. May it lift the veil that now shrouds the future of this beautiful art.

The musical illustrations consisted of two tenor airs by Wagner, one from "Tristan and Isolde," and the other from "The Master Singer of Nuremberg," both of which were finely sung by Dr. Langmaid.

At the close General Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, offered a series of resolutions, recognizing the real and valuable instruction derived from the lectures, and expressing thanks both to Mr. Paine and Harvard University, together with the hope that future efforts may be made in the same direction. The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

## The Royal Albert Hall.

Few characteristics of modern cities are more noticeable than the improvements which are constantly making in the edifices devoted to public amusement. Only one or two of the many large audience rooms in this city now consecrated to music and the drama, have a history dating back twenty years, and those which they replaced were vastly inferior to the new in size, in comfort and in general adaptability to the purpose designed. The same is true of every large city in America. In the great European cities the edifices of the past are many of them noble structures, but constant improvements have nevertheless been making for many years. The large and costly Grand Opera House in Paris, yet unfinished, is but an example of a tendency that is to be noticed everywhere. Modern requirements have been directed not only to richness of design and perfection of internal arrangement, but to an increase of capacity. The immense crowds of London have been ill-accommodated, in default of a better place, in the Crystal Palace, but the huge choruses and overflowing audiences have found ample room under its roof. During the past few years a vast structure has been rising in Kensington, designed specially to supply the place which the Crystal Palace has so poorly filled. The Queen laid the foundation stone in 1867; on the 29th of March she declared it formally opened.

The Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, as this structure has been named, is in the form of an ellipse, with a major axis of 272 feet and a minor axis of 228 feet. The material is dark red brick, relieved with terra-cotta. The latter material forms a broad and massive base thirteen feet high; above it is a high brick story pierced with two rows of windows deeply recessed in terra-cotta, and at the top of this story is placed a balcony passing entirely around the building; still higher is a masonic frieze in buff upon a chocolate ground, with outlines in black, six feet six inches wide, and also belting the entire building. Within an outer shell of staircases, corridors, retiring-rooms and other apartments, is an immense hall, elliptical in form, with a major and minor axis of 219 and 185 feet respectively. At the end opposite the royal entrance is an organ, said to be the largest in the world, built by Mr. Willis of London. This organ has five claviers, four manuals and one pedal. There are in all one hundred and eleven stops, besides fourteen couplers and thirty two combinations. The number of pipes is close upon nine thousand and the wind is supplied by two steam engines. The orchestra is placed in front of the organ, and leaves to the public an auditorium in horse shoe form. The auditorium is divided into an arena covered with movable chairs, an amphitheatre, boxes, balcony, and the picture gallery, which runs completely around the hall. The total seating capacity, not including the orchestra, is 7266. The estimated cost of the building was two hundred thousand pounds sterling, and this amount has not been exceeded. It was built by subscription without any aid from the government, and has no debt to incumber it at the outset. Reserved seats are sold in this building for the season of nine hundred and ninety nine years, and as the auditorium room is so arranged as to leave almost no choice of seats, the price is uniform at one hundred pounds sterling for each seat. If all the seats should be sold there would be a fund of nearly three million dollars to provide entertainments, but it is not expected of course, that more than a small fraction will be absolutely sold by subscription.

The uses to which it is proposed to put the hall are various. It is expected to provide meeting-places for the learned societies, and to be the scene of cattle-shows. It is adapted even to public lectures. At the opening the Prince of Wales read his address in a loud voice, and was not only distinctly heard throughout the building, but every one in the hall was aware that he was speaking in a loud tone. It would not be necessary for any one who heard the noble voice of Madame Parepa-Rosa in the Coliseum, to be told that the size of the Royal Albert Hall would be a slight difficulty for a powerful vocalist to overcome; but the London Hall was formed with a special view to acoustic properties, and so perfectly has this object been accomplished that a position in the picture gallery is not only equal to any other for seeing, but is, although the most distant from the orchestra, inferior to no other part for hearing. The first public performance in the hall was to have taken place on Wednesday evening last, and was announced to be the first of a series of evening concerts to be given by the Society of Arts in aid of a national training school.

There are many interesting facts in connection with the building which might be noticed; as, for example, the mosaic work above the balcony on the exterior, the symbolic designs for which were contributed by several artists, enlarged by photography, and constructed in two years by ten men at a cost of nearly five thousand pounds; the beautiful roof of glass and iron, obscured at the opening by an awning of unbleached calico to shut out the glare of the sun which did not show his face; the admirable convenience for entrance and egress without crowding or confusion; the excellent arrangements for lighting, heating and ventilating; and the imposing ceremonies of the opening. The vast and beautiful structure is a monument to the progress of the age. No building has yet been dedicated to public amusement which has not at some time been found too small to accommodate all who wished to be present, and the same ex-

Digitized by Google

perience is undoubtedly reserved for this monster edifice. It is not to be supposed that the Royal Albert marks the limits of possibility in the construction of an auditorium wherein every person shall be able to see and hear well, and when once so long a step is made as has been taken in this case, further progress is easy.—*Advertiser.*

## The Three New Musical Knights.

It is a consolation for the loss of national recognition of the importance of music in early education, that some appreciation is shown in high places of the merits of musicians. That two English musicians are thought worthy of knighthood is quite phenomenal; and indeed Sir Julius Benedict is as much an Englishman as his own habits and tastes and the laws of naturalization can make him. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT is a native of Stuttgart, where he was born in 1805. He began his studies under Hummel at Weimar, and subsequently received the tuition of Weber, upon whose recommendation, at the age of 19, Benedict was engaged to conduct the German operas at Vienna. In 1827, his first dramatic work, an opera in two acts, entitled "*Giacinta ed Ernesto,*" was produced at the Fondo at Naples, but being essentially German in style, it met with but little success on the Neapolitan stage. In 1830, he returned to his native city, where his opera, "*I Portoghesi in Goa,*" was warmly received. After paying a visit to Paris and a second residence of a few years in Naples, Benedict came to London for the first time in 1835, chiefly at the instance of Mdme. Malibran, and in 1836 he undertook the direction of the Opera Buffa at the Lyceum. Here his operetta, "*Un Anno ed un Giorno,*" was performed with great success. In 1838 he produced his first English opera, "*The Gipsy's Warning,*" which was remarkably successful. His subsequent operas, "*The Brides of Venice,*" and "*The Crusaders,*" had each a long run at Drury Lane, when under Mr. Alfred Bunn's management. In 1850 he accompanied Jenny Lind as conductor and pianist to the United States and Havanna, and on his return to England he formed a choral society called the Vocal Association. During the seasons of 1859 and 1860 he conducted the Italian Operas at Drury Lane and Her Majesty's Theatre, when he brought out an Italian version of Weber's "*Oberon.*" At the Norwich Festival in 1860 he produced a cantata entitled "*Undine,*" which obtained a very great popularity. His "*Lily of Killarney*" was produced in 1862; and about two years after his charming operetta, "*The Bride of Song.*" His later works are a magnificent concerto for the pianoforte, published about three years ago; "*The Legend of St. Cecilia,*" and his oratorio of "*St. Peter,*" of which an excellent performance has been given by Mr. Barnby's choir during the present week.

The present Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor Sir STERNDALE BENNETT, was one of the earliest of the Academy pupils. He is the son of the late Mr. Robert Bennett, who was for many years the organist in the parish church of Sheffield, and his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. James Donn, F. L. S., curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Cambridge. He was born at Sheffield in the year 1816, and having lost both his parents in his infancy, he was brought up by his grandfather, Mr. John Bennett, by whom he was entered, when eight years of age, as a chorister in King's College, Cambridge. Two years afterwards he was placed in the Royal Academy of Music, where he began his regular studies by taking the violin as his instrument; but he shortly abandoned it for the pianoforte, upon which he received instruction. He soon began to turn his mind to composition, and, as a pupil of Dr. Crotch, produced his first symphony in E flat at the Royal Academy, which was followed at short intervals by his pianoforte concertos. Having formed an intimate friendship with Mendelssohn, he went in 1836 to Leipsic, where several of his works (particularly his overture to the "*Naiades*" and his concerto in C minor) were performed at concerts under Mendelssohn's direction. His published works are numerous, including his overtures, the "*Naiades,*" the "*Waldnymphe,*" "*Parisina,*" and "*The Merry Wives of Windsor,*" concertos, sonatas, and studies for the pianoforte, songs, duets, and other vocal pieces. His charming cantata "*The May Queen*" is possibly the best known of his vocal works. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge, and received the degree of Doctor of Music in the same year, and M. A. in 1869; and he was also created D. C. L. of the University of Oxford in 1870. From 1856 till 1868 he was conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, and in the latter year he was appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Professor Sir Sterndale Bennett is as well known for his suavity of manner and kindness of heart as for his musical abilities. He married in 1844 Miss Mary Ann Wood, daughter of James Wood, Commander R. N.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY is a son of the late Mr. John Elvey, of Canterbury, by Abigail, daughter of Mr. Samuel Hardiman. He was born in 1816, and was educated at the Cathedral School of his native city; thence he passed to New College, Oxford, where he took his degree as Bachelor of Music in 1831, and in due course his Doctor's degree. In 1835 he was appointed organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Sir George Elvey is a good specimen of a florid cathedral organist. His talents and taste do not lie in the way of the grand mechanical and contrapuntal effects obtained by Bach in his magnificent fugues, but he greatly excels as an accompanist, and as an extempore player in the free style—more acceptable to and more appreciable by persons of ordinary musical cultivation. His introductory voluntaries at St. George's Chapel—with his favourite combination of full swell and diapasons—were always most effective, and the choirs of the Royal Chapel and of Elton College owe their excellence chiefly to Sir G. Elvey's taste and industry. Sir George has composed a great deal of Church music, chants almost innumerable, good and effective "Services," and anthems of which it will suffice to name two, "In that Day," and "Behold, O God, our Defender." He has also written much secular music, but it has generally been for Court occasions, and therefore its popularity has been shortlived, and by no means in proportion to its merits.—*Orchestra.*

# Music Abroad.

## London.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson's prospectus of the Grand Opera season, to take place at Drury-lane Theatre, commencing on Saturday, April 15, promises a more than ordinary array of novelties, both in respect to the artists engaged and the representations to be given. With few exceptions the *prime donne* will be importations of celebrity from foreign establishments. Mdlle. Marie Marimon, who heads the list, appears for the first time in England; Mdlle. Cecile Fernandez is announced as a *debutante.* Mdlle. Ida Benza, a lady with a high Italian reputation, also appears for the first time to claim the suffrages of an English public. In addition to the sensation of these interesting novelties, several of the most esteemed favorites of the lyric stage in London will return to gain fresh laurels in the scenes of their past triumphs. The public will rejoice to number amongst the most distinguished of these Mdlles. Titiens and Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Leon Duval and Madame Sinico, at the head of the contralto list Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Equally unfamiliar, but none the less welcome as celebrated novelties, are the announcements of the principal tenor—Signori Fancelli, Vizzani, Bentami, Sinigaglia, and Nicolini from the Italian, Parisian, and Spanish Operas, who appear for the first time. Signor Rinaldini is also added. The bassi and baritoni are numerous, and present high claims to distinction. Signor Mendioroz, from San Carlos, Naples; Signor Mariani, from the Teatro Regio, Turin; Signor Sparapani, from Genoa; Signor Rives, of the Academie de Musique, and Signor Bignio, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, are all first appearances in London. Signor Borella, of the Italian Opera Buffa, has already won golden opinions from his English admirers, and his engagement amongst the Drury-lane Company will be gladly hailed. Signor Rocca, Agnesia, Antonucci, Celli, Casaboni, Caravoglia, and Foli, complete the long and shining list. A more promising one has, perhaps, never before been put forth, at least in the direction of abundant novelty. The director of the music will be Sir Michael Costa, whose return to the post he formerly filled with such distinction will doubtless be a source of general satisfaction. The new or rather revived representations promised include Donizetti's delightful opera of *Anna Bolena,* too long a stranger to the London opera boards; *Il Matrimonio Segreto,* introducing Signor Borella in one of his most successful characters; *Oberon*; Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera;* Cherubini's magnificent but unfamiliar opera of *Medea*; *L'Ombra,* by Flotow and Wagner's opera *L'Olandese Dannato; Les Huguenots,* alternately introducing Mdlle. Titiens in her great character of Valentine, and one of the novelties of the season, Mdlle. Ida Benza; it will also afford Signor Nicolini an appearance in the attractive *role* of Raoul. *Faust* will be given with three different heroines—namely, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Leon Duval, and Mdlle. Marie Marimon. *L'Elisir d'Amore, La Favorita, Don Giovanni, Il Barbiere, I Puritani, Figlia del Reggimento, Fidelio, Der Freyschütz, Semiramide, Il Flauto Magico, Rigoletto,* and a host of other grand operas, by the most celebrated composers, from Mozart to Meyerbeer, are promised in almost overwhelming profusion. A long and brilliant season indeed must that be which can carry into fulfilment such a splendid array of promissory announcements. Even the half exploded ballet shines in revived lustre on this prospectus, several eminent members of the Terpsichorean art being announced to appear in the incidental ballets, as well as selected pieces. A band and chorus corresponding in all respects to other departments of the enterprise are engaged, and the whole scheme is set forth in the most attractive and liberal form. No one can read this prospectus without extending to Mr. Mapleson the same cordial wishes for hearty support and abundant patronage with which we greet Mr. Gye in his equally interesting Convent Garden announcements.—*Standard, March* 27.

FERDINAND HILLER'S RECITALS. The second and third of these highly interesting musical entertainments took place respectively on the Friday evenings, March 17th and 24th. It is no slight praise to any composer to declare that his genius alone can sustain the interest of a highly select and critical audience for an entire evening, yet such is not the only or the least meritorious feature in Dr. Hiller's recitals. They are eminently instructive, and prove how faithfully tone pictures can depict ideas, and how susceptible music may become of interpreting scenes and events. Descriptive composition is Dr. Hiller's forte, and this was very clearly demonstrated by the second performance of his *Operetta without Words,* repeated by desire, and growing by repetition into still more favor with all who listened to its pleasing and characteristic strains. The second concert opened with Dr. Hiller's third sonata in G minor—a fine scholastic though somewhat abstruse work. Selections from the *Operetta without Words* followed, including the overture, "Air of the maiden," the irresistible aria-buffa "scolding song," the charming "chorus of hunters," "Chorus of Women," and the march. A serenade for pianoforte and violoncello, consisting of three movements, was magnificently played by Dr. Hiller and Mons. Paque; but one of the most striking features of the recital was given by Dr. Hiller in a group of three numbers, consisting of two "ghasels," described in the programme as a musical imitation of that form of Oriental poetry in which the same word or rhyme returns continually during the whole poem, a canon (also a fine scholarly piece of writing), and some rhythmical sketches, in which double and triple time is cleverly yet pleasingly commingled in the same piece. Each of these remarkable *morceaux* formed a complete study, and afforded subjects of equal interest and pleasure to the musician and amateur. The choicest gem of the performance, however, was a pianoforte improvisation by Dr. Hiller, which served to display all his great powers as a matchless executant, and his remarkable inspiration as a composer.

Although this was the closing number of the programme, it was listened to with the most rapt attention, and deservedly called forth hearty plaudits, and an enthusiastic recall from a highly gratified audience. Madame Rudersdorff varied the evening's entertainment with several vocal pieces, and Signor Randegger accompanied. The third recital on Friday evening was no less successful than the previous two, the programme again consisting of Dr. Hiller's delightful compositions. Dr. Hiller will return to London at the end of April to take part in the opening ceremony at the Albert Hall in May.—*Ibid.*

MLLE. BRANDES AND MME. JOACHIM. The *Daily News* speaks as follows of the ladies who appeared at the Monday popular Concert:—

"Mdlle. Brandes has performed with great success on many occasions, notably at some of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, where the audience is highly critical, especially on instrumentalists. Her enthusiastic reception here on Monday night was largely due to her undoubted merits, and perhaps somewhat to her juvenile appearance. Her principal display was in style and sustained power. Three detached pieces, albeit charming in themselves, do not give the same scope for intellectual grandeur and poetical sentiment that is offered by one of Beethoven's great solo sonatas; nor indeed, are such special qualities to be expected from one so youthful as Mdlle. Brandes. Perhaps therefore, she did wisely in chosing the *presto* movement in A major from Scarlatti's Harpsicord pieces, Schumann's *Arabeske,* and Weber's *Moto continuo* (as the *finale* to his first sonata is called), for her inaugural performance. In all these Mdlle. Brandes displayed much brilliancy of execution, an

especially crisp and elastic touch, and great decision and clearness of rhythm and accent. The young lady was warmly applauded after each piece and, on being recalled, she played the third number of the first book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. In Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, the co-operation of Herr Joachim at the latter instrument was so important a feature that we must await Mdlle. Brandes' solo performance of this master's music before pronouncing on her qualifications for interpretation. Another speciality at Monday's concert was the first appearance of Madame Joachim, whose admirable singing has long been renowned in Germany. The fine mezzo-soprano voice and excellent declamation of this lady were displayed to high advantage in music of very opposite styles. In the air, 'Erbarme dich' (with the accompanying violin *obbligato* of her husband), from Bach's *Mattæus Passion Musik* in Schubert's 'An die Leyer,' and Mendelssohn's 'Gruss' (the latter encored). In the calm religious feeling of the first, and the romantic expression of the two modern *lieder*, Madame Joachim was alike successful and the applause in each case was general and earnest."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA's indisposition, our readers will regret to learn, has become so serious that her physician has ordered her, at least, two months' rest, and to give up all engagements for that period. Madame Parepa will leave London shortly for the south of Italy.

MUSIC IN JAPAN. We mean civilized, not Japanese music. A friend has brought us copies of three different journals [in the English language] published at Yokohama, from which it appears that the musical art is cultivated with considerable zeal, and to good purpose, among the English and American residents of that city. Here is a programme of a concert given in aid of the wounded French:

Trio: "Le Roi des Aulnes"......................Calcott.
Duo [piano and 'cello] from "Rosamonde"......Schubert.
Duo: "Angioi di Pace"......................Mercadante.
Song: "Si tu savais"............................Balfe.
Piano Solo: "Le Dernier Sourire"..........Wollenhaupt.
Gounod's "Meditation" on the first Prelude of ....Bach.
Violin, Piano, Organ and Violoncello.

Vocal Quartet: "Soave Immagine"..........Mercadante.
Song: "Le Lac"............................Niedemeyer.
Trio, No. 1, in G, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello....Haydn.
Song: "La Camelia"..........................Gordigieni.
Solo and Chorus: "Nazareth"....................Gounod.
"La Marseillaise," [chantée par les Soldats Français de l'Infanterie de Marine.

The performers, it appears, were mostly amateurs, so that their names are omitted in the highly complimentary mention of their deeds. One of them, however, as we chance to know, is a Boston lady, the oldest daughter of our old friend, the late Thomas Comer [musical by birthright therefore], and the wife of Capt. Henry W. Burditt, also of this city, now in command of steam packet ship "Ariel," belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., running between Yokohama and the various ports of Japan. Mrs B. is an accomplished pianist, and the notices before us speak of the "extreme delicacy of touch," the "finish and precision" of her rendering of the piece by Wollenhaupt.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 22, 1871.

## Chamber Concerts.

With all the plethora of the past musical season, our city has hardly known so sparing a supply of quiet "Chamber Music" since the Mendelssohn Quintette Club set the first example. This club has gathered up its laurels of so many years to take them upon "starring" tours throughout the Union. Only one Quartet have they let us hear at home this winter, and that one was Beethoven's last, produced in honor of his hundreth birthday. Mr. Perabo, before New Year, gave one series of four Piano Matinées: that, with the exception of "Conservatory" concerts, is all we can recall in this kind until now that the "great season" is over. Nor has it been much better, we believe, in New York as to string Quartet playing. Philadelphia seems to have taken the lead in this kind of entertainment, by its Jarvis, and its Wolfsohn series, and perhaps more especially by the high-toned classical "Parlor Concerts," of Miss Anna Jackson, with their constantly improving Violin Quartet.

But now that the "great season" *is* over, our chamber concerts come like April showers. We have no less than six to record since the month began, and before our next issue there will have fallen at least six more. First, as being hitherto the rarest, and supplying the most serious want, come the

LISTEMANN QUARTET MATINEES. Three of the four have now been given, in Wesleyan Hall, on successive Wednesday Afternoons. Here are the first two programmes:

*April 5.*

Quartet in E flat, No. 1. [First time in Boston].Cherubini.
*Adagio and Allegro. Larghetto. Scherzo. Finale.*
Song. "Qui sdegno." [Il Flauto Magico].......Mozart.
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
6th Violin Sonata, C minor, comp 1681........H. Biber.
[First time in Boston]. [1638-1698]
*Largo. Passacaglio. Gavotte. Allegro agitato.*
Bernhard Listemann.
Song. "The two Grenadiers"....................Schumann.
Mr Whitney.
Grand Quartet in D minor, op. posth .........Schubert.
*Allegro. Andante con moto. Scherzo. Finale.*

*April 12.*

Quartet in G major, No. 5......................Haydn.
*Allegro con brio. Allegretto. Menuetto. Finale.*
"Folies D'Espagne." Var in D minor. Arcangelo Corelli.
[First time in Boston.] [1653-1713.]
Bernhard Listemann.
Trio in D minor, op. 63......................Schumann.
*Mit Energie und Leidenschaft. Lebhaft.*
*Langsam, mit inniger Empfindung. Mit Feuer.*
Messrs. H. Leonhard, B. Listemann, A. Heindl.
Quartet in E flat, No. 12, op. 127.............Beethoven.
*Allegro teneramente. Adagio. Scherzando. Vivace. Finale.*

This is admirable matter, and the interpretation was all highly satisfactory. Finer quartet playing we have never heard in Boston than this by the brothers LISTEMANN (violins) and brothers HEINDL (viola and 'cello.) Mr. Bernhard Listemann in the first violin part brings his marvellous power of execution to the service of fine feeling and conception, and leads off with great fire and energy, keeping the whole thing alive. The middle parts are uncommonly good; musical and full in tone, not dry and wooden; and the 'cellist, if not up to the finish and expression of Wulf Fries, has sterling qualities and shows the spirit that ensures continual improvement.

The Quartet by Cherubini is a noble work, which should not have remained so long unknown among us. Masterly in classical form and treatment, it is full of poetry and happy fancies. There are strains of fairy music in it quite as delicate and fine as Mendelssohn's. Of the great Schubert Quartet, with its profoundly sad and solemn march in the Andante, we need not speak, except to say, that never were its power and depth and beauty brought home here more palpably.

Better contrast could not have been offered than that of the light-hearted, clear, delightful Haydn Quartet with that great work of Beethoven, the first of the six Quartets of his last period, which is so deep in mood, and yet so changeable, so pregnant with exhaustless meaning, so crowded with beauties which only many hearings can reveal completely. Though it came last on the programme, and after an exciting Trio, it riveted attention throughout its whole great length, the Adagio making a profound impression. It was the best proof of the efficiency of the performing party that this difficult and complex work came out so clear and even. Were it placed on every programme, it would so gain in beauty each time as to justify the repetition.

It was a capital idea of Mr. Listemann to give us in each programme a specimen from the old masters of the violin. His first selection, the Sonata by Biber, with which David begins the historical series in his "High School for the Violin," is indeed a noble composition, in the breadth and grandeur of its introduction, and particularly of its *Passacaglia* movement, suggesting comparison with the great *Chaconne* by Bach.

It seems to show how much the music for the violin, owing to the sympathetic, free, suggestive nature of the instrument, has kept in advance of other music. So too Beethoven in his violin quartets seems to anticipate later periods of his own development. David's piano accompaniment, in which he had only the figured base of the original to guide him, is faithful to the spirit of the whole and quite felicitous.

It was well played, as are all the accompaniments in these concerts, by Mr. Wm F. APTHORP, a young gentlemen who graduated two years ago at Harvard, of various gifts both literary and artistic, but in whom the passion and the aptitude for music has proved strong enough to draw him into that profession; and this is the beginning of his public artist life. Mr. Listemann played the Sonata superbly, and there is that in it that taxes all the modern arts of virtuosity. The Variations by Corelli, which likewise forms the second of David's selections, less grand than the Sonata by Biber, are also quaint and full of invention, though hardly of the genius of the other. Here David has modernized the work somewhat, adding an elaborate Cadenza, &c., and particularly by inventing figures in the piano part, though for the most part he either only makes the most of those already hinted in the figured base, or, in the true contrapuntal spirit, he offsets the figure and the motive of one half of the violin melody against the other as accompaniment.

Mr. WHITNEY's vocal contributions were of course most satisfactory, his grand bass tones sounding superbly in that hall. Mr. KREISSMANN was to have sung in the second matinée, but, he being ill, the Trio in D minor by Schumann, a splendid novelty, was substituted. It is all that the German headings of its different movements indicate: full of fire and passion in its quick movements, and of subtle depth of meditative feeling, although somewhat sickly, in the slow movement; yet this too has a fascinating beauty. It was finely interpreted, Mr. LEONHARD bringing out the force and meaning of the piano part, which bristles with difficulties, strange rhythms, &c., with masterly emphasis and fervor.

Of the third matinée we must speak next time. The Quartets were by Mozart (E flat) and Raff (A major); the Violin Solo was Tartini's "Trille du Diable."

These admirable concerts have not had the audience they deserved, though the number steadily increases. It is to be hoped that the *fourth* and *last*, next Wednesday, will crowd the hall. The programme includes a new Quartet by Svendsen (a Dane, we believe); another old Violin Sonata, by Rust songs by Mr. KREISSMANN; and the first of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" Quartets

PIANO FORTE CONCERTS. Not the least interesting record under the head of Chamber Concerts should be that of the Four Concerts undertaken by four young pianists, pupils, all, of Mr. LANG. Their names, already beginning to be well known, are Mr. G. W. SUMNER, Mr. W. F. APTHORP, Mr. G. A. ADAMS, and Mr H. G. TUCKER. They are given on successive Monday afternoons, before large and cultivated audiences, in Bumstead Hall. The programmes of the first two were as follows:

a. Prelude in C, [Well tempered Clavichord, No. 1]. Bach
b. Fugue in E minor, from the fourth Pianoforte Suite. Handel.
Three Diversions, for Pianoforte, 4 hds. Op. 17. Bennett.
Concerto in F minor. Op. 21....................Chopin.
"Festspiel und Brautlied" from Wagner's "Lohengrin." Liszt.

Concerto in E flat. Op 73....................Beethoven.
Fantasia Cromatica e Fuga, D minor..............Bach.
Concertstück, in F. Op. 79......................Weber.

The young knights summon witnesses to see that their spurs are well won, for they shrink not from the highest tasks. It must be acknowledged that so far they have acquitted themselves with honor. There was a certain grace and loyalty in choosing that Bach Prelude for the beginning, which, with the Handel Fugue, was neatly done by Mr. Adams. Mr. Apthorp took the upper part, and creditably, in the charming little pieces by Bennett. It is saying much for Mr. Sumner, that he won the hearty recognition of that audience by his rendering of so formidable a work as Chopin's F-minor Concerto, after such masterly interpretations as we have heard. Mr. Lang himself (teacher and "head centre" of the group) outlined the orchestral parts upon another piano. Mr. Tucker, with young giant strength and brilliancy, performed the "Lohengrin" transcription.

Mr. Adams was disabled, by an accident to his hand, from playing the great Beethoven Concerto, and Mr. Sumner was prevailed on to repeat the one by Chopin, in which he was even happier than before. Mr. Sumner also gave a very clear, although a little stiff, interpretation of the Bach Fantasia, &c. The *Concertstück* was triumphantly achieved by Mr. Tucker, Mr. Apthorp supplying the accompaniment.

MR. ERNST PERABO. The first of four Complimentary Matinées to the young artist, arranged by his friends and pupils, completely filled Wesleyan Hall on Friday afternoon last week with the best kind of audience. The object was, of course, to hear Mr. Perabo play his own selections out of the wide range of piano music in which he is so much at home. And it were needless to tell, even if we had

Digitized by Google

room, how beautifully he rendered every number of the following programme:

Suite, op. 31, G minor. [first time]........Wold. Bargiel.
{ a. "The Mill," op. 17, No 3..........Adolph Jansen
{ b. "Albumleaf," op. 7, No. 2......Theodore Kirchner.
{ c. "The happy Wanderer," op. 17, No. 2. Adolph Jensen.
Impromptu, op. 90, No. 1.....................Schubert.
Serenade for 4 hands, op. 6................Anton Krause.
[Arranged by Ernst Perabo.]
Sonata, op. 2, No. 1, F minor.................Beethoven.

## Orchestral Concerts.

Mr. A. P. PECK's Annual Benefit Concert, April 12, was a remarkable occasion, the Music Hall being crammed to overflowing at high prices. For the careful and obliging superintendent of the Music Hall has made friends of all the concert-goers and the concert-givers. And artistically it was the *best* concert of the kind that we remember, the choice of programme and of artists signally illustrating the improvement of the public taste, when even the most popular caterers must have an eye mainly to the "classical" in their bills of fare. THOMAS's Orchestra played the Overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *Tell*, the Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo and Wedding March, and a Strauss Waltz, all in their admirable way. Miss ANNA MEHLIG played the Liszt arrangement of a Weber Polonaise, and a four-hand Capriccio (with Mr. PERABO) by Mendelssohn. Miss KELLOGG sang a serious and very interesting Scena and Aria by Ant. Rubinstein, and Rossini's "Bel' raggio" in her best manner. And Miss ANNIE CARY, with her rich and cultivated contralto, won new favor in Rossini's "Fac ut portem" and a song by Donizetti.

On Saturday the THOMAS ORCHESTRA gave a Farewell Concert for the season. Beethoven's 4th Symphony; a rich and interesting introduction (new) to "Loreley," by Max Bruch; Weber's Jubilee Overture; the "Kaiser Franz" Variations (by all the strings) from Haydn's Quartette; a Strauss Waltz, and a noisy, rather common new march by Reinecke, were the orchestral pieces, played with the usual spirit, delicacy and precision. Miss MEHLIG gave a most perfect and poetic rendering of the Larghetto and Rondo of Chopin's F-minor Concerto, besides a "Concert paraphrase," by Liszt, on the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

HANDEL & HAYDN FESTIVAL. The great Triennial Festival will begin on the 9th and close on the 14th of May. The chorus, 750 strong, are zealously rehearsing, three nights every week, upon the Oratorios, &c., and some of the new work which they have in hand is worthy of their utmost effort; particularly Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and the copious selections from Bach's "Passion Music." For principal solo singers, Mme RUDERSDORF, soprano, and Mr. CUMMINGS, tenor, eminent in the London Oratorios, have been engaged, besides Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, and others of our best at home. The Orchestra will number 100 performers, largely from New York. There will be five Oratorio and four Orchestral Concerts, the latter in the afternoons, in which there will be grand Symphonies, including the Ninth (with Chorus) by Beethoven, and Concertos by such artists as Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, and it is hoped, Vieuxtemps, the great violinist.

The Festival will open on Tuesday, at 3 o'clock, with Nicolai's Festival Overture, a Mendelssohn part-song (unaccompanied) by full chorus, and the "Hymn of Praise." On Wednesday evening, "Elijah"; Thursday evening, "Israel in Egypt"; Friday afternoon, "Ninth Symphony"; Saturday evening, selections from Bach's "Passion," and Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" (new).—There is every prospect of a finer Festival, even, than that three years ago.

FOR THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. It is most fit that Music should step forward with alacrity to aid and cheer the noble movement for the establishment of a great *free* collection, for the good of all, of all the Art treasures that exist in our community, and of whatever else can be procured. We are glad to learn, therefore, that our townsman Mr. R. C. DIXEY, with the aid of Mr. LISTEMANN, and Mr. B. W. CROWNINSHIELD, amateur violoncellist, have arranged a choice concert for that purpose, to be given in the beautiful Mechanics' Hall on Bedford Street, on Thursday, April 27, at 8 P.M. Tickets *two dollars* each. The programme includes a Trio by Rubinstein; Andante and Variations from Beethoven's Trio in C minor, op. 1; two piano pieces by Raff; and two movements of Schumann's Piano Concerto, played by Mr. Dixey, with Mr. Lang accompanying. There will be Songs also.—The Editor of this Journal will be happy to receive orders for tickets.

## Death of M. Fetis.

This distinguished musical scholar, critic, teacher and historian, after a life of remarkable industry and influence in the world of music,—at all events in France and Belgium—has just died, in the midst of his labors, on the completion of his eighty-seventh year. How formidable these labors were, may be judged from the following summary, which we translate from *Le Guide Musicale*, of Brussels, of the 30th ult.

FRANCOIS JOSEPH FETIS was born at Mons, March 25, 1784, and died at Brussels March 26, 1871.

His father, an organist, professor of music and director of concerts at Mons, gave him the first lessons in the art and sent him to Paris at the age of seventeen. The young *Fétis* had already composed a *Stabat Mater* for two choirs and two orchestras. Three months after his arrival in Paris he was appointed *répétiteur* in Rey's class of Harmony, and he obtained there the first prize. He was taught the piano by Boieldieu. In 1803 he undertook a journey for the study of counterpoint and fugue according to the theories of the German School.

From the year 1806, he imposed upon himself the difficult mission of preparing a purified edition of the chants of the Roman church. From 1813 to 1818 he filled the functions of organist of St. Peter's, as well as of professor of singing and of harmony, at Douai. There he wrote "*La Science de l'Organiste*." In 1823 he published an "Elementary Method of Harmony," which became much in vogue in France, in Belgium, and many other countries.

Returning to Paris, M. Fétis wrote there seven operas: "*L'Amant et le Mari*," "*La Vieille*," "*Les Sœurs jumelles*," "*Marie Stuart en Ecosse*," "*Le Bourgeois de Reims*," "*Le Mannequin de Bergame*," and "*Phidias*."

In 1821 he succeeded Eler as Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire of Paris, and his teaching won the approbation of Cherubini. From 1827 to 1835 he published his musical journal, *La Revue Musicale de Paris* which was afterwards remodeled and for which he still wrote assiduously. In 1828 he bore off a second prize for his Memoir on the Netherland Musicians; and in 1830 appeared his little book: "*La Musique mise à la portée de tout le monde*," which passed through several editions, and "*Les Curiosités de la Musique*," forming a sort of complement to it.

His "Treatise on Harmony," as well as his "Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue" won him a great renown. These two books serve as the basis of the instruction at the Conservatoire of Brussels. He was called to the direction of this establishment in 1833. At the same time the King, Leopold I., conferred on him the title of master of his private chapel.

Apart from his labors at the Conservatory, M. Fétis devoted himself to the publication of his "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*" (Brussels, 1835–1844), of which a second edition appeared from 1860 to 1865.

Among his other works we count a "*Méthode de Plain-chant*"; "Progressive Solfeggios"; a "*Traité de l'accompagnement de la partition*"; a "Manual of the Principles of Music"; a "Treatise on Singing in Chorus"; a "Manual of Composers"; a "Method of Methods for the Piano;" a "Method of Methods in Singing;" a "Sketch of the History of Harmony"; a "*Notice sur Paganini*"; a "*Traité élémentaire de Musique, ou Théorie de toutes les parties de cet Art*;" a "Memoir on the simultaneous Harmony of Sounds among the Greeks and Romans."

After so many serious labors, Mr. Fétis retained sufficient vigor to undertake still more important works. Of this number is "The General History of Music," this *exegi monumentum*, in some sort, of which two volumes out of eight have seen the light.

We have still to add his musical productions: Motets, Masses, Cantatas, Symphonies, pianoforte works, &c. What he himself considered his best production was a Mass for voices, organ, violoncellos and double-basses. Great praise has been bestowed upon another of his Masses, that which he composed for the funeral service of the Queen of Belgium.

He was one of the most active, as he was the oldest, of the *collaborateurs* of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.

Do we ever see a career more full? The rigorous discipline to which the celebrated musician had subjected his faculties, and the obligation which he put upon himself of working invariably sixteen hours a day, explain how he was able to produce this long series of works as erudite as they are various. A letter, which he addressed on the 1st of March, 1867, to a Parisian *musicologue*, proves the rare vigor with which this old man, then of eighty-three years, was equal to the manifold occupations of his profession. "I am at this moment," he says, "engaged with the administrative affairs of the Conservatoire which I direct; with my course of composition; the direction of the rehearsals and concerts of this institution; those of the Court also; the commencement of the printing of my *Histoire generale de la Musique*, and with the continuation of this work. Moreover, I have not been able to avoid my nomination as a member of the jury on musical instruments, which will oblige me to be in Paris from the first of April till the end of May. I must be at Brussels on the first of June for the grand *Concours* of musical composition, of which I am president, and for the examinations of the Conservatoire. At the end of that month I shall return to Paris for the historical concerts, and shall come back to Brussels in the beginning of August for the *Concours* of the Conservatory."

We came near forgetting the rehearsals of "*L'Africaine*," over which M. Fétis presided, at the Grand Opera at Paris, with a solicitude worthy of that posthumous work of Meyerbeer.

Our illustrious compatriot has been actively concerned in too many ideas, theories and facts, to allow the possibility of giving here even a summary appreciation of them. History, theory, instruction, criticism, all the branches of musical bibliography have been treated by him.

"His investigating spirit," says M. Félix Clément, "voluntarily attached itself to all parts of the musical art, but it is principally at setting out from the fifteenth century that he truly deserves the name of an encyclopedist, having left no question unexplored from the dawn of the Renaissance to our day. Within these vast limits, with the sole exception of George Kastner, we know of no musician to be compared to this Belgian savant, whose labors are the glory of his country and the education of our own."

THE LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT LIBEL. From time to time, ever since the great singer left this country, there has been a renewal of certain slanderous and false reports about her husband,—started of course by jealous, mean, malicious spirits, in disreputable newspapers, and thoughtlessly copied or alluded to in other papers—which it must have cost no little patience to endure. All good people will rejoice that the libel has at length been brought before the Lord Chief Justice of England, where the lie was promptly nailed to the counter. The report of the trial, which we find in the *Orchestra*, is highly interesting, and we had hoped to copy it entire, but must abstain for want of room. The following brief abstract is from the *Transcript*:

MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, husband of Jenny Lind, has recovered damage from three English papers, that copied the silly story about him in this country, that he gambled, and had lost all his wife's earnings. In one instance the damages was placed at $2500, and in the others at $3750 each. It appears from the evidence that the charges made were utterly groundless; that the plaintif had carefully settled his wife's money upon her.

Madame Goldschmidt testified that her fortune had not only been unimpaired since her marriage, but had been actually more than doubled. Her husband was addicted to no expensive tastes or habits whatever, was not a gambler, and did not even smoke, and his life was absolutely blameless, and had been so ever since their marriage. Further, she declared that they had lived together in entire concord and harmony and had never lived apart. Mr. Goldschmidt gave similar testimony.

Among the witnesses whose testimony was the strongest was the Earl of Leven and Melville. The Goldschmidts have for many years lived at Roehampton, a beautiful suburb of London, on the confines of the far-famed Richmond Park, and Lord Leven and his family, who reside at Roehampton House, have become intimate with their accomplished neighbors, who are always to be met during the summer at the fêtes with which Lady Leven—a daughter of the celebrated Wilberforce's friend, Henry Thornton, M. P., author of the world-known "Family Prayers," of which the profane have said, alluding to their enormous sale, that no prayer was ever so efficacious—entertains her friends.

We give a report of the testimony of the wife in full:

Madame Goldschmidt was then called as a witness, and examined by Mr. Pollock, and stated that she was a native of Sweden; that in 1852 she married Mr. Goldschmidt in Boston, United States; he pursued the profession of music; for some years they resided at Dresden; in 1858 they came to reside in England; in 1862 they built a house at Wimbledon, where they still resided; they had three children, the eldest of whom was at Rugby School; on their marriage her fortune was considerable, and legal arrangements were made as to it with the advice of her friends; since their marriage he had assisted her in the management of her property, "most carefully and judiciously," added Madame Goldschmidt, with emphasis; he has attended to the expenditure also, she said, "most conscientiously."

He had also employed an accountant, and from time to time he had clear information as to everything connected with her property; my property, she said, has remained intact, and we have earned more than half as much again, and the whole is under the care of my husband and my former guardian. I have had perfect freedom as to my expenditure, and, on

the other hand, Mr. Goldschmidt has never expended any money upon himself, except in the ordinary expenses for a gentleman in his position. His habits have beeo simple and inexpensive. His amosements and occupations have beeo with me and our family. His time is a good deal occupied. We have never been separated.

Mr. Pollock—Is there any ground for saying that you and he are ill-matched as husband and wife, or that yoor marriage has not been happy?

Mme. Goldschmidt (in a tone of deep and tender feeling)—not lo my heart. We have never lived apart. She wrot on to say, with emphasis, that they had suffered persecution ever since their marriage—"silent persecution," in consequence of these calomoies. She had seen (she said) Mr. Goldschmidt received everywhere as if he were a scoondrel. She stated, in conclusion, that they lived upoo terms of intimacy with persons of good position, many of whom, she was happy to say, were present io court to-day.

---

New York, March 27.—The two farewell Nilsson concerts were the only concerts of interest during the past week. They took place at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. She was assisted as usual by Miss Cary, M. Vieuxtemps, Signor Brignoli, and a poor orchestra onder the direction of Max Maretzek. The audience at each one was very large. It is reported here that Miss Nilsson is to remain in this country all next summer and wioter, and sing in opera in the fall. Her engagement with Mr. Strakosch expires very soon.

A miscellaneous concert for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital took place on Saturday evening at the same hall. Miss Kellogg and several other artists appeared.

Miss Krebs's usual piano matinée did not take place last week. Pianoforte recitals are becoming very numerous, for Mr. S. B. Mills is to give three on April 8th, 15th and 22nd at the Brooklyn Athenæum.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic will play at their last concert, for the first time, a Symphony in F-sharp minor by George F. Bristow.

The Liederkranz Society gave their fourth concert at their hall in Fourth Street last night. Mr. Von Inten and Mlle. Rosette were the soloists, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was performed.

---

April 3d.—The only concert during the week was the fifth of the Philharmonic Society, which had the following attractive programme:

Symphony in B flat............................Beethoven.
Concerto in D minor.......................A. Rubinstein.
Miss Mary Krebs.
Overture "In the Highlands," Op. 7.................Gade.
Scherzo "Midsummer Night's Dream"......Mendelssohn.
Miss Krebs.
Symphonic Poem: "Tasso: lamento e trionfo"......Liszt.

Beethoven's fourth Symphony was perfectly played by the orchestra. Gade's Overture is a very fine and picturesque work, but was not as well played as the Symphony.

Liszt's "Tasso" is an uncouth, uninteresting work, full of cymbals, drums, tambourines, &c.; and why it was placed on the programme is a mystery. Mr. Bergmann deserves great credit for placing it last; for at least one-third of the audience got up and left during the intermission, before the last piece.

Rubinstein's work, though not an original, is a very interesting composition. There are three long and difficult movements. Miss Krebs played both pieces from memory. Her merits are a faultless execution and wonderful memory. Her playing of the Mendelssohn Scherzo was better than that at the Concerto; but it loses its charm when taken from the orchestra. She was recalled, each time, the second time playing a piece by Schumann.

The audience was as large as usual, notwithstanding the unpleasant state of the weather.

The next concert offers for a novelty a Symphony: "Im Walde," by Raff. M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the great violinist, will perform.

---

April 10.—There were several concerts in New York and Brooklyn during the past week. Those in Brooklyn, however, were much better than those in New York.

Mr. S. B. Mills gave the first of a series of three pianoforte recitals, at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Saturday afternoon. He was assisted by a large number of well known soloists. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave their last concert at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening. The programme was faulty only in its extreme length. It was as follows:

Symphony, F sharp minor......................Bristow.
Aria, from "La clemenza di Tito,"................Mozart.
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Concerto in A minor.........................Schumann.
Miss Krebs.
Overture: "Leonore, No. 3,"...................Beethoven
"Una Voce Poco Fa."..............................Rossini.
Miss Phillipps.
Andante and Rondo [violin]...................Vieuxtemps.
Miss Toedt.
Overture to "William Tell."......................Rossini

Mr. Bristow's Symphony is a fine work and should be heard more often. Miss Phillipps and Miss Krebs fully sustained their reputations as first-class artists. Miss Toedt's playing was not particularly interesting. The overture to "William Tell" has been heard so much that it would be advisable to lay it aside for a few years. The audience was unusually large. The programme was much too long, lasting until near eleven o'clock.

Wagner's "Lohengrin" has just been produced at the Stadt Theatre, and is to be given again this week. According to newspaper accounts it met with great success.

Last night there was a concert given at Steinway Hall, for a charitable purpose, by the "Ascheobroedel—Verein." Miss Krebs played Liszt's concerto in E flat, and Mr. Wensel Kopte a concerto in A minor (No. 8) by Spohr and a Romance in F, for the violin, by Beethoven. A large orchestra (of 100 members) played the overture to "Roy Blas" and two minor pieces. Whatever the charitable purpose, it could not have been bennefitted much, as three or four hundred persons was the most that could be got together.

J. M. W.

---

April 17.—The concerts last week were all of a miscellaneous character. Miss Vienna Demorest, who appeared in a private concert some six weeks since, made her first appearance in public at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, previous to her going to Europe to study.

On Thursday and Saturday occurred the two concerts of Miss Cassie Renz, a vocalist from Philadelphia, whose voice reaches the high note of G sharp. She sang, among other pieces, the "*Caro nome*" from "Rigoletto," and in the quartet from the same. Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Signors Leoni and Ronconi, and a small, but good, orchestra under Carl Bergmann, assisted her.

The Euterpe concert which was to have taken place on the 21st inst. is postponed for two weeks.

Mr. Charles Werner (violoncellist) gives a concert at Association Hall to night. A large number of well-known artists and an orchestra, also appear.

The Philharmonic Society give the first rehearsal for their last concert on Friday afternoon. A new symphony, "*Im Walde*," by Raff, Mozart's overture to "Idomeneo," and Berlioz's overture "The Roman Carnival" will be played.

An Opera Company from Havana, with Miss Kellogg as prima donna, commence a short season of Italian opera, about May 1st, at the Academy.

Miss Nilsson has just been engaged for another one hundred nights, by Mr. Strakosch, to appear in opera, next season. It is not announced yet whether the performance will take place at the Academy or the Grand Opera House. J. M. W.

---

PHILADELPHIA.—The second concert of the "Beethoven Society," organized a year ago by Carl Wolfsohn, and conducted by him, took place last Saturday evening in the Academy of Music, with a chorus of 150 voices and an orchestra of 50 instruments. The newspapers are full of praise of the performances, but complain of the programme as too long. It was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony..............................Schubert.
"Song of the Spirits over the Waters," Chorus....Hiller.
Concerto for Piano..........................Mendelssohn.
Mr. Chas. H. Jarvis and orchestra.
"King of Thule," Chorus..........................Taubert.
"Wanderer's Song," Chorus...................Schumann.
Concerto for Violoncello.....................Goltermann.
Mr. Rudolph Hennig and orchestra.
"The Water Lily" Chorus.......................Niels Gade.
"Gipsy Life," Chorus.............................Schumann.
Cantata, "46th Psalm"........................Mendelssohn.
Overture. "Rienzi"...................................Wagner.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Lover and the Bird. For Soprano. 4 E♭ to *a*. *Guglielmo*. 35
Full of melody, and is an effective concert song. The "Duet" part, where the instrument imitates the bird, and the "lover" responds to similar notes, is very fine.

Only a little Brook. Song and Cho. 2. B♭ to f. *M. W. Huckelton*. 30
"Nay, 'tis but a narrow stream,
Sunshine gilds the tide,
And the Easter lilies gleam
On the other side."
May be added to the list of those sweet, sunshiny songs that aid in depriving the passage "over the river" of its terror.

I love to sing. 3. C to f. *E. L. Hime*. 30
"I love to sing,—I love to sing,
But why, I cannot tell."
May be made a degree harder or easier, by adding the small notes, or omitting the triplets. Smooth, rich and classical.

God bless the little children. 2 C to e. *Denniker*. 30
"So winning in their helplessness,
How sinless, and how fair."
Poetry by Mary Grace Halpine, and is a genuine expression of womanly, warm hearted love for the little ones. Sing it at home.

Fold your arm around me, Papa. Song and Cho. 3. B♭ to f. *M. Loesch*. 30
"Fold your arms around me, papa,
Lay my head upon your breast,
Darker grow the evening shadows,
And your darling longs for rest."
Beautiful farewell song of a dying child.

Some Day. 3. G to e. *H. Schoeller*. 30
"You smooth the tangles from my hair,
With gentle touch and tenderest care."
Words by Florence Percy. Poem and music perfectly charming.

Row us, Row us Swift. For three Ladies Voices. 3. G to *g*. *Campana*. 75
"Voga, voga, marinaro,
Row us swift, O boatman, row us."
For 1st and 2nd Soprano and Alto, and has an easy swinging, rolling progression. Will be seized eagerly by seminary teachers.

### Instrumental.

Emperor William March. 2. D. *A. T. Müller*. 40
Simple and brilliant.

Souvenir de Memoire. Waltz. 2. C. *L. H. Hatch*. 30
Bridal Garland. Waltz. 4. E♭. *W. Kreiman*. 35
Humming Bird. " 2. G. *J. W. Turner*. 30
Three very pleasing waltzes, the first and last of of which will make excellent instruction pieces, while the Bridal Garland is brilliant and powerful,—almost triumphal in character.

Les Adieux Valse. 4. *Gungl*. 75
Famous set of waltzes.

Sunrise Galop. 3. E♭. *H. L. Eddy*. 30
Starring Galop. 3. G. *J. M. Deems*. 35
Both are light, tripping and "dance-exciting."

Three Divertimentos. 4 hds. 4. *W. Sterndale Bennett*. 75
Have a character between organ pieces and studies, and are very ingeniously constructed. Played with spirit, will be effective.

Little Kitty Nocturne. 3. G. *W. Busenius*. 30
Little Kitty and all her tribe are much obliged. A very sweet Nocturne.

Home, Sweet Home. Transcription. 4. F. *Oesten*. 50
The "old sweet story" in a new and very pleasing form. Warmly commended.

La Soothe. (The Soothing Strain.) Reverie. 4. D. *W. T. Porter*. 40
Will earn its name as a "lulling" piece, and has an an unusually pretty melody.

### Books.

System for Beginners. In the Art of Playing upon the Pianoforte. By *Wm. Mason* and *E. S. Hoadley*. 3.00
These gentlemen, both accomplished teachers, have done a good thing for their brethren in the crafts. They believe in abundance of Five Finger Exercises, Runs, Scales, and the like, and furnish abundant material, with a sufficiency of pleasing 'amusements.' The "accent" exercises are peculiar and very useful.

---

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

## A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE NO. 785. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871. VOL. XXXI. NO. 3.



**DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.**
Published every other Saturday,
BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

☞ TERMS.—If mailed or called for, $2.00, per annum delivered by carrier, $2.50. Payment in advance.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:
One insertion per line 30 cents.
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 20 cents.
Cards, six lines, nonpareil, per annum, $25.00.
do four lines, do do $15.00.

JOHN S. SPOONER, PRINTER, 21 FRANKLIN STREET.


## Advertisements.


DR. GEORGE F. BROOKS, Concert Organist and Professor of Piano.
Address, at Oliver Ditson & Co's, and at his Music Room 282 Washington Street. 785-3mo

A SOPRANO SINGER, of the first quality, desires a good place in some Church Choir in this city. She refers to Mr. J. S. Dwight, Editor of the Journal of Music. 771—

THE
**Pestalozzian Music Teacher,**
By DR. LOWELL MASON, THEODORE SEWARD & JOHN W. DICKINSON.
A very clear-headed and practical book, serving as a manual for teaching Music, Geography, Arithmetic and all other school studies on the
*Analytic or Inductive Method,*
which is amply illustrated by examples, and made ready for the use of all instructors. Price $2.00. Mailed, post-paid, for the above price
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

SYSTEM FOR BEGINNERS
In the Art of Playing upon the
**PIANO-FORTE.**
By WILLIAM MASON & E. S. HOADLEY.
A wonderfully well-arranged and interesting book, with abundance of Recreations, Illustrative Pictures, Duets for Teacher and Pupil, pleasing Second Exercises, and many fine Melodies for practice. The directions are very plain and practical; and the fine musicianship and thorough teachers who compiled the work are worthy of all confidence. Price, $2.00. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the above price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**Deems' Solfeggi!**
For Elementary Singing Classes!
These Solfeggi are well arranged Exercises, ranging from very easy to moderately difficult, in the Italian style, and all sweet and melodious. Will be useful
In Private Instruction,
In Seminaries,
In Choir Practice,
In High Schools, and
In Advanced Singing Schools.
PRICE, 75 Cents.
Sent post-paid for the above price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

New and Popular Songs.
MAKE ME A JACKET OF PA'S OLD COAT. Song and Chorus.....E. Christie. 40
MEET ME, ADDIE, BY THE OAK TREE. Song and Chorus.....E. Christie. 40
TENDER AND TRUE.....G. Lyle. 40
GOLDEN STREETS. Song and Chorus. W. Kittredge. 40
All have handsome Lithograph titles.
Sent by mail on receipt of the above price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**The Woman of Samaria.**
*A SACRED CANTATA.*
BY
W. STERNDALE BENNETT.
Persons who examine this Cantata, (which is almost an Oratorio) will agree with a prominent musical writer, who pronounces it "charming, from first to last."
Has eleven Choruses, and a variety of Solos, Quartets, &c., and is well worthy a place in the repertoire of Musical Societies and Choirs.
*Price.*—Paper, $1.12; Boards, $1.50; Cloth, $1.75.
Sent, post-paid, on receipt of above price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**Messe Solennelle,**
In B Minor.
BY
L. NIEDERMEYER.
NIEDERMEYER, a friend and protegé of Rossini, has achieved a success in his work, which will furnish a pleasing novelty for the practice of Choirs, Mass Clubs, &c. Said by Dr James Peth to be "plendidly elegant." "We have, on every repetition, passed through the work with increasing interest."
*Price.*—Paper, $1.25; Cloth, 1.50.
Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the above price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

UNPARALLELED FOR CHEAPNESS AND COMPLETENESS!
**Ditson & Co's**
**STANDARD OPERAS**
(LARGEST SIZED PAGE).
With full Vocal and Pianoforte Score including Recitatives. With English and Italian words.
NOW READY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ernani, | Trovatore, | Lucia, |
| Faust, | Traviata, | Sonnambula, |
| Norma, | Lucrezia Borgia, | Martha. |
| Marriage of Figaro, | | Don Giovanni, |
| Fra Diavolo, | | Fidelio. |

PRICE OF EACH IN PAPER $1.00. IN BOARDS, with illuminated covers, $2.00. Sent postage paid on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**New Music for May.**

VOCAL.
'Tis but a Lock of Hair.....E. Christie. 30
Au Revoir, Louise.....T. J. Lippitt. 30
The Beggar Boy.....F. Campana. 50
Chiquita. (Bret Harte) .....F. J. Boott. 30
Upon the Stairs.....“ 40
Darkly the Shadows press on my Eyes...Parma. 30
Thy Will be done! Solo and Quartette. O. Lob. 40
She's just about the age.....S. Franks. 30
Baby and I want to kiss you good bye.
W. O. Perkins. 30
Lover and the Bird. For Soprano.....Guglielmo. 35
Only a little Brook. Song and Cho...Hackleton. 30
I love to sing.....E. L. Hime. 30
God bless the little children.....Swanskee. 30
Fold your arm around me, Papa. Song & Cho.
M. Lanock. 30
Some Day.....H. Schoeller. 30
Row us, Row us swift. For three Ladies' Voices.
Campana. 75
Pearl of the Isle.....J. R. Thomas. 35
For You.....M. Keller. 30
Regret Thee!.....V. Gabriel. 30
Speak to me.....F. Campana. 30
Again the flowers we loved to twine.....Barnes. 30
Ave Maria. (Holy Spirit, hear our prayer) Baker. 40
Oh! for the wings of a Dove. Sacred Quartet.
J. S. Knight. 40
The Lord is in His holy Temple. Quartet.
Otto Lob. 40

INSTRUMENTAL.
Happy Memories.....W. Bussenius. 35
Road to Luck. Grand Concert de Concert.
Chas. Wels. 4. Ab. 2 hands. 60
3. Ab. 4 “ 1.00
24. March Hongroise.....F. Liszt. 75
German Triumphal March through Paris.
E. Pabst. 40
Virginia Military Institute March. C. M. Stapleton. 30
Sparkling Schottisch.....J. R. Muth 30
Julia. Mazurka Brillante.....C. Killing. 75
Emperor William March.....J. E. Muller. 40
Souvenir de Meyerbeer. Waltz.....C. L. H. Hatch. 30
Bridal Garland. Waltz.....W. Kreltmar. 35
Humming Bird. “.....J. W. Turner. 30
Les Adieux Valse.....Gumpel. 75
Sunrise Galop.....H. L. Eddy. 30
Starring Galop.....J. M. Downs. 35
Three Divertimentos. 4 hds. W. Sternsdale Bennett. 75
Little Kitty Nocturne.....W. Bussenius. 30
Home, Sweet Home. Transcription.....Gorton. 50
La Soothe. (The Soothing Strain.) Reverie.
W. T. Porter. 40
Germania. Waltz.....W. Tarrell. 40
Moet and Chandon. Waltz.....J. S. Knight. 30
Valse Brilliante. (Military Style)...J. Leybach. 40
Old 96. Waltz.....Christie. 30
Summer Night Schottische.....J. H. Wood. 30
Eleven Chorals from Schneider's Organ School. 35
Dawn of Love Mazurka.....E. L. Ripley. 50
Five Songs without Words.....G. D. Wilson. 75
In the Fields. (Auf den Bergen).....Jungman. 40

BOOKS.
MESSE SOLENNELLE. For Four Voices.
L. Niedermeyer. 1.25
SYSTEM FOR BEGINNERS, in the Art of Playing upon the Pianoforte. By
Wm. Mason and E. S. Hoadley. 3.00

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double those rates.


Digitized by Google

MRS. C. A. BARRY, Vocalist and Teacher of Vocal Music. 124 Chandler St., near Columbus Avenue. 792—1y

GEO. W. DUDLEY,
Teacher of Vocal Music. Room No. 3 Masonic Hall Building, 154 Tremont Street. 779

GEO. W. FOSTER will make arrangements to conduct Musical Conventions, Festivals, Societies, &c. Address, care of Oliver Ditson; or, at Keene, N. H. 770

PROF. & MRS. EDGAR A. ROBBINS,
Academy of Music.
718—tf 8 Bedford Street, Boston.

S. P. PRENTISS,
Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony,
Address, care Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

L. O. EMERSON offers his Services as Conductor of Musical Associations or Conventions during the coming season. Address, care of O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass

J. P. RUDOLPHSEN,
VOCAL CULTURE AND SINGING,
12 Decatur Street. 625.

G. E. WHITING
Gives Instruction on the Pianoforte, Organ, and in Harmony.
Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 622

L. DAMA,
Teacher of Cultivation of the Voice.
Chickerings' Building, 246 Washington Street. Room 5

JOHN W. TUFTS,
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE ORGAN, AND HARMONY.
No. 1 Van Brunnner Place.

## Mendelsohn Musical Institute

Was established in April, 1856. Its claim to the first rank as an educator in every department of Music, is continually increasing patronage from all parts of our country. Schools and communities are provided with skilful and earnest teachers, application to the Institute. Address, EDWARD B. OLIVER,
Principal, Boston, Mass.

PROF. A. C. MAGGI, of Florence, Teacher of the Italian, French and Spanish languages. Lessons in Italian FORMAMMATION and DRAMATIC READINGS. Private lessons and classes.
716-3m 64 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gives Instruction on the Pianoforte. 53 Hancock Street.
446

A. KREISSMANN.
Care Oliver Ditson & Co. 671—tf.

MR. W. O. PERKINS will make engagements to conduct Musical Conventions the coming season.
Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. 657-tf

## Junius W. Hill,

Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
Address at O. Ditson & Co's, or 154 Tremont Street.

L. W. WHEELER,
FORMATION OF THE VOICE,
ENGLISH AND ITALIAN SINGING.
Address at the New Building, 645 Washington Street.

ELLIOTT W. PRATT,
GIVES INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANOFORTE,
Address at Oliver Ditson & Co's.

O. ANDRE & CO.
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,
1104 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
A large assortment of AMERICAN MUSIC constantly on hand.

MR. W. WHITNEY, Basso Vocalist,—Having recently returned from Europe, is now prepared to receive professional engagements. Residence No. 9 Allston, St., Boston 744—3mos.

MR. C. P. MORRISON offers his services as Conductor of Musical Festivals and Conventions the coming season. Address at Newburyport, Mass., or Care of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. 720

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, Teacher of the PIANOFORTE, SINGING and MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Residence, Coolidge House. Communications may be left at Ditson & Co's Music Store. 717—tf.

MISS O. M. HARRIS,
TEACHER OF PIANO & SINGING.
Address care Oliver Ditson & Co., or at Residence, Auburndale. 740-6mos

WINSLOW L. HAYDEN,
TEACHER OF GUITAR,
No. 120 Tremont Street, Boston. 681—6m.

We are now prepared to fill orders for our new *long-proved* double-reed Organ, "No. 55."

The case is solid walnut panelled, molded and carved bracketing; is finished with two carpeted pedal boards, and Knee Swell, and is more beautiful in design and finish than any now made in the world for the price, and we *guarantee* that the quality and power of tone will be superior to any we have seen of other makers. The instrument has two full Five-Octave sets of reeds, and contains *six stops*, viz.:

PRINCIPAL BASS,
DIAPASON BASS,
TREMOLO or VOX HUMANA,
PRINCIPAL TREBLE,
DIAPASON TREBLE,
DIVIDED SWELL.

Our Patent Graduated Swell is furnished in this, the same as in our higher-priced instruments. The price is fixed at the very moderate sum of $125, and there can be no deviation from these figures.

Orders will be recorded in regular succession, and filled each in its turn.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Agent in New York.....S. T. Gordon.
Agent in Philadelphia.....James Bellak.
Also the principal Music Dealer in each City and Town in the United States and Canada. 748—

CHURCH ORGANS
BY
E. & G. G. HOOK,
BOSTON.

Builders of the powerful CHURCH ORGAN; the large Organ in the PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Brooklyn, and of many hundreds of instruments of all sizes, in every part of the country and for all denominations.

Also an assortment of second hand Organs for sale at low prices.

Orders for tuning and repairing promptly executed.

Circulars and specifications furnished on application. 743

MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, or Societies, desiring our Services as Directors, either singly or together are requested to make early application. SOLON WILDER, F. S. DAVENPORT. Address, care of Mason Brothers, 596, Broadway, New York. 686-tf

MR. J. J. KIMBALL will be absent from the city till September 20, at which time he will resume lessons on his Voice. Letters may be addressed to him at 9 Allston St.

MME. BERTHA JOHANNSEN has the pleasure to announce that she now resides in Boston, and is prepared to give lessons in the Art of Singing to advanced pupils. For further particulars inquire at KOPPA & PACRAN'S Music Store, No. 30 West st. 771—3 mos.

## CHURCH ORGANS,

Manufactured by R. L. HOLBROOK, East Medway, Mass. Purchasers are invited to apply for a circular containing testimonials

## LYON & HEALY,

MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
Cor. Clark and Washington Sts.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Our stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Musical Instruments, etc., is the largest and most complete in the No. West. Our connection with Messrs. O. DITSON & CO., enables us to furnish their publications to Western Dealers, at no Boston Prices.

☞ In addition to the publications of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., we keep on hand and furnish all Music and Music Books published in America, together with a choice stock of Foreign Music. 619-tf

ONE THOUSAND MUSICIANS

Testify that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs EXCEL ALL OTHERS. See Testimony Circular.

75 MEDALS,

Or other highest premiums, have been awarded them for demonstrated superiority. New styles and reduced prices this season.

Catalogues free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 596 Broadway, New York.

## INSTRUCTION ON THE VIOLIN.

Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN respectfully announces that, in connection with his brother, he is prepared to receive Pupils for the Violin, in classes of 2 or 3 each, at Hallett, Davis & Co's Building, No. 274 Washington Street, Room 7. Also Classes for Concerted Playing for Piano and Violin. Single Lessons as heretofore. All people of the Messrs. Listemann have the privilege of hearing Boston playing whenever they desire. Address, Mr. LISTEMANN, 16 Harrison Avenue, Boston. 742 3mos

## The Choral Tribute

BY L. O. EMERSON,

the most satisfactory of all the modern Chute and Singing School Books.

Price $1.50; $13.50 per dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

*New Styles, Recent, with improvements patented June and August, 1870; surpassing all previous productions in rich, beautiful qualities of tone, and general excellence. Prices Reduced; $50 to $2,000 each. New Illustrated Catalogue, free.*

154 TREMONT ST., BOSTON; 596 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

J. SCHUBERTH & CO. Publishers and Dealers in Foreign and American Music, 750 Broadway near 12th Street, N.Y. 867

The Attention of Musicians
IS CALLED TO OUR
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
OF
BRASS INSTRUMENTS,
OF THE MOST APPROVED MANUFACTURE.
Embracing one of the Largest Stocks in the Country, at the Lowest Prices.
VIOLINS—The Best, from $2 to $50 each.
Flutes of every variety of Quality and Price, including very Choice Instruments.
MARTIN'S CELEBRATED GUITARS.
FLUTINAS AND ACCORDEONS.
CLARINETS, FLAGEOLETS, FIFES,
And all other descriptions of Musical Instruments.
Together with
EVERY VARIETY OF STRINGS
For Violin, Guitar, Violoncello and Double-Bass.
PIANOS AND MELODEONS
FOR SALE AND TO LET.

Our facilities are such as enable us to furnish the above; also, MUSIC BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC, AND CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS, AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, at prices and terms, that cannot fail to prove satisfactory to purchasers.

JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT STREET, (Opposite the Court House)

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music

WHOLE No. 785. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 3.

## Opera and the Art of Singing.*

BY CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI.

[Continued from page 10.]

II.

The controversy of the "Gluck-ists and Piccini-ists," the war between Ideality and Realism, between Art and Virtuosity in Opera, did not, as a question of principles, come to an end with the lives of the two rivals. What concessions even Mozart had to make to the taste of his time, to the demands of his singers, who cared too little for the dignity of Art to serve it at the expense of virtuosity, is well enough known from his operas. Through the greater part of the Rossini period (1807—1819—25) Spontini kept the stage, who, in simple treatment of the voices and truth of expression, had taken Gluck for his model. But neither the sovereign protection of the empress Josephine, and later that of Frederic William III., nor the astonishment of the musical world, availed to win the victory for his brilliant music from Rossini's muse. Weber's success in Germany and England contributed essentially to pave the way for a more ideal tendency; in France his "Freyschütz" was not quite understood, nor is it yet under the name of "Robin des Bois."

The reign of the Italians on both sides of the Rhine was first overcome by the appearance of MEYERBEER. For the history of Opera as well as of singing, Meyerbeer's appearance forms a decisive chapter. From this time onward we see the importance of the Italian Opera gradually step into the background, its very works, one after another, vanish from the repertoire. The number of operas of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti (originally more than a hundred) which are performed now-a-days, has melted away to comparatively a few. Verdi has never been able to quite make his way in Germany and France, and of his many operas only the *Trovatore* has kept its place upon the repertoire. But the Italian school of singing, the cultivation of the instrument, such as Rossini sought and found it for the performance of his operas, has nearly vanished. Just as fast as Rossini's *Operas* (of the period before "Tell") became forgotten, was the *Method* also lost which was peculiar to the singers of that epoch. What we still hear of it, is either decaying relics of that great school, or single ephemeral manifestations. Even in Italy the performances of Rossini's operas are no longer every day occurrences. The great public finds no longer any relish in them; and the singers, who have been formed in the school of Verdi's later style, for the most part cannot sing them. Verdi has crowded out the "Swan of Pesaro" in Italy; he is the Italian Meyerbeer. The loss thereby to the art of singing in Italy, is analogous to the influence which Meyerbeer's operas have exerted on this art on this side of the Alps.

To be able truly to appreciate the Italian art of song, one must have heard Italian operas sung by Italian singers, particularly those of the Rossini period.

When Rossini began to develope his peculiar style, which gives the singer opportunity to make all the excellencies of a well cultivated instrument available, voices were raised against him even in Italy. The complaint was made that, instead of taking his predecessors, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, &c., for his models, and letting the singer produce his effect through the beauty of a sustained tone, he has turned the human voice into an instrument and destroyed the natural power of tone. If we compare Rossini's demands upon the singers with the style of the *older* Italian opera, if we consult the traditions which have come down to us from that epoch, it will become clear enough to us, that the charm felt in the fulness and power of the human organ in its highest development has been perceptibly weakened by Rossini, in order to make room for a more one-sided culture of mere technical facility. In be sure, the older Italian singers trained themselves to a facility in passages, which scarcely fell short of that of the newer singers of the Rossini school. But their chief aim was the *tone* itself, and the effect produced upon the hearers purely by this. What we read of the formation of the tone, the cultivation of the breath, the flexibility of the voice, in the singers of that time, judged by our present ideas, sounds almost fabulous. The singer Ferri, for example, who died in 1719, is said to have possessed such a control over his voice, that in the delivery of passages of feeling he actually thrilled his hearers. Yet at the same time he had developed his technical facility to such a degree, that he executed consecutive trills, for instance, through two octaves, up and down, *in one breath*,—such passages requiring fifty seconds time.—Similar things are told of Sassaroli, soprano *castrato* of the King of Saxony, who sang as late as 1820 in a musical festival at Gorlitz. Farinelli (died 1782) executed in one breath passages requiring fifty seconds time. Moreover, it is said that he could increase his tone to such a degree of strength, that it completely covered up the sound of a triumpet.

It is known that the famous masters of that great Italian period of song, such as Bernachi, Pistochi, Porpora, &c., regarded the study of *tone*, and the control of it through all the phases of emotion, as the foundation of the art of singing, and that they based the entire study upon that. If at the same time the instrument, as such, was brought to the highest perfection of flexibility, it was not at all at the expense of power and fulness in the organ, which had been gradually built up by the thorough study, through a long period, of the tone itself. On the contrary it lay in the whole character of that school to give the voice the highest possible development on this side also, and at the same time the most perfect self-control.

If the old Italians considered the *expressive power* of tone as the main thing, and used the highest technical facility as something æsthetically legitimate to the human instrument by way of artificial frame or setting; in the Rossini school the *art of embellishments* has placed itself in the foreground, and crowded out the sustained *Cantabile*, and its effect in and through itself, by a wealth of passages, frequently not calculated to lend greater art and sharpness to the dramatic expression, but which seem for the most part merely intended to give the singer opportunity to show the astonishing flexibility of his throat. Not without reason therefore has it been said, that most of Rossini's operas are concert operas. As such, this kind of opera, however, has outlived itself, and so has this kind of virtuosity in general; and it has come to pass that we can only enjoy the operas of that epoch relatively, at the most, when a performance of them gives us an opportunity of admiring one of the distinguished singers of that school, who are becoming every day more rare.

[To be Continued.]

* Translated, for this Journal, from the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* (Leipzig).

## Bach's Passion-Music at Westminster Abbey.

[From the London Daily News, April 7.]

This great work—analogous in sublimity and grandeur to Hand-l's *Messiah*—was heard last evening for the first time in this country according to its original and proper purpose; as a portion of a religious celebration of the most solemn occasion in the Christian year. The special service held in the Nave of Westminster Abbey included Bach's music, or rather selected portions thereof preceded by the commencing prayers of the evening service (read by the Rev. Flood Jones, Minor Canon); the two parts being divided, as intended, by a sermon special to the occasion—in this instance preached by the Very Reverend the Dean.

Of the characteristics of Bach's Passion-Music to the text of St. Matthew (one of several similar works by him); of its sublime grandeur in conception, and gigantic power and science in execution, we have more than once spoken, and may therefore now dispense with lengthened notice. It is but just, however, to recall attention to the fact that the first efficient performance of the "Passion-Music" in this country was at the sixth of last year's series of Oratorio Concerts, in April, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby, by whom fine choir the noble choruses were sung with grand effect. Its first public hearing in England was due, many years since, to the defunct Bach Society, and the exertions of its president, now Sir Sterndale Bennett; but, from various causes, the arrangements and preparations were then insufficient. Last year's special performance was given in Exeter-hall, and produced so profound an impression that the work was repeated in February this year at St. James's-hall, the usual *locale* of the Oratorio Concerts. On both occasions one of the finest choruses, "O man, thy heavy sin lament" ("O mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross"), which closes the first part, was omitted, from an impression (we believe) that, following close after the highly dramatic choral movement, "Have lightnings and thunders," its serious and penitential tone would have formed an anti-climax when deprived of its proper sequel—the sermon applicable to the occasion, by which the first and second parts of the music are intended to be separated in church use. It is to be regretted that this

Digitized by Google

omission was again made last night, as the calm and solemn expression of the chorus is well calculated (and doubtless intended) to prepare the congregation for the discourse which follows.

The sermon was preached by the Dean of Westminster, who took for his text the 12th Chapter of the Gospel of St. John—"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." After remarking that the Evangelist here spoke of the death of the cross, and the spectacle which it presented of humiliation and of glory, of moving tenderness and of awful majesty, the Dean said those words, like many others which occurred in the Gospels, rose high above their outward signification. They expressed, when considered truly, how the passion of Christ, beyond any other scene upon earth, combined these two great characteristics—on the one hand, elevation above all that is vulgar, poor, base, mean, ordinary, commonplace, earthly; on the other hand, the attraction of the best and deepest feelings, not only to one class of mind and heart, but to all. Christ was "lifted" above the earth. The cross and the crucified had no relation with selfish passions, with worldly policy, with ecclesiastical forms, with petty quarrels, with false declarations, with narrow fanaticism, with fierce controversy. It might be questioned how far the leading minds of poetry, philosophy, and history had yet rendered their full tribute to the sublimity of what one of themselves in one of his great works had called "the Divine depth of sorrow." But as respected the arts, there could be no doubt that they had lifted up that sacred figure to the highest pinnacle to which they themselves could reach. Never had the genius of the painter soared to a higher point than when it presented to the admiration of every age the likeness of the heavenly babe in his mother's arms, his countenance already kindling with the prospect of the death conflict, or the Master at the Parting Supper, or the solemn spectacle of Calvary. And so, in like manner, the highest elevation attained by music had been in those marvellous creations of sound in which it had labored to convey through the listening ear to the listening soul the holy thoughts, and the blessed memories, and the colossal greatness, of that wondrous scene which lifted those strains above themselves, because it was itself lifted above the world by its own intrinsic divinity. The effort of musical genius to represent the sacred story was one means of advancing religion which in the present state of Christendom seemed especially vouchsafed to them for that purpose. In proportion as the Christian religion had become more spiritual men had shrunk from those processions and sensual images which in Southern countries had been and were still used at that season. But the divine faculty of song and music was by universal consent the most ethereal, the least material of all imaginations or representations, in its full development the pure creation of modern times, the especial product of the Reformation, the darling offspring of the great German race, which had been for many generations the first in conscientious and truthful learning, as it was now in force of arms and in energy of will. There it was that out of the depth of the despised 18th century, under the guidance of a pious Lutheran pastor, that noble music which they were that night hearing was called into existence to stimulate the devotion of the people to the faith and the spirit of Luther. Through him the rising genius of Sebastian Bach was encouraged to undertake the lofty mission of rousing his countrymen to the worthy celebration of the dying love of their Divine Redeemer, the reasonable worship of their Heavenly Father, "in spirit and in truth." This was the true Protestant commemoration of Good Friday; this, he would fain hope, was the frame of mind in which those who had lent themselves to that good work now offered their best faculties to the highest of causes—the increase of a true, sober, manly sense of spiritual religion; this was the frame of mind in which he trusted those who were there, had listened, and would listen, to the most solemn of all words represented in the most vivid and most touching form that human inspiration had produced. The remainder of the sermon consisted of a practical application of the text in connection with the occasion.

Besides the chorus above specified, many other numbers were omitted; some justification for which may be found in the fact that the service, which began at seven o'clock, did not terminate until very nearly ten. The choruses, and especially the sublime Lutheran chorales (unaccompanied), were very finely sung by a chorus comprising many members of Mr. Barnby's Choir, in addition to that of the Abbey, with reinforcements from various sources, including choristers from the Chapel Royal, the Temple Church, Windsor, Eton, Rochester, &c., the treble parts sung entirely by boys, and all having been arrayed in surplices. The soprano and contralto solos were extremely well sung by Master Hildersley, of the Temple, and Master Coward, of the Chapel Royal, their prominent pieces having been the air of the former, "Although mine eyes with tears o'erflow;" and that of the latter (with the elaborate violin obbligato well played by Mr. Pollitzer), "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." The important tenor recitatives were sung by Mr. Cummings, as at the two previous performances referred to; and again his delivery of the phrase, "And he went out and wept bitterly," was one of the most impressive passages in the solo music. The principal bass solos were assigned to Mr. L. Thomas, who gave the recitatives and the air, "'Twas in the cool of eventide," with much earnestness. The sublime final dirge, for double chorus, "In tears of grief," was followed by the blessing delivered by the Dean; and thus closed an event of special interest as recognizing among us the importance of music as a portion of religious worship. The orchestral arrangements were similar to those of the performance in February, some features in which, including occasional use of the drums, as we then mentioned, were derived from the modernized score of Robert Franz. The instrumentalists and choristers were ranged in ascending rows on each side of the organ screen—that instrument having been very efficiently used generally, and especially in accompanying the recitatives by Mr. Jekyll, assistant organist of Westminster Abbey. Mr Joseph Barnby conducted. The effect of the whole service, amid the solemn surroundings of the building and in association with the awful occasion commemorated, will not soon be forgotten by those who attended it. Long before the commencement the nave was crowded to excess, and even other parts of the building, where hearing was difficult, were thronged by many who had been unable to gain nearer approach.

## Music in our Public Schools.

*A Paper Read at the Meeting of the American Social Science Association, April 3, 1871, by Dr. J. Baxter Upham.*

In accordance with the request of this Association, I will state, very briefly, my views as to the practicability of some easy and inexpensive plan of elementary instruction in music, which might be readily engrafted upon the system of Common School Education, as we find it in New England and in many other sections of our country. As to the benefit of such instruction,—if properly carried out,—its agency in the formation of a refined and melodious speech, its efficiency as a means of recreation and of discipline in the school room and its humanizing influence upon both teacher and pupil, the best educators in other countries and our own are now agreed. The almost universal ability of children of the school age to appreciate the sounds of the scale, and acquire some knowledge of music in its simpler forms, has been abundantly proved. Said Mr. Shelton, a late master of the Hancock Grammar School, speaking upon this point: "In my school of about 1000 girls less than a dozen were unfitted, from all causes, for attaining to a fair degree of success in this department of culture." This was before the introduction of music as a required study in our primary schools. Very recently the question was tested in the primary and younger classes of the grammar department in the Boston schools, by a delegation of the committee on education from the State Legislature. The result showed that in the lowest primary classes of about 40 pupils, whose average age was 5½ years, some half dozen pupils were found who could not sing in time. As you proceeded upward in the school these instances became less frequent; and when the second year of the grammar course was reached, in a class of 108 pupils of the average age of 12 to 13 years, not a single discordant voice could be found. Mr Mason assures me that he is accustomed to disregard these exceptional cases among the smaller children and to require them to participate in the musical exercises with the others, feeling confident that the voice and ear of such delinquents will be brought up to the standard in due time.

Without discussing the many interesting bearings of my subject in an artistic sense, I will come at once to the practical issue. Can music, in its elementary and simpler forms, be generally taught in the common schools of our land? Can it be taught effectually and at the same time economically? and if so, how can it be done?

In reply to the first two branches of this enquiry I say unhesitatingly, yes. It can be taught as universally and as effectually as reading, writing, geography or arithmetic. For proof of this it is only necessary to drop in at any of the public schools in Boston, in Salem, in Lowell and some other of the larger towns in this Commonwealth, and examine the pupils in music and the other studies I have named (so far as they have been pursued), and the proficiency of the pupils in music will be found as good as in anything else. That it can be taught as economically as the other branches will appear when I state that the cost per scholar need not be greater than the price of the text book which is required in reading, in writing, in geography or arithmetic; the only condition for this economy being, as I shall state more particularly further on, that a town or group of towns shall be large enough to allow the employment, at a reasonable salary, of a person competent to set in operation and generally to direct the plan of musical instruction.

In answer to the latter part of the enquiry—How can these results be attained?—I will attempt to describe, in a few words, the plan of musical instruction, as at present carried on in the public schools of this city, it being allowed upon competent and impartial testimony that the plan as here adopted is, on the whole, satisfactory and successful.

The chief points of this plan have been briefly and correctly stated by Mr. Philbrick in his last semi annual report to the School Board. "On entering the primary school at five years of age," says the report, "the child is at once taught to produce musical sounds and to sing little pieces adapted to his capacity. From this point the course of musical instruction is continued by an easy and just gradation all the way up through the primary, grammar and high schools." "There are two features of the system," continues Mr. Philbrick, "which produce a strong impression upon the minds of competent visitors from other States and countries,—the thorough scientific training imparted to the pupils, and the provision requiring the instruction to be given mainly by the regular school teachers, aided and superintended by a limited corps of professional teachers of music."

At first but very little is done with text-books. A black-board, a piece of chalk and a pointer are the implements mostly required. Very soon a series of charts is had recourse to by which the teacher fixes the attention of the pupil upon the signs and characters employed in musical notation, and leads him by gentle and progressive stages up to the point at which it is as easy for him to read at sight and express in singing tones a musical phrase upon the staff as to understand and articulate in words a paragraph in his School reader.

The organization of the musical department of the Boston public schools is now as follows:

The general control and supervision of the whole plan of musical instruction rests upon one responsible head, who is called the Supervisor of Musical Instruction in the Boston Public Schools, &c., whose duty it is to exercise a similar care and responsibility over the whole musical department of our educational system to that now exercised by the master of a grammar school over the various classes in the district under his charge. He is at the same time teacher of music in the High Schools. The grammar department, which, under the new arrangement in gradation, consists of six classes in each school, is under the charge of three professional teachers of music, each of whom is responsible for the teaching in two of the classes of the same grade in all the schools of the city, with the exception of those in the newly annexed district of Dorchester. The primary schools are in like manner placed under the charge of one professional teacher, with the exception of Dorchester, as before mentioned. In this last named district all the classes of the primary and grammar departments are for the present under the general charge of a single professional teacher; this provision is only temporary, it being intended another year to merge these schools in the Boston organization. All the

officers and teachers above alluded to are subject to the executive authority of the Standing Committee on Music, who derive their power from the School Board.

Ten minutes in each session in the primary schools and fifteen minutes each day in the lower classes of the grammar schools are required to be devoted to instruction in music by the regular teachers of the schools. The 1st and 2nd classes of the grammar department devote one half hour each week to this study, under the personal instruction of the professional teacher, and it is hoped that the Board will allow the further provision that ten minutes each day shall be given to such instruction by the regular teachers in these classes, in like manner as in the classes of a lower grade. In the high school a specified number of hours each week is given to this study under the personal tuition of the professional teacher, and, in addition, in the Girls' High and Normal School such instruction is required to be given as shall qualify the pupils to teach in their turn this branch of study in our common schools.

The number of pupils whose musical instruction is under the general charge of the various professional teachers may be stated as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| In the primary schools, under Mr. Mason | 14.387 |
| In the two lower classes of the grammar department, under Mr. Alexander | 7.914 |
| In the two middle classes, under Mr. Holt | 4.511 |
| In the two upper classes, under Mr. Sharland | 2.428 |
| In the high schools under Mr. Eichberg | 1.856 |
| Besides which there are in the primary and grammar schools in the Dorchester District, under Mr. Wilde | 1.978 |

—this in August, 1870.

A definitely arranged programme of the course of instruction, so far as the primary schools are concerned, has been adopted and printed in the rules and regulations, and a similar programme is in progress for the grammar schools. Pianos, the best of their kind, have been placed in the high and grammar school-houses, and to a considerable extent, in the properly graded groups of the primary schools; which pianos are required to be kept in order and in tune, and to be used as *aids to, not as substitutes for*, musical instruction. The rooms without pianos are being supplied with a simple pitch pipe, which can be made to give any sound of the middle octave in the treble clef.

An important point has recently been made in the establishment of classes for normal instruction in music among the teachers of all the schools, which is being carried out more or less faithfully by the professional teachers.

A combination of vocal and physical training, in connection with their musical tuition, has been devised for the younger pupils by the joint effort of the teachers of vocal and physical culture and of music. This proper training of the voice, it has been well remarked, is the best possible preparation for singing. A systematic and progressive course of musical instruction is thus given to all the pupils of the public schools in the city of Boston, except the boys of the Latin and English High Schools, where the plan is not yet fully in operation, commencing with the children of 5 or 6 years of age, when they first enter the primary school-room, and ending with the highest class of the pupils of the Girl's High and Normal School, who are themselves preparing to become teachers in their turn.

Let us go over this method of instruction in somewhat of detail. And I will confine your attention more particularly to the stages of instruction during the period of primary and the lower half of the grammar school pupilage, *i. e.* a period extending from the age of 5 to about 12 or 13 years, this being the compass within which the large majority of the children attending our public schools may be found, and, to my mind, by far the most important age for public musical instruction.

The first attempt of the teacher is to gain the attention of the children by singing to them some easy melodic phrase within the range adapted to their voices and asking them to repeat it after him—to imitate the sounds he has given them, in their proper order. This, after a few trials, the majority of the class will do. Some ten or fifteen minutes is spent in this way and they have taken their first lesson in music. It is purely a matter of rote singing, of the easiest and simplest kind. The interest of the children is excited, their attention aroused, their appreciation of musical sounds for the first time perhaps awakened. A few lessons are given in this way at the outset.

But true rote singing, as Mr. Mason has happily expressed it, is "a very different thing from the ordinary 'hap-hazard' singing we too often find in our Sunday schools and in common schools where no regular instruction in music is given." It is an appeal to the imitative faculty, which young children possess in so great a degree of perfection;—and hence the utmost care should be taken that the example be a proper model for imitation as regards method and style and purity and correctness of tone, even in the utterance of the simplest musical phrase. These preliminary rote lessons should therefore be given, when possible, by the professional teacher himself. And they must needs be few and not long continued.

Even at this early stage in the musical instruction great attention is given to the formation of a proper quality of voice. The difference between a good and bad quality is illustrated by examples. The child is called upon to use a smooth and pleasant intonation in speaking, in reading, in recitation and in singing. Above all, he is taught to avoid a noisy use of the voice.

As preliminary to the exercise of the voice in singing—and it applies to reading as well—the young children are trained in the following points:

1. A proper position of the body.
2. Right management of the breath.
3. A good quality of utterance, as just mentioned.
4. A correct sound of the vowels.
5. A good articulation.
6. Intelligent expression.

Care, too, is to be taken in the singing exercises of young children that a too great compass be not attempted. The child is allowed to sing only in the middle register or where he makes the tones with the least effort. Commencing our instruction with the rote singing, as already stated, the first five sounds of the G scale are only attempted at the outset. Even within this range many of the best juvenile songs may be found. After the voice has been well practised in this compass it may be extended upward and downward to a judicious extent, taking care not to *strain* the voice in the least degree.

The pitch and compass of the voice having thus been attended to, musical phrases of easy rhythmical structure are next taught in double and in triple time, the rote method still being used. Various devices are resorted to to attract and keep the attention of the child to the lesson, (*i. e.*, marking the movement by a curve upon the blackboard, holding up the hand and pointing out the motives, sections and phrases upon the fingers in turn, *&c.*, *&c.*) At this stage musical notation in its simplest form is begun. The teacher explains—gives examples which the pupil is required to imitate. With all these, practical exercises upon the sounds of the scale are intermingled.

In the second year of primary instruction the pupil is taught to know the different kinds of notes and rests, to understand the nature of quadruple and sextuple time and the manner of beating the same, the accentuation as applied to music, etc. He is also mildly indoctrinated into the mysteries of the chromatic scale, so far as the simple changes from the natural into the keys of G and F major is concerned.

In the third and last year of primary instruction he is taught to describe by its intervals the major diatonic scale, *&c.*, *&c.*

[Conclusion next time.]

## Music and Statuary in Our Public Schools.

DEDICATION OF A NEW BUILDING.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser, April 29].

The new building of the Girls' High and Normal School, the largest and finest public school building in this country, located between Pembroke and Newton streets, was dedicated yesterday, with exercises in the usual form, but of unusual interest. At ten o'clock a large audience assembled in the school hall, where the young ladies of the school were also gathered. They sat in a body at the left side of the hall, and under the direction of Mr. Julius Eichberg sang during the morning several difficult selections from the works of the masters. Mr. Sharland assisted at the piano, and with the aid of a large orchestra Mr. Eichberg succeeded in furnishing the best music ever heard at a school dedication in this city. "The March of Priests" from *Athalie* was performed as a prelude, after which the Rev. Warren Cudworth read from the Scriptures and offered prayer.

TRANSFER OF THE KEYS.

Alderman J. F. Jenkins, in behalf of the city government, then addressed Mayor Gaston, the president of the school committee, as follows:—

*Mr. Mayor:*—As chairman of the committee on public buildings, it is my simple duty, as well as pleasure, to surrender to you the keys of this noble edifice, which has been erected and furnished at a cost of $308,000. This is a very large sum to expend on one building, I am aware, but it must be remembered that this is a very large structure, I am told the largest free public schoolhouse in the world. Then why may we not look for results commensurate with its cost and size? It surely has been erected at the proper time, for education has become a political necessity. Your committee desire me to say that they consider this a thorough building in every particular, and in their judgment much credit is due to the architect and builders, as well as to our efficient superintendent.

REMARKS OF MAYOR GASTON.

His Honor, Mayor Gaston, in receiving the keys, said:—"In behalf of the school committee, I accept from the city government, which you to-day represent, this beautiful and elegant structure, for the purpose of dedicating it to the great use for which it is designed. The contribution of so expensive and elegant an edifice to the cause of learning in this city is faithful testimony that Boston remains true to her traditions and history, and that she still believes that in the cause of popular education she can spend her money freely and yet not unwisely. [Applause.] While such a spirit shall prevail in your councils her safety and honor will be assured. We accept this beautiful gift with the same spirit of satisfaction and pride with which it is offered.

Turning to the Rev. Henry Burroughs, the chairman of the Normal school committee, His Honor said: "I will now with pleasure transfer the keys of this building to you, and by this act dedicate it to the great charge which you and your associates have been selected to guide. It requires no spirit of prophecy to see that under your wise direction there shall proceed from this building influences which shall not only elevate the city but the State at large. The trust which is implied in the delivery of these keys I now give to you, with the full assurance that it will be executed with fidelity." [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MR. BURROUGHS.

*Mr. Mayor:*—In behalf of the committee on the girls' high and normal school, I accept the trust, of which these keys are the emblem, with a deep sense of our responsibility to the citizens who maintain this school and to the parents of the pupils. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our grateful acknowledgments to you, sir, and to the city council, for the munificent liberality that has provided so thoughtfully and generously for the wants of this institution in this magnificent edifice, to the committee on public buildings and the superintendent of that department, to Mr. Ropes, the architect, and to those friends who have selected this hall as the depository of these classic works of art. When we see five hundred young ladies receiving in this school the highest education in science and literature, it is hard to believe that girls were not admitted to the public schools of Boston until 1789, that even then they were only permitted during the summer to occupy the seats vacated by boys who had gone out to work, and that it was not until 1828 that they were allowed to attend during the whole year. A high school for girls was organized in 1825, but it met with great opposition, and continued but a short time, and only twenty years ago the opinion was quite prevalent that a grammar school education was enough for the daughters of the citizens of Boston. This seminary of learning was established in 1852, chiefly through the persevering exertions of Dr. LeBaron Russell, and in accordance with the recommendations of Mr. Bishop, then superintendent of public schools. Its design was to prepare young ladies to become teachers, and its hundred pupils were assembled in the second and third stories of the old Adams schoolhouse in Mason street, under the charge of Mr Loring Lothrop, the first master and now a member of our committee. Believing that the most thorough and liberal culture is one of the essential qualifications of a good teacher, the founders of the normal school framed a course of study embracing those branches of learning usually taught in schools of the highest order. Their aim was not so much to fill the storehouse of the memory, as to develop and cherish the faculties imparted by the Giver of every good and perfect gift, to strengthen the reason and to give readiness and accuracy in the expression of ideas by words.

When the second attempt to create a high school failed, in 1853, the course was extended from two to three years, and pupils were received who did not intend to teach. From that time to the present the girl's high and normal school has steadily increased in numbers. In 1857 the removal of the public library gave it the use of the lower floor of the building. In 1861 the rooms of the adjacent edifice, vacated by the natural history society, were added to the old school-house, and very soon afterward even these accommodations were found to be too small. The erection of stores in the neighborhood, excluding air and sunshine, the noise of the street and noxious gases of the furnaces combined to render it imperative to remove to a more quiet place. A lot on Berkeley street was selected and approved by the school committee. But so many obstacles intervened to prevent the accomplishment of the design that the erection of a school-house on that site was finally abandoned. We are indebted to the very efficient secretary of our committee, Mr. Henry C. Hunt, for the selection of this high and open lot of ground on which the city council has erected an edifice unequalled in size and convenience,—a monument which commemorates not only the wise and far-seeing liberality of our citizens, but also the recognition of the duty of the city to give to girls as good an education as we give to boys.

While we have endeavored to afford every possible facility for the acquisition of mathematical, scientific and literary

Digitized by Google

knowledge, we have not forgotten the primary object of this institution. A training department was added in 1864, and placed under the charge of Miss Stickney, its present superintendent. Here young ladies are instructed in the theory and practice of teaching, and are prepared to become assistants in our public schools. And since there are among our scholars some who have not the peculiar qualifications requisite for success as teachers, the committee, in 1866, made bookkeeping one of the elective studies. It is now proposed, in view of the increasing work of the regular course, to allow pupils to remain during the fourth year to continue their scientific or literary studies, or to receive such special instruction as will fit them for mercantile and industrial pursuits. It seems to me not to be the language of exaggeration when we call this the crowning glory of our Boston schools. In eighteen years that have elapsed since its foundation, 2839 pupils have been admitted, of whom all but 719 are from our grammar schools. 666 have graduated, and 648 have become teachers; and many of these have received more than one appointment, making the whole number of appointments 897. This school has supplied 238 teachers for the primary, and 310 for the grammar schools, and has numbered among its own instructors sixteen of its graduates. The first plans for this new school-house were drawn at the desk of one whose memory is fresh in our minds to-day. To see such a building as this in this section of the city was one of his most cherished hopes, and I should be false to the dictates of my own heart, and to the expectations of his pupils and friends, if I should let the occasion pass away without the mention of the name of William Henry Seavey, that ripe scholar, in whose well proportioned mind all powers were harmoniously blended; that unsurpassed teacher, whose clear ideas found utterance in the most simple language; that judicious counsellor and sympathizing friend, whose influence over his pupils was unbounded. The solemn trust which he laid down with his life has been committed to you, Mr. Hunt, with your accomplished and faithful assistants. We present to you these keys as our recognition of your authority as head-master, and as the token of our confidence. Under your guidance our school is expanding its programme to keep pace with the progress of the age. Science has been called the doubting element in human progress, and it should be the aim of every teacher to give the scholar a firm hold on what she had learned, and to cultivate a confidence in the truth, that cannot be shaken by ingenious cavils or unanswered question. While you open to these young minds the wonderful discoveries of the telescope and the microscope, and the revelations made by spectrum analysis, and trace out the history of geological changes, show them in all these marvels one great design manifesting the presence, everywhere and in all time, of an intelligent mind working with Almighty power, steadfastly pursuing a single purpose, the creation of man and his redemption from evil. In this school, above all others, by the side of the inductions of science should be placed the truths revealed in the gospel of Him, who, by his teaching and the example of his tender reverence for woman, has given her the exalted position which she justly holds in the great family of our Heavenly Father.

The head master, Mr. E. Hunt, upon receiving the keys, replied on behalf of himself and associates, thanking the city government for the ample means of instruction it had provided. He said they would prove an inspiration in their future labors, and an incentive to the young to renewed efforts in the attainment of useful knowledge.

The following dedicatory ode, written by Miss Mary G. Morrison, music by Eichberg, was then sung by the pupils of the school, with piano and orchestra accompaniment:

"Raise now a joyful song;
Let it be borne along
By love and praise upon the air;
And louder swell more clear,
Now sweet to listening ear,
As music lends its charm to prayer."

THE STATUARY.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the exercises was the presentation of the works of art in the hall, which have been placed there through the instrumentality of the Social Science Association, with the hope of arousing the attention of the friends of education in this country to the importance of the æsthetic culture which may be introduced into the public schools. The works referred to were procured at a cost of about $1500, from London, Paris and Rome, and are described as follows:—

The fixed portion consists of what is generally known as the Panathenaic frieze, the original of which once embellished the external walls of the Parthenon, or Greek temple of Minerva at Athens, a considerable portion of which is now in the British Museum, and forms a portion of the collection called the Elgin Marbles. The casts which now embellish the walls of this hall are from the above-named collection. The plates or slabs are three feet four inches high, and occupy the space directly under the cornice at the intersection of the walls and ceiling, and extend entirely around the hall, a length of 275 feet. Among the casts of statuary are a full-length statue of Demosthenes, also of Diana, Polyhymnia, one of the muses, Pudicitia, a female figure representing chastity, one of the Caryatides, from the Erechtheum of the Acropolis, Amazon, the Venus of Milo, and a colossal statue of Minerva. Of busts there are two Apollos, a colossal bust of Juno, the same of Jupiter, a bust of Pallas, same of Homer, Pericles, Æsculapius, Zeno, Bacchus and Augustus, a half length figure of the Genius of the Vatican, the same of Psyche, and a piece of statuary called the Bone-player.

The President of the Social Science Association, Samuel Eliot, LL.D., presented the Statuary, with the following remarks:—

REMARKS OF MR. ELIOT.

*Mr. Chairman*:—It is my pleasant office to offer, in behalf of all those who have contributed toward placing this collection of casts here, their contribution toward the success and the development of this school. We have thought that while there is enough controversy in the educational world as to the proportion which different studies should take in it, while some of us are very much on one side and some on the other, and not so many of us, perhaps, between the two, with regard to the prominence which should be given to one study above another, there is an opportunity for those who believe in its influence to advocate one study not generally advocated and to press its claims upon the thoughts and the affections of this educated community. Fair as our school system is, and adorned as it is with all the light and beauty that stream in from the past upon the present, there is one ray which has not yet penetrated far, one that comes from the art of the ancient world, one that, if it comes, comes here, as everywhere, fraught with light and benediction. About the place that should be assigned to Greek language or literature in a programme of study, there may be a question, but about the place to be assigned to Greek art, there is no question, and there can be no question among those who know what that art is and what power it is susceptible of wielding. If it were only as a mere negation of that high pressure put upon our children, if it were only as a softening element introduced into study that needs to be softened and shaded down—

"Quam neque longa dies nec pietas mitigat ulla,"—

like the harper who lays his open palm upon the harp to deaden its vibrations, æsthetic education, if it found its place among us, would soften and sweeten the whole course of study. But it is not merely as a negation that art should be welcomed among us; it ought to come full of that positiveness, full of that inspiration which we all stretch out our arms to accept and open our heart troubles. Greek art is the expression of the finest culture and the deepest thought that have ever found an abiding place upon this earth. It was the pursuit of the best men in Athens and throughout Greece. It ought to be cherished by us, it ought to be made more of for the lessons, not merely artistic, but intellectual and moral, which it conveys. In its simplicity, in its idealism, in its unbroken and unshaken truthfulness it is a teacher of principles which no scholar can learn without being the better for them, and no community cherish without being sanctified by them. If we welcome it here we shall welcome something which will make our school brighter, our home dearer, and our whole lives nobler. We shall welcome something which we can take into our breasts and cherish there, and, while we cherish it, it cherishes us and gives life and breadth and purity.

Mr. Chairman, I offer in the name, not merely of the American Social Science Association, but more particularly in the name of those members of the association, and those friends of theirs not members, who have taken part in this work, the collection which we see on and about these walls. It has been carefully chosen under the guidance of one who will follow me in explaining his choice. We owe to him, I am free to say, a large share of what will make this collection valuable here, and will lead, as we trust, to its being imitated elsewhere, and I beg the teachers and the pupils of this school to feel that we ask them and depend upon them to help us in this experiment which we are trying. If they value these expressions of art, if they think well of them and speak well of them, if they get that good from them which we believe they will, the ripple which is stirred here to-day will spread far beyond this school and this city to every part of the country; and there will gradually come into the education of the United States an æsthetic element which it now wants, but which is as sure to come through this experiment, or through some better experiment, as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow. I beg your permission, Mr. Chairman, in conclusion, to read a part of a letter, which was addressed to me to be read to-day. It comes from the friend who gave this frieze which runs about these walls, a friend who was the first to propose this work, whose sympathy and enthusiasm have encouraged it at every step, and who ought to be here to-day in the flesh, as I doubt not he is in the spirit, to witness the result of his efforts and his hopes,—Mr. James M. Barnard:—"A great interest is felt here," he writes from Italy, "in this movement, particularly in the plan which has been adopted for the public schools by this association. I wish I could be present to rejoice with you in the inauguration. Receive my profound sympathy. Mrs. Barnard unites with me in presenting to the girls' high and normal school, through the association, the frieze of the Parthenon, reproduced by Brucciani, from the originals in the British Museum." And now, Mr. Chairman, not only the frieze, but the statues and busts become the property of this school; and as long as they stand here, may they stand as silent but not the less effective teachers of all that is good and pure in the human heart, and all that is truest and noblest in human lives. [Applause.]

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, to whom Mr. Eliot referred in his address, was then called upon to explain the frieze and statuary; and he did so in a very interesting way, remarking that they were but the forerunners of what might be expected when the Art Museum was completed.

A letter from Hon. Charles Sumner, expressing his regret at not being able to attend, was read.

The 23d Psalm was sung, music by Schubert, and addresses were subsequently made by ex-Governor Washburn, Superintendent Philbrick, Messrs. Charles W. Slack and Loring Lothrop, interspersed with some fine instrumental and vocal music, including a theme and variations from Beethoven's quartet in A major, "Ye sons of Israel" from Mendelssohn, also the trio "Lift thine eyes" by the same composer.

The exercises were closed by the singing of a hymn, written by Miss Eliza G. Swett.

## The Organ of the Royal Albert Hall.—International Exhibitions in Music.

Although her Majesty's Commissioners have not included in their official programme music as one of the fine arts capable of exhibition, or musical instruments as a class, it is yet contemplated to make use of, to the fullest extent, the exceptional facilities that will be afforded in the coming Exhibition for the display of musical execution. The Commissioners, with the view of making this display thoroughly international, have taken steps to secure, if possible, the attendance of the best organists and military bands of the Continent, and have issued a circular to the effect that each foreign country taking part in the Exhibition should be invited to send its most celebrated military band to perform at the International Exhibition, and that a sum of money, at the rate of £5 for each member of the band, not exceeding forty in number, shall be allowed to the band selected by each foreign country. The Commissioners will, also, further provide the members of the bands with free lodgings in barracks, and with soldiers' rations for ten days. Each band so selected will give two performances every day for a week, at times appointed, during the hours the Exhibition will be open to the public. Each foreign country is also invited to send its most celebrated organist to perform on the organ now in course of construction for the Royal Albert Hall, to whom an honorarium of £50 will be allowed. Each organist so selected will give two performances every day for a week, at times appointed, during the hours the Exhibition is open to the public. By this means, the public visiting the Exhibition will have an opportunity of hearing some of the most celebrated Continental organ and other instrumental performances, it may be added, without extra charge, and the capabilities of the grand organ of the Albert Hall will be developed as far as the most talented performers can do so. This instrument, which the builder, Mr. Henry Willis, claims to be the largest in the world, consists of five claviers extending from CC to C in altissimo (in five complete octaves or 61 notes), and that of the pedals from CCC to G (two octaves and a fifth, or 32 notes). The pedal organ consists of 21 stops—1, double open diapason (wood) 32 ft.; 2, double open diapason (metal), 32 ft.; 3, contra violone (metal), 32 ft.; 4, open diapason (wood), 16 ft.; 5, open diapason (metal), 16 ft.; 6, bourdon (wood), 16 ft; 7, violone (metal), 16 ft.; 8, great quint (metal), 12 ft.; 9, violoncello (metal), 8 ft.; 10, octave (wood), 8 ft.; 11, quint (metal), 6 ft.; 12, super octave (metal), 4 ft.; 13, furniture, 5 ranks; 14, mixture, 3 ranks; 15, contra posaune (wood), 32 ft.; 16, contra fagotto (wood) 16 ft.; 17, bombarde (metal), 16 ft.; 18 ophicleide (wood) 16 ft.; 19 trombone (metal), 16 ft.; 20, fagotto (wood), 8 ft; 21, clarion (metal), 8 ft. The first, or choir organ, comprises 20 stops—1, violone, 16 ft; 2, viola da gamba, 8 ft.; 3, dulciana, 8 ft; 4, lieblich gedact, 8 ft.; 5, open diapason, 8 ft.; 6, vox angelica, 8 ft.; 7, principal (harmonic), 4 ft.; 8, gemshorn, 4 ft.; 9, lieblich flöte, 4 ft.; 10, celestiana, 4 ft.; 11, flageolet, 4 ft.; 12, piccolo (harmonic), 2 ft.; 13, super octave, 2 ft; 14, mixture, 3 ranks; 15, corno di bassetto, 16 ft; 16, clarinet, 8 ft.; 17, cor anglais, 8 ft.; 18, oboe, 8 ft.; 19, trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 ft.; 20, clarion, 4 ft. All the pipes in this organ are of metal. The effect of wood is imparted by the harmonic construction, and the disadvantage of using

Digitized by Google

wood for small pipes is therefore avoided. The stops numbered 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, and 17 are intended to represent what is called the "echo organ" in some large organs, and in them placed on a fifth clavier. The second (great) organ contains 25 stops —1, flûte conique, partly harmonic, 16 ft; 2, contra gamba, 16 ft.; 3, violone, 16 ft.; 4, bourdon, 16 ft.; 5, open diapason, 8 ft.; 6, open diapason, 8 ft.; 7, viola da gamba, 8 ft.; 8, claribel, 8 ft.; 9, flûte harmonique, 8 ft.; 10, flûte à pavilion, 8 ft.; 11, quint, 6 ft.; 12, flûte octaviante harmonique, 4 ft.; 13, viola, 4 ft.; 14, octave, 4 ft.; 15, quinte octaviante, 3 ft; 16, piccolo harmonique, 2 ft; 17, super octave, 2 ft.; 18, furniture, 5 ranks; 19, mixture, 5 ranks; 20, contra posaune, 16 ft.; 21, posaune, 8 ft.; 22, trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 ft.; 23, tromba, 8 ft.; 24, clarion harmonique, 8 and 4 ft.; 25, clarion, 4 ft. Of the above stops, only the basses of the bourdon and claribel are of wood. The third, or swell organ, contains 25 stops—1, double diapason, 16 ft.; 2, bourdon, 16 ft.; 3, salcional, 8 ft.; 4, open diapason, 8 ft.; 5, viola da gamba, 8 ft.; 6, flûtes á cheminées, 8 ft.; 7, claribel flute, 8 ft.; 8, quint, 8 ft.; 9, flûte harmonique, 4 ft.; 10, viola, 4 ft.; 11, principal, 4 ft.; 12, quinte octaviante, 3 ft.; 13, super octave, 2 ft.; 14, piccolo harmonique, 2 ft.; 15, sesquialter, 5 ranks; 16, mixture, 5 ranks; 17, contra posaune, 16 ft.; 18, contra oboe, 16 ft.; 19, baryton, 16 ft.; 20, voix humaine, 8 ft.; 21, oboe, 8 ft.; 22, cornopean, 8 ft.; 23, tuba major, 8 ft.; 24, tuba, 4 ft.; 25, clarion, 4. Of these stops, only the basses of the bourdon and claribel flute are of wood. The fourth, or solo organ, contains 20 stops—1, contra basso, 16 ft.; 2, flûte à pavilion, 8 ft.; 3, viola d'amore, 8 ft.; 4, flûte harmonique, 8 ft.; 5, claribel flute, 8 ft.; 6, voix celeste, 8 ft.; 7, flûte traversiére, 4 ft.; 8, concert flute, 4 ft.; 9, piccolo harmonique, 2 ft.; 10, cymbale; 11, corno di bassetto, 16 ft.; 12, clarinet, 8 ft.; 13, bassoon, 8 ft.; 14, French horn, 8 ft.; 15, ophicléide, 8 ft; 16, trombone, 8 ft.; 17, oboe, 8 ft.; 18, bombardon, 18 ft.; 19, tuba mirabilis, 8 ft.; 20, tuba clarion, 4 ft. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 17 are inclosed in a swell box. Couplers:—1, solo sub octave (on itself); 2, solo super octave (on itself); 3, swell sub octave (on itself); 4, swell super octave (on itself); 5, unison solo to great organ; 6, unison swell to great organ; 7, unison choir to great organ; 8, swell to choir; 9, solo to choir; 10, solo to pedals; 11, swell to pedals; 12, great to pedals; 13, choir to pedals; 14, sforzando. A double-acting vertical movement, struck by the heel of either foot, instantly detaches and connects the movement of the pedal organ from all but bourdon, violone, open diapason (metal), and octave, and also draws and withdraws the pedal coupler to great organ. Eight patent pneumatic combination pistons govern the whole of the stops of each manual organ. These 32 pistons appear immediately below and in front of each clavier, concentrated so as to be at all times within reach of the hands of the performer. Six pedals govern the stops of the pedal organ by means of ventils. Two pedals apply and detach a movement that causes the aforesaid six pedals governing the pedal organ to act also upon the combination movement of the great organ. Six pedals govern and combine in various ways all other accessories, and thus, by one instantaneous operation of the performer, vary the effect of the whole instrument at at once. Two tremulants, governed by pedals (one to the swell, the other to the solo organ), are applied. These tremulants act only upon suitable stops. The sforzando is brought into action by means of a pedal. Two pedals govern the great to pedal coupler. The patent atmospheric contrivance of 1862 for actuating the swell independently of the swell pedals is also applied. The internal metal pipes consist of 5-9ths lamb-stamp commercial tin, and 4-9ths soft lead, and the scales of these, as well as those of the front, are suitable to the proportions of the building. All the front pipes are made of tin 90 and lead 10 in 100 parts, and are burnished and polished in the same manner as those in the best continental organs. The main reservoirs in which the compressed air is forced are placed in a chamber prepared in a clean and dry locality. The feeders supplying the air by steam power are of the most ample size, and constructed to receive their wind from the room above, and not only from the locality in which they are placed. To carry out this arrangement (of the highest importance) passages are provided for the windshafts to and from the organ to the chamber in which the main reservoirs are placed. The main reservoirs deliver their wind to numerous reservoirs in immediate connection with the pipes.—*Orchestra, Feb. 3.*

## Bach in Westminster Abbey.

It is just upon forty years since Mendelssohn, at the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral, revealed to the English public that there was a school of instrumental music infinitely more powerful and intense than any that entered the ears of a more worldly audience. Up to that time Sebastian Bach was considered as a composer that the professor might blame without injustice, and the amateur altogether despise. It was not that his music was weary, stale, and unprofitable —but it was felt to be too intellectual for ordinary minds to comprehend—and altogether wanting in that mysterious beauty by which great souls lead up the hearts of their contemporaries to the conception and admiration of the new rapture, the further vision, hurling down the throned opinions of the present times, and setting up a new poetry in music's kingdom hitherto untold, uncommunicated, and undreamt of.

The mission of Mendelssohn in this country was to teach the English nation the sanctity of art in divine worship, and the real use of music as the truly legitimate and primal means of adoration—the expression of the voice within the heart to eternal love, in gratitude of praise for the prospects of eternal life.

Bach's music to the English ear was as it were a light set upon a hill; but mists and darkness prevented its rays from penetrating to those living below. It was the beacon indicating belief in immortality, communion with the divine intelligence, the unravelling of mysteries, the utterance of the secret spirit, the contemplation of unseen realities, and assurance of undying hope—some short insight into the very regions of the blessed.

Our musical historians and professors of the practical art of music had condemned Sebastian Bach as the visionary, the dreamer, the morbid *solitaire*, wasting existence on stern dialectics and startling complexities. In his music they could see nothing natural or simple, nothing sweet or consoling, distinct or lifelike; it was a confusion worse confounded. And the hint that this composer was a great dramatic writer, a teacher of exalted feeling, and a sure guide in the strongest and most wonderful of all passions—the passion of love—would have been received with scorn and incredulity. But the times have changed; the doors of Westminster Abbey have been thrown open to him and his service-music—the nave, the transepts, the choir, every nook and cranny of this grand old fane has been crowded with worshippers; and Sebastian Bach lives again to give life to the soul, and to present, in a masterpiece of truth and tenderness, the sublime history of the divine love resigning life to conquer death and to set up the doctrine of a happy immortality as the one great hope and security to the struggling soul. And yet the idea of a musical performance, never, we vouch to say, crossed the mind of any one present. The music seemed the one great essential necessity of the service, absorbing all mere notion of mode and manner. The solo playing of the violin was most exquisite, but no one thought of the leader of the band, highly gifted as he is. The power of the music as worship had deposed all consideration of its art. To follow the stream of such harmony as something "composed" was impossible.

We owe it, we understand, to the kind thoughtfulness of Dr. Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, that the return of Maundy Thursday should have been commemorated in St. Peter's, Westminster, in a manner so becoming the solemnity of the season; and at the same time bearing upon the great objects now in discussion at the Educational Temple in South Kensington. If music is to make any real progress in this country it can be only after the old and good fashion of first dedicating it to the duties and exigencies of divine worship. The musician has been one of the great disseminators of the Gospel, one of the "lovely messengers," with "feet all beautiful," ushering in the glad tidings of the Mission of Peace. In these days of mistaken action and restless activities, the ingenuity of our professors has been tortured to the invention of a school which is of the earth earthy, without either power, beauty, or majesty; a treading among the dust, a mere dream of the night. Music in these days has no whisper of consolation, it rarely looks upwards, and never pierces beyond the cloud. Dr. Stanley in giving the English people an opportunity of hearing the greatest example of didactic music that ever breathed from the soul of man—a work unrivalled in its lofty and deeply sought out images—has marked no ordinary day and given point to no ordinary epoch. What may be the result of this realization of a school of music that heart, in this country, had never conceived, and ear never heard, it is impossible to prophesy. How many of those strange and weird chords floating upwards among the dim, mysterious arches of our hallowed minster, sank into the souls of the worshippers and communicated with fresh force the unfathomable love, and the depth of sorrow manifested on that awful night—the one preceding the Day of Death —we know not. But this we know, if judgment may be relied upon from the expression of feature, the vivid harmonies of the loving old master flowed into very many hearts and brought up before the mind's eye a right contemplation of that mystery, which angels themselves desired to look into, but were unable fully to comprehend. For nearly three hours the scene in the Abbey was as an ethereal light thrown over the cares and troubles of the earth. We heard the voice of the aged *solitaire* at Patmos repeating in solemn and sustained tone the history of the greatest event which ever happened upon this earth; and there was Our Saviour speaking for himself, surrounded by his Disciples, arrested, hurried here and there, belied, insulted, tormented, and finally led off to the mount of execution; and there made the meek sufferer in that darkest of all human actions.

With Handel, the Messiah stood as in the period of distant ages even before the times of prophecy. We hear him saying:

"Lo, I come to do Thy will, O Lord."

But with Bach, the scene is in time and space; the Messiah himself is before us, and we hear Him say:

"Father, unto Thee all things are possible; take away this cup from Me; nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

Handel deals with the Prophets and their promises of the future doings of Divine love. Bach deals with the present action; the *facts* that hallowed the words of the Ancient Seer. His work is the real and solemn grandeur of the drama, the deep mystery—the action present of the Incarnate life. With ordinary composers we should have heard much pedantry, stiffness, and straining after effect; but not so with Bach. His wealth of invention, his elevated feeling, and ever-present power of sustaining it, makes this work of his the most majestic of all musical conceptions. He stands on higher ground than the prophet of old; for the prophet of ancient times looked through the glass, and his sight was dim, and he saw but darkly; but with Bach, the scene is before him in all its depth of gloom, its fierce cruelty, its terrible atrocity, its marvellous and immeasurable love. No mere fertility of genius, no mere wealth of learning could have led him to realize such a scene, unless made distinct and conscious by the presence of a true and firm faith—faith in the subject—faith in his art —faith in his own power and will. Here is the true secret of the effect that this music produces upon the mind of the Christian in worship. It is the outpouring of one of the greatest of great musicians upon the highest objects of human hopes, the deepest thoughts of human intellect, a communion with the slumbers of the dead, and glimpses of the half-unveiled glories behind the gates ajar. Dr. Stanley in his sermon gave his hearers a slight sketch of the power of music in divine worship, and its true status as the chosen handmaid of religion. But where the reality is, the commentary is unnecessary. On the part of Sebastian Bach, love to his Saviour had given him the heart and the tongue to describe and communicate the love of his Master; and his art was of that electric character that it created a sympathy with band, chorus, and congregation.

Every re-hearing of this marvellous work brings before the mind its herculean difficulties. How it was done on Maundy Thursday let the huge assembly then present say; we wonder that it was done at all, and that so many great things were so easily and spiritedly rendered. We thought of old Bach and his children, the schoolboy, the young men of the town, his chorus, the orchestra of amateur tradesmen —and, hearing in Westminster Abbey what we heard, we could only say, "It is the same story, the same spirit, the same energy, the same affection. Nothing short of all this could get such results."

"*All the world shall sing of Thee.*" There is no higher conception of the grandeur of music, and it has no higher theme for its operation. Such theme and such music is truly "peace on earth, and prospect of the skies."

The one grand and continuous charm of what may be termed the evening function was the use of the "stringed instruments." Of course no organ could have given adequate expression to the deeply-wrought harmonies of Sebastian Bach—relations so tender and true, as to lie infinitely out of the range of the temperament indulged in by our organ builders. Throughout this great work Bach takes as his platform the three chords of the key with their four minor thirds, thus prominently soothing the ear with the minor third, the sweetest of all concords, and the luscious combination of the double tritone. A chain of harmonies of this kind and character, if heard on the organ alone, would soon irritate the ear, and put the choral force all out of tune. We may say with with respect to the use of "stringed instruments;" in church service—"the Scriptures cannot be broken"— and their absence in such a church as Westminster Abbey is to be deeply regretted. The violin was made for church use, and it is only in such places as minsters and cathedrals that its marvellous beauty and utility become apparent. But we argue not its use as a

Digitized by Google

matter of æsthetics, but as one of direction and command. "Stringed instruments;" are again and again alluded to in the pages of Holy Writ, as the "instruments of God," the "holy instruments," the "musical instruments," whilst in the first Temple Church there was a choir of two hundred and forty eight singers—the orchestra numbered no less than four thousand. The prophet Habakuk inscribes his sublime ode to the chief singer on "my stringed instruments," and the grandest and oldest of hymn books, the one hundred and fifty psalms of David and his brother poets concludes with the command to "Praise Him upon the stringed instruments."

The true beauty of the orchestra is its life; life in opposition to mechanism—sounds made by the will and heart of living men, and not the utterance of the wood and metal of the organ-builder left to the mercy or caprice of one individual—one thousand fingers in place of so much bellows and tube.

The "*Passion*" of Bach accompanied on the organ would have proved insupportable, whilst the band threw a purity and serenity of well balanced harmony over the scene which the glorious old minster might be almost imagined to rejoice in. Nature will not repeat imperfection; and in music where the tones vary to the degree commonly called "out of tune," she declines any re-echo; there comes a choke but no stream. Whereas with all harmony, whether from voices or instruments in tune, or near enough to be considered in tune, nature assists the imperfection of man, and draws the sounds into perfect accord. The echoes in Westminster Abbey are those of perfect harmony. The stream of unbroken echo on Maundy Thursday night, so soft, so gentle, so plaintive, and so tender, completely subdued the worshippers, and when the voice of Dr. Stanley first broke upon the ear in his opening prayer before the sermon, the gulf between absolute *harmony of sound* and the disjointed tones of ordinary human utterance was made most transparent. May we be permitted to indulge the hope, now that Westminster Abbey is fitted up for its double choir, the services in this splendid fane between this Easter and Whitsuntide seasons may be made rich and solemn by the use of some large orchestral compositions in the course of the forthcoming services. The *Magnificat* is of course the great feature of the Office of Evensong, and it stands in the place of the Creed and Gloria in the Holy Communion.

Sebastian Bach never wrote a more joyous, spirited, and delightful composition than his *Magnificat* in D major. It is beyond measure brilliant and exhilarating, and has been put into ordinary and effective score by Franz, who has so well transcribed the "*Passion*." We feel sure there would be no difficulty in gathering together a strong and competent chorus to sing this great movement, and we have no doubt that any necessary expenses attending the presence of a band would be cheerfully met by the many friends and advocates for the employment of an orchestra in our Church services.

We have not alluded to the exceedingly beautiful appearance of the immense choral body all clothed in white. We have no need to quote Acts of Parliament, Injunctions, or Rubrics with regard to use of the White Robe, the "raiment of the Angel"—the "garment of him who is to receive the white stone"—and of those who are "to walk with Me in white." The aspect of these white-robed ministers of song was beautiful exceedingly, and at once took away all idea of an ordinary "performance." Here was no Exeter Hall, no gathering together of great musical talent for the mere purposes of personal gratification; but it was the numerous choir of rightly attired ministers about to offer their services as a pure act of worship to the Divine Being.

And now, to find fault, there was only one blemish in this noble and holy undertaking, and this was the absence of the *women's voices*. The "daughters of Zion," the "maidens of Jerusalem," were selected and instructed in the songs of the temple; and the command for the "daughters" to rejoice is certainly co-extensive with that of the "sons." And here again the exigencies of human nature are in harmony with the behests of the Bible. The boy's voice is one in an imperfect condition, without any real body of tone, and wanting in that which is the great charm of vocalization, the utterance of feeling. Without the women-soprano, a choir, however numerous, is divested of that most beautiful characteristic, *the tone of the sex*. Nothing can make up for its absence, nothing can supply its variety, its richness, its magnificence. The choir on Thursday night was every way excellent as to character and degree, but utterly wanting in that brilliancy and loveliness—that sweet ring which proceeds from the throats of women-singers.

In advocating the revival of the use of the orchestra and of a numerous trained body of choral voices, we may appeal to the glorious services to be heard in the Netherlands and in both Southern and Northern Germany.

Something has been said touching the Protestantism of this remarkable service. The only distinctive variation of the Lutheran form of service from that of the old Church consists in the introduction of the Hymns and Chorals as an act of common or congregational worship. Luther was determined to make his new Office Book a book for common worship, a book for the people, containing music the people could and ought to sing. The congregational hymn tunes in the great work of Sebastian Bach were not sung by the congregation in Westminster Abbey. There was good reason for the silence of the congregation; but we trust the time is coming when the "*Passion*" of Bach will be rendered in its right way, and that the congregation may take their just co-operation in the task. The chorals were well and beautifully given by the choir, but the weight of congregational tone and the effect on the spirit of some three thousand worshippers joining in the expression of song was not there. But this is to come; and come it will.

Westminster Abbey has witnessed Sebastian Bach in the expression of the passion of grief; it remains that Bach should be heard there in the passion of joy. His Eastertide and Christmas music will do this.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 6, 1871.

## The Musical Festival.

The hum of preparation and of expectation has for some time filled the air for many miles around, and music lovers from all parts of the Union are setting their faces towards this musical Mecca which is called "the hub." For on Tuesday next, May 9, begins the Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, which will last through the week, embracing nine great Concerts (five) of Oratorio, and four of Symphony, &c.,) ending with Handel's "Messiah" on Sunday evening. The whole affair will be on as great a scale, and even greater, than that of 1868,—which is not a matter of so much importance,—but what is more to the purpose than either scale or quantity, it bids fair to outdo the former Festival in *quality*, both of selection and performance, as much as that outdid all earlier attempts here in America. The chorus numbers over 700 voices, properly balanced and of better average quality than heretofore; and the work of rehearsal has gone on steadily and earnestly all winter long, under the animating, thorough drill of CARL ZERRAHN, at first once a week, then twice, three times, and just now almost every evening of the seven. The Orchestra will include that of our own Harvard Concerts, with many of the best musicians of the Philharmonic and Thomas's Orchestras of New York, others from Philadelphia, &c., to the number of *one hundred*. The list of principal vocalists is as follows:

*Soprani:* Mme. RUDERSDORFF, than whom no soprano for a dozen years has shown herself more thoroughly qualified ("*fertig*" as the Germans would say) for the Oratorio tasks of the Birmingham and London festivals; besides Mrs. J HOUSTON WEST and Mrs. H. M. SMITH, whose merits are well known of all.

*Contralti:* Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Miss ANNIE L. CARY, and Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING:—a noble list, but it would be still nobler if it included Mrs. Barry.

*Tenori:* Mr. WM. H. CUMMINGS, expressly from London, and Mr. WM. J. WINCH.

*Bassi:* Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Mr. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN, and Mr. J. F. WINCH,—all of Boston, and hardly to be beaten.

Miss ANNA MEHLIG and Miss MARIE KREBS are engaged as Solo Pianists. (Unfortunately M. Vieuxtemps was not to be had to play Beethoven's violin Concerto; well, it would have been good, but there was danger, on the other hand, of too much riches). Mr. ZERRAHN, of course, conducts the whole, and Mr. B. J. LANG presides at the Great Organ, all whose 5,700 pipes have recently been tuned up to the reigning concert pitch, so that there will be no more lack of the *entente cordiale* between orchestra and organ.

It remains to indicate the several stations in the round of the week's pilgrimage, at each of which the devotee will pause and find a new refreshment for his soul.

I. On *Tuesday afternoon*, the Opening. First, Nicolai's Festival Overture (which has done like service in several of our Festivals before) on Luther's Chorale: "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" We trust that, in the next festival, it will be Bach's Cantata on that subject; but this will show the whole choral and orchestral force with an imposing splendor. Then, for a novel and most beautiful effect, the singing by the vast choir, unaccompanied, of Mendelssohn's part song, "Farewell to the Forest"; then the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and finally, for the main feature, Mendelssohn's Symphony Cantata, "The Hymn of Praise," which never fails to be inspiring. On this occasion Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr Cummings make their first appearance before an America public, and Miss Cary will be welcomed back.

II. *Wednesday Afternoon.* First Orchestral and Vocal Concert. Principal orchestral pieces: the light and lively Symphony in G, by Haydn, and the heavy "Les Preludes" by Liszt. Miss Mehlig will play a Concerto, we suppose, and Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Phillipps and Miss Cary will contribute Arias and Songs.

III. *Wednesday Evening.* Oratorio: "Elijah." Mme. Rudersdorff, Mrs. West, Miss Phillipps, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Whitney for the Prophet.

IV. *Thursday Afternoon.* Second Concert: the great Schubert Symphony in C. and other great works; Piano Solos by Miss Krebs; Songs by Mme. Rudersdorff and Miss Cary.

V. *Thursday Evening.* Handel's sublime Oratorio, to be given for the first time here in its completeness and after full and careful preparation: "Israel in Egypt." In this, if all well founded hopes are realized in the performance, the choral enterprise of Boston will reach a higher tide-mark than it has yet left on record. We have given extended descriptions of this great Handelian mountain chain of choruses on former occasions when the work has been attempted here; but doubtless now it will explain itself.

VI. *Friday Afternoon.* Concert. Part I. Unfinished Symphony (B minor), Schubert; Songs by Miss Sterling and Mr. Cummings. Part II. Ninth (Choral) Symphony of Beethoven, the quartet of solo singers to consist of Mrs. Smith, Miss Sterling, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, and Mr. Rudolphsen. The great mass of the Handel and Haydn chorus really love to sing this work, trying as it is to voices; it is one of their sure triumphs.

VII. *Saturday Afternoon.* Concert. Beethoven's Fifth (C minor) Symphony; Singing by Miss Phillipps; Piano Solos by Miss Mehlig.

VIII. *Saturday Evening.* Selections from Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music, and Bennett's "Woman of Samaria,' entire; both for the first time in this country.

This beginning upon the *Passion Music* of Bach, the greatest work of the greatest of all composers of religious music, is an important step in the history of the Society, although they only give selections, amounting in all to perhaps a fourth part of the whole work. Doubtless it is the wiser way to master and present now only the more practicable portions of it; these, we have no doubt, will interest the

audience, as they have already interested the singers, and the whole task will after this appear less formidable. The selections include: 1) a very few passages of the Recitative, or Gospel narrative, on which the whole is based, (for a Tenor voice, according to the tradition of the Passion service, but with the words of Jesus by a Bass voice). Among them, however, is the unspeakably tender story of the Supper; that in which Jesus says: "My soul is sorrowful"; and that where "He fell down on His face and prayed: My Father, if it be possible," &c.

2) Three of the unaccompanied Chorales, which represent the participation of the worshipping congregation in the service. These are: the first in the work, prompted by Christ's first announcement that he is betrayed to be crucified: "Say, sweetest Jesu," (*Herzliebster Jesu, was hast Du verbrochen*"; then one which follows the prediction of the denial by Peter: "I will stay here beside Thee"; and, near the end and consummation of the tragedy, the old hymn, "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*" ("O Head all bruised and wounded"):—the same melody with the last, but presented in a new light by Bach's wonderful skill in four-part harmony.

3) Of the third, or *reflective*, element, which enters into the composition of the great work, namely, the Arias for solo voices and the great Choruses with orchestra, the following have been selected:

No. 9 and 10. The Alto Recitative: "Thou dear Redeemer" and Aria: "Grief and pain" (Miss Sterling), which are the comment of the pious heart upon the story of the woman with the ointment. Both have the simple accompaniment of two flutes with string quartet, as in the Symphony Concert a few months since.

Nos. 25 and 26. (After "My soul is sorrowful"). The wonderful Tenor Recitative: "O grief" (Mr. Winch), with intermittent strains of that first Choral melody, now to the words: "Why must Thou suffer," &c., and harmonized with wonderful suggestiveness; the whole profoundly beautiful and touching. Then the Aria: "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," alternating with soft, rich choral strains: "So slumber shall our sins befall," &c.

Nos. 28 and 29. Bass Recitative: "The Saviour falls before his Father kneeling," and Aria: "Gladly will I, all resigning, Cross nor bitter cup declining, Drink in my Redeemer's name," &c. (Mr. Whitney).

No. 33. Duet for Soprano and Alto: "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," with interjectory chorus: "Leave Him, bind him not!" and followed by the indignant and terrific outburst of double chorus: "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished"?

The above pieces include the greater portion of the First Part, the principal omissions being the immense double chorus at the opening: "Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish," and the final chorus, in form of figured Chorale: "O Man, bewail thy sin so great"; besides a couple of Soprano Airs, two or three short choruses of Jews and Disciples, and most of the narrative Recitative.

From the Second Part only two pieces have been taken, besides the Choral: "O Head," &c.; namely:

No. 47. The Aria with Violin Solo—most beautiful of all—"Erbarme dich" ["Have mercy, O my God"), commonly given to the Alto, but this time to be sung by Mme. Rudersdorff.

No. 78. The concluding Double Chorus of the disciples at the tomb of Jesus: "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping," —a heavenly strain of tears and peace and rest.

A fourth element in the work, which adds vastly to the vivid reality of the scenes, and here entirely omitted, consists in those fierce choruses of the Jewish crowd, such as "Crucify him," which in the old Catholic Passion service were called *Turbæ*, vulgarly mob choruses.

All the Airs and Choruses, which are given at all, will have Bach's wonderfully expressive orchestral accompaniments, as completed sometimes from the figured bass by Robert Franz.

IX. *Sunday Evening.* Closing Oratorio: "The Messiah," with Mme. Rudersdorff, Mrs. Houston West, Miss Phillipps, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Whitney.

Verily a great week of music now invites us! How shall we be able to report the half of it?

## Concerts.

The fortnight past has offered more, mostly in small halls, than we have room to barely mention. But we must not omit, at all events, to make some sign of grateful acknowledgment, in behalf of hundreds of invited and delighted guests, for the rare feast given us in Horticultural Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 25, by some thirty gentlemen of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, of New York. It was a graceful act on their part. The hall was entirely filled by musical families and friends of the singers, and the invitations would have been much more general but for the limits of the hall. The company was of the most refined, and the whole thing had an air of ease and elegance as of a private drawing room. The singers were a modest, quiet, gentlemanly set, who mingled socially with their guests between the parts, and one chief beauty of their singing was that no one seemed in the least to think of putting himself forward personally, but each sought only to promote the purest harmony of all. The average quality of voices was very fine, there being not less than half a dozen pure high tenors among them, mostly light, but very sweet and musical. Their Conductor, Mr Mosenthal, is evidently a superior man, and the influence of a true musician is felt in the perfect ensemble, the beautiful precision, light and shade, and true expression of the whole. Better part-singing by male voices we have never heard than the specimens here given by this club of amateurs. Here we heard, with the larger volume of a choir of thirty, the same perfection of which we have had example in the eight or ten voices of our own "Chickering Club."

The pieces sung by the Club were "Welcome, Joy," by Gregor; "Silent Night," by Weber; "Parting," by Jansen; "Love and Wine," Mendelssohn; a very interesting "Ritornello," for five parts, by Schumann; and a "Serenade," by Abt; besides several encore pieces. Miss Sterling found enthusiastic audience for her songs (Canzonetta, by Mozart; No. 15 of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle; and an English ballad by Sullivan); never have we heard her rich voice tempered to such true expression. Mr. Mills, also, contributed some admirable piano playing: three characteristic little Schumann pieces, and a most brilliant "Waltz Caprice d'après Strauss" by Tausig.—It was altogether one of the most charming musical treats of the season, and we only wish we were sure that we had something as good to send them in return. Would New York, perhaps, accept some of our big "Jubilees," of which we have enough and to spare.

---

Two more Listemann Quartette matinées completed the series. The third began with Mozart's perfect Quartet in E flat, No. 4, which was finely rendered, and closed with a Quartet in A, No. 2, op. 90, by Raff, which we found far less edifying. For Violin Solo, Mr. L. played Tartini's "Trille du Diable" Sonata, and exceedingly well. Miss F. G. Perry sang Mozart's "Dove sono" and Schubert's "Post," with good voice and style, though not much animation.

The fourth concert opened with a very fresh, fantastic, Northern sort of Quartet, the Op. 1 of a young Dane or Swede, named Svendsen. It was much enjoyed. Mrs H. E. H. Carter, having a sweet, high, flexible soprano, contributed some fair vocalism in a song by Spohr, and Eckert's "Echo Song." Beethoven's Quartet in F, first of the Rasoumowsky set, was an excellent thing to end the series.—These concerts must be given earlier in the season next time, for they are worthy of the best attendance.

Mr. Perabo was particularly happy in his selections, as well as his interpretation in his second matinée: Schubert's Sonata, op. 142 (F minor); a graceful "Rondo Piacevole" by Sir Sterndale Bennett; an interesting Andante and Scherzo, arranged by himself, from the D-minor symphony by Volkmann; a *Preludium*, *Menuett* and *Toccata*, op. 13, by Anton Krause; and Beethoven's Six Variations on an original theme, op. 34.

The third matinée opened with a Beethoven Sonata, (in D, op. 10), in which the solemn grandeur of the *Largo* movement was most impressively brought out. Mendelssohn's fairy *Scherzo à Capriccio* (F sharp minor); a fine Andante, arranged from the unfinished Symphony, op 11, by Norbert Burgmüller; and the splendid Sonata in D, op. 53, by Schubert, completed another rich and satisfactory programme. The young artist never had the sympathy of his large audience more fully than in these concerts.

---

The last concerts by the four young pianists (pupils of Mr. Lang,) two more Piano Recitals by Miss Marie Krebs, Mr. Dixey's pleasant and successful evening of music in aid of the Art Museum, Mr. Thayer's first Free Organ Recital (Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Handel), and several other concerts, worthy, all, of notice, have to wait a fortnight longer! Man is finite, and our capacity even of *hearing* all the good things which invite one in such crowded times is limited. Bad luck it was that robbed us of Miss Krebs's performance of Bach's "Italian Concerto."

## The Late Rev. Joseph Angier.

[Remarks of Rev. John Weiss at his funeral in Milton, April 15, 1871.]

I remember so many pleasant days spent with our friend and brother who has gone, at home, or standing with him in the sea's breath, whose murmurs he made me forget with a more subduing voice, that I hardly dare speak lest friendly appreciation should transgress the limit of modesty, and I should affront that pale face with the fault of eulogy which he liked least of all. No man was more generous than he with praise, no man advanced so few pretensions. His nature was delicate and noble, founded upon purity, illustrated by sincerity. He had that greatest virtue of sincerity, and it always came quickly to arm a very critical moral opinion. For if he ever became aware that impurity was in his neighborhood, or some untruthfulness, he would turn his back upon it with a gesture so abrupt that it was converted into heat, but it was wholesome and refreshing. Some persons could note his petulance who were too coarse to credit its scrupulous and gentlemanly origin. This warmth and scorn of disposition was an excellence more often than a defect. In the place where he is to-day he prefers to have me use the word *defect*. But, if sometimes he had to blame himself, I think that others might more frequently extol. And I am sure, if dead hands could ever be lifted from coffins to extend a reconciling touch, his would be the first to shake off that marble coldness and beckon to our generosity.

No man's mind was ever more thoroughly cleared of cant, no man was more sensitive to the commission of cant, or treated it with a more pardonable discourtesy. But he had real beliefs, not to be paraded, but nourished quietly, in that Divine Person whose warm hand holds him safe to-day, in that Person's love, in the excellence of truth, and in personal immortality. Is there anything of belief that you can add to this—anything of much consequence? His whole nature came simply and modestly to the surface in his preaching, which had a level that never lifted into any striking peculiarity either of fancy or speculation, for he depended mainly upon a recommendation of plain and salutary sentiments. He never tried to enhance it with phrases, to add a cubit to its stature. Nor was he ever anxious to enforce a creed. I remember that in his prime he had a style which was the expression of a harmonious taste that prevailed in everything he did. What he was in the scenes of your private experience it is not for me to say. Who can explore that domain of intercourse between a pastor and the fluttering flock of hearts that expect his coming? Doubtless there are many yet left in this parish, and who may be here, to recall how pleasantly he went up and down these hillsides fertile with growth and with men and women, listening for the hours when life or death knocked at the door. His sympathising hand opened it, bade the pain enter, but checked its turbulence. Your hearts must be the chroniclers and interpreters of this. No man can go back of the heart, or tell it any news of such experience. But wherever he went he carried a genial clime. Young people were especially fond of him, and this art of attaching them was always fresh in his enfeebled frame.

So, early one spring morning, when God was hinting newness of life over all the earth, he fell asleep, softly as the lately released Neponset underneath his window went lapsing to the sea. What a precious seed is the human body, that can stir and throb for two and sixty years, though the nerves are exasperated with a subtle illness and the whole temper overclouded by debility, as the man struggles to set free his germ of immortality! So that the bare being alive, with personal identity linking all the hours, is a proof of the primest and costliest kind that we shall continue to be; especially if the person have, as our friend had, some pre-eminent gift. Not that a gift is

necessary to support the fact of personal continuance; it seems to me that plain dealing is good enough for that—any superiority of ordinary minds. Nothing so convinces us of the boundless air as these innumerable common breaths we draw. But still a gift is a symbol; it makes the idea become pictorial; the senses are attracted and delighted; they are subsidized, and have to conspire against their own mortality. Such a gift was our friend's exquisite sensibility for harmony, his perception of melody and power to give it expression by that most delicate yet commanding voice. Indeed, of all the gifts, there is not one to compare with this, not one function of earth like harmony, to import such a suspicion of personal continuance into our poor life. For just as God put evil into the world to feed his ultimate purpose, harmony prepares discords to resolve them into perfect accords, so that a dissonance becomes prelude and hint of a completer marriage. Music is the creature's earnest expectation; with it we can afford to wait for the manifestation of the sons of God. Music is continually saying, "Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life." It is prophecy, perceiving that not here, not in these limits of partial chords and grating combinations, is there an opportunity for the soul's confirmed expression. Harmony is a guaranty to every man of the continuance of his opportunity: it is a proclamation of some great symmetrical plan. In his mature days, and long after disease had begun to sap his strength, his organ was the wonder of every one who felt its sweet and firm vibrations. He rivalled the quality of famous names, and would have plucked dangerously at their laurels. How his mood of tenderness stilled the circle; how he shivered with pain, thrilled with triumph; how he tossed us the quaint and homely phrase of some people's dear air; how we all came together in his "Dulce, dulce domum!" And here are his classmates who can recall well enough how he sent the brave blood of friendship flashing through the chain of hands that met for Auld Lang Syne.

The time of the singing of birds has come, but that voice is mute, that flattering tongue is cold. No, not so, dear friends, I am faithless to my subject when I say so; let me recall that, for I am sure that the fibre and quality of his musical soul, which built the tongue and freighted it with such expressiveness, is even now allied with some finer substance of the universe, and sings the joy of living. The tongue is not yet cold. Death waves its staff; the movement releases ampler measures, the feeling musters toward some solution; his surmises and anxieties break into the rapture of personal security.

Then, as we bury him, and yield all right of possession in him to the spring flowers, let us have a fair confidence that he intones the praises of immortal life.

# Musical Correspondence.

Hartford, Conn., April 19.—On looking over the index for Volume XXX. in your last number, I was sorry to find so slender a record of musical events in this State. The love of the divine art, however, has not been slumbering, nor sleeping. Crowded houses and enthusiastic audiences have greeted all the great artists that have honored us with their presence, particularly the entertainments given by Theodore Thomas. This splendid Orchestra has been listened to with the greatest delight. Their programmes have been similar to those given by him in Boston, and I question whether in your city, so justly famed for its love of the classic, Beethoven's Symphonies have ever been more thoroughly enjoyed than in the city of Hartford.

Next to the Thomas Concerts in importance, have been those by Mlle. Nilsson. Her first was secular, and drew a five thousand dollar house; the second was in Oratorio, and given in connection with the Beethoven Society; the pecuniary receipts thereof, as well as the audience, being very large.

The Beethoven Society is in the thirteenth year of its existence, and is now in splendid working order; their faithful study and singing of Handel's, Haydn's, Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's, Spohr's and Costa's Oratorios, proves how industrious they have been, and how well they have earned the reputation of being second only to the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and even to that only in point of numbers. The credit is due to the able and skilful teacher and director, Dr. J. G. Barnett. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that the time-honored "Messiah" was splendidly given by the Beethoven Society under the conducting of Dr. Barnett. The singing of the grand chorus was truly sublime. Mlle. Nilsson, unfortunately, was not in good voice or spirits, and therefore did not satisfy the audience; but the solos of Miss Annie Cary and your noble basso, Mr. Whitney, were little short of perfection.

There have also been other musical entertainments all tending to advance and further a love for the science in our community. The churches in the city and vicinity do much to stimulate a taste for good music. Some of the pastors also, take great interest in the choirs, and the result is that music can be heard which has the character of true devotion,—a pouring out of the heart in sacred song.

It may interest your readers to know how music in some of the churches in Connecticut is conducted. I will therefore mention one example. It is a church in which the music is under the sole direction of the Organist, Dr. J. G. Barnett, and consists both of choir and congregational singing. In this church also they have frequently a service of song, in which the congregation take an active part, singing hymns of praise; and the choir, which numbers twenty-four, with four fine voices for the Solos, performs Motets, extracts from Oratorios and other sources. The object is to make the people familiar with a high class of devotional music, and thus elevate their tastes. The scheme is attended with the most happy results. At these gatherings I have heard several short Cantatas, amongst them "The Christian's Supplication," "The Life of the Blessed," composed by Dr. Barnett for the choir. On Sunday last I listened to his last effort, a work having for its subject "Christ's Resurrection and Ascension." The incidents are described by air and chorus linked together by a series of narrative passages delivered in recitative. These Recitatives are models in construction, from the fact that they are melodies based upon rich and varied harmonies. The character of our Saviour, Mary Magdalen, and the faithless Thomas are intensely individualized. The music is full of feeling, and truthful expression, and so admirably fitted to the words that it seems to be their very echo. The scene with the Disciples immediately before the Ascension: "Peace be unto you," "Feed ye my sheep,"—the music of which is very pathetic and impressive—was listened to with the most profound attention, and as the voice of the singer in subdued accents breathed forth the words: "And now I ascend to my Father in heaven," every heart throbbed in sympathy, and seemed to follow the risen Saviour to the gates of Heaven. Dr. Barnett's music is deeply imbued with the spirit of religion, simple, melodic, yet full of character, and contains all those traits which are accepted as the evidence of a deeply inspired musician's intentions. The Cantata, or short Oratorio, was admirably and expressively sung, and as accompanied by himself upon a magnificent organ, the tone and combination found a language suggestive, with singular delicacy, clearness, and force, of the sublime subject. It is to be regretted that Dr. Barnett does not give up his teaching, and make an effort to have some of his many useful works, written for church purposes and small societies, published. I am confident that they would be received with very great favor by choirs and musical organizations in the country, and supply the material that is now very much needed. Dr. Barnett's works have all the elements of popularity, very melodic and simple in construction, and are admirably fitted to the voice and intelligence of the singer. Written and arranged to words of a marked character, they have an intensity of meaning, that interests and enlists the sympathies of the singer, and thus by their truthful and natural expression appeals to the heart of the listener.

S.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

**LATEST MUSIC,**

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

'Tis but a Lock of Hair. F to e. *E. Christie.* 30

"'Tis but a lock of hair she left me,
When angels bore her far away,
O, how I love that simple treasure
That brings me still one glimpse of May."

Au Revoir, Louise. 3. E♭ to d. *T. J. Lippitt.* 35

This song, written with French words, by Mlle. Panseron, has been nicely arranged and fitted with English words, and was one of the attractions of the recent French fair. A fine French song.

The Beggar Boy. 2. F to d. *F. Campana.* 30

One of the series "Souvenir of London," and while it retains its Italian and English words and is an "Italian" song, it is a very easy one, and well fitted for the first study of the kind.

Chiquita. (Bret Harte). 3. G to e. *F. Boott.* 30

Upon the Stanislow. " 2. G to d. " 40

"Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones, he asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that these same bones was one of his lost mules."

Easy and good melodies. Who will adopt these singular efforts for concert songs? They will be very effective.

Darkly the Shadows press on my Eyes. 2. F to e. *H. B. Farnie.* 30

"Ah! now there breaks a dawn afar,
Streaming from out the 'gates ajar.'"

Good sacred song.

Thy Will be done! Solo and Quartet. 3. E to *g*. *O. Lob.* 40

One of Lob's six quartetts. Add it to your list. Well worth singing.

She's just about the age. 2. D to d. *S. Franks.* 30

Comic. Pretty melody.

Baby and I want to kiss you good-bye. 2. E♭ to e. *W. O. Perkins.* 30

"If you must go, said the wife drawing nigh,
Baby and I want to kiss you good-bye."

And it did him "lots of good. Very pretty little poem, and excellent song.

**Instrumental.**

Happy Memories. Rondo. 3. B♭. *W. Busenius.* 35

Good instructive piece.

Road to Luck. Grand Galop de Concert.
*Chas. Wels.* 4. A♭. 2 hands. 60
3. A♭. 4 " 1.00

A very powerful and brilliant piece. The "single" arrangement is full of octaves, but easy to persons with an "octave" grasp.

2d. Marche Hongroise. 6. G. *F. Liszt.* 75

Of the same character as the preceding, only immensely "more so." Quite simple in construction, but rendered difficult by the rapid succession of thirds, octaves, tenths and chords, and the abundance of "springs." Very effective.

German Triumphal March through Paris. 3. G. *E. Palat.* 40

Very full and inspiring. Contains the singular arrangement of the "Marseillaise" in minor, the French air in mourning, contrasted with bright German airs.

Virginia Military Institute March. 2. D. *C. M. Stephani.* 30

Sprightly melody. A quick march.

Sparkling Schottische. 3. F. *J. R. Muth.* 30

The title sufficiently describes it.

Jolie. Mazurka Brillante. 5. C. *C. Kölling.* 30

May be called a "Concert Mazourka." Has many original effects and is excellent practice for the left as well as the right hand.

**Books.**

Messe Solennelle. For Four Voices. *L. Niedermeyer.* 1.25

Niedermeyer, a friend and protegé of Rossini's, has produced a very graceful and interesting work, which shows decided talent and taste in the composer. Well worth adding to the library of musical societies and choirs.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Classified List of Choice Music, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St.

## *Very Easy.*

Arditi's Kiss Waltz.................. ...*Everest.* 30
Chaplet of Pearls. 12 Nos. viz.. *Baumbach*, each, 20

1 Martha............Flotow. 7. Freyschutz.....V. Weber.
2 Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi. 8. William Tell......Rossini.
3. Gipsy's Warning .Benedict. 9. Nabucodonosor.....Verdi.
4. Vaillance Polka. ...Ascher. 10. Charles VI........Halevy.
5. Lombardi...........Verdi. 11. Luisa Miller........Verdi.
6. L'ElisireD'Amore.Donizetti. 12. Amateur Waltz Baumbach.

Children's Toys. 12 Nos. viz...*Baumbach*, each, 20

1. Harmonica. 7. Drum.
2 Jews Harp 8 Rattle.
3. Shuttle Cock. 9. Harlequin.
4. Top 10. Doll.
5. Fife 11. Bat.
6. Rocking Horse. 12. Foot Ball.

Coaxing Polka.......................... *Bellak.* 20
Columella Waltz..........................*Bellak.* 20
Drummer Boy's March................*Winner.* 30
Ellen and Annie Schottish........ .....*Bellak.* 20
Flora's Waltz .......................*Alexander.* 20
Gems of Verdi. Viz............*Rimbault*, each, 20

1. Ah che la morte.Trovatore. 2. Libiamo.......La Traviata.
3 Il Balen.... " 4. Parigi o cara.. "
5. Si la stanchezza. " 6. Di Provenza... "

Moison d' Or. (Golden Harvest). Operatic arrangements.. ..............*Alberti*, each, 20

1. Traviata. 11. Romeo et Juliet.
2. Rigoletto. 12. La Favorita.
3 Fille du Regiment. 13 Sonnambula.
4. Trovatore. 14 Sicilian Vespers.
5. Lucia. 15. Don Giovanni.
6. Norma. 16. Huguenots.
7. Lombardi. 17. Robert le Diable.
8 Ernani. 18. Masaniello.
9. Lucrezia. 19. Prophete.
10. Masked Ball. 20. Linda.

Joyful Waltz.... ............................*Bellak.* 20
Lilla's Highland March..................*Lorenz.* 20
Merry Zingara Polka................ . .*Bellak.* 30
Mossy Dell Waltz...... ................*Turner.* 30
Now and Then. 24 Nos. viz ...*Bellak.* each, 30

1. Hyacinth Schottische. 2. Trab Trab Galop.
3. Mountain Echo Polka. 4 Rosette Polka.
5 Chime again. 6. Young Recruit Quickstep.
7. Sardinian Waltzes. 8. Masked Ball Mazurka.
9. Smiles and Tears. 10. Dunbarton's Polka.
11 Warblings at Eve. 12. Aria Alla Scozzese.
13. Red, White & Blue March. 14. Lombardi March.
15. Battle of Prague March 16. Joy, Joy. Freedom To-Day.
17. Now and Then Polka. 18. Casket Redowa.
19 Le Torrent Waltz 20. O whistle my lad quickstep
21. Hail to Thee. Liberty. 22. Pony Galop.
23. I'd be a Star. 24. Verdi Cotillion.

Pupils Folio. 24 Nos. viz........*Everest.* each, 20

1. Her bright smile haunts. 2. Bolero. Sicilian Vespers.
3. Do they think of me. 4 Chorus of servants.Martha.
5 Dama de Seville Waltz. 6. Warblings at eve.
7. Glory Hallelujah 8. The Captain
9. Shadow Song. Dinorah. 10. Reaper's Polka.
11. Red, White and Blue. 12 En avant March.
13. Pirates Cho , Rochantress. 14. Lucrezia Borgia Waltz.
15. Annie Lisle. 16. Hans-und Gretchen Polka.
17. Hunter's Cho .Freyschutz. 18. Il Balen. Trovatore.
19 Air from Traviata. 20. Serenade. Don Pasquale.
21. Angel of light Favorita. 22. Switzers farewell.
23. In tears I pine for thee. 24. When the swallows homeward fly.
25. Grand March from Faust.

Red, White and Blue Quickstep......*Farringer.* 25
Rocking Chair Polka......................*Bellak.* 20
Rival Polka.................. ........*Leonard.* 30
Zenobia Polka..............................*Turner.* 30
Young Minstrel. Dances and Operatic Gems. 39 Nos........ ........*Gerville.* each, 20

1. Departure for Syria. 20. Dernier Pensee de Weber.
2. Take them I implore thee 21. Air Flauto Magico.
3. First love Redowa. 22. Polka Mazurka.
4. Carnival de Venice. 23. La Cenerentola.
5 Storm March Galop. 24 Donna Del Lago.
6. Fanfare Polka. 25. Le Barbier de Seville.
7. Invitation a la Valse. 26 La Sonnambula.
8. Martha Polka and Chorus from Huguenots 27. Valse de la Reine.
28. Danse Espagnole.
9. Galop. Martha, and Child of Regiment Waltz 29. Le Cor des Alpes.
30. La Mignonne Schottisch.
10. Pierette Polka Mazurka. 31. La Chasse du Jeune Henri.
11. Les Bords de L'yonne. 32. El Jaleo de Xeres.
12. Zepherine Polka Mazurka. 33. Le Chant du Colibri.
13. M'me. Palliasse Waltz. 34. Elisire D'Amore
14. Valse de Strauss. 35. La Sonnambula (Le songe).
15. Valse de Labitzky. 36. Souvenir de Bellini.
16. Chanson Allemande. 37. Noces de Figaro.
17. Air Italien. (La Molinara). 38. Robin des Bois.
18. Polka 39. Les Puritains.
19. Air Tyrolien.

## *Easy.*

Arion Waltz......................*J. S. Knight.* 30
Arrow and the Bow.... ...... .......*Oesten.* 30
Au Revoir Polka Redowa..... ....*J. S. Knight.* 30
Captain. Transcription................*Turner.* 40
Chant du Berger. ........................*Colas.* 30
Constellation March...........*A. E. Pillsbury.* 30
Cricket Polka..............................*Withers.* 30
Croyez Moi.................. ....*Baumfelder.* 25
Dawning of Peace March ............*Turner.* 30
Dew Drop. Bluette...................*Favarger.* 35
Dream (The)..........................*Bergson.* 35
Dreams of the Past.... ...............*Turner.* 30
Fairy Wedding Waltz....................*Turner.* 30
Field Flowers..........................*Oesten.* each, 30

1. Come home with me, darling. 4. Up sailors, the anchor rises.
2. Thou village maid. 5. Come lovely May.
3. In dark forest shades. 6. O fir trees.

Fredonia March.................. .....*Lothrop.* 30
Guietés Champetres. 6 Morceaux. *Hunten*, each, 35

1. Martha. 4. Langage des Clockes.
2. Visite du Bonheur. 5. Air. Styrien.
3. Polka. 6. Tic Tac.

Gems from Faust.... .... .....*Rimbault*, each, 30

1. Celebrated Valse. 5. Faust & Marguerite's Duet.
2. Bijou Song. 6. Soldier's Chorus.
3. Kermesse 7. Chorus of Old Men.
4. Flower Song. 8. The Garden Cavatina

Gift. Six Pieces................. ....*Mendelssohn.*

1 & 2 The Sisters. 25 5. The First Grief. 20
3 The Dewdrop. 20 6. Free at Last. 25
4. The First Party. 20

Golden Ray Polka....................... *Turner.* 30
Heimweh................. .......*Jungmann.* 30
Heliotrope Polka.................*Williams.* 30
Hooker's (Gen'l.) Quickstep........*Whittlesay.* 40
How so fair. "Martha." Variations....*Grobe.* 40
Inne Galop............................*J. S. Knight.* 30
Leaves and Blossoms. (Blätter & Blüthen.) 10 Pieces..................*Spindler.* each, 30

1. Messenger of Spring. 6. Ivy Leaf
2. Fragrant Violet. 7. Hunting Song.
3. Song of love. 8. Moorish Dance.
4. Buds 9. Warrior's March.
5. Gazelle. 10. Flying Leaf.

Lily of the Valley........ ..............*Krug.* 40
Little Spring Song............... *C. Hering.* 30
March du Crociato...... .........*Burgmuller.* 35
Marching Along Quickstep............*Burditt.* 30
Military March............................"*Faust.*" 35
On the banks of the Rhine...... .......*Oesten.* 30
On yonder Rock. Transcription.......*Everest.* 30
Opera House Waltz...................*Pattioni.* 30
Polka. Op. 111..............................*Spindler.* 50
President Johnson's Grand March. *G. R. Herbert.* 40
Rappelle toi. Bagatelle............ ...*Forbes.* 30
Repertoire du Jeune Pianiste. L'Africaine. *Beyer.* 35
Re-union March............................*Strauss.* 30
Reverie in "Semiramide"... ..............*Hess.* 50
Robin Adair. Transcription.........*Everest.* 30
Rose March ................................*Williams.* 30
Russian Polka..................... .. .*Beyer.* 30
Santa Lucia Polka Redowa.........*J. S. Knight.* 30
Shadow Song Polka Redowa.... . " 30
Simplette. Melodie........................*Favarger.* 30
Smith's (P. F.) March................ .*Martin.* 35
Song Chimes. viz.................*Brunner.* each, 30

1. Good night. my love. 4. In dark'ning night.
2. Picture of the Rose. 5. Whispering breezes.
3. Remembrance 6. The Lark.

Sylphs, The.......................*Spindler.* each, 20

1 Flora's Polonaise. 4. Wanda Mazurka.
2. Tyrolienne Waltz. 5. Fiorella Waltz.
3. Fairy Pc a. 6. Rosette Galop.

Tears, idle tears. Nocturne.............*Turner.* 30
Three Children's Songs........ ..*Oesten*, each, 30

1. A Waltz Song. 3. Gondolier's Song.
2. Tyrolese Melody.

Tone Pictures. 6 Nos. viz..... ......*Reynald.*

1. The Fountain. 30 4. May Flowers. 30
2. Young Zephyrs. 35 5. The strange story. 30
3. Pearls of Dew 30

Turkish March..........................*Beethoven.* 30
Union March Militaire.............*E. M. Porter.* 40
Warrior's Victory March.................*Strauss.* 30
Waterfall Schottisch. ..............*F. H. Pease.* 30
Within a Mile of Edinburg... ..........*Glover.* 35
Woodland Waltz .........................*Metcalf.* 30

## *Moderately Difficult.*

Alpine Bells. ........... ..............*Oesten.* 40
Alpine Shepherdess.. .....................*Berg.* 40
Bellaggio..................... *Brinley Richards.* 50
Berceuse. (Cradle Song)..............*Lysberg.* 30
Bid me Discourse...............*Brinley Richards.* 60
Bride's Prayer on her Wedding Day.....*Oesten.* 35
Bouquet de Melodies. L'Africaine.......*Beyer.* 60
Brightest Eyes..........................*Kruger.* 50
Carnival Botschafter Waltzes.........*Strauss.* 60
Chant des Vagues.................*Sydney Smith.* 40
Chapelle du Forest. Idyle...........*Jungmann.* 50
Chime again, beautiful bells...........*Richards.* 40
Christmas Chimes..................... " 10
Convent Bells...... .................*Spindler.* 50
Coronation, or Leap Year Waltzes.... .*Strauss.* 40
Deuxieme Tarentelle...... .....*Sidney Smith.* 80
Dying Poet...........................*"Seven Octaves."* 60
Fairy Menuet...........................*Lysberg.* 30
Fairy Whispers...................*Sidney Smith.* 60
Farewell. Romance.. ................*Jungmann.* 40
Faust. "Boquet of Melodies."....... ..*Beyer.* 60
Faust Polka Mazurka... ..............*Ketterer.* 50
Faust, Repertoire........................*Beyer.* 35
Feast of Roses..............................*Hervey.* 40
Fillegrave Polka........... .....*Ketterer.* 60
Fleurs des Alpes............................*Barbot.* 50
Crown Jewels. 33 Nos. viz....*Baumbach.* each, 35

1. Ah Che La Morte. 2. Charity.
3. Il Balen. 4. Old Hundred.
5. Shadow Air 6. Portuguese evening hymn.
7. False One I Love thee still. 8. I would not live alway.
9. Ah Don't Mingle. 10. Pleyel's German Hymn.
11. Salut a la France. 12. Fading Still Fading.
13. Ask me not. 14. Wings of a Dove.
15. Then you'll remember me 16. Tyrolese Evening Hymn.
17. Brindisi. 18 Evening song to the Virgin
19. Quintette Finale. 20. Marseilles Hymn.
21. How so fair. 22. Coming thro' the Rye.
23. In tears I pine. 24. Annie Laurie.
25. Ever of Thee. 26. God save the Queen.
27. When the Swallows. 28. Long Weary Day.
29. The star spangled banner. 30. Juanita.
31. Within a mile of Edinboro'. 32. Il Suon Dell' Arpa
33. On this day of joy delicious

Gaiete de Cœur. Valse...........*Sidney Smith.* 80
Galop Brillilante. "Vepres Siciliennes"....*Berg.* 50
Garibaldina Grand March.........*B. Richards.* 50
Golden Bells. Caprice... . .........*S. Smith.* 75
Good Night, farewell........ ............*Voss.* 35
Il Bacio. Transcription...................*Oesten.* 50
I'm lonely since my mother died. Var...*Grobe.* 60
Love lighted eyes....... .................*Oesten.* 40
Marche des Tambours.............*Sidney Smith.* 60
Marching Along. Variations.......*Baumbach.* 60
Maiden's Blush Waltz...... .*"Seven Octaves."* 60
Marseilles Hymn.............................*Berg.* 50
Massaniello. Fantasia.......... *Sidney Smith.* 80
Memories of Home...................*B. Richards.* 50
Monastery. (Vignette)....... .... " 60
Mother's Prayer . ................ .....*Krug.* 40
Mountain Stream. Morceau.. .......*S. Smith.* 70
Mountain rill........ ........ .......*Hawes.* 50
Night Shades no longer. Variations.....*Grobe.* 40
Ocean Shells... .... ...... ........ .*Hervey.* 50
Pas Redouble, Morceau Brilliante..*Sidney Smith.* 75
Pinson Pauvrette...........................*F. Barbot.* 50
Reve Angelique. Berceuse.... .. ..*S. Smith.* 50
Romance. Traviata.......... ..............*Oesten.* 35
Savoyard Melody.. ...............*B. Richards.* 40
Scheiden Waltzes......................*Weissenborn.* 60
Shadow Air "Pardon de Ploermel.....*Richards.* 50
Slumber Song.................................*Dressel.* 30
Slumber Song........................ ........*Heller.* 20
Soleil Couchant. Nocturne...........*Leopold.* 35
Spanish Melody............ . . ....*Spindler.* 40
Spinning Wheel....... . . .. *Sidney Smith.* 60
Spring Fairy.......... . .. ....*Engelbrecht.* 50
Starry Night. Serenade.... .......*S. Smith.* 60
Star Spangled Banner. Variations......*Grobe.* 60
Sul Mare. (On the sea).... ............*Kuhe.* 40
Tenting on the old camp ground. Var...*Grobe.* 60
Thou art so near and yet so far.......*Richards.* 50
Twilight Reverie..... ......................*Berg.* 35
Valse d'Hiver. "Vepres Siciliennes."... " 50
Vieni la mia vendette. Variations..... *Grobe.* 40
Village Swallows. Waltzes ..........*Strauss.* 60
Wandering Sprite. (Illustrated)....*Engelbrecht.* 60
Wearing of the Green................*Baumbach.* 50
Who will care for mother. Variations. " 60
Wilt thou love me ...... ...... ......*Krug.* 40

## *Difficult.*

Alice. Romance...........................*Ascher.* 60
Barber of Seville. Fantasia Brilliant..*Leybach* 1 00
Campanella (La).... ........ ......*Engbard.* 50
Chant du Bivouac............... .. *Ketterer.* 50
Chatelaine (Le) Valse de Salon.... ... " 75
Chant du Martyr... .........*"Seven Octaves."* 75
Dripping Well..........................*Gollmick.* 50
Fairy Land Schottisch........*"Seven Octaves."* 75
Fantasie in "Mirellle"...................*Ketterer.* 75
Faust. Fantasia Brilliant. ... ....... " 60
Faust. Fantasia Elegante...... . ..*Leybach.* 60
Grand Caprice, in form of Waltz...*Wollenhaupt.* 90
Grand Valse Brilliante. Op. 14.......*Leybach.* 60
Helene. Grand Valse Brilliante....*Wollenhaupt.* 75
Hirondelles (Les)............ .. ....*Streich.* 90
Marche des Amazons.............*J. M. Wehli.* 1.00
Marche Styrienne .....................*Ketterer.* 70
Meteor. Grand Galop............*Wollenhaupt.* 75
Nocturne, No. 1. Op. 55, in F Minor... *Chopin.* 75
" " 2. " 55, " E flat Major. " 35
On Song's bright pinions................*Heller.* 90
Orfa. Grand Polka...........*"Seven Octaves."* 60
O whisper what thou feelest........*E. Hoffman.* 75
Polka de Concert...................*J. M. Wehli* 1.00
Polonaise in C. Op. 40.. ...... ....*Chopin.* 35
Polonaise. Morceau de Concert ...*Wollenhaupt.* 90
Polonaise. No. 2. Op. 26, in E flat Minor. *Chopin.* 75
Polonaise. E flat major, op. 22...... . " 1.50
Premier Nocturne.................. .*Leybach.* 50
Revell des Oiseaux. Idyle............*Lysberg.* 75
Romance d' Ines. "L'Africaine"... ......*Jaell.* 60
Romance Nouvelle................*J. M. Wehli* 1.00
Ruisseau (Le). Valse Etude... ...*Wollenhaupt.* 50
Sylphs (Les) des Bois...................*Ascher.* 1.00
Tarentelle........... ....................*Heller.* 60
Un Ballo in Maschera, Fantasia.. ....*Leybach.* 1.00

Digitized by Google

# Select Collection of Music for Teachers.

## Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston, & 711 Broadway, N. Y.

### Very Easy Pieces.

Children's Toys. 12 Nos...... *Baumbach*, each. 20
1..Harmonics. 2..Jew's Harp. 3..Shuttle Cock. 4..Top. 5..Fife. 6..Rocking Horse. 7..Drum. 8..Rattle. 9..Harlequin. 10..Doll. 11..Bat. 12..Foot Ball.

Now and then. 24 Nos.... ....*Bellak*, each. 30
1..Hyacinth Schottische. 2..Trab trab Galop. 3..Mountain Echo Polka. 4..Rosette Polka Mazourka. 5..Chime again. 6..Young Recruit Quickst. 7..Sardinian Waltz. 8..Masked Ball Mazourka. 9..Smiles and Tears. 10..Dumbarton's Polka. 11..Warblings at eve. 12..Aria alla scozzese. 13..Red, White and blue. 14..Lombardi March. 15..Battle of Prague. 16..Gipsey Warning. 17..Now and then Polka. 18..Casket Redowa. 19..Le Torrent Waltz. 20..I whistle my lad, 21..Hail to thee, Liberty. 22..Pony Galop. 23..I'd be a Star. 24..Verdi Cotillon.

Pianist's Wreath. 24 Nos........*Bellak*, each. 20
1..Pearl Waltz. 2..Slap Bang Polka. 3..Her Bright Smile Waltz. 4..L' Eleganca Polka. 5..Juniata Mazourka. 6..Caprice Militaire. 7..Leap Year Waltz. 8..Call Me Thine own. 9..March of the Victor. 10..Guard's Waltz. 11..Joys we've tasted Waltz. 12..Aileen Aroon Polka. 13..Bonnie Red, White and Blue Quickstep. 14..Kroll's Balklange Waltz. 15..How can I leave thee. 16..Wreath Mazurka. 17..March Triumphale. 18..Drummer Boy. 19..Blossom Waltz. 20..Thou art so near Maz'ka 21..Flower Galop. 22..Kiss Waltz. 23..Maryland Polka 24..Hark I hear angel.

Shells of Ocean. 25 Nos..........*Mack*, each. 30
1..Mermaids March. 2..Pearl Waltz. 3..O, would I were a Bird 4..Wearing of the Green. 5..Coral Redowa. 6..Five O'clock in the Morning Quickstep 7..Rippling Wave Mazurka. 8..Sea Shell Polka. 9..Turf Schottisch. 10..Diamond Waltz. 11..Zephyr Redowa. 12..Sea Shore Galop. 13..Ruby Waltz. 14..Sapphire Mazurka 15..Perkiomen March. 16..Emerald Schottisch. 17..Shooting Star Polka. 18..Parting to-night Waltz. 19..Morning Blue Polonaise. 20..Star Varsoviana. 21..Affection Redowa. 22..Go Ahead Quickstep. 23..Finlander's Dance. 24..Fairy Isle Galop. 25..Ever be Happy March.

Young Minstrel. 39 Nos........*Gerville*, *each*, 20
1..Departure for Syria. 2..Take them, I implore. 3..First love. Redowa. 4..Carnival de Venice. 5..Storm March Galop. 6..Fanfare Polka. Ascher. 7..Invitation à la Valse. 8..Martha Polka and Chorus from Huguenots 9..Galop Martha. Child of Regiment Waltz 10..Pierette Polka Mazurka. 11..Les bords de l' Yonne 12..Zepherine Polka Maz'ka 13..Mme Paillasse Waltz. 14..Valse de Strauss. 15..Valse de Labitzky. 16..Chanson Allemande. 17..Air Italien. La Molinara 18..Polka. 19..Air Tyrolien. 20..Dernier Pensee de Weber 21..Air de Mozart Flauto Magico. 22..Polka Mazurka. 23..La Cenerentola. 24..Donna del Lago. 25..Le Barbier de Seville. 26..La Sonnambula. 27..Valse de la Reine de Prusse. 28..Danse Espagnole. 29..Le Cor des Alpes. 30..La Mignonne Schottisch 31..La Chasse du jeune Henri 32..El Jaleo de Xeres. 33..Le Chant du Colibri. 34..Elisire d'Amore. 35..La Sonnambula 36..Souvenir de Bellini. 37..Nozze de Figaro. 38..Robin des Bois. 39..Les Puritains.

### Easy Pieces.

Amusement Schottisch.........*E. W. Parker*. 30
Brilliant Gem Polka...................*Turner*. 30
Daisy Dean Quickstep...............*Farringer*. 30
Fairy Minuet..........................*Lysberg*. 30
Faust Waltz. (Vignette)..................*Coote*. 75
Kinderständchen. 3 Nos.......*Oesten* each. 30
1..A Waltz Song. 2..Tyrolese Melody. 3..Gondolier's Song.

Merry Tunes. 16 Nos.... ...*M. Hobson*, each, 20
1..The Old Sensation. 2..The New Sensation. 3..Minnie Clyde. 4..Aunt Sally. 5..Kitty Patterson. 6..Blue Bells of Scotland. 7..Auld Lang Syne. 8..Comin' thro' the Rye. 9..Echo des Alpes. 10..Logie O'Buchan. 11..Tyrolean Maiden's Song. 12..Polly Perkins and Annie Lisle. 13..Garibaldi Hymn. 14..Anvil Chorus. 15..Santa Lucia. 16..So Early in the Morning and Bob Ridley.

Moisson d' Or. 20 Nos.........*Alberti*, each, 20
1..La Traviata. 2..Rigoletto. 3..La fille du Regiment. 4..Il Trovatore. 5..Lucia di Lammermoor. 6..Norma. 7..I Lombardi. 8..Ernani. 9..Lucrezia Borgia. 10..Un Ballo in Maschera. 11..Romeo et Julietta. 12..La Favorita. 13..La Sonnambula. 14..I Vespri Siciliani. 15..Don Juan. 16..Les Huguenots. 17..Roberto il Diavolo. 18..La Muette. 19..Le Prophete. 20..Linda di Chamounix.

Mossy Dell Waltz.......................*Turner*. 30
Parepa Valse........................ " 35
Ristori Waltz........................ " 35

Scenes from Childhood. 6 Nos....*Oesten*, each, 30
1..The Goat Carriage. 2..The Doll's Dream. 3..See Saw. 4..What was heard in the Wood 5..The Watchmen. 6..The Little Tyrolese.

Silver Wave Barcarolle.......... *G. N. Allen*. 30
Sylphs. 6 Nos................*Spindler*, each. 20
1..Flora's Polonaise. 2..Tyrolienne Waltz. 3..Fairy Polka. 4..Wanda Mazourka. 5..Fiorella Waltz. 6..Rosette Galop.

Tears, Idle Tears. Nocturne..........*Turner*. 35
Thoughts at Twilight. " ........ " 35
Traceries. 6 Nos...........*J. W. Colby*, each. 30
1..Golden Gallopade. 2..Moonlight March. 3..Brook Quickstep. 4..Rinette Schottische. 5..Shower Polka. 6..Grove March

Wiegenlied (Cradle Song)............*Heller*. 25
Zeoobia Polka.........................*Turner*. 35

### Pieces of Medium Difficulty.

Carnival of Venice.....................*Czerny*. 30
Côté de la Mer. Barcarole............ *Miles*. 30
Estasi. Valse Brilliante. (Arditi).....*Knight*. 50
Fairy May Polka...............*T. H. Howe*. 30
Fall of the Leaf Waltzes..............*Knight*. 60
Guards' Waltzes.......................*Godfrey*. 60
Helter Skelter Galop................*C. Faust*. 30
Horly Burly Galop...................*C. Faust*. 30
Il Bacio..............................*Cramer*. 40
I'll meet thee in the Lane. Galop......*Knight*. 35
Long Weary Day. Transcription....*Baumbach*. 40
Mabel Waltzes..........................*Godfrey*. 60
March du Crociato. Fantasia.......*Burgmuller*. 35
Military March, in Faust............*Davenport*. 35
Reunion March..........................*Strauss*. 30
Simplette. Melodie...................*Favarger*. 30
Warrior's Battle March................*Howe*. 30
Warrior's Victory. (Krieger's March).*Strauss*. 30
Wiener-Bonbons Walzer..................*Strauss*. 75
Wings of a Dove. Transcription....*Baumbach*. 40

### Pieces of Moderate Difficulty.

Adieu..................................*Spindler*. 30
Ah che la Morte. (Trovatore)........*Baumbach*. 40
Amorine. Bluette........................*Oesten*. 40
Barcarolle D' Oberon.......................*Voss*. 60
Berceuse. (Cradle Song).............*Lysberg*. 30
Blow, Gentle Gales. Transcription....*Richards*. 40
Bolero d'Apres Victor Massé............*Kuhe*. 70
By the Sad Sea Waves. Transcription..*Richards*. 40
Chant du Berger...................*M. de Colas*. 35
Crispino. Fantasia Elegante.........*Ketterer*. 75
Croyez Moi. (Trust in Me).............*Ascher*. 30
Der Küss. (Il Bacio)......................*Oesten*. 50
Don Juan. Fantasia Brilliante......*Leybach*. 1.00
Dream. Reverie.........................*Bergson*. 50
Falling Spray. Fantasia...............*Hervey*. 50
Farewell (Scheidegrüsse)...........*Jungman*. 40
Fille des Alpes........................*Egghard*. 40
Flee as a Bird. Transcription............*Grobe*. 50
Flick and Flock Galop...................*Ketterer* 75
Forget Me Not........................*Spindler*. 30
Gaetena. Mazourka.....................*Ketterer*. 50
Gazza Ladra. Fantasie Brilliante.....*Leybach*. 75
Heimweh..............................*Jungmann*. 30
How so Fair. Transcription.........*Baumbach*. 40
I'm Lonely since my Mother died. Varied.*Grobe*. 60
Juanita. Transcription..............*Baumbach*. 40
Little Spring Song........................*Hering*. 30
Longing for Home.....................*Bierman*. 40
Maiden's Blush. Concert Waltz. *Seven Octaves*. 60
Murmure du Ruisseau. (Babbling Brook).*Brissac*. 50
Nimblefoot Schottische....................*Hervey*. 30
Norma. Fantasia Brilliant..............*Leybach*. 90
Northern Pearl. Nocturne.................*Cloy*. 35
Norvègienne............................*Ketterer*. 60
O, dear what can the matter be.........*Richards*. 60
Pensee. Galop Brilliante...............*Guzman*. 60
Piano Pieces performed by Perabo.
Nos. 1, 5, 6, 8...........*Bargiel*, each, 20
" 2, 3, 4, 7............ " " 35
Complete.................... " 1.50
Polka, op. 111.........................*Spindler*. 50
Pot Pourri, Crispino e la Comare.......*Cramer*. 75
Reverie sur Semiramide....................*Hess*. 50
Rondo. Belisario.........................*Brunner*. 35
Salut a la France........................ " 35
Sea Side Reverie........................*Bricher*. 40

Sighing for Home....................*Jungmann*. 20
Sleep, thou sweet Angel.................*Oesten*. 40
Sous la Fenetre (Under the Window)..*S. Smith*. 70
Sul Mare. Barcarolle....................*Kuhe*. 40
Tone Pictures.....................*Reynald*, each, 35
1..The Fountain. 2..Young Zephyrs. 3..Pearls of Dew. 4..May Flowers. 5..The Strange Story.

Tradita. Romance........................*Arditi*. 40
Voix du Ciel. (Heavenly Voices)........*Neldy*. 60
Warum. (Why!)......................*Schumann*. 25
Wearing of the Green. Transcription.*Baumbach*. 40
Ye Pretty Birds. " *Kuhe*. 50

### Difficult Pieces.

Barbier de Seville. Fant. Brill......*Leybach* 1.00
Grande Pharaphrase de Concert..........*Ascher*. 65
Guillaume Tell. Fantasia............*Leybach*. 1.00
Harp on the Tree.....................*Hoffmann*. 75
Il Balen. Transcription................*Hoffmann*. 60
Jet d' Eau.........................*Sidney Smith*. 75
Les Huguenots.......................... " " 90
Les Sylphes des Bois....................*Ascher*. 1.00
March des Amazons.....................*Wehli*. 1.00
Marthe. Fantasia Brilliant.....*Sidney Smith*. 1.00
Oberon. " " " " 90
Polka de Concert.......................*Wehli*. 1.00
Pompa di Festa.......................*Willmers*. 80
Romance Nouvelle......................*Wehli*. 1.00
Schönsten Augen, (Brightest Eyes).....*Krüger*. 50
Victoire. Polka Bravura..................*Hervey*. 40

### Four-Hand Pieces.

Alboni's Second Valse Brilliante........*Schuloff*. 80
Amelie Waltzes.........................*Lumbye*. 75
Argentine Mazurka.....................*Ketterer*. 75
Ballo in Maschera..........................*Beyer*. 75
Bohemian Girl............................*Bellak*. 40
Brightest Eyes Galop.................... " 30
Crown Diamonds......................... " 40
Dame Blanche.............................*Beyer*. 75
Dunbarton's March.......................*Bellak*. 30
Festival and Birth-Day Ball..............*Iucho*.
1..Valse.........40 2..Schottisch.........40 3..Galop.........40 4..Polka.........40 5..Redowa.........40 6..Quadrille.........60 7..Bolero.........40

Fille du Regiment........................*Bellak*. 40
Galop Brilliante.......................*Sponholtz*. 70
Il Bacio..................................*Oesten*. 60
L'Africaine...............................*Beyer*. 75
Lucia di Lammermoor...................*Bellak*. 40
Mabel Waltzes.........................*Godfrey*. 1.00
Sans Souci Galop........................*Ascher*. 70
Sonata, No. 1 in F, Op. 32..............*Diabelli*. 75
Sonatina, No. 1 in C, Op. 24.............. " 40
" " 2 " G, " " .............. " 40
Thou art so near and yet so far.........*Bellak*. 30

### Studies.

Concone's Fifteen Etudes Expressives, Op. 44, 2 books, each.................................. 1.25
Concone's Twenty-five Etudes Melodiques, Op. 24, 2 books, each.................................. 1.00
Köhler's First Steps. Book 1, 60; Book 2, 75; Complete.................................. 1.25
Köhler's Special Studies. 2 books, each...... 1.50
Köhler's New School in Velocity. 2 bks., ea.. 1.75
Köhler's Effective Execution. 2 books, each.. 2.00
Plaidy's Technical Studies. American Finger. 2.00
" " " Foreign " 2.50
Lemoine's 50 Juvenile Studies. 2 bks., each. 1.50
Moschelles' Studies. 2 books, each.......... 8.00
Czerny's 50 Grand Finishing Studies, Op. 409. 6 books, each.................................. 1.25
Czerny's 30 Nouvelles Etudes de Mécanisme, Op. 849, 6 books each.................. 60
Czerny's 110 Exercises, Op. 453. 6 bks., each. 1.00
Duvernoy's Ecole du Style. 4 books, each... 60
Heller's 25 Studies on Rhythm and Expression, Op. 47, 2 books, each............ 1.50
Heller's 30 Progressive Studies, Op. 46, 2 bks. each.................................. 2.00
Heller's 25 Studies, introductory to Art of Phrasing, Op. 45, 2 books, each......... 1.50
Heller's 24 Nouvelle Etudes, Op. 90, 2 bks., ea. 1.75
Heller's 24 Preludes, Op. 81, 2 books, each.... 1.50
Heller's Art of Phrasing, Op. 16, bk. 1 $1.75; book 2 .................................. 2.00

☞ Sheet Music and Music Books, sent, post-paid, on receipt of Price.—Catalogues, free, on application.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music

WHOLE No. 786. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 4.

## Opera and the Art of Singing.

BY CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI.

[Continued from page 17.]

III.

With the entrance of the Meyerbeer period, then, the taste of the great public was at length decidedly diverted from its exclusive idolatry for the Italian opera. Even the mass began to strip off the fetters of long habit, and give room to the thought that it is really absurd to "go to death" with trills and variations. Meyerbeer sought truth of expression in the union of all the means afforded by an effective manner of singing, and an expanded and finely elaborated instrumentation. His *cantilena* is of thrilling effect, the more so that he understands how to treat the human voice in an exceedingly effective manner. To be sure he has not troubled himself to inquire how long the singer can endure the exertions which he demands of him. His operas are nearly as long again as the Italian; he requires of the voice a compass, a richness throughout, even in the highest registers, a power of endurance, only found in a few singers. Passage work, as such, Meyerbeer has written only exceptionally in his greatest operas; and whole pieces in this style only where the number happens to be out of the course of the action, as, for example, the florid arias of Isabella in *Robert*, the aria of the Queen in the second act of the *Huguenots*, both of which may be regarded as it were as concert intermezzos. Meyerbeer had broken with the traditions of the Italian school, and created a new style for himself as German-French-Italian master.

The influence of his operas on the art of singing soon made itself felt. The singers, compelled to accommodate their voices and their manner of singing to the requirements of a new school, forsook the earlier method which had been respected as a model. The injurious consequences to the art of singing have come clearly enough to light: a pressing of all means into requisition; an unrelaxing and exhausting strain upon the highest energies; a vehemence of passion overstepping all æsthetic laws. Meyerbeer has on his conscience all this screaming and unlovely exaggeration of the effects of song; all this feverish excitement of the nerves in over-refined declamation; this abandonment of all naturalness and (even in the height of passion) artistic moderation of song. To the consequences of his direction must it be ascribed, that our singers no longer sing, but scream; that so many singers of the present time fall victims to this *manner,—school* it cannot be called, but rather a distorted image of the most beautiful in Art, for which Nature has given us such wonderful means.

"It grapes about my ears indeed,
But to the heart it goeth not!"

As in the opera Rossini was crowded out by Meyerbeer, so likewise in the field of singing a new man arose, who, like Meyerbeer; in spite of great personal attributes, worked destructively for the future, and whose influence upon the later manner of singing is seldom truly recognized. I mean the singer Duprez.

Hissed off at first in Paris, he turned to Italy, where he staid several years, and then returned to the French capital. Gifted with a splendid tenor voice, he had become developed into a dramatic singer such as had not been known before. His recitatives, delivered with the fullest outlay of energetic declamation, found the liveliest echo in the French. When he came to use his magnificent vocal resources as he did in the Allegro of the Aria in the fourth act of *Tell*, the famous "*Suivez moi*" (commonly omitted on the German stage), where he brought out the high C in the chest voice with all the might of his colossal organ, it was all over with the fame of all his predecessors. Nourrit, till then the favorite of the Parisians, a distinguished tenor singer, recognized the rival's power. His day was over, and in despair over his lost and irrecoverable glory, he flung himself from an upper window down upon the pavement, and so made an end to his life.

Duprez may justly be considered one of the greatest dramatic singers of our time. His manner of singing was identical with the Meyerbeer style of grand opera, and the main features of his method soon spread themselves all over Europe. It possessed brilliant qualities enough to throw the old way of singing into the shade; but it did not last long, as singers soon became aware of its injurious influence upon the voice. Organs already ruined during the period of study, singers who had sacrificed their voices after two or three years of public singing, became from that time nothing rare. Most destructively, perhaps, have the consequences shown themselves among tenors. After hearing of Duprez, and how the chest register could be cultivated even into the highest regions of the voice, the public were no longer contented with the use of the falsetto. Soon it became one of the impossibilities to be engaged as a "heroic tenor," without at least possessing the high B flat in the chest tone. The singers found it a more thankful task to humor the taste of the public, than to pay exact regard to the intentions of the composer; for often Meyerbeer himself indicates, by *pp*, his design that the falsetto and not the chest tone should be employed. That every tenor singer, whether such high pressure suited his natural compass or not, strove to screw his voice up and *make effect*, was very natural; for Art goes after bread, and a high C with the chest voice ("*Do di petto*") often realizes an income of thousands to its fortunate possessor. Roger has made a laudable exception; his beautiful use of the falsetto certainly produces a more agreeable effect than the forced high chest tones so unnatural to the organ of many a singer. How wide spread is this mistaken notion, that the use of the falsetto is entirely contrary to Art, we hear frequently enough in the expressions of individuals when some unlucky tenorist happens to get caught on one of these tabooed falsetto tones. Thus the school founded by Duprez, important in itself, has called into life a manner of singing the ruinous consequences of which we can see daily even now.

[Conclusion next time.]

## A History of Opera.

BY C. SCHULZE.

[Continued from page 10.]

The Italians learned a great deal from their countryman Lully. Rossi and Cavelli took the improvements in French opera to Italy, namely a more correct distribution of the separate divisions, as well as the limitation of vocal extravagancies. Most overtures were henceforward treated on the French model. The cumbersome Netherlandish style was gradually quite supplanted by that of Cassati and Melani in Rome; of Colonna in Bologna; of Bassani in Ferrara; of Stradella in Genoa; and of Legrenzi in Venice; of Leo, and, after him, Greco, Caldara, and Buononcini, in Naples. We must likewise mention Vinci, the model of our own Graun and Hasse, the perfecter of the *obbligato* recitative, *i.e.*, the recitative vigorously supported by the orchestra; Perti of Bologna; Porpora of Naples (died in 1767), for his expressive and genuinely artistic employment of the instruments; Rinaldo of Capua; and Pergolese, whose skilful application of counterpoint, animation and fervor in ducts, and sweet melody, excited universal envy among his fellows in art.

Instrumental music, also, had advanced some steps, a fact especially due to the schools of Corelli and Tartini. The first of these schools was distinguished by the simplicity and beauty of harmony and modulation, by contrast and art in imitation; the latter for practical experience in the construction and powers of the violin, for repose, grace, and unity in the musical ideas. The art of accompaniment entered—thanks, also, to these schools—on a new stage of its career. The similar instruments in the orchestra had their especial places assigned them; their playing was brought back to a more correct dynamic standard; the employment of them was regulated by greater attention to the purport of the text; and the direction of the orchestra was marked by greater precision. Hasse's instrumentation then held a high place in art.

With all these things, increasing virtuosity among the singers of both sexes went, of course, hand in hand. Singing schools were established in all the large towns of Italy, the most flourishing being, about 1690, those at Naples and Bologna; and Ferri of Perugia, one of the most famous teachers. Rousseau says in his *Dictionaire de Musique*, of this singer: he could run up and down, in one breath, two full octaves filled with shakes, and give correctly every chromatic note without an accompaniment. When he left the theatre, his carriage was strewed with roses; and when he entered a town, the people went to meet him, as though he had been a prince. A similar musical meteor was Carlo Broschi—surnamed Farinelli—of Naples, a pupil of Scarlatti, Porpora, and Bernacchi. He could execute in one breath passages lasting fifty seconds and his voice was so strong that it completely smothered the sound of a trumpet. Of female singers, I will mention only Vittoria Tesi and Faustina Bordoni, subsequently the wife of the great Hasse.

Rameau was the first to improve upon the style of Lully, by combining the separate efforts and ameliorations of his predecessors. At the age of fifty he wrote, in 1734, his first opera, *Hippolite et Aricie*, which proved an unusual success. By this opera, and his other twenty operas, he swayed for thirty years the French stage, for which he

Digitized by Google

became a second Lully. As regards form, he returned to primitive Italian opera; the air, for instance, reappears as rondo; but, on the other hand, he especially raised the capability of expression by a more richly fashioned system of harmony and declamation.

His instrumentation is more polyphonous, especially in the choruses, and likewise more delicate, than Lully's. Although Hiller cannot see much that is good in Rameau's music; although Marpurg thinks it deficient in natural melody; and although Mattheson would send it to the Iroquois] Indians, Rameau must be designated the first who strove to combine the melodious Italian with the declamatory French style. His endeavors divided Paris, from 1752 to 1754, into two hostile camps, that of the Buffonists, who exalted comic Italian opera above everything else, and the Anti-Buffonists, who preferred national French opera. The latter at last triumphed, and the Italians had to leave Paris. In consequence of this, *opera comique* was subsequently developed, side by side with grand opera, into a national production. In connection with this fact Grétry, a Fleming (1741—1813), the composer of about forty operas, must be especially mentioned. His *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* has been favorably received even very recently. As imitators of Grétry, I may name d'Aleyrac (died in 1809); Catel (died in 1830); Berton (died in 1844); but more especially Isouard (died in 1818), the rival of Boieldieu, the composer of *Cendrillon*, an opera which was performed for more than one hundred successive nights in Paris, and made the round of Europe, and *Joconde*, a work long popular in France and Germany.

But this combination, which Rameau endeavored to effect, of Italian and French opera is to be found in some German composers, who naturally exercised a material influence upon the foundation of a German opera. Among them was Steffani in Hanover (died in 1783); Kusser in Hamburgh (died in 1727); and more especially Reinhard Keiser, also in Hamburgh (died in 1739), the first great German operatic composer; furthermore, Handel (died in 1759); Mattheson (died in 1764); and Telemann (died in 1767), who all wrote for the Hamburgh stage. Of these composers, Keiser, who possessed a fertile fancy, is favorably distinguished for pleasing and graceful melody and oratorically-musical accentuation. He was a genuine German composer, for, of his 116 operas, which for forty years, from 1694 to 1734, were the favorites of the Hamburg stage, not one was written to an Italian book, though German poetry was not then in a condition to provide a musician with particularly agreeable materials to work upon. The other Hamburgh composers generally selected Italian books, or German adaptations of them. Even Handel could not permanently hold the public captive; he was deficient [?] in the idealistic element. His operas are a chain of airs connected by a thread of recitative, sparingly interrupted by choruses and stiff duets, without any truth in the personages or the situations, and without any logical consistency in the plots.

The Italian style was equally, or even more, cultivated by Hasse, in Dresden, who wrote fifty-two operas, and Graun, in Berlin, who wrote more than thirty, among which the first, *Rodelinde*, was composed, in 1742, for the Carnival in the latter capital.

Hasse's strength lay in the Susceptible and Emotional. He attached the highest value to *bravura*. But Graun's music excels Hasse's. It is far more dramatic, and his airs are, both melodically and harmonically, far more important.

Keiser made upon the Hamburg stage the laudable attempt to render comic opera something national. His efforts proved, however, a failure soon after the year 1740. The same fact must be recorded of the German opera opened at Mannheim in 1777, and of that started by Joseph II. at Vienna, in 1778; the latter collapsed as early as 1783. But thoroughly to transform the Italian style and guide it into a genuinely artistic path, was a task which only one man then understood, that man being Gluck, born 1714, died 1787. With him there began a new and bright feature in the musical drama—the earnest, ideal conception of it. Gluck's profound feeling and perseverance produced works which surpassed aught previously known.

In Vienna, where, since the commencement of the 17th century, Italian opera had grown into great favor, Gluck had enjoyed the opportunity of seeing many a sterling master's work admirably performed. Fux, Porfile, Caldara, Buononcini, and others, were engaged there. The celebrated Sammartini became his master in Milan. After staying in that city for four years, Gluck wrote, in 1741, his first opera, *Artaserse*, which soon spread his name about. During the five years following, he wrote operas for Milan, Venice, and Cremona; produced, 1746, in London, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, and then settled permanently in Vienna. He there composed industriously, but always after the Italian model. It was with *Alceste*, the book of which was supplied by Calsabigi, that, at the age of fifty-three, and after having already composed twenty operas, Gluck deliberately left the broad Italian highway, and entered upon a new path. Being more inclined to national French opera, he abandoned the Italian language, and had Racine's *Iphigenie in Aulide* arranged for him. It was produced, under the patronage of Marie Antoinette, at Paris, in 1774, and awoke, nay, worked up into fury, the slumbering party feud of the Buffonists and Anti-Buffonists.

On the 2nd August, in the same year, his transition opera, *Orpheus*, remodelled, was produced. Soon after this, he set out for Vienna. The Italian party profited by his absence to send to Naples for the celebrated Piccini, who certainly was very strong in comic opera, and a respectable composer generally, who was not equal to Gluck. The performances of *Iphigenie en Tauride*, in 1779 and 1781, were crowned with the most brilliant success, and considerably thinned the ranks of the hostile party.

Gluck at last remained the victor. The success achieved by *Echo and Narcissus* was not so great. Now, in what did the reforms consist which have caused Gluck to be reckoned among the greatest artists of our nation?

An opera is for Gluck a musical work of art, one and indivisible. The operatic stage is not a concert-room, and still less an arena for musical rope-dancers. The previous traditional musical forms were destined to undergo manifold alterations. The overture to *Alceste* already shows the thinking artist; instead of so much pretty toying on a fixed model, it contains significant thoughts in logical connection. Gluck's chorus is rather a genuine choral song. His air is closer and more rounded off than that of other composers. The declamation and the internal truth of the verbal expression are perfect. The harmonies are rich and dignified; the instrumentation is delicate and full of color. The music is subordinated to the text and the psychological truth of the action, and does not interrupt the song of the latter by a system of ornamentation. Gluck was and still is our master in heroic opera. Every person whose taste has not been ruined by modern musical caricatures, and Italian dalliance, still delights in Gluck. What two hundred years previously was attempted by the Florentine musical club of Bardi and Corsi, namely, to combine the spirit of antique tragedy with modern sentiment, that did the German master Gluck happily effect.* He was the creator of what is termed classical opera.

* For the satisfaction of those gentlemen who, to show they know nothing of German, will constantly substitute "u" for "ü" in the composer's name, we beg to show them, by citing the original of the above passage, in which Herr Schulze indulges in a sort of pun not to be rendered into English, where their pet diæresis is correct: "*das hat der deutsche Meister Gluck mit Glück zu Stande gebracht.*"

[To be Continued.]

## Music in our Public Schools.

*A Paper Read at the Meeting of the American Social Science Association, April 3, 1871, by Dr. J. Baxter Upham.*

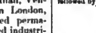
(Concluded from page 19.)

In the lowest class in the grammar schools the pupil is rapidly led over the whole ground taken in his primary course, now and hence forward by reference to the musical characters, rote-teaching and rote-singing being for the most part abandoned. The child is now expected to begin to read the notation of simple musical phrases at sight. I cannot better explain the progress and method of instruction in the lower grades of the grammar classes than by quoting the words of Mr. Holt, in his recent report of his doings, to Mr. Eichberg, and which appears as an appendix to the Semi-Annual Report of the Standing Committee on Music, under date of 20th December last. He speaks as follows:

"In my sixth class is commenced an intellectual study of the sounds of the scale.

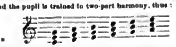
"To illustrate: Children are taught to recognize any sound of the scale, by its scale name; as 1, 2, 3, 1, 4, 3, 6, 6, 5, 7, 8, &c.; and they will produce the same at the dictation of the teacher. This is to educate the ear.

"One or two minutes are spent in this exercise, which are followed by a representation of the sounds, thus:

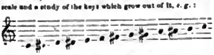


which trains the eye together with the ear.

"Five minutes are spent in this way, each day, as a drill exercise, followed by practice upon the music charts. The result of this drill is remarkable. The ear becomes so well trained that children will go to the black-board and write the scale, or *pitch-name*, of any sounds given with the syllable *la*. This drill of single sounds is followed by Triad practice, after which the class is divided, an additional pointer used, and the pupil is trained to two-part harmony, thus:



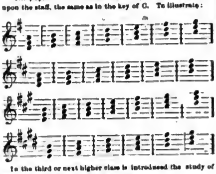
"This is followed by the practice of two part songs upon the charts, together with the beating of the time; and, in addition to this, in the fifth and fourth classes, by the chromatic scale and a study of the keys which grow out of it, *e. g.*:



"And such has been the progress that children ten years of age will go to the black board and write the pitch of any progression of sounds which may be given in any of the sharp keys.

"I think it is safe to say that at the end of the school year the fourth class will have so practical a knowledge of all the nine different keys that they will sing correctly any choral, which may be written in any of those keys, at sight.

"The pupils become familiar with the position of each scale upon the staff, the same as in the key of C. To illustrate:



In the third or next higher class is introduced the study of the intervals, the chords and the triads.

At the end of this year the pupils can read[illegible]ing in plain three part harmonies, and should understand [illegible] the signs and characters used in musical composition, and be able to comprehend and read at sight any of the music found in our ordinary collections of psalmody. This, as I said at the outset, is as far as I think it expedient, for the present, to carry these illustrations, since it covers the most important part of the ground to be occupied in the general introduction of a system of musical teaching in the common schools of the land. Thus much, then, for musical instruction as it is given in the Boston public schools. The question now returns: Can such instruction be made available, at a moderate expense, in our public schools generally throughout the country? And if so, How? and at what cost?

An essential element in the plan of such teaching, as we have seen, is this: that it be given mainly by the regular school teachers, with the aid and general direction only of a professional teacher. We have seen that a single professional teacher can superintend the instruction of a large number of pupils,—just how many will depend upon circumstances. The number may be more or less, according to the density of the population, and to the general ability of the corps of regular teachers employed. In a city like this, where, we may perhaps say without boasting, that the standard of qualification is high, from 160 to 240 schools or classes, representing 8000 to 12,000 pupils, can thus be taught.

Digitized by Google

In the neighboring cities of Salem and Lowell, and some others in this State, a single intelligent head has been found sufficient. The salaries might vary from $1000 or $1200 to $3000 per annum. My belief is that in towns and cities not exceeding a population of 40,000 to 60,000 inhabitants, or in rural districts where a group of smaller towns and villages of perhaps half this population in the aggregate exists, and which could all be conveniently visited in a circuit of a week or ten days' extent, a single professional teacher only would be required. And in the latter instance a competent man, who should be a resident of the district, ought to be had for $1200 per annum.

I take it for granted that all the regular teachers could do their part in such instruction if they would. It requires in the system we have been considering no special musical ability or previous training. An *aptness to teach* only is necessary, and any person who is fitted in other respects to hold the responsible position as a teacher in a public school has the ability, I contend, to learn in a very short time (under the direction of a competent professional head, such as we have named) how to teach the elements of music as well as the other studies required in our common schools. Nor is it necessary that the teacher should be able to sing in order to be successful in this branch of study, though of course it is an aid. On this point says Mr. Holt in his report to the Music Committee in 1869, "In the short time within which music has been regularly and systematically taught in the classes under my charge, only seven out of the two hundred and fifty-one teachers who have come under my observation have proved themselves unable to do their work satisfactorily. Of these seven, three exchange work with other teachers at the time of the music lesson, one employs a teacher from outside to aid her in this part of her work, who is present at the time of my visit to receive my instructions, while in three rooms the work is imperfectly done. With regard to the progress made in different classes," continues Mr. Holt, "it varies in proportion to the faithfulness of the teacher. I find that teachers who are regarded as superior in other branches, obtain the best results in music. And many of my best teachers are among those who had no idea that they could do anything in music when we commenced. * * * I visit each of the two hundred and fifty-one teachers with their classes once in every four weeks; in this way I am able to help every teacher over any difficulty she may encounter, and to shape my instructions to the wants of each class."

Says Mr. Philbrick in his report, to which I have already alluded, "The improvement in the method of teaching music has very naturally helped the improvement of the methods of handling the other branches. As a general rule, teachers in an elementary school who teach one branch well, teach all branches well."

The cost of musical teaching to any city or town, or to a group of towns situated as I have said, having an aggregate population of say 20,000 inhabitants (one-fifth of whom may be reckoned to be of the school age), ought not to exceed the sum of $1350 per annum, and would be made up as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Salary of the professional teacher, say, ........ | $1,200 00 |
| A Set of Charts, with Stand complete, for each school (say for 80 schools, with an average of 60 pupils each, $11 25 x 80 = $900); which should last with careful treatment, six years ($900 ÷ 6) ..... | 150 00 |
| Making, as above .............................. | $1,350 00 |

The manual for the teacher, as also the pitch-pipe, is not included in the above expense, it being supposed that each teacher would desire to purchase and possess them. And with this manual in the hands of the teacher, the charts and the blackboard, I believe that up to the age I have indicated text books in music may be dispensed with altogether.

If to this be added the cost of a pitch pipe and a copy of the "Teacher's Manual" (explaining the use of the charts) for each school, the cost (on the supposition that these, like the charts, would last by careful usage six years) would be increased by $26.67—making a total of $1276.67, or a trifle over 34 cents for each scholar per annum.

With such simple addition to the mechanism of our common school system of education, and at so slight expense, an elementary knowledge of music could be diffused throughout the country. What variety and interest it would give to the dull routine of every day school work! What sunshine and gladness it would infuse into the homes and hearts of the people!

## Obituary.

### DANIEL FRANCOIS ESPRIT AUBER.

Auber, one of the most distinguished musical composers that France has produced, died in Paris yesterday, at the advanced age of 87 years. He was born at Caen, Jan. 29, 1784, and when a boy evinced a passionate taste for music. At the age of 20 he was sent to London to study business, but, finding it utterly distasteful, returned to Paris and devoted himself more than ever to his favorite art. He composed some pieces which were received with applause in private circles, but, feeling convinced of the importance of assiduous study, he placed himself under the tuition of Cherubini, and in 1813 appeared before the public in an opera entitled, *Sejour Militaire*, which was not a success. He was discouraged, and for some years did not contribute to the theatres, but, fortunately for the world and his own fame, the death of his father in embarrassed circumstances compelled him to devote himself to his art as a means of support, and in 1819 he produced at the Opera Comique *Le Testament et les Billets-doux*, an opera in one act. This was also unfavorably received, but undeterred by the ungenerous comments of critics, he wrote *La Bergère Châtelaine*, which was produced in the same theatre in the early part of the year 1820, and entirely reversed the public verdict regarding his merits. The history of the succeeding half century of his life presents a succession of triumphs. All his grace, spirit, and dramatic power appeared in the opera just named, which, with *Emma, ou la Promesse imprudente*, produced the following year, founded the brilliant reputation he enjoyed. From that time forward he produced a great number of works, some of which are the most successful operas now represented upon the stage. An imitator of Rossini at the outset, he gradually acquired greater independence of style, and in *Masaniello*, in which his genius reached its culminating point, he ventured to form a style of his own, to which he afterwards steadily adhered. In addition to the works mentioned, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *L' Elisir d' Amour*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, *Gustave*, *La Sirène*, and *Haydée*, are among his most popular operas, and will immortalize his genius. Many of them have been translated into English and German, and almost all into Italian, and their melodies are known all over the civilized world. He continued until a few years ago a vigorous and successful writer for the stage.

The characteristics of Auber's music are sprightliness, grace, and great clearness and simplicity in their dramatic effects. His combinations are ingenious, if not profound, and his melodies simple, and often tender, although rarely pathetic. He succeeded best in buffo operas, for which Scribe furnished him with admirable librettos, and which are models of light and graceful composition. Among his last compositions, exclusive of those for the stage, was a March for the opening of the London Exposition of 1862. He received many marks of regal and imperial favor in France.—*N. Y. Tribune, 15th.*

### SIGISMUND THALBERG.

[From the Weekly Review, New York.]

The announcement of the death of this great pianist, recalls to us a time which was a golden one for all virtuosos. Europe was lying prostrate at the feet of those who could amuse the people. The governments fostered this sentiment. In France the *bourgeoisie* reigned supreme, and every means was employed to delight this important and influential class of society. Theatres, concerts and balls were the centre of attraction. A singer, a player, a dancer of unusual merit, became a great historical moment. Germany echoed this sentiment. There society took its life from Paris. People danced to the fife played in the French capital. A new opera, a new overture, a new prima donna, created the only possible sensation. Heroes were only those who could play the piano and the violin. It was the time when Ernst, with his "Elegy," was able to make people weep. Performers with long hair and pale faces were the accepted benefactors of society. It was at this time that Thalberg won his laurels. His pianism was the wonder of the day. When he came forward with his fantasia on "Moise," the public imagined there were two persons who played the pianoforte. Even pianists thought so, when he first played in a back room of a well known manufacturer in Paris; the critics talked of an innovation. Yet the thing was old, the germ of the system could be found in Beethoven's Sonatas. The clever pianist simply enlarged the principle laid down by the great master. He made the whole keyboard speak in his own methodical and scholarly manner. The effect at least at that time was unprecedented, especially when the author himself was the interpreter. And indeed nobody else could play like him.

He had the most beautiful touch together with the most marvellous technics. When he came to us in New York years ago, his powers were considerably worn. But at the time of his glory thirty years ago his playing was perfection. Alas, this very quality made it dry and monotonous. It was impossible to listen to him for any length of time. He lacked imagination and inspiration. His operas, his sonata, prove this sufficiently. He was at the piano, what he was in life, a perfect gentleman. Emotional powers he had none. There was no change in his appearance from the time he sat down at the piano to the time he left it. He never became excited, aye, in the hottest days he could not even perspire. To him the well known words of the old Austrian Emperor, addressed to Dreyschock, could not be applied: "Sir, I have heard a good many of your profession, but I never saw anybody perspire like you." His influence is gone, and we think there are but very few pianists who perform his fantasias in public. Yet his "L'Art du chant" may even now be used by teachers with good advantage. In conclusion let us say with the lady in Paris, who, when asked about the merits of the two pianists, who occupied the attention of the musical world at that time, exclaimed: "Thalberg is the greatest pianist, but Liszt is the only one."

## Miss Vienna Demorest's Concert.

[From the New York Sun, April 14.]

Miss Vienna Demorest gave her first public concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening. There has never within our remembrance been a singer who commenced her career under such a weight of praise. The press has teemed with the most extravagant compliments of her voice and her singing, and recently, in a magazine printed in this city, her portrait was published on the opposite page and face to face with that of Nilsson. The suggestion was that these were sisters in art; and, in fact, several papers have not hesitated in plain words to award the young singer an equal place with that held by the distinguished Swede.

Amid this general course of laudation, Miss Demorest will not perhaps take it amiss if she hears one voice of quiet and truthful dissent, especially if that dissent is spoken only in a spirit of kindness. It may even serve as a foil and to give greater zest to the overwhelming flattery that has preceded her public appearance, just as the King of Macedon in the midst of his obsequious courtiers took a curious delight in the grim official whose sole duty it was to repeat from hour to hour the caution: "Philip, thou art but mortal!"

We freely say therefore that few vocalists that have ever appeared on the stage of Steinway Hall have had so many conspicuous faults and so little actual attainment in their art as Miss Demorest.

The young lady is entirely unprepared for a public appearance. The programme of the evening announced that she was about to go to Europe to study, and this is well; but it seems a little singular that the concert that should have come at the conclusion and as the culminating point of this study should have been allowed to precede it. To begin with a public concert and then to commence to learn to sing is rather reversing the natural order of events. It may however serve to mark the progress that Miss Demorest will undoubtedly make; and after the discipline that she will be subjected to by any first rate teacher, she will herself be the first to acknowledge that she stood but at the very beginning of her art on the occasion of giving this concert, and perhaps to wonder at her own temerity.

As words of general criticism are but of little use, we shall briefly refer in detail to some of Miss Demorest's characteristics as a singer.

In the first place, her tone is exceedingly bad. It is neither pure nor sweet, but on the contrary thin, reedy, and unpleasant. And this arises apparently not from any organic defect, but from an absolute lack of knowledge of how to produce the tone, which is indeed the basis of the art of singing. The young lady is without training—the merest novice in an art, the elements of which she has yet to master.

Among the pieces that she sang was Donizetti's very charming, brilliant, and familiar aria, "O Luce di quest' Anima." It is a difficult aria, and served as well as any that could have been selected to exhibit all the defects of Miss Demorest's voice and execution. The tone, in the first place, owing to the wrong position of the vocal cords and muscles, was, as we have said, bad and thin. The vocalization was slip-shod, the notes in rapid descending passages being slurred over and not distinctly given. The intonation was faulty—in other words, she failed to sing the notes in perfect tune; the pronunciation of the vowel tones in this, but more especially in her English songs, was conspicuously bad; and the general effect was that of an untaught beginner undertaking, with more ambition than judgment, what only an artist could perform.

If Miss Demorest goes to such a teacher as Wartel of Paris, or to any man of repute, he will at once tell her all this and a hundred other wholesome truths, and will dispel the illusions that injudicious flattery has thrown about her. Probably she will be kept steadily at singing simple scales, and more especially at singing single notes, for months, until she has learned to produce an even tone. Nor in all likelihood will she be permitted so much as to sing a ballad for a year or two. It takes five years of un-

Digitized by Google

remitting training to make a vocalist, and we sincerely hope that, at the end of that time, Miss Demorest may be able to make good the half of what her unwise and injudicious friends have said of her. If there is any one stumbling block in the way of true success, it is the falsehood of undiscerning and insincere flattery. When Miss Demorest first discovers and recognizes the fact that she has no *method*—which is the touchstone of all vocalism—then she will be prepared to take the first earnest step forward in her art, and not till then. The A B C of music must first be acquired, and upon this alphabet she may afterward build.

We cannot refrain from referring to the unknown accompanist, whose name was wisely omitted from the programme, and who might have spoiled a better concert. He accompanied Mr. Thomas in his singing of Schubert's "Wanderer," and so discreditable a player we have never heard in public. Whole handfuls of chords were played falsely, the minor ones often being played major and the major ones converted into minor. He began with the wrong chord, and continued a series of blunders to the very end. So wildly discordant did he become at times, that it seemed as though he would inevitably lead Mr. Thomas off into some other key; and it was only the fact that that gentleman is a correct and excellent musician that saved him from completely breaking down.

## To Be, or not to Be.

One of a thousand would be "native composers" bespeaks our sympathy in the following touching appeal through the columns of the New Bedford *Mercury*:

*Messrs. Editors*:—It is, I believe, a privilege of the aggrieved of every class to confide their sorrows to the public, and through the medium of the press to seek sympathy and counsel. I am a musical man, in my way. Nature has favored me with a larynx which enables me to sing from C below the staff to the fifth leger line; and an average of fifteen minutes a day devoted to the practice of the piano, from early childhood, has given me a command of the instrument, and has frequently won applause in the round dances, as well as in the more lively cotillion. But I am also a composer. At distant intervals I have given to the world, at one time a waltz, which tripping belles have called "sweet," and at another, a ballad which has drawn tears from the eyes of my auditors, perhaps for various reasons. Shakespeare makes Isabella say:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

And if, comparing small with great, their woes be equal, may not their joys also have the same exaltation? I am sure Beethoven or Mozart never listened to their own divine conceptions with more thrilling pleasure than I have heard mine, rendered by some fair friend, lending the grace of her own accomplishments to the genius she inspired. But Mozart, Beethoven and I have had our mortifications, and this brings me to the point.

The other night I called upon the Miss Simpkinses, or the Misses Simpkins (which is right?) carrying, with the music selected for the evening's amusement, one or two of my own compositions, which I modestly hoped would receive the applause of those cultured amateurs, since I regarded them as among my best efforts. The first "opus" which I hesitatingly essayed was a descriptive ballad, in which a homeward bound vessel goes to pieces in the dark, and something white on the shore, which proves to be one of the drowned, is buried the next morning in a quiet church yard conveniently near. I never sang so impressively But the younger Miss Simpkins remarked, as I concluded, that she always preferred to hear the other words, "The breaking waves dashed high," to that song. Well, I suppose it is true that musical, as well as other great thoughts often run in the same channels. And so, though somewhat discomfited, I sang my second effort, a sacred melody, which the elder Miss Simpkins warmly praised as an old hymn that always was a favorite. Messrs. Editors, would you advise me to continue composition under these circumstances, or shall I leave the field to others? Please reply through the columns of the New York *Ledger*. A.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

Oratorio Concerts. The fifth concert of the season took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening week, when *Israel in Egypt* was, if we are not mistaken, given for the first time under Mr. Barnby's direction. The wisdom of choosing a work which demands greater resources than were available is open to serious question. Handel's stupendous choruses want power in the first instance, and the public have been accustomed to hear them at Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace Festivals under conditions adapted to satisfy this requirement. Hence it was anticipated that Mr. Barnby's modest "350" could produce little effect, and that the performance would pass off, as far as concerned its choral music, without making the customary sensation. Such, in point of fact, was the case, the famous "Hailstone" alone eliciting more than slight applause. The solos were taken by Mme. Sherrington, Miss Sinclair, Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Raynham, Herr Stepan, and Mr. Beale. Mme. Patey won much favor for her admirable rendering of "Thou shalt bring them in;" and Mr. Reeves achieved one of his greatest triumphs in "The enemy said," and the recitatives preceding the final chorus. He sang the former with astonishing vigor and power of voice, while his declamation of the latter was one of the finest artistic achievements in our remembrance. About the superlative excellence of such effort there could be no doubt at all, and the audience were not slack in showing their appreciation. Mr. Reeves very properly declined to repeat the air, and, but for their natural excitement, we should blame the audience for making so unreasonable a request. Herr Stepan and Mr. Beale—a veteran and a recruit—were associated in "The Lord is a man of war," but not happily, inasmuch as the veteran has spent a good deal of his strength, and the recruit was nervous. The orchestra did good service, and Mr. Docker made the most of an organ which goes for little at best.—*Mus World*.

Modern Chamber Music.—The last of a series of concerts introducing new and little-known chamber compositions by living masters, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday week The programmes of the three concerts comprised two quartets, Op. 25 and 26, and a quintet, Op. 34, for piano and strings, by Johannes Brahms; a pianoforte trio and string quartet by Robert Volkmann; a sonata for piano and viola, and a quartet, by Antoine Rubinstein; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D, by Carl Reinecke. To the chamber compositions of Brahms we have repeatedly called attention, and are glad to note the favor they met with. Robert Volkmann shows distinct traces of Schumann's influence, but his work, less intellectual than that of Brahms, is more impregnated with the spirit of national songs and dances, particularly of Hungary. Brahms and Volkmann show themselves capable of keen self criticism. This cannot be said of Rubinstein. We know of no important piece of his which would not gain by a use of the pruning knife. His principal thoughts, always vigorous, are not unfrequently marred by want of refinement in their development and diction. At the last concert Herr Reinecke took the pianoforte part of his trio in D, a brilliant and effectively-written composition, which was well received. A set of solo pianoforte variations on a *passepied* of Bach's, which Herr Reinecke played later in the evening, fell flat, though the very cleverly contrived piece deserves the praise of musicians, perhaps even more than the trio. The pianoforte was played, and extremely well played, at the first two concerts by Herr Willem Coenen, the violin by Mr. Wiener, viola by Mr Zerbini, and violoncello by Herr Daubert—all excellent artists. The performances were carefully rehearsed. Concerts of a similar tendency ought to be less exceptional.—*Ibid.*

Mendelssohn Scholarship Foundation.—At a meeting of the committee on the 22nd of April, for the election of a scholar (Cipriani Potter, Esq., in the chair), William Shakespeare, (!) student of the Royal Academy of Music, was unanimously elected to the vacant scholarship. The examiners were the Chairman (Mr. Cipriani Potter). Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. John Goss, Mr. C. Hallé, Mr. Hullah, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.)

Berlin.—(*Correspondence of the London Musical World*). Herr Bernhard Hopffer's opera, *Frithjoff* is in active rehearsal at the Operahouse, which, by the way, is epithetized as "Royal," despite the elevation of the King to the Imperial dignity The following retrospective glance of what was done at this theatre from the 1st October to the 31st December, 1870, is taken from the *Staats Anzeiger*. Besides Richard Wagner's grand operas, *Die Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*, and Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the management gave the classical operas of Beethoven and Gluck, new life being imparted to the latter's *Armide* and *Iphigenie in Aulis*. Then came Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Figaro's Hochzeit*, the last being selected for the benefit of Herr Krause, on his ceasing to be a member of the company. While grand French opera was represented by Auber's *Muette*, and Italian opera by Verdi's *Trovatore*, the romantic school was not forgotten, both *Margarethe* and *Romeo und Julie*, by M. Gounod, having been performed. These operas, in the more elevated style, were varied by light operas with dialogue (*Spielopern*), such as Donizetti's *Elisire d' Amore*; Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, *Maçon*, and *Fra Diavolo*; Rossini's *Barbiere*; Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*; a revival in this branch of opera was *Die beiden Schützen*, by the last-named composer, a piece which by its subject, and the couplets distributed through it here and there, is very appropriate at this particular moment. Of Weber, there was only one work given, but that was his best, namely, *Der Freyschütz*; of Bellini we had *Norma*, and of Verdi *La Traviata*, each repeated once; lastly, there was one performance of Herr von Flotow's *Martha*. In addition to the ballet of *Flick und Flock*, embellished with new pictures adapted to the times; *Fantasca*; and smaller choreographic works, the management included in its programme some grand dramas, of which we may mention *Struensee* by Michael Beer; *Faust*, by Goethe; Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*; and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's music.

Two patriotic concerts given on the 29th October and 16th November by the Royal Chapel, with the co-operation of large choruses, under the direction of Herren Eckert and Taubert, occupy an honorable place among the various musical performances got up for charitable purposes during the war. The first especially brought in a large sum, and, moreover, by the performance of the Ninth Symphony, and of Schiller's ode, "An die Freude,' served to remind the audience of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, which was universally kept on the 17th December. This event was duly observed on two successive days, both at the Theatre Royal, and at the Operahouse; at the former by Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, and at the latter by *Fidelio*, Beethoven's only creation in this branch of the art. Of the numerous performances—the sum total was seventy-four—there were four of a new opera by Herr Bernhard Scholz. It bears the title of *Ziethen'sche Husaren*. After being given in Breslau, Hamburgh, and Leipsic, it was first produced at the Royal Opera house on the 4th October, and within a short period repeated three times. The story, which has been put into its present shape by Herr Th. Rehbaum, belongs to the time of Friedrich II. It is founded on an anecdote replete with patriotic feeling, and, from its martial character, has much that fits it for the present time.

Herr Richard Wagner and his wife will take this capital on their way home from Leipsic at the end of the month. Herr Wagner has asked the Academy, of which he is a member, for permission to give a lecture "On the Purpose of Opera. Of course, the lecture will be published in the shape of a book. The publication of the "Kaisermarsch" was announced for the 14th inst. The pianoforte arrangement for two hands is by Herr Tausig; that for four hands, by Herr Ulrich; and that for eight hands by Herr Horn. The arrangement for military bands is by Herr Wieprecht. The march will be first publicly performed here under the Direction of Herr Bilse.

Vienna.—In the 365 days of the Subscription Year, from the 1st April, 1870, to the 31st March, 1871, there was only one performance at the old Opera house. This was on Easter Sunday, 17th April, 1870, for a charitable purpose. *Robert le Diable* was announced, but, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Müller, it had to be withdrawn, and *Guillaume Tell* substituted. All the other performances took place in the new Operahouse. For 47 days in the months of July and August, 1870, the house was closed for the holidays; on five days there was no performance in consequence of rehearsals or preparations for novelties; on eleven days, there was no performance in consequence of those days being grand festivals of the Church; on three days the house was closed because the Court was in mourning; on two days there were performances for charitable purposes; on three days, the theatre was devoted to gala-performances; on four days, there were performances in aid of the Pension Fund, and, on another day, there was a concert for the same purpose; on 266 days, the performances were in the Subscription, 350 being guaranteed, and sixteen extra, which were given for nothing. The repertory consisted of thirty-one different operas and eight ballets. The following were produced with a fresh *mise-en scène*. and for the first time at the new Operahouse: *L'Africaine*, *Gustavus*, *Joseph*, *Mignon*, *Tannhäuser*, *Robert le Diable*, *Lohengrin*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Juive*, *Judith*, *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Rigoletto*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Gisèle*, *Monte Christo*, *Esmeralda*, and *Nana Sahib*. The following were the number of times the various operas were played:—*Faust*, 17 times; *L'Africaine*, 16; *Tannhäuser*, 12; *Der Freischütz*, 11; *Romeo et Julie*,

Digitized by Google

11; *Don Giovanni*, 10; *La Juive*, 10; *Guillaume Tell*, 10; and *Die Zauberflöte*, 10; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Mignon*, 8 times each; *Lohengrin*, *Norma* and *Le Prophete*, 7 times each; *Martha*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Robert le Diable*, 6 times each; *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Gustavus*, 5 times each; *Le Domino Noir*, *Joseph*, and *La Muette*, 4 times each; *Fidelio* and *Judith*, 3 times each; *Armida*, *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and *Rigoletto*, twice each; and *L'Africaine*, once.

COLOGNE.—The forty-sixth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be specially devoted to the celebration of peace. It will take place here from the 28th to the 30th May, under the supreme direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Among the artists already engaged are Herr and Mme. Joachim; Herr Stockhausen of Stuttgart; and Herr Schild, of Walmar. The programme will include on the 28th: "Fest-ouverture," Reinecke; Cantata, "Eine feste Burg," J. S. Bach; Overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck; "Israel's Siegesang" (a hymn on words from the Bible), Ferdinand Hiller; and the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. On the 29th, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua* will be performed; and, on the 30th, the works selected will be, in addition to the vocal solos, "Coronation Hymn," Handel; Violin Concerto, Joachim; and the overture to *Der Freyschütz*. A petition has been forwarded to the Emperor requesting him to attend the Festival.

NAPLES.—An unknown *Missa Solemnis* by the famous Neapolitan composer, Giovanni Battista Pergolese, has just been discovered among the archives of San Fernando at Naples. The parts have been carefully copied from the score at the instigation of Signor Serrao, who intended to have the work performed in Passion-Week for the congregation of the before-named church. Pergolese, who died at the age of twenty-two, just when he had finished his celebrated *Stabat Mater*, and who, though so young, had already formed a style, is one of the most interesting of the Italian composers belonging to the early period of the eighteenth century. Among his very few compositions for the theatre, the best known is *La Serva Padrona*; the only other one that has been published is *Il Maestro di Musica*.

# Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 8.—The last concert of the Church Music Association came off at Steinway Hall, on Wednesday evening. This was the programme:

Overture "La Muette di Portici"..................Auber.
Mass in D..................................Niedermeyer.
Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (with choruses)
Mendelssohn.

The concert was not as great an artistic success as either of the first two. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" did not go as smoothly as was expected. The orchestra played as well as usual, but the chorus showed a want of sufficient rehearsal. The Poem, or such parts of it as had relation to the music, was read by Mr. Matthison. The Mass in D, by Niedermeyer, is a magnificent work, and was finely sung. The solos were undertaken by Mme. Anna Bishop-Scholtze (soprano), Miss Clara Perl (contralto), Mr. Wm. S. Leggat (tenor), and Mr. F. Remmertz (basso).

During the intermission between the first and second parts, the conductor, Mr. James Pech, was presented by the subscribers with a handsome gold watch and chain.

The opera season at the Academy, under the management of Signor Albites, which commenced on Monday, was very successful, the Academy being crowded at each performance. "Poliuto" was given on Monday, "Traviata" on Wednesday and Saturday matinée, and "Un Ballo in Maschera" on Friday evening. "Rigoletto," "Sicilian Vespers" and "Faust" are announced for this week.

The sixth and last Philharmonic Concert of the season, on Saturday evening, may be considered as the end of the musical season, though there are two weeks more of opera. The following was the programme:

Symphony, No. 3, in A minor..............Mendelssohn.
Scena ed Aria: "Freyschütz"....................Weber.
Miss Mary Krebs.
Violin Concerto in D, op. 61................Beethoven.
Dr. Leopold Damrosch.
Overture to "Idomeneo," (first time)............Mozart.
Song, from Goethe's "Faust"..................Duchauer.
Miss Krebs.
Overture: "Le Carnival Romain"..................Berlioz.

Mendelssohn's greatest orchestral work was well performed, with the exception that Mr. Bergmann took the time of the Scherzo a little too fast.

It is not often that Beethoven's Violin Concerto is heard entire. The first movement has been played many times, but the other two are very unfamiliar. Dr. Damrosch played his own cadenza. Mr. Vieuxtemps was engaged to play at this concert, and appeared at a private rehearsal, but was unable to appear at the concert.

Miss Krebs has a pleasant mezzo-soprano voice, but not of much power. She was recalled after each of her songs.

The following is a list of the works performed this season (the 29th):

*Symphonies.* Beethoven, Nos. 4, 7, and 8; Schubert, "Unfinished" in B minor; Rubinstein, "Ocean"; Mozart, No. 5, in D major; Schumann, No. 3, in E flat; Mendelssohn, No. 3, "Scotch."

*Overtures.* Wagner, "Tannhäuser"; Beethoven, "Egmont" (with all the music, songs, &c.); Cherubini, "Anacreon"; Mendelssohn, "Ruy Blas"; Goldmark, "Sakuntala"; Schumann, "Overture, scherzo, et finale," op. 52; Reinecke, "Aladdin"; Bargiel, "Medea"; Gade, "In the highlands"; Mozart, "Idomeneo"; Berlioz, "Le Carnival Romain."

*Pianoforte Concertos.* Beethoven, Nos. 3 (C minor) and 5 (E flat); Liszt, Nos. 1 (E flat) and 2 (A flat); Rubinstein, No. 4 (D minor).

*Violin Concerto.* Beethoven, in D.

*Miscellaneous Pieces.* Liszt, Symphonic poem: "Tasso"; Bergmann, Recitative and Romanza (bass clarinet); Lachner, Serenade for four violincellos; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" (piano).

*Songs, Arias, &c.* Mozart, from "Titus"; Meyerbeer, "Ah mon fils" and "Dans ce chateau"; Beethoven, "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio"; Rubinstein, "E dunque ver"; Rossini, "Bel Raggio"; Mozart, "Letter Aria"; Weber, from "Der Freyschütz"; Duchauer, "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel," from "Faust."

The following are the soloists, who appeared:

*Singers.* Mme. Rosa Czillag, Mme. Louise Lichtmay, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Mary Krebs, and Miss Louisa Morrison Fleet.

*Pianists.* Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Richard Hoffmann, and Miss Mary Krebs.

*Violinist.* Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

*Clarinet.* Mr. E. Boehm.

*Violoncellists.* Messrs. Bergmann, Bergner, Hoch, and Liesegang.

Mr. Theo. Thomas and his fine orchestra, with Miss Mehlig, give a matinée next week. He opens the Central Park Garden on the 1st of this month.

J. M. W.

## What They Say of the Passion Music.

[From the Daily Advertiser, May 15.]

The Music Hall was again filled on Saturday evening with a most earnest and attentive audience. The programme was devoted to selections from the "St. Matthew Passion Music" of John Sebastian Bach, and to "Sterndale Bennett's oratorio of "The Woman of Samaria," both of which were presented for the first time in America. Of the seventy-eight numbers of the former work sixteen were presented, the selections given including representatives of every form of composition employed in the "Passion Music." The success attending this performance will be found so great, we think, as to warrant the production of the entire work at a not very distant day. In many of its features the "Passion Music," even on a first hearing, is capable of affording the most pure and exalted pleasure to every sensitive and appreciative soul. The recitatives are felt at once to be incomparable, telling as they do the story of the death and passion of Christ with wonderful simplicity and directness, and yet with the graphic tenderness and intensity of a stricken believer and eye-witness. The great master of tones is perceived in this power to portray and impress through the agency of accompanied recitative, as the great artist in color is detected through the vivid life or the swift change which follows a few simple touches of his brush. The choral numbers of the "Passion Music," also, with scarcely an exception,—if we are warranted to speak from those performed on Saturday evening,—are replete with meaning and beauty, of which much is easily gathered up even by a novice. As specimens of the most marvellous power of harmonic combination, exercised with absolute ease and freedom, and as expressions of every phase of intense religious feeling, they seem incomparable. The full significance of the airs, on the other hand—and this, it occurs to us, is an inversion of the usual experience with unfamiliar music—does not come out so fully upon first acquaintance. The treatment of the melody is, if we may so say, unmelodic, the mere pleasing of the ear being apparently disregarded, or at least subordinated to an expression of the inner thought and feeling of the composer, which transcends the form of ordinary melody.

The numbers of the "Passion Music" which gave the greatest pleasure, we should designate as the alto recitation and aria, "Thou dear Redeemer, thou," and "Grief and Pain"; the solo and chorus beginning, "O Grief! here throbs the racked and bleeding heart"; the bass aria, "Gladly will I, all resigning"; the double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished!" the alto aria, "Oh, pardon me, my God"; and the concluding chorus, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping." The "Grief and Pain" aria was sung by Mrs. Barry at the Harvard Symphony concerts of this season, and its wonderful depth of pathos reveals itself more and more clearly as familiarity with it increases. The chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," seems almost without a parallel as a combination of picturesque and emotional power; and the concluding chorus, with its refrain, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping, and murmur low in tones suppressed—Rest thee softly, softly rest!" leaves an impression of beauty and power which is simply indescribable. The music speaks as with the voice of some loving disciple who, torn with grief at the remembrance of the great agony, can yet rejoice that his Master's sufferings are over, and find in the sleep of the Savior by whose tomb he watches, an earnest of that peace of the faithful soul which passeth all understanding. The solos were principally rendered by Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling, Mr. Wm. J. Winch and Mr. Whitney. All of these artists acquitted themselves nobly though, with the single exception of Mme. Rudersdorff, they were all somewhat hampered by the immense difficulties of their music, and could not find opportunity for using the highest expressive power of which they are capable. Still, Miss Sterling's rendering of "Grief and Pain," and Mr. Whitney's of "Gladly will I, all resigning," were very earnest and effective. Mme. Rudersdorff's delivery of the very intricate and trying aria, written for a contralto voice, "Oh pardon me, my God," was characterized by complete intelligence and thorough technical skill, and might have been considered perfect but for her extremely bad enunciation of her words, which may perhaps be referred to an imperfect mastery of the English language. An oboe obligato performed by Mr. Eller, in connection with the tenor air: "I'll watch with my dear Jesus," and a violin obligato given by Mr. Bernhard Listemann, in conjunction with Mme. Rudersdorff's aria, were both very skilfully done. The chorus sang almost all their music with admirable accuracy, spirit and understanding. Very general regret was expressed that Mr. Whitney did not present the great air, "Give me back my dearest Master," the rendering of which made so profound an impression at the symphony concerts of last winter.

[From the Journal.]

One performance could not offer to an audience two selections of a religious character each so enjoyable of its kind as Bach's "*Passion Music of St. Matthew*," and Bennett's "*Woman of Samaria*." The one full of depth, thoroughly original, and only such as John Sebastian Bach could write; the other comparatively light, pleasing, and, as far as the subject would let it be, sensuous. The former, to be judged by many hearings, or even fairly understood in all its wealth; the latter showing most of its beauties at a single hearing. Bach's music deeply enjoyed by musicians; Bennett's by the public at large.

The Passion music (we must speak in passing of Mr. Dwight's very appreciative translation) was, as far as one can judge from a first hearing, remarkably well done. The chorus sang the difficult music with a precision and power that was hardly expected; the

chorales, "I will stay here beside thee," and "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," a strong emphatic double chorale, were gloriously done, and the latter gained a deserved encore.

Throughout the chorus were steady and are to be congratulated on their success in a new and very difficult field, for seldom have they sung better than in the above mentioned and in the very trying concluding chorale, [chorus] "Around thy Tomb."

Miss Sterling sang, as usual, in sweet voice and pure style, and Mme. Rudersdorff with all the religious feeling the music requires, the two ladies rendering superbly the duet, accompanied by the chorus, which introduces the double chorale, [chorus] "Ye lightnings," &c. Mr. W. J. Winch we thought to be weak in the tenor music, while Mr. Whitney sang with the utmost precision and in true tone, but with less feeling than he commonly displays. Space forbids even a shadow of what is due to the selections from this grand composition, and it only remains to be said that few expected and every one rejoiced at the success of the first part of the programme for Saturday night.

[From the Gazette, May 14.]

If nothing else worthy of fame had been done during the Festival, the production of Bach's Passion Music, portions of which formed the first part of last evening's concert, would alone have made the occasion memorable. About a quarter of the work, as published, was sung, the selections made being sufficient to show its triune character of narrative, drama and passion. The story of the passion could not be more succinctly told than in the Scriptural record used for the narrative portions of the work, and so the selections, though made with care and discrimination, could not be otherwise than disjointed. The choruses, which seemed to give the most pleasure, were the one beginning: "Ye thunders, ye lightnings," and the *finale*, "Around thy Tomb," etc. The vividness of the former electrified the audience, who would not be quieted except by repetition. The seraphic calm breathed forth in the latter was not less impressive. The solos were sung by Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling, Mr. Whitney (who assumed with becoming dignity and chaste expression the numbers assigned to Jesus,) and Mr. W. J. Winch, who sang the recitatives of the Evangelist and the tenor airs with the most refined taste. Some of the solos had been heard here before, and we were sorry to miss the fine base air: "Give me back my dearest Master," which Mr Whitney sang at a recent Harvard concert. A violin obligato, played by Mr. Listemann, and one for oboe, by Mr Eller, were admirably played. The general satisfaction expressed may yet be taken as an index of a popular willingness to hear, and induce the society to bring out the work entire.

[From the Times].

Indeed, we should not attempt any critical notice of so great a work as Bach's Passion Music after a single hearing, and can only say now that the selections given were of the most interesting and impressive nature, reaching a height of religious feeling and expression that we have heard nowhere else.

[From the Traveller.]

The music, which all predicted would be found heavy and uninteresting, is, in fact, full of beauties, and there is very much in it to interest the listener. It breathes the pure spirit of devotion, and it is a wonderful tone epic on the sufferings and passion of the Saviour. The rendering of the aria, "O pardon me, my God," transposed [!] from the *contralto*, by Mme. Rudersdorff; "Grief and Pain," by Miss Sterling; and the "Gladly will I resign" by Mr Whitney was in the highest degree artistic, and the different styles of these numbers showed the scope of the composer's powers. The chorus, which was in capital condition, did its work well and thoroughly, and the two choruses, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished," and "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping," were given with great effectiveness and in the best style of the society. An oboe obligato by Mr. Elier to the tenor air, "I will watch with my dear Jesus," and a violin obligato by Mr. B. Listemann, to the aria, "O pardon me my God," were delicately and feelingly given. On the whole, the music proved to be more than interesting, though there were some numbers that were quite wearisome.

[From the Transcript.]

Of Bach's Passion Music, first heard here on Saturday evening, we have simply to say that the Society had evidently taken to it with genial as well as laborious study, and meant to present it with conscientious skill and feeling. Still, with all advantages of rendering, we doubt if attention was strictly drawn to the music or that its inherent greatness was recognized and understood. There is certainly no appeal to popular emotion in it, and the style is generally too severe for the average modern taste. In consummate musical treatment it is, of course, of value for the educated; and beyond this there is the spiritual and religious force and a fine dramatic pathos to commend and exalt it. But its traits are sad, suggesting pain and struggle, and the power to typify them in music is summoned from such central and deep thought and profound purpose that the strain to understand the great scope of the work is not overcome by the wayside glimpses of simple melody or the moments of full impassioned harmony and bold instrumental color which happily arrest the ear.

The airs to which we were treated in these extracts of the work were certainly not lacking melody, but it was not of the salient kind and did not generally challenge attention, especially as the singing of them was attended with so much mechanical effort of voice by those who essayed them—Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. Whitney. The great passages of the work accorded at this time were the great double chorus "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," which is graphic in the extreme, and received an encore for its masterly choral treatment; and a further double chorus "Around thy tomb," which is replete with tender beauties and interior fervor, as well as commanding breadth of expression.

---

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 20, 1871.

## Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The great musical week has come and gone, leaving impressions which will long enrich the lives of all concerned in it whether as actors or as happy listeners. It was a grand experience. No one has partaken in it who does not feel the better for it. Art in this country, higher culture, love of the beautiful and true, faith in all high and holy things, has surely gained by it. Such a festival is a proud mark of musical and social progress. It shows how much has been accomplished in the education of the musical sense and faculty among the children of the ungenial, utilitarian and prosaic children of the Puritans. It sums up the results of all our culture through the noble Symphonies and Oratorios and Chamber Music we have heard, and through the rudimental musical instruction that pervades our public schools, making the ear and soul sensitive to pure tones artistically woven into a subtle spiritual language, and every school a nursery of fresh, true singers and quick readers for the continual replenishment and renovation of our great choral unions. In such an effort we learn, to our own surprise, how much is possible with good use of the means we have, and are encouraged to still loftier endeavors. When, in addition to the triumphs of past years, to the "Messiah," the "Elijah," the "Hymn of Praise," the "Ninth Symphony," the old Society at length succeeds in a complete production of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and in awakening a pretty general and heart-felt response, on the first hearing, to numerous selections (over an hour in length) from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion Music," its members may well feel that they need shrink from no really noble task, however difficult, hereafter. They have at least mastered "Israel," and they have practically settled it that the performance of the entire Passion Music here within another year or two, and followed up from time to time until it becomes known and loved and takes its place with the "Messiah," is a thing predestined. If the Festival had done nothing more than simply bring hut so much of that music so home to the hearts of most who heard it for the first time that night, it would still mark a most important step of progress. (But of this in due order, later; for the present we only point for confirmation of our feeling of the temper in which Bach left that audience, to the generally more than respectful, the in some cases very warm and earnest, mention in the various newspapers from which we have made extracts elsewhere).

A six days' Festival, embracing nine such formidable programmes, was certainly a very ambitious, as well as a most laborious undertaking. But that ambition amply vindicated itself three years ago; and this time, setting its mark still higher, has reached it even more triumphantly. The second Triennial Festival has been more successful (musically) than the first. Of course, there have been imperfections—inevitably in so much great work; but weak or faulty details are swallowed up in the impression of a glorious whole; the victory throughout was as complete and fine as any one could have a right to hope. Perhaps the scale was larger than is found necessary for the satisfaction of older and more cultured musical communities; a body of 700 singers cannot undertake all the serious and noble tasks that are within the reach of a select, compact choir of only three or four hundred, since the raw recruits necessitate so much rehearsal of the works familiar to the rest. But on the other hand, we live in a republic, and *the people* here come in for a share in whatsoever culture or good work of this kind there is going on; within reasonable bounds we need, we rightfully demand some multitudinous song festivals amid the many in which quality is thought of more than quantity; but here we had the latter with no material sacrifice of the former. Perhaps the length of the Festival, the number of concerts crowded into one week, was too great; in Germany they are content with two or three days; but here so short a period would hardly warrant the costly assemblage of such vast forces; once scattered, it is a long time before all the elements can be brought together again; and if it takes but two days for such soul refreshment for the more quiet, art-loving people of the old world, it may well require six days to make the due impression on a hustling, money-making, "fast" community like ours. We need sometimes a whole week's Sabbath (in an ideal, joyful sense, as of the Ninth Symphony).

THE OPENING. TUESDAY, MAY 9.

Here, too, we have forestalled the most that we wished to say, in our haste to copy (on the last page) the candid and appreciative record of a New York correspondent. We do not think, he overrates the inspiration which possessed alike the singing and the listening masses. It was a noble opening, full of good omen for what was to follow. Yet, could we have selected freely, that miscellaneous First Part should have had a somewhat different programme. The programmes, generally, of the Afternoon (Symphony) concerts, we gratefully acknowledge, were far better than those of the Birmingham and other English Festivals, which are too often wearisome medleys of hackneyed Italian opera airs and virtuoso exhibition pieces; at least they were made up almost altogether of good matter, if now and then there chanced to be too much of a good thing. But the opening of the Festival should have been all great. Nothing fitter, or grander, than the "Hymn of Praise," of course, could any one desire, which formed the Second Part. The Fest-Ouverture by Nicolai, however, had ushered in every Festival (three or four) which we had had before, and it has not the intrinsic charm to warrant so much repetition. The grandeur consists wholly in the Lutheran Chorale: "*Ein feste Burg*," which, simply sung alone, say once in unison, and once with Bach's four-part harmony, would have proved more edifying than it does followed by all that elaborate, uninspired fugue work for the orchestra, with the weaving in of a second and a trivial subject ("Rule Brittania," or something like it). Indeed, the work as a whole has been pretty generally voted dull and heavy. To be sure it answered one end, that of letting the full sound of the entire assembled force, the 700 singers, the 100 orchestra players, and the great organ, burst upon the ear at once with

startling and stupendous power. But it thrilled and quickened for a moment, only, to follow up the promise with fatigue. Another time, we hope, a greater thing will be selected for this opening service; say Bach's Cantata on that very Chorale, or his *Magnificat*, or the easier *Magnificat* in D, by Durante; and, if these do not employ the whole force of the modern orchestra, what matter, so the *music* in itself be really sublime, if some of the monster *effect* batteries be kept in reserve a while?

The vocal solos were naturally dictated by the curiosity to hear the distinguished artists from abroad. Besides, such festivals are costly, and various attractions must be held out to the crowd; and then come in a thousand accidents to give the final shape to any programme with the best intentions. "*Non più mesta*" indeed seemed out of place, although Miss ANNIE CARY sang it capitally.

Handel's "Sound an Alarm" introduced the young English tenor, Mr. WM. H. CUMMINGS, who, though he has not the weightiest and most robust sort of tenor, has a very musical, pure, telling voice, most evenly developed, which he commands with ease and certainty, and sings with a refinement, an intelligence, an air of general culture, a fervor, and a real interest in the whole music, not in himself or his own part alone, which seems to have won all hearts at once. With the exception of Sims Reeves, who evidently furnished him the model, we never heard this battle song so powerfully given. A chaste nobility has characterized the style of all his singing. Some, for this very reason, found him cold at first, but were at length won over. Some fine ears were troubled by a shade of false intonation in a note or two; but what of that, when the impression of the whole is beautiful and true? Mr. Cummings is not a mere singer, *vox et preterea nihil*, like so many Italian opera tenors; he is a musician in his instincts and his culture. He has had an organist's education, which is an excellent foundation. A pupil of Mr. Hopkins, of the Temple Church, he was known also, unprofessionally, to sing well. Accident first brought him out in that capacity. Only about seven years ago, Sims Reeves called on him to take his place in *Judas Maccabæus*, and after much hesitation he consented; his success was marked; he was encored in "Sound an alarm," and from that time, after some period of study in Italy, he has been a public singers, mostly in the field of Oratorio.

Madame RUDERSDORFF (this is her maiden name) was born in December, 1822, at Ivanowsky in Russia; but at the age of three years she was taken to Hamburg, where her father was engaged as Concert-master. Her beautiful voice was formed at an early age through Marianne Sessi; afterwards Banderali and Bordogni became her teachers. After appearing in England and Germany as a concert singer, she made her debut in opera at Carlsruhe in 1841, and was then engaged at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where she was married in 1844 to Dr. Küchenmeister, a professor of mathematics. She renounced the stage for a time, but accepted an engagement at Breslau in 1846; afterwards in Berlin from 1852 to 1854, when she removed to London, where she still resides, after a distinguished career, for some time in opera (Mozart's Donna Anna was her first rôle in London), but for some years past principally in oratorios and concerts. We heard her in the Birmingham Festival of 1861, where she shared the leading soprano honors with Tietjens, Lemmens Sherrington, &c., and her voice at that time seemed to us more worn than it does now. It must have been glorious once. Of course it is by no means in its prime, but something seems to have renewed its vigor, and there is a freshness and a fervor in her singing and her whole appearance quite remarkable for her age. Her strong side, next to her complete musicianship, is her dramatic fire and the intensity with which she throws herself into the spirit and expression of her song. There is a marvellous vitality about her, and her earnest, sympathetic presence seems to quicken chorus, orchestra and all around her; she is in it all, and seems to act it all out with the rest, and even prompt it. She is at home in all the great music and in every part of it; we verily believe, if need were, she could conduct any of the oratorios, impromptu, orchestra and all. In the piece chosen for her first appearance, she had full scope for all her dramatic energy and fire. The scena in the character of *Medea*, written for her appearance at a Leipzig Gewandhaus concert about two years ago by Randegger, now the foremost Italian teacher of singing in London, (but whose name and music suggest that there is German blood in him), is a long and impassioned outburst of jealous love, revenge and tenderness, on the same scale with Beethoven's "*Ah perfido*," only more extravagant and with a larger proportion of fierce declamatory recitative. It sounds the whole compass of that sort of passion, as well as of the singer's voice, which, while weak in the middle portion, and sometimes inaudible at some distance, often thrills you by its splendid high tones, as well as by its strong deep tones of passion. It was a revelation on her part of superb vocal and dramatic power. The orchestral instrumentation, too, is quite remarkable, and we read that the piece made a great impression in Leipzig, so much so that men like David, Reinecke and Ferdinand Hiller suggested to the author the writing of a Suite or a Symphony. And so the singer came and sang and conquered.

Mendelssohn's part-song: "Farewell to the Forest," as sung by the entire chorus, unaccompanied, was a beautiful, rich, cool, broad mass of euphonious harmony, each of the four parts being positively felt, and everything, in time and tune, in light and shade, in clear, precise enunciation, perfect as one could wish. In the third verse it went alone, without the conductor's wand, steady as clock-work, with no shade of drooping from the pitch. This caused great enthusiasm and it had to be repeated. But considered as a wonderful feat of choral ability, compared with their other efforts, it was an illusion, for it was the easiest thing they had to do. Besides, though it was a pleasant thing enough for an impromptu in an informal, free and easy meeting, it was hardly a fit selection for so great an occasion; the unpretending song was never written to be sung in that way; it was subjecting it to too strong a magnifying lens.—The "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" was sung with great spirit and effectively accompanied.

Of the "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn's happiest and most spontaneous great work, which has been given here so often and so well before, we need only say that never before has it been given or received quite so well as this time. The three Symphony movements came out like a warm and breathing picture from that noble orchestra, and all the choruses, even "The night is departing," so swift and intricate that we have doubted the possibility by any great choir of making it quite clear, were clearly and magnificently sung. But the memorable feature was the admirable rendering which Mr. Cummings gave of the Tenor Solo and the Recitative: "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" so full of dramatic earnestness and pathos, so beautifully graduated in force, with such intelligence in the pauses, the emphasis, and whole expression, and tones so pure and musically modulated; it proved the artist, the true singer, both by instinct and by culture. A very thoughtful, very fervent artist, though some call him cold.

Mme. Rudersdorff, too, in the answer to the Watchman, instead of singing out the sentence in a clarion tone, sang softly, sweetly: "The night is departing," then repeated the word "departing," with a burst of splendor; and most, we think, were speedily converted to the new reading. The first soprano solo (with chorus): "Praise thou the Lord," was delivered with intense fervor and great brilliancy in the high range of tones. In the lovely Duet: "I waited for the Lord," her dramatic *sforzando* habit was rather in contrast with the even flow of Miss Cary's rich, smooth voice; otherwise it was all but perfect on the part of solos and of chorus.

So much for a glorious beginning!

---

SECOND DAY. WEDNESDAY, MAY 10.

AFTERNOON CONCERT, Orchestral and Vocal, with the following programme:

Overture: "Leonora," No. 3............................Beethoven.
Concerto for Pianoforte, in E flat, with orchestra. "
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Cavatina, Se m' abbandoni, "Nitocri".......Mercadante.
Miss Cary.
Overture: "Genoveva"............................Schumann.

---

Symphony, in G major..............................Haydn.
Adagio and Allegro, Adagio. Menuetto. Finale.
Grand Scena: "Andromeda".......................Mozart.
Mme. Rudersdorff.
Aria: "Una voce poco fa"........................Rossini.
Miss Phillipps.
Les Preludes.......................................Liszt.

The grand orchestra gave an impressive rendering of the two well chosen Overtures, though lacking something of the spirit, delicacy and precision with which they have been given, after special study, by our Harvard Orchestra alone; nor was the (here) familiar Symphony by Haydn—admirable relief between those Overtures and "*Les Preludes*"—quite so fine and full of sunshine as we have heard it when Mr. ZERRAHN has had more time to assimilate and school his usual forces. Miss MEHLIG played the greatest of Concertos, if possible, with more delicacy, more subtle power and ideality, more fervent as well as finished, easy mastery than ever before. Miss CARY's Cavatina sounded commonplace and out of place, but she sang it extremely well. Mozart's "Andromeda" Scena, ("*Ah, lo previdi!*"), not from any opera, but one of his twelve grand concert arias, perhaps the greatest and most individual of them all, afforded another noble opportunity for Mme. RUDERSDORFF's impassioned lyric eloquence, and nobly she improved it. One can imagine how she would have sung Donna Anna's great scene: "*Or tu sai.*" The florid "*Una voce*," made trebly florid by somebody's luxuriant embellishments,—all in good keeping with the spirit of the melody, however—formed Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS's Festival *entrée*. We commonly prefer our great Contralto in broad, sustained *Cantabile*, as more congenial to her large and noble nature; but we must admit that very rarely have we been delighted by so finely finished, even, free and spirited a piece of vocal execution, all the *fioriture* being exquisitely perfect, and the whole song full of the right sparkle and *espièglerie*. Liszt's "Symphonic Poem," now grown hackneyed and heavy to many of us, seemed superfluous in so rich a programme; its full and ingenious instrumentation, however, furnished argument for the great orchestra in all its faculties, and it was splendidly interpreted. Yet we would fain protest, here and throughout the Festival, against the boisterous valor of that bass trombone.

EVENING: MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH." Now the Music Hall was crowded, for here, more than in any oratorio, the 700 singers were known to be at home and sure. And verily we doubt if ever before such perfect and electrifying chorus singing had been heard in America. Every chorus, great or small, sublime or tender, solemn and devout or graphic and dramatic, went to a charm. "Thanks be to God" nearly took the audience off their feet; and so too was the orchestra superb in that, and indeed throughout. The Double Quartet might have been sung better, but "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" (Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Phillipps, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Whitney) was almost perfect as a piece of Quartet singing; we understand that Mme. R. herself had drilled the voices. But by some strange fatality the Angel Trio, never before entrusted here to three more superior artists, never went so badly! Mr. WHITNEY, with all his weight and dignity of voice and person, is hardly in his best sphere in the music of the Prophet; it seeks too high a level for his best voice; nor did he seem to be so thoroughly alive and in good spirit for so arduous a task as he is sometimes. Yet much of his rendering was very noble and impressive; particularly "It is enough." Mr. CUMMINGS, in the tenor solos, showed the same beauty of voice, the same refined, chaste feeling, suggesting always something in reserve, the same purity of style and sovereign intelligence as before, and still grew in favor, though we do not think we had him at his best that night. Mme. RUDERSDORFF threw an intensity and vigor into the part of the Woman, which made that scene for once quite thrilling, and her rendering of "Hear ye, Israel" and "Be not afraid" was electrifying. Nothing could be more sincerely musical and satisfying than Miss PHILLIPPS's singing of "O rest in the Lord." Mrs HOUSTON-WEST, too, did her small parts of the soprano music, that of the Youth, &c., in sweet, clear voice, and with true feeling, excellently well.

And here, having reached one of the climaxes of this great "tidal wave" of song,—in fact, in point of good performance and of popular appreciation, we may say the highest of the week—we must pause. The greater half of our reporter task remains, which is to dispose of such great themes as "Israel in Egypt," the "Ninth Symphony," and Bach's "Passion Music," not to speak of Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and much good concert matter.

Digitized by Google

## Opening of the Festival.

A NEW YORK IMPRESSION.

(Correspondence of the Sun).

BOSTON, MAY 9, 1871.—The Handel and Haydn Society are now quietly holding their Triennial Festival here in Boston. The event is one of the utmost interest in its relation to the art of music, which certainly of all the arts is the one to which we Americans must look as a constant source of happiness.

The Handel and Haydn Society, as most of your readers know, is the oldest institution of the kind in the country, and by far the best. It has nearly 750 zealous singers upon its roll, and every third year they surrender a week of their time in the busy spring to give the public the mature results of what they have most fully accomplished and conquered during the intervening years. This summary of labors nobly prosecuted is now being given in a spirit of such genuine devotion to art that it is deserving of every praise.

These musical festivals owe their origin to England, and date back there nearly ninety years. The cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford have assembled alternately at these different cathedral towns since the year 1724, holding, I believe, this year their one hundred and forty-seventh annual meeting. The first great Handel commemoration was held at Westminster Abbey in 1784. It lasted five days, numbered some five hundred performers, and was the greatest affair of the kind that had been known up to that date. Of late they have made a practice of holding in England, as well as here in Boston, a triennial Handel festival, but there on a far grander scale. At the festival of 1868, which was given at the Crystal Palace, the audience numbered on one day nearly twenty thousand persons. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Rudersdorff (now singing here), Miss Kellogg, and many other singers of eminence assisted. The chorus consisted of four thousand singers, and the orchestra of five hundred performers.

Of course the Handel and Haydn festival of the Bostonians is on a much smaller scale. In England every body of singers is gathered together that is willing to take part. Here, on the contrary, it is the work of a single society, not accepting any outside aid except in the matter of solos and orchestra. Even so the material is sufficient and more than sufficient for the purpose.

Out of the seven hundred and fifty voices, at least six hundred and fifty are in attendance, and the orchestra numbers upwards of a hundred instruments. In addition to this there is the support of the finest organ in this country, and one of the largest ever constructed. When all these forces are employed, it may readily be imagined that the Boston Music Hall can scarcely contain the sound.

We of New York have somewhat unpleasant associations connected with the words musical festival. Some were once given under that name at Steinway Hall, but they were hired enterprises and had no festival character whatever. Then the Boston Peace Jubilee assumed a half burlesque form in spite of some of its elements of grandeur, and was of more than doubtful benefit to art. Finally came that dreadful and melancholy affair at the Third Avenue Rink, wherein all concerned came to grief, and among them this very Handel and Haydn Society. No wonder that we fail to associate anything very agreeable with the words.

But here it is different. Society is more compact; the pride in the Handel and Haydn is universal; the persons engaged, instead of desiring to make anything out of the matter, are willing to sacrifice much valuable time in its behalf, and to provide against any deficiency, public-spirited merchants guaranty to make good all losses to the amount of $50,000. In this spirit the affair is inaugurated. Of course it is quiet and unostentatious. True devotion to art is apt to take that form, and not to proclaim itself boastfully.

At 3 o'clock this (Tuesday) afternoon, then, the festival began. Promptly to the minute the great chorus entered, and each singer assumed his allotted seat. The auditorium was already filled. In the centre and about Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the conductor, the orchestra was grouped, and the rows of singers radiated outward in ascending lines, till the last rows stood upon the topmost benches, with their heads so nearly reaching the third gallery that they looked like a fringe of supporting caryatides.

The programme consisted of miscellaneous concert pieces for the first part, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" for the second. The soloists were Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Annie Cary, and Mr. Cummings. The first and last named are singers whom the Society has engaged to come from England for the purpose of lending their services during the present week, and assuming the principal soprano and tenor parts. Both of them have high reputations abroad as oratorio singers, though not the highest. They have taken conspicuous parts at the great English festivals in London and elsewhere. Miss Cary is the lady whom we have so often heard in New York in connection with Miss Nilsson's concerts.

The following is the programme of the first part of the opening concert:

Nicolai's festival overture on Luther's choral: "Ein feste burg," for orchestra, chorus, and organ.
"Sound an Alarm"—Judas Maccabæus, Handel, Mr. Cummings.
Four-part song, "Farewell to the Forest," Mendelssohn. By the entire chorus.
"Non Piu Mesta," alto aria. Rossini. Miss Cary.
Grand scena, "Medea." Randegger. Mme. Rudersdorff.
The Hallelujah Chorus from "Mount of Olives." Beethoven.

Nicolai's overture was a fitting work with which to open the six days' labor. It is deeply religious in character, devotional and severe. Its groundwork is Luther's mighty choral, introduced in the commencement and afterward at the close, the two parts being connected by a double fugue worked out with much elaborate learning. The better part of it is Luther's; what Nicolai has added awakened respect for his devotional spirit and for his learning, rather than interest for any value that it adds to the great reformer's hymn.

The second piece brought Mr. Cummings before the public. It is scarcely fair to judge of a singer from his first appearance before a new audience. But we can safely go so far in praise of this gentleman as to say that we do not know of his equal in this country as a tenor singer of oratorio. He is still a young man, and one of undoubted artistic intelligence and refinement. Whatever he sang showed a thorough understanding of his work. If he is in any wise lacking, it is because art has failed to supply what nature denied; in other words, because his acquirements are even rarer than his natural gifts. The words with which the great aria opens, "Sound an Alarm!" were given out in long drawn tones which furnished an excellent opportunity to judge of the character of his voice. I did not think the quality of the tone itself remarkably beautiful. It is not in this direction that his superiority seemed to consist, so much as in his great musical intelligence, pure method, easy execution, earnestness, and enthusiasm.

Mendelssohn's four-part song, "Farewell to the Forest," showed how well the chorus had been trained, how nicely the voices were blended, and what delivery and light and shade the great body of singers were capable of. The song itself is fragrant with the odors of the woods and fields. It is sweetly and charmingly graceful and simple. After leading the first two verses, Mr. Zerrahn left his chorus to go on by themselves without any directing hand. The seven hundred were equal to the emergency. The points were taken up with the same accuracy and precision, the expression marks as carefully regarded, and the pronunciation so clear that every word was distinctly intelligible.

Miss Cary then sang the Rossini "rice song," the "Non Piu Mesta." She appeared to much greater advantage than when contrasted with and overshadowed by Miss Nilsson, as she has so long been. By contrast then her voice seemed hard and cold, but before this audience of her native city it seemed to gain in warmth and color. Finally came Mme. Rudersdorff, upon whom so much of the interest of the present week will centre. This lady is a truly great and admirable artist. Her singing of Randegger's intense *scena* is to music what Mme. Seebach's garden scene in "Marie Stuart" is to the drama—grand in conception and splendid in execution. The voice may not be what it once was, but the fire of genius is there. Mme. Parepa could sing a bright, cold aria better, but she never approached Mme. Rudersdorff's fervor. Both in this and in the "Hymn of Praise" which followed, this lady displayed the highest artistic gifts, and I sincerely hope that before she returns to Europe she may be heard in New York in oratorio.

The choruses of the "Hymn of Praise" were superbly rendered. They presented no difficulty which the Society did not fully overcome. The severer tests will come later in the week, when that greatest of choral works, "Israel in Egypt," and also certain portions of Bach's Passion music, are to be given. The concert of this afternoon, indeed, is but the inauguration of the festival; the interest will broaden and deepen as the work goes on, culminating in the performance of the "Messiah" on Sunday night. Besides the evening oratorios there is to be a concert every afternoon.

Among the well-known artists who are to take part during the festival, are Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Miss Anna Mehlig, and Miss Marie Krebs. It is curious to observe our Old Philharmonic players dotted in here and there among the orchestra, playing away as faithfully for Zerrahn as they do for Bergmann. But Zerrahn's hundred is by no means equal to Bergmann's. It has not had the drill, and it is impossible to gather together an orchestra from four or five cities and have the *ensemble* as perfect as in one accustomed to the same leader. Zerrahn, nevertheless, is a splendid conductor, and does with them all that man can do.

The strength of the festival, however, lies in the finish and in the great extent of its choral work. Besides the "Hymn of Praise" and the "Messiah," the Society is to sing the "Elijah," "Israel in Egypt," Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and (parts of) Bach's Passion music during the week. This is a great mass of material for any society to have worked up ready for public performance at one time. When will our Harmonic or Mendelssohn Union be ready to do as much?

---

OBERAMMERGAU.—The performances of the Passion Plays, or Mysteries, interrupted last year by the war, will be resumed and continued on the 24th of June; the 2nd, 9th, 16th, 25th, and 30th July; the 6th, 14th, 20th, and 27th of August; and the 3rd, 9th, 17th, and 24th September.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Wood Nymph's Call. 3. G to f. *Williams.* 60
One of Parepa's songs, and an admirable one; easy, graceful, waltz like in movement, requires but a moderate compass and fair execution, and does not fatigue in singing.

Souvenir de London. Campana.
A set of 8 pieces, arranged with Italian and English words by W. O. and J. R. Perkins. Of these
No. 4. The Troubadour. 3. F minor to f. 40
" 5. Come. (Vieni). 3. Eb to e. 50
" 6. The Sigh. (Il Sospiro) 3. G to e. 40
with others of the set are noticeable as very easy Italian songs, and well fitted for the first songs in that style for practice.

Oh, list to me. (Ecoute Moi). 3. F to f. *Benoit.* 30
With a neat, pretty French finish, and has a bright accompaniment.

I must leave thee, bonnie Katie. 3. F to f. *F. Abt.* 30
Fine farewell song.

The Heart that once was mine. 3. G to *g*. *M. W. Hackleton.* 30
"Where hast thou given
The heart that once was mine?"
Jealous, but pretty.

Some other Day. 3. Ab to f. *Offenbach.* 30
"Cease, said I, cease I pray,
Nay, nay, nay,
Some other day perhaps I may."
Capital.

I thought his heart was all my own. 3. D to a. *Clay.* 30
Effective.

Little Sister's gone to sleep. Song and Chorus. 2. G to e. *E. Christie.* 40
"Angels bade our darling come,
Little sister 's gone to sleep."
Fine Lithograph title. Like other songs of its kind, but a very good kind.

Willie and Old Brindle. 3. F to f. *M. Keller.* 30
Just the thing for "Willie May" or any other wide awake boy or girl to sing.

She's the fairest. Duet. 2. G to e. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Uncommonly good, and is easy.

The Merriest girl in the village. 2. C to e. *Christie.* 40
Fine lithographic title, and good song every way.

Even me. 2. Ab to f. *Mrs. B. R. Boylston.* 30
A hymn nicely set to music.

Forsake me not. Duet for Treble and Tenor. From Spohr's "Last Judgment." 5. G to *g*. 60
A magnificent duet.

### Instrumental.

Morning Mail Galop. 4. Ab. *A. Grebein.* 40
The title is not so good as the piece, which is very spirited and varied in character.

Vesuvius. 4. Eb. *G. D. Wilson.* 75
One of the best of the author's pieces, and an excellent piece for learners.

Old 96. Waltz. For one or two Guitars. 3. D. *Hayden.* 30
Favorite waltz, well arranged.

Wanderstunden. (Leisure Hours.) 5. Db. *Heller.* 40
Played by Wehli at his concerts. Very striking and original.

The Little Gem Polka. 2. F. *J. W. Turner.* 30
A perfect "gem" for young players.

Juliet Waltzes. 3. *C. Coote.* 40
Easy, flowing melody. Among the "better half" of Coote's compositions.

La Sabotiere. Danse aux Sabots. 5. *W. Mason.* 75
Perfectly elegant. Although a "wooden shoe dance" it spiritualizes the clapping of the clogs, and is a very well wrought composition.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 787. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 5.

## Opera and the Art of Singing.

BY CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI.

[Concluded from page 25.]

IV.

If Rossini's contemporaries found fault with him for instrumenting his operas too strongly, and thereby smothering the singer, surely this objection may be brought with still more force against the composers of the last forty years. Only think of Marschner, for example, not to speak of many other German and Italian composers, with whom trombones and noisy instruments like the big drum must be taken into the account as almost constant accessories. Such massive instrumentation no longer admits of any true song, and so the saying of the Frenchman is confirmed: "They put the pedestal upon the stage and the statue in the orchestra." The orchestra, which in truth should be the accompanying element, through whose manifold capacity of shading the expression of the soul's emotions should be strengthened; through whose mediation that should in a certain manner be completed which the singer in his subjective utterance of feeling cannot render in detail,—has raised itself in nor days to an independent element, whose loud manifestations often hardly allow a few single, scarcely audible notes of the singers to penetrate into the auditorium, so that his efficacy as an acting person is thrown entirely into the background. Only compare the moderate and finely considered instrumentation of Mozart's operas with that of many modern works.

That we have entered upon an epoch, in which the characterlessness of most of the Italian operas has finally been replaced through better efforts, must fill with satisfaction every one who means it honestly with Art. Nevertheless there is no denying that, with the Italian opera, we have lost a method of singing, which at least allowed a natural, an untorced transition of the tone. In the same degree that the orchestra has gained expansion, has the art of singing fallen into the back-ground. Seldom do we hear singers now, who really satisfy us through beauty of tone, natural, and not *outrec*, declamation and perfectly developed *technique*. The old maxim, that the instrumentalists should learn from the singer, is to-day no longer applicable. Since the singers no longer give themselves to earnest studies, they can, as a rule, learn better from any violinist brought up in a good school, how to sustain a tone, and how to phrase musically, than they can from their colleagues.

Opera and style of singing (that is, method) go hand in hand. Nothing is more incorrect than the assertion, that the composers had dropped all use of technical difficulties because the singers no longer studied. On the contrary the singers have neglected technical study, since the later composers ceased to make the same demands upon them; that is to say, since flexibility of throat has become less an indispensable quality for every singer, but rather the speciality of a certain category, the so-called *coloratur*, or florid singers. But beauty of tone, and perfect control over it, can only be acquired through conquest of all technical difficulties. *For this end* one should study technics, and not to place facile execution as much in the foreground. This principle in our day has been quite too much forgotten, and so it has come to pass, that the majority of our singers neither know their instrument so well as they ought, nor have it in their power; in short they understand no longer how to sing.

The old strife of the Glucksts and Piccinists had received a new turn with Meyerbeer's appearance, in so far that virtuosity was driven from the field in opera. Much as there is *genial*, no doubt, in Meyerbeer's writing, still his tendency, in its inmost essence, is a realistic one, and so is the manner of singing which has proceeded from his works. Hence the degeneration of this latter, the employment of extreme means of effect, the crowding out of all artistic moderation, the overtasking of means for reaching a heightened dramatic expression, and all at the cost of beauty of tone.

There is no ignoring the fact, that, in spite of Meyerbeer's influence, the taste for good music during the last years in Germany, and partly even in France and England, has made important progress. The interest which the public takes in the performance of classical opera shows this. Even in Paris the German opera, during the last fifteen years, has had a success, from which we most infer a greater understanding. Yet the method of the art of singing has remained everywhere the same. What are the few good artists, who are still in a condition to sing a Mozart or Rossini opera finely, in comparison with the whole crowd of singers vitiated by the modern stylelessness and screaming manner? How can we expect a return to the better, so long as homage is still rendered to this system? So long as the theatre managers are still tempted in bring out the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, &c., on Sundays, as good speculations, there can be no use of talking about any decided reformation in the direction of the public taste. Only a new direction in the opera can beget a new style of singing, and the old idols will not fall until a new prophet comes to overthrow them! "*Wann wird der Retter kommen diesem Lande?*"

Judging by all indications, the opera is now in a transition period. Most of the operas, works of the greater German masters, are either comic, or belong to the class of *opera mezza seria*. Of great tragic operas by German composers there are so few, that no peculiarly German style in this kind has yet developed itself. Hence perhaps the absence of a great German school of singing, whereas the Italians and the French had long ago a *genre* of their own, and a style of singing corresponding to it. What is most peculiar to us (Germans), because most kindred, native to us, is the *Lied*; and so far as this form of song has found employment in the opera, it certainly has had an important influence on its style of singing.

An independent, and by its tendency peculiar style of serious opera has come to light with Richard Wagner. From the peculiarity of its style there might have arisen the necessity of a new school of singing, were it not that, in its necessary consequences, in the building up of the "Opera of the Future," the point of the pyramid is broken off.

It scarcely admits of a doubt that we are approaching a new era in the Opera, if we only continue to study the historical foundation, and thereby to separate the good from the false, without falling into eccentricities.—The old forms have become enlarged, and from the power of conviction bursts forth everywhere the impulse to create in new forms. The war between ideality and realism, to be sure, will never end, so long as Art progresses; the Gluckists and Piccinists will always stand confronted, though the party leaders change their names. But we may well indulge the hope now, that the scale will sink in favor of the former. In this principle alone can we find the right standpoint, which the Opera, the musical drama of our time, can assume; and it alone can show us the way to the development, according to the peculiar nature of dramatic song, of *Tone, inspired and quickened through the basis of the Word, and standing in a constant mutual relation with it.*

## Apropos of "Lohengrin."

DEAR JOURNAL.—It was my—shall I say *good?*—fortune, to attend two of the *Lohengrin* performances at the New York Stadt Theater. Will you permit me to give expression here to a few of the observations that forced themselves upon me, concerning the "music of the future?"

It strikes me that one of the heaviest evils, not to say diseases, under which our times labor, is the immense preponderance of the purely intellectual faculties and powers over every other,—a tendency, I have no doubt, fostered, if not produced, by the great intellectual attainments of the age; in other words, everybody, in our day, imagines he can do everything. He has but to choose between becoming a Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo, or a Beethoven; for, if he will only apply his mind to either of the respective arts, he may accomplish what they did. There is no man who more fully illustrates this than Richard Wagner; in embodies in his own person all the most shining virtues, as well as the most glaring defects of the age. The proportions of his mind are as gigantic as those of his genius (spontaneous inspiration or creative power) are small. The very manner in which he became the musical dramatist or dramatic composer, in which character he stands before us to-day, more than confirms this opinion. We are told that it was one of Weber's operas, *Der Freischütz*, I think, which first *determined* W. to devote himself to music, and that even when he had fully entered this career, he once halted in the midst of it, and hesitated whether not rather to take up the drama alone,—the spoken word, instead of that "musical declamation," which he would have us believe is the most perfect expression of feeling. What fortunate accident may have turned the scale in favor of Emerge, is ant oo record. That he, whose soul is

Digitized by Google

truly kindled by the "divine spark, without which nothing avails," the poet, painter, or composer, "by the grace of God," has absolutely no choice left him, that genius has the path it is to follow,—just such a one and no other, pointed out to it by an "innermost necessity," a fate, a destiny, by laws as fixed and immutable as those which govern the courses of the planets: this unimportant fact, this small obstacle in the way of his "determination" to become a composer, Wagner,—in all the arrogance of his vast mind, with all the assumption of a man who felt sure he could build a bridge to the moon, if he only gave some time and attention to that style of architecture,—seems to have completely ignored. Did any one ever hear that Mozart or Beethoven hesitated whether they had not better devote themselves to drawing and painting, or that Shakespeare contemplated musical composition? Does any of us imagine that, because we may resolve to study counterpoint or perspective, we shall be able to produce immortal works? If we do, we shall discover soon enough our woeful mistake, the melancholy failure in which such efforts must invariably end, and how the Muses may never be compelled to bestow their favor upon him whose brow they have not kissed of their own free will; we shall give to the world only works which, being the outgrowths of a fevered and overtaxed brain, not things "made of flesh and blood, and instinct with the breath of life,"—mere productions of the intellect,—will touch merely the intellect, and affect the senses, and that unpleasantly enough sometimes, but neither stir our hearts nor elevate our souls.

All this, then, I apply in its fullest possible meaning, in its utmost possible extent, to the apostles of the "music of the future," in general,—if that must still be called "music" which rejects what seems to me the very soul and essence of the divine art,—and to W. and his "musical dramas" in particular. To *Lohengrin*, too, though this work is probably the best and most pleasing of its kind that may be heard. It is perhaps not quite so fully an exponent of Wagner's peculiar musical philosophy as most of his other operas; for now and then there does appear a snatch of melody, which may possibly be beautiful. I say possibly, for we wander through such a dreary waste of harmonic, occasionally dis-harmonic, chords and combinations, to me wearisome in the extreme at a second hearing, though friends have been to hear *Lohengrin* no less than ten times, and as they assure me with ever increasing delight; through such a barren desert of tones in the high and middle registers, rambling and disconnected to all mortal senses,—how the unfortunate singers ever make it possible to memorize their parts is an unfathomable mystery,—that the thirsty, fainting ear drinks up every little rill of melody with an eagerness which makes it absolutely impossible to judge of its intrinsic worth, and we are much inclined to mistake a pool for an ocean, and a blade of grass for a tree. I repeat then, those melodies may possibly be beautiful, and W. should be given credit for them if they are original, not "reminiscences," if not conscious plagiarisms from the works of other more fortunate composers, as I strongly suspect. Of one passage, one of the best in the work, I know this to be the case; a prayer of King Henry's in the first act, which must instantly recall to any one the hymn of the Priests of Isis in the *Zauberflöte*."

I question if W. ever composed a melody, was ever blessed with a single musical inspiration in his life. From this barrenness, and the consciousness of it, no doubt, first sprang those peculiar views that seem to have since grown into a fixed creed,—noticed in your columns some time back,—among them this: "that harmony is more the real essence of music than melody." And yet this is absolutely like separating soul and body and casting the soul away as something that may be very well dispensed with. Melody is unquestionably the imperishable part, the divinely inspired, the heavenly born, the portion not "made by man" in music; melody is to a composition, what the idea is to a poem. A composition without melody is what a poem would be without an idea, a mere play and jumble of meaningless words and phrases. And that W's philosophy is not the result of independent reasoning and conviction, but the outgrowth of his poverty of ideas, is made very evident by that with which he attempts to supply the deficiency. He substitutes declamation; the spoken word has taken the place that melody once held, and the harmony that accompanies it is but to give a more vivid coloring to the emotion thus expressed. Deprive him of the word, his stuff and his support, or of at least a given definite subject, such as others of the same school, Liszt and Berlioz, for instance, have chosen for their "tone-paintings," and we should see how soon his muse would be reduced to absolute beggary, and die of woeful starvation.

Yet he thus not only does away with the immortal essence of music, but perverts, it seems to me, its very nature: which is to express just that which is inexpressible otherwise, to translate and embody all those exquisitely delicate shades of sentiment, those infinitely subtle emotions of which the word is at best but a coarse interpreter, and in many cases none at all. Music with him is no longer a queen, reigning supreme in her own right and in her own peculiar realm, but reduced to serve another art, degraded to a mere slave and handmaiden of the word.

How and why, in spite of all this, Wagner and the "music of the future" number many and very enthusiastic admirers, both among the uninitiated and professional musicians, particularly among the young rising "generation of genius," is upon second thought not very difficult to explain. Naturally such coarse, direct, and, if I may use the term, *naked* expression of sentiment as is this "tone-painting;"—a high, shrill note for the "height of anguish," a low, gloomy one for the "depth of despair," a loud thump of the kettle-drums for a burst of passion of any kind, to give only a few instances; a mode of expression utterly devoid of that delicate symbolism which is the very essence of poetry,—is much more comprehensible and intelligible to most people than the more subtle interpretations of the emotions of the soul which the great masters have given us, and which, I have no doubt, often appear to the "multitude at large" as a "book sealed with seven seals." As a matter of course, they take kindly to the man who talks "plain English" to them. And more than this, there is an undeniable charm and fascination, an interest that does not easily flag, about witnessing the display of great intellectual powers, no matter how they may be employed, such as undoubtedly appear in W's works, only this charm is as widely different from musical enjoyment as one of W's arias, or "musical declamations," is from one of Beethoven's immortal Symphonies.

But the reason why many young musicians swear by W. is still another, though certainly no better one. They delight in his works because they feel the possibility, the growing, if not the present, power of doing just as much as soon as they shall have sufficiently mastered the technical forms of the art. They perceive that these productions are but the direct, unclothed expression of certain passions and emotions which they too possess,—nay, which we all possess in common, and give utterance to in some shape or other, or could, if we received the proper training, and which they too will certainly be able to embody, at some time or other, in new and unheard of vocal and instrumental combinations and effects. If this man be a genius, having done this, I too am a genius, for I too can do this,—is the secret sentiment, whether acknowledged and confessed or unconsciously cherished, makes little difference; and of course the "*Anch' io son pittore!*" feeling is altogether too pleasant and delightful not to be grasped at, and clung fast too, at the very first opportunity. No wonder they hail as an apostle and a "Messiah" the man who inspires them with so great an idea of their own gifts, so firm a conviction of, and confidence in, their own creative power. Were his creed universally accepted, "the world," in the expressive words of a friend, "would soon be swarming with geniuses." Yet I scarcely fear that such will ever be the case. I believe that with W.'s death "the music of the future" will at once become a thing of the past, and ere long perish entirely, as many another system, containing no elements of life, no germs of immortal existence, passed away with its founder.

Thinking of Wagner and his works, I am reminded of one of H. C. Andersen's most charming stories; how little *Kay*, held captive in the barren palace of the *Snow Queen*, amused himself by arranging great, shining blocks of ice into all kinds of figures. "That was the cold play of the intellect," says Andersen. He succeeded in making all manner of shapes and constellations; there was but one figure he could never form; one word, the one word that would have broken the charm and given him freedom, the word *Eternity*.

This communication, dear Journal, has already swelled to more than three times the length originally intended for it, and I feel it high time to stop, though of course these few stray hints have far from exhausted this vexed question of the "music of the future." Heaven help our grandchildren! I cannot help exclaiming inwardly, when I think of the possibility that this "necessary evil" might be "handed down untarnished to coming generations!"

*Brooklyn, N. Y., May 12th*, 1871. R. ST. L.

## What They Say of the Passion Music.

[Continued from page 30.]

[From the *Sunday Courier*.]

The composer has displayed his greatest power in the choruses and orchestration. The hymnal, "I will stay here beside Thee," is impressively solemn in its rich harmony and devotional inspiration. Many of the selections are heavy, challenging critical study, but presenting but occasional glimpses of that melodic beauty that delights the ear, and there is a feeling not altogether peculiar to this particular composition, but applicable to the composer's works in general, of the *want of soul*, [!!]—of the living inspirational warmth that glows in the richest works of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn.

In contrast to the preceding portions, which are wanting in this living element, the superb chorus, "Ye lightning, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished" stands out like a beacon light over a waste of waters. In subject and construction this chorus is in a degree suggestive of the hailstone chorus in "Israel," although the composer in his original treatment of the parts dispels any analogy that might be instituted. The number is vigorous and inspiring, yet not altogether free from *thinness*, [!!] and not reflecting the intensity and grandeur of the powerfully dramatic passage which it describes.

The great effect produced by this number was largely due to its magnificent rendering by the chorus, which infused a spirit and abandon into its performance that would have rendered the veriest commonplace brilliant. The chorus was enthusiastically redemanded, forming the only demonstration of the kind elicited. Following the choral came another fine chorus, and the concluding double chorus, which was surpassingly grand in its wealth of splendid harmonies.

The principal solo work was the aria "Grief and Pain," for contralto, sung by Miss Sterling; "Oh, could my Love for Thee avail," for tenor, sung by Mr. Winch; "Gladly will I, all resigning," for bass, grandly given by Mr. Whitney, who was not, however, in his best voice; "O pardon me, my God," for soprano, sung with plaintive tenderness and eloquent power, by Mme. Rudersdorff; and an exquisite duet for soprano and alto, "Alas, my Jesus now is taken," executed with refined feeling and delicacy by Mme. Rudersdorff and Miss Sterling. The music was altogether gratifying beyond expectation, and for a first performance, was given with remarkable precision and fidelity, the beautiful accompaniment of the orchestra forming not the least of its attractions.

[From the *Commonwealth*.]

Saturday evening the *event* of the Festival was realized—the presentation of Bach's "Passion Music of St. Matthew," and, for the first time in this country, Bennett's "Woman of Samaria;" the one full of depth, thoroughly original, and only such as Bach could write; the other comparatively light, pleasing, and, as far as the subject would let it be, sensuous; the former

to be judged by many hearings, or even fairly understood in all its wealth; the latter showing most of its beauties at a single hearing. Bach's music is deeply enjoyed by musicians; Bennett's by the public at large. The Passion Music was written one hundred and fifty years ago, and was unnoticed and forgotten until Bach had been dead some eighty years, when it was resurrected by Mendelssohn, under whose direction it was performed at Leipsic. Sterndale Bennett produced it in London in 1858, since when it has been heard there a few times; but probably it has never been given with such richness of resources [!] and under such favorable circumstances as with us on Saturday night. Only a small portion of one of the "passions" (the one according to St. Matthew) was performed, and this has aroused a strong desire to hear the whole. The words sung were the translation of Mr. John S. Dwight, a pronounced admirer of Bach, who has waited long and labored earnestly to secure so much of a hearing for him as has been vouchsafed. The chorus sang the difficult music with a precision and power that was hardly expected; the chorale, "I will stay here beside thee," and "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," a strong, emphatic double chorus were gloriously done, and the latter gained a deserved encore. Throughout the chorus were steady, and seldom have they sung better than in the above, and in the very trying concluding chorale, "Around thy Tomb." The solo singers, Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling, Messrs. Winch and Whitney, did finely also, and all listeners were deeply gratified.

[From the *Worcester Palladium*.]

The rehearsal of Bach's Passion Music, on Friday evening, afforded an opportunity for those who must leave town before its public performance, to listen to its beauty, and get an insight of the massive grandeur of the whole work. The numbers selected for performance were those most likely to interest at a first hearing, and that they awakened a lively interest was evident from the close attention given by the audience. The work is one where the interest never flags for a moment; its solos are all of great beauty, and its choruses grand beyond description. The colossal double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," was thrilling in its intensity. The concluding chorus, although so full of mourning, has a noble bearing of triumph, for though so stamped with weeping and sorrow, it is also full of hope and perfect faith. The work is a grand one, and must, in time, become a part of all hearts, as the "Messiah" now is. Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" interested, but its strains seemed tame after the grand Passion Music.

[From the *New York Sun*.]

As to Bach's music I have no words to express its beauty. Mr. Zerrahn had selected apparently such chorales, choruses, and solos as would be most readily apprehended by an audience unfamiliar with the quaint style of this master. The result was in every way gratifying. A spirit of the purest and truest devotion was manifest in every note of the music. It was written from the glowing heart of a great musician—a man who comprehended every resource of his art and had all its materials at his absolute command. Such fervent strains no other has produced, save perhaps Handel.

Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Whitney sang the solo parts, and these, as well as the choral portions, were admirably rendered.

Bennett's short oratorio, the "Woman of Samaria," succeeded the Passion music; but Bach, by contrast, took all the color and life out of Bennett's work and made it seem dull and barren, though really it is a very clever composition.

[From the *New York Tribune*.]

The evening was devoted to the most interesting programme of the week, for it contained two choral works entirely new in America, one of them being the greatest composition of one of the greatest of all the old masters, and the most difficult production as a whole that the Handel and Haydn Society has yet attempted. I mean, of course, the "Matthaeus Passion" of Johann Sebastian Bach. More than a year ago the Society made preparations to bring out this gigantic work, but the plan was changed, and a few selections only were given [no] as parts of a miscellaneous concert programme. Even now they have not ventured to sing the whole. They have picked out sixteen numbers—about a quarter of the entire work; but these have been selected with such excellent judgment that we get from them an idea not only of the majesty and richness of the music, but of the wonderful dramatic power with which Bach treated the awful story of the Passion. All but three are taken from the First Part. We have the narratives of the anointing of Jesus's feet, the Last Supper, and the Agony in the Garden. We have the tremendous double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders!" which follows the apprehension of Christ at Gethsemane. We have the beautiful contralto aria, *Erbarme dich* ("O pardon me, my God"), the choral, "O head all bruised and wounded," and the splendid final chorus, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping." This gives an outline of the whole sacred poem, and at the same time preserves the continuity of the most dramatic passages. The performance reflected great credit upon the Society and their estimable conductor, yet I must confess that it was the least satisfactory effort of the week. There was very little fault to be found with the chorus. The noble chorals were delivered with dignity and precision; the famous "Ye lightnings, ye thunders" was encored, as it well deserved to be; and the immortal finale, "Around thy tomb" (*Wir setzen uns*)—in eight parts—was one of the best things heard to-day. But the solo singers were all unequal to the demand upon their powers. Mme. Rudersdorff took the contralto air, *Erbarme dich*, which is somewhat below the best register of her voice. She showed but an imperfect comprehension of the inner character of Bach's music, whose pathos is always elevated and ennobled in such an extraordinary manner by the union of religious fervor and majestic simplicity. Her delivery was sentimental where it ought to have been tender, and exaggerated where it ought to have been simple. An habitual tendency to excess in the *sforzando* style she here indulged to a most unfortunate extent. Miss Sterling had a much more genuine appreciation of the work, but her "Grief and pain" solo was almost as remarkable for lack of color as Mme. Rudersdorff's was for its superabundance. Mr. Whitney struggled with a part beyond his strength, and Mr. Wm. J. Winch, who had the exquisite tenor music of the *Evangelist*, made havoc of what should have been the most beautiful portion of the oratorio. He showed a right conception of his part, but he had neither the physical gifts nor the artistic training to do it justice.

[From the *Evening Post*.]

The selections were admirably made: the most attractive numbers being "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," and the last chorus, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping," two of the most magnificent contrapuntal efforts and superb dramatic effects ever put to paper. Of all men Bach, unlike the majority of composers, pursued the study of music with all the thought he could command. While others create according to chance, or at best as a happy instinct guides them, he was deeply susceptible of the changeful conditions of life, and was influenced by such. And here we have to thank Mendelssohn for the manner in which, during his lifetime, he attracted thousands to the study of Bach and Handel; how with his works he opened out, for the whole world, a new appreciation of these men whose immortal fame will always be ours, yet whom, until very recent years, we have seemed to have forgotten. Many who have cared to hear little else save Parisian and Italian music have had new pleasures opened to them in Mendelssohn. When Mendelssohn placed Handel, Bach and Beethoven as foundation posts of all further progress in modern music, he brought great changes, not only into production, but into the current traditional aspect of things. And hence the effort made last night to produce Bach, even in fragments, is the result on this continent of the seed sown by one of the greatest musicians and scholars of modern times in the old world. It was a glorious night in the history of the Handel and Haydn Society, and one that will be remembered with pride in the musical records of this great country. Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Antoinette Sterling, and the Messrs Winch and Whitney rendered with much care and judgment the parts assigned to them.

[From the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.]

As to the selections presented to-night it must have agreeably surprised many, with myself, to find themselves not only comprehending this wonderful music, but thoroughly interested in and attracted by it. It is difficult music, indeed, and is not to be approached by any but artists. If it is not perfectly performed, it is impossible to get even the faintest perception of its deep meaning and spiritual beauty. The very highest praise, therefore, which I can give Mr. Zerrahn and this splendid Society is to say that I did not, as I had been told I would, find the music quaint, learned and incomprehensible. On the contrary, at its first hearing, I recognized a purity and a sublimity in these wonderful dramatic solos and choruses that I had least looked for in Bach, of all writers. That would not, however, have been my pleasant experience had not the difficult intervals and unaccustomed modulations which throng thickly in these noble choruses been thoroughly mastered by every member of this vast array of seven hundred singers. Get a copy of the score and give it a cursory inspection, and then comprehend the wonderful triumph of the Handel and Haydn to-night, in interesting an audience of three thousand people in this music. Their encouraging success must incite them to a production of the entire oratorio at some not distant day.

In the Passion Music, Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling and Mr. Whitney sang the solos. None but a thoroughly accomplished singer dare attempt the exquisitely pathetic aria, "O pardon me, my God." Mme. Rudersdorff was great in this solo, the lovely and very difficult violin obligato to which was performed by Mr. Listemann, the leading violin, with perfect expression and intelligent fidelity to the text. Miss Sterling's solo was the "Grief and pain wring the guilty heart in twain." She also was in full sympathy with the music, and infused into her interpretation all the soulful pathos and intelligent expression for which her talent and noble voice particularly qualify her. The tenor solo and double chorus, "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," with its beautiful oboe *obligato*, performed by Mr. Elier, of the Thomas Orchestra, is one of the great numbers of the oratorio. The solo was creditably sung by Mr. Winch, and the chorus did their taxing part wonderfully well. Thoroughly dramatic and full of inspiration is the duet for soprano and alto, with double chorus, "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," with passionate utterances of the chorus coming in with sublime effect, 'Leave Him, leave Him, bind Him not'!" The tremendous climax of this massive chorus, "O! blast the betrayer, the murderous brood," is great in its overpowering intensity. With the rest of the choruses, it was grandly sung.

## Music In New York.

The Last Concert of the Euterpe Society. There is a certain enthusiast in musical art in this city who, like most of his tribe, is more of an artist than a manager, and who undertook this year to get up a society that should devote itself to the bringing out of new pieces by American composers, and should fulfil various other noble, beautiful, and disinterested missions. The name of this gentle and talented, but misguided man, is John P. Morgan. His Society is named after the fairest and best of the Muses, Euterpe. But the Muse has miserably failed to take care of her worshippers, and the Society went from bad to worse, till it culminated on Thursday evening in a curious collapse. The programme was a superlatively excellent one. It may be remarked that it is one of the peculiarities of this unfortunate organization, that their programmes are better and their concerts worse than almost any we have ever known.

By way of elucidation, we give the list of compositions announced for performance on Thursday evening:

1. Motet....................Hauptmann.
2. Arie d'Eglise....................A. Stradella.
3. Songs of the Wrens.........To be sung by Miss Brainerd.
4. Quintet, for piano and strings.................Schumann.
5. Aria from Bach's Passion Music. To be sung by Miss Sterling.
6. Motet, in eight parts....................Hauptmann.
7. Ballade of Chopin....................Wm. Mason.
8. Motet....................Bach.

What more could the most exacting of audiences ask than this! Every piece gave splendid promise. Hauptmann is one of the more severely excellent of modern composers, and the rest, Bach, Chopin, Stradella, and Schumann, are all geniuses. But, nevertheless, the Society came to grief. It was all well enough on paper, but when it came to the performance, there was a melancholy showing.

The first two numbers went of well enough. But when it came Miss Brainerd's turn there was no Brainerd. So poor Mr. Morgan laid down his baton and came out with a rueful face to say so. He had received a note from Miss Brainerd, and she wasn't well; but Miss Sterling could take her place.

It is to be noticed that whenever there is a particularly good natured thing to be done in a concert room, Miss Sterling is the one to do it. Faithful among the faithless, she often supplies the positions of absentees, the bloom of kindness not having yet been rubbed off by time. So Miss Brainerd was not greatly missed, for Miss Sterling sang very charmingly two of Hauptmann's *Marien-lieder*.

Then came the quintet, and forward came Mr. Morgan to say that arrangements were not yet complete, and Mr. Mason would play instead. And so he did.

Then the eight part motet was struggled bravely through, and Miss Sterling sang again.

At this point the concert fairly broke down. For the third time the dejected Morgan came forward and made a speech, substantially as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the most unpleasant duty I ever had to perform. We can't have the quintet. Through some intrigue, I fear, the viola player has not come, and I have sent everywhere to get one, but can't. My chorus is so depleted that we can't sing the Batch motet. It would be a farce for us to try to do so. I think, therefore, you will have to go home. But before you go, I want to say just one word. This Society is the victim of bad management. It has been the worst managed affair I ever knew of. And I am going to denounce the culprit and to expose his name. His name, ladies and gentlemen, is John P. Morgan. And I'm the man. If any of you have any business matters on hand, don't trust them to me. I intend to give concerts next season with this Society, but I give you notice beforehand that I shall have nothing to do with the business management. If artists fail, and musicians run away, and choristers keep out of sight, it won't be my fault. I wish you a very good evening."

Now, this is what we call honest. It is not every man that has the wisdom to see his weak points, and fewer still that have the pluck to stand up before an audience and tell them. So, as an offset to honest John Morgan's lack of business qualities, the audience could easily certify to his integrity, simplicity,

Digitized by Google

earnestness, faithfulness, and musical ability; and being assured of all this, they gave him a generous double round of applause, and went home happy.—*Sun, May* 20.

---

GOUNOD'S MASS AT TRINITY. The most memorable feature of the musical services at Trinity Church on Ascension Day was the production of four numbers of the "Messe Solennelle," or, as it is better known, the St. Cecilia Mass of Gounod. A year ago on Ascension Day the orchestra was first introduced into Trinity, to the holy horror of a few slaves of use and wont, as if there were any more sanctity inherent in an organ than a trombone, or a baton were any more profane than a tuning fork. Upon that occasion two numbers of this same mass were done, but with nothing like the elaborateness or the precision with which they were rendered on Thursday. This latter was the occasion of the most extensive and certainly the best production of this most interesting and dramatic work of modern church music. Except that the soprano and alto parts were sustained by boys, the mass was rendered exactly as it was written. A distance of 160 feet between choir and orchestra is a difficulty which is almost impossible to overcome completely, particularly when the audience is between the two. It is to be hoped the vestry of Trinity will take steps to obviate it altogether. But it has not been so nearly overcome in any service at Trinity, as in that of Thursday. Only in the processional hymn, a spirited composition of Barnby, was there a notable discrepancy in time between the voices and the instruments. The "Kyrie" was the first number of the mass given, but was too short and slight to attract attention. The "Nicene Creed" is a magnificent composition, and its execution was the musical triumph of the service. As we might judge from the character of the "Faust" music, by which Gounod is mainly known here, it is intensely dramatic throughout; but the triple repetition of the words "On the third day" in solo, followed by the magnificent burst of the full choir and band upon the words "He rose again," gives an idea of Gounod beyond anything of his that we have had hitherto the chance to hear, either in sacred or secular music. It was admirably performed throughout, both by voices and instruments. After the sermon the 'Agnus Dei," "Sanctus," and "Gloria in Excelsis," from Gounod's mass were sung. The "Agnus Dei" is subdued in tone throughout, being in the first part a solo for soprano, though it becomes an intricate and beautiful piece of counterpoint in the final passage. Gounod's "Gloria" is as unsatisfactory, compared with the same setting of Haydn done at Trinity on Easter Day, as the "Credo" is superior. It begins with a soprano solo, accompanied by the chorus *pianissimo*, which, it has been suggested, is intended to represent the original proclamation of the angels, but which nevertheless strikes the unaccustomed ear as highly far-fetched and theatrical. At the words "For thou only art holy," the time changes from andante to allegro, the full chorus breaks in, and the effect is sublime. Upon the whole, the mass, which has thus for the first time been really heard in New York, must impress every listener with a sense of the genius of its composer, greater even than that which his operatic music has produced. The instrumentation is throughout as fertile and felicitous as we had reason to expect of Gounod. The vocal parts are always pleasing and often impressive. Mr. Messiter, the organist and Choir master, has written to M. Gounod requesting him to write a service adapted to the Anglican ritual in time for next Ascension Day.—*World, May* 20.

---

FAREWELL OF MISS ANNA MEHLIG.—It is seldom that a female musician wins so many substantial honors among us as has Miss Mehlig; seldom, indeed, when she is but a pianiste, for it is seldom that all the qualifications of a musician are recognized in the fair claimants. Miss Mehlig proved herself very early in her American tour to be one of the few artists of her sex who depended solely on her art, and not at all upon her sex, for public recognition. Some indication of the very high esteem in which she is held here by the musical community was shown on Wednesday at her farewell matinée given at Steinway Hall. The assemblage was brilliantly representative of the culture and taste of the metropolis, and entirely filled the large hall. Ole Bull, who was announced on the programme and in the advertisements, did not appear, and Mr. Darcy stated to the audience that the only explanation of his absence which the artist had deigned to give was that his performance at Miss Mehlig's concert might impair the success of his own, which was to take place in a night or two. In his place Mr. Fred. Bergner appeared and performed a Reverie in his best style, accompanied by Mr. Matzka. Miss Mehlig's selections on this occasion were, as usual, characterized by the severest taste. Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," and Weber's "Polonaise Brillante," orchestrated by Liszt, completed the number. Of the artist's interpretation of these compositions (the dissimilarity of which need not be pointed out) much has already been written, and criticism has substantially agreed in awarding to Miss Mehlig much higher praise than any previous performer of her sex has received in this country. In the possession of vigor and delicacy exquisitely conjoined, in culture not only of a technical but a poetic character, and in in all the graces of perfect skill in touch we can safely award to her a great pre-eminence in her art. She was nobly seconded at this concert by Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra (its first appearance this season, we believe, at Steinway Hall), and the distinctive orchestral works, which included Cherubini's overture, to "Anacreon," Schumann's "Traeumerei," and the *adagio* of Beethoven's "Prometheus," were performed in a manner that alone would have made the concert an artistic success. Miss Mehlig returns to Europe in a few days.—*Ibid.*

---

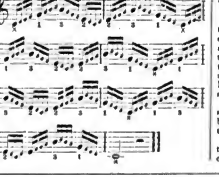
## Mason and Hoadley's 'System for Beginners in Piano Playing.*

[From the Musical Independent, Chicago.]

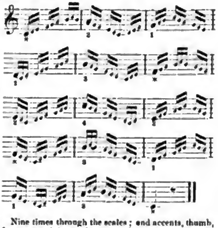
In 1869 appeared the first well-considered American text-book for the pianoforte,—"Mason & Hoadley's New Method of Instruction in the Art of Piano Playing." This book is in many respects an important advance in the improvement of methods. It succeeds in doing what no previous book had been able to do:—it provides for adequate mechanical training of the hand, and lays the foundation for good phrasing and discriminative emphasis. The mechanical training was based on Mr. William Mason's valuable system of accent exercises. These abbreviate the process of acquiring brilliant execution, to a very remarkable extent.

The mechanical operations required in playing are embraced in four classes: The flexion and extension of the fingers, on the joints between the metacarpal bones and the first row of phalanges; second, the flexion of the fingers using all the joints, as in shutting the hand; third, the lateral adjustment of the fingers, according to different degrees of separation desired; fourth, the movement of the hand on the joint at the wrist. Modern piano playing expects the pianist to possess the most complete use of these several functions, in any possible combination, and in any degree of force. The first class of these muscular operations are obtained by means of five finger exercises. The second, by Mason's favorite two-finger exercise, illustrated on page 127 (System for Beginners), and the staccato touch, page 71. The third class of muscles are reached through the arpeggios on the diminished chords and their changes, and somewhat by scales. The wrist action is provided for in the usual way.

In acquiring muscular dexterity it is even an advantage for the pupil to give the attention mainly to the operation of the hand itself, and not to notes, and as facility increases, the exercise must fall into more extended forms, in order to increase the pupil's capacity for endurance. Hence, one very important use of the system of accentuation. For instance: At an early stage in her career the little pupil learns to play the scale in one octave. It is, of course, uneven, for the third and fourth fingers are always weak. In the ordinary way she is required to repeat the exercise until it becomes even. The points of trouble are principally a good touch with the thumb when passed under the second finger, and a good stroke with the third and fourth fingers. But every time she repeats the exercise she forgets these points until the critical moment is passed. Now, see how accent helps us out. We first give the scale in accent of *fours*, which throws it into this form:




Once through this exercise gives eight times up and down the scale, and brings accents as follows: thumb, five times; first finger, eight times; second finger, eight times; third finger, eight times. This is pretty impartial. Its weak point is that it nowhere brings an accent on F, the trying position for the thumb. But by putting it in an accent of *nines*, this point is admirably reached. Thus:




Nine times through the scales; and accents, thumb, four; second finger, four; third finger, two; fourth finger one.

It will be seen that for every heavy blow required from any finger, there are at least two light ones, and so the pupil becomes more and more careful to play with an intelligent consideration of the force employed. Besides, such exercises as these are far more interesting to the pupil than any unrhythmical repetitions can possibly be. But we can here do no more than glance at the advantages of the accent system.

The "New Method" of Mason and Hoadley contained several important innovations, among which was the early introduction of the chromatic scale, giving at once abundant practice in passing the thumb under the finger, and *vice versâ*, and affording an admirable advantage in explaining the construction of the diatonic scales. Another valuable help was the introduction of numerous illustrations of the positions of the hands in different moments of all the principal acts of piano playing. This is a valuable improvement. The diagrams invented by Louis Köhler, and introduced by Richardson into his "New Method," afford a view of only one moment of each act. From this incomplete representation pupils get wrong ideas. The moment of the picture is to them the whole act. Mason has improved on this by giving the position of the hand when the act begins, and when it ends.

Again, he has life-size diagrams drawn, showing the proper places occupied by the ends of the fingers on the keys; and the hand as it begins a scale, with dotted lines showing the lateral motion of the hand as the thumb passes under, and the position of the thumb itself before the second finger leaves its key. By placing the hand on this diagram, and going through the motion, the solitary student gets a very good idea of the proper performance of the act.

Another great help was a simpler formula of statement of scale fingering, and a grouping of scales that illustrated the system. Again, the scales were given in a compass of four octaves at first, thus early removing the dread that beginners are apt to have of the more remote parts of the key board.

As a book for teachers no work of similar value has ever been offered. But for beginners it proved rather too abrupt in some of its progressions, and it was also found unsafe to confide so much to the judgment of the teacher as must be done when the theoretical instruction is by itself in one part of the book, the exercises in another, and the bulk of the lessons in another.

* * * *

Mason & Hoadley's "System for Beginners" contemplates a pupil, of say eight to twelve years of age, entirely ignorant of playing. By the introduction of absolutely *one thing at a time*, and the application of that until it is understood, she is carried along through the third grade, or to the ability to play ordinary polkas, waltzes, and easy operatic fantasias of Davernoy, etc., in an elegant manner. The authors state their guiding principles as follows.

1. That the practice, for a considerable period, of successions of single tones—one key at a time, played by each hand—should precede the introduction of thirds, sixths, octaves and chords.

2. That the learner should be thoroughly accustomed to five-finger positions before extensions and contractions are attempted.

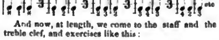
3. That scales do not interfere with five-finger practice, and, therefore may be learned very early with decided advantage.

4. That a systematic use of accents, as a means of increasing the strength and gaining control of the fingers, is of the highest utility.

4. That for culture and recreation, a variety of beautiful compositions should be played, and that such a training of the hands should precede, that each one, when attempted, may seem comparatively easy.

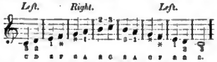
Every page of this remarkable book bears impress of thought and judgment. The first lesson is easier than we have seen it anywhere else. The first three pages are devoted to explaining the correct position of the hands, and five illustrations are given. In the first actual experiment in playing, the pupil has nothing of notes or letters to distract his attention. He is not even taught the names of the keys. He has merely nineteen exercises to play, such as these: *Right*, 4 2 + 3, 4 3 1 3, 4 3 2 +, 1, 2 3 2 +, 3 4 3 1, + 1 2 1, +.

Then come the names of the keys, and then some lessons in rhythm, based on quarters and halves in double time. For instance (yet no pitch notation, only the general direction to place the thumb of the right hand on C): No. 24.



And now, at length, we come to the staff and the treble clef, and exercises like this:

*Left.* *Right.* *Left.*



Then follow many exercises in five-finger positions, with a second part for the teacher. There is no doubt of the value of this kind of duet practice in the early stages of playing. All great teachers have been advocates of it. The lessons in this part of the book are taken mainly from Beyer, and we like particularly that credit is given. This is a point of honesty that some book makers never reach. At about the sixth lesson a simple accent exercise is found. The bass staff comes at about the eighth lesson. The chromatic scale about the tenth,—and this for a small pupil of eight or ten years.

But not to extend these remarks, it remains to say this: This "System for Beginners" is what we have long looked for in vain—an elementary book, easy enough to be interesting, progressive in its arrangement, and sufficiently thoughtful to command the respect of the best teacher. Every step is practicable; yet every step is forward; and the ultimate goal is the *modern method of piano-playing*, and not that of our grandfathers.

* System for Beginners in the Art of Playing the Pianoforte, William Mason and E. S. Hoadley. Boston: Ditson & Co. Chicago: Lyon and Healy. 1871.

# Music Abroad.

Berlin. At the Royal Opera house, on the 30th April, Herr Niemann took leave for this season of the public, the opera being *Frithjof*. Mdlle. Mallinger and Herr Betz were shortly to follow his example, so that the winter season may be considered to have closed on the 1st of May. The following is a summary of what has been done between that date and the middle of August, 1870. The number of operatic performances was 162; the number of different works, 42. The novelties were *Zieten-Husaren*, on the 17th October, and *Frithjof*, on the 11th April. The following is a list of the other operas performed, and of the number of times each was represented:—*Il Barbiere*, *Fidelio*, nine times each; *Il Trovatore*, *Les Huguenots*, *Jessonda*, eight times each; *Don Juan*, seven times; *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, *Le Philtre*, six times each; *Feldlager in Schlesien*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Tannhäuser*, five times each; *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Nozze*, *Mignon*, *Zieten-Husaren*, *Armide*, *Frithjof*, four times each; *Norma*, *Nachtlager in Granada*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Romeo e Julie* (Gounod), *L'Africaine*; *Robert le Diable*, *Martha*, three times each; *Czaar und Zimmermann*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Die beiden Schützen*, *Oberon*, *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Joseph et ses Frères*, twice each; *Le Prophète*, *Rienzi*, *Violette*, *Le Maçon*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Le Domino Noir*, one each. In addition to the above, there was, on one occasion, a miscellaneous performance, consisting of the first act of *Lohengrin*, and the second act of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*. Thus, Gluck was represented by two operas and six performances; Beethoven, by one opera and nine performances: Mozart, by three operas and sixteen performances: Weber, by two operas and eight performances: Meyerbeer, by five operas and twenty performances: Richard Wagner, by four operas and sixteen performances: Méhul, by one opera and two performances: Auber, by five operas and twelve performances: Gounod, by two operas and nine performances: Thomas, by one opera and four performances: Rossini, by two operas and eleven performances: Bellini, by one opera and three performances: Donizetti, by two operas and seven performances: Verdi, by two operas and nine performances: Spohr, by one opera and eight performances: Kreutzer and Nicolai, by one opera and one performance each: Flotow, by one opera and three performances: Lortzing, by two operas and four performances: Halévy, by one opera and two performances: Schulz, by one opera and four performances. During the above period, moreover, Mdme. Lucca appeared nineteen times: Mdme. Mallinger, fifty-four times: Herr Niemann, fifty-seven times: and Herr Betz, eighty-one times. —The Emperor has accepted the dedication of Herr Carl Reinecke's "Festival Peace Overture," and conferred the Crown Order, fourth class, upon the composer.

Another new book by the great Musician of the Future, alias the Lion of the Present, is *On the Performance of the Stage-Festival Play, "Der Ring der Nibelungen," a Communication and Summons to the Friends of his Art*. A concert was to be given, on the 5th inst., by Herr R. W., assisted by the Royal chapel and the chorus from the Royal Opera house. The programme was to comprise: "Kaisermarsch," R. Wagner: Symphony in C minor, Beethoven: Prelude from *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner: Final scene from *Die Walküre*, R. Wagner: and *finale* to the first act of *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner.

Wagner in Berlin. Herr Wagner has been little more than a week prominently before the Berlin public, but during that short period he has been the cause of quite as much discussion as he generally contrives to excite. On the 28th of last month he delivered in the presence of the Berlin Academy of Arts—of which body he is a member—a lecture upon "Opera:" and on the following day a supper was given to him in the Hôtel de Rome. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for the banquet: but it was ten before the entrance of Herr Wagner permitted the 150 visitors present to attack a bill of fare which, according to English ideas, was far better adapted to a dinner than a supper. A certain Herr Tappert afterwards welcomed the hero of the evening in an address which, being chiefly alliterative, would lose its sole characteristic in the process of translation. Herr Wagner's reply was by no means wanting in adroitness. He insisted upon the necessity—naturally referring to the late war—of Germans being independent in every act of foreign influence. He required for music nothing but truth of expression. Music had been degraded from a sublime to a merely pleasing art. "If music is really sublime, it has nothing to do with mere euphony (*so hat sie mit blossem Wohlklang nichts zu thun*.) The German spirit bears the same relation to music as to religion: it requires truth, not beautiful forms." Herr Wagner went on to indulge in a number of original paradoxes, and concluded by declaring that "dramatic music had suffered more than any other art by Italian influence, and that this same influence had produced the most serious errors in opera." "To impregnate the musical drama with German matter has been from the first my desire." He spoke in the simple, earnest manner of a man who was firmly convinced of the absolute truth of the observations he was making, and his startling assertions were, of course, received by his hearers with enthusiastic reverence. All Herr Wagner's ideas of music are, from the Wagner point of view, natural enough—he denies the power to which he himself is deficient. It seems to be his steady, unshaken belief in himself and his doctrines that impels him to his frequent flagrant sins against good taste and good manners. Of this peculiarity the morning following the supper afforded a singular instance.

On that morning the musicians gave him a musical welcome. So great was the desire to be present, that the large handsome hall of the Singakademie was crammed to excess, and the majority of the men present appeared in full evening dress at midday in honor of the occasion. When Herr Wagner entered the room, his wife, a daughter of Liszt, on his arm, he was received with a flourish of trumpets and shouts of applause. Frau Jachmann-Wagner, in full ball-room attire, then mounted the platform, spoke an address from the facile pen of Herr Dohm, editor of *Kladderadatsch*, and presented the composer with a laurel wreath and a kiss. Frau Jachmann-Wagner, now an actress, is better known in England under her operatic name, Johanna Wagner, and is a niece of the prophet of the future. The "*Faust*" overture was played with much more care than such hideousness deserved, and gratified the composer so much that he mounted the platform, thanked the executants, and by way of expressing his gratitude, asked them to repeat the overture—*this time under his direction*. In other words, in a concert given in his honor, the composer actually encored his own composition! It is not to be supposed that Herr Wagner intended any direct insult to the former conductor, to the executants, or to the audience. It should rather be believed that he was tempted to this flagrant act of bad taste by his perfectly unaffected but overweening self-confidence. The good-humored audience seemed to consider the proceeding natural enough, and listened with redoubled eagerness to a polyphonous picture of "chaos come again."—*Orchestra*, *May* 12.

Cologne. The Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be held here from the 28th to the 30th inst. According to the present arrangements, the programme will be as follows: First Day—"Sieges-Overture," Reinecke; "Worte der Weihe," a poem written and spoken by Herr Rittershaus: "Ein' feste Burg," J. Seb. Bach: "Hymn," the words selected from Holy Writ, and the music composed by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller: Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. Second Day—*Joshua*, Handel. Third Day, Symphony (as yet undecided): Violin Concerto (as yet undecided, but the executant will be Herr Joachim): Overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck: Coronation Hymn, Handel. The second part of the concert will be made up of various solo performances, vocal and instrumental. The whole will conclude with the Overture to *Der Freischütz*. Among the artists already engaged, are Madame Bellingrath-Wagner, Madame and Herr Joachim, and Herr J. Stockhausen. Who the tenor will be is as yet unknown.

## London.

The Musical Union. Mr. Ella's twenty-seventh season has been commenced with the director's usual spirit, his quartet party being partly new to the subscribers, and consisting of M. Sivori, first violin: M. Otto Bernhardt, second: M. Van Waefelghen, tenor: and M. Lasserre, a finished and able artist, as violoncellist. At the first matinée, two well-known quartets, Mozart in D, No. 10, and Haydn in F, No. 61, were admirably played, and the other *pièce de resistance* was Beethoven's magnificent pianoforte trio in D, Op. 70, in which M. Bauc, a Russian pianist of great intelligence, and a pupil of Liszt, was at the keyboard. He subsequently gave as a solo, Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, and M. Sivori delighted the audience with his performance of a cavatina by the young German composer Raff, which called forth more enthusiasm than any other number in the programme, and was deservedly encored. At the second matinée last week, Herr Reinecke was the pianist, the string quartet remaining as at the first concert. The quartets were Beethoven in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, and Reinecke in E flat, Op. 34, in which the composer played. In Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, Op. 87, Mr. Hann joined the strings. The chief feature of the concert was Herr Reinecke's playing, and his solos, including his own Notturno in A flat, were warmly received. Mr. Ella promises Herr Jaell as the pianist at the next two matinées, and Herr Auer, who is always a welcome visitor, will take M. Sivori's post later in the season.

The Oratorio Concerts. Mr. Barnby, keeping his best things until the last, concluded his really fine series of concerts last Friday with a performance well calculated to test the strength of his forces—orchestral and choral—Beethoven's Mass in D, and the Choral Symphony. To listen to these two great works on the same evening, and to give them throughout an attentive and appreciative hearing requires some power of mental concentration on the part of the audience, but the difficulties to the performers were far greater, and they deserve the highest credit for the way in which they acquitted themselves. The choral portions of both Mass and Symphony were most admirably given, far above the average indeed, but the playing of the band showed that at times they were hardly *en rapport* with the conductor, owing probably to a want of sufficient rehearsal. The trying work allotted to the soloists was undertaken by Mdlle. Cora de Wilhorst, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Herr Stepan, with fair success. The applause which greeted Mr. Barnby was honestly deserved, for few young conductors have done more to earn a title to public favor in so short a time.—*Choir*, *May* 12.

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 3, 1871.

## Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

THIRD DAY. THURSDAY, MAY 11.

The second Orchestral and Vocal Concert, at 3 P. M., had not so large an attendance as such a programme, with such an orchestra of more than a hundred instruments, and such solo artists, seemed to warrant.

Overture: "Nachklänge aus Ossian"..... Gade.
Aria: "Fui ut poetum," (Stabat Mater)..... Rossini.
Miss Cary.
Concerto, for Pianoforte, with Orchestra..... Schumann.
Mrs. Marie Krebs.
Cavatina: "Robert: tot qui j'aime"..... Meyerbeer.
Madame Rudersdorff.
Air, from Orchestral Suite in D..... Bach.
Symphony (C major)..... Schubert.

The strength of this programme was in the orchestral pieces. The great feature, the ever glorious Schubert Symphony, a concert in itself, suffered somewhat by coming after so much other (not particularly well assorted) matter; in spite of the exceptionally grand orchestra, we have heard it more than once before when it has uplifted and transported us with more unflagging power. But there were some traits of rare beauty in the performance, such as Mr. Eller's oboe in the Andante theme, and the marvellous charm of that body of violoncello tone in other parts of the same movement; of course, too, the thundering emphasis of the double basses in the resistless onsweep of the *Finale* was more than ever impressive. Gade's "Ossian" Overture made a refreshing, fascinating opening, gently quickening the imagination, while, like the seashore, it brought rest to the weary nerves. It has the Ossian poetry. It was evenly and smoothly played.

The Stabat Aria, so quiet and serene, full of that wholesome, sweet repose in which the soul is not asleep, afforded also one of those moments of refreshment needed in so long and exciting a festival. But one naturally hoped to hear it followed by the quaint *Gavotte*, far better worth the time than the trivial vocal bit by which it was preceded. And, of a truth, the vocal selections were not in keeping with the instrumental. Mme. RUDERSDORFF could hardly have chosen the hackneyed "Robert" Cavatina for any other purpose than to show the intense dramatic power which is one of her strong points; and she seemed to know the kind of audience who wildly encored, in that she sang for them one of those silly, whooping Spanish songs which are rare fun for the gallery in a third class theatre. But it all showed the abundant vitality, and versatility and good nature of the woman. Nor had the Rossini *Stabat Mater* Aria, beautifully, though coldly, sung in the rich voice of Miss ANNIE CARY,—any particular *raison d'être* so coming between the Ossian Overture and Schumann's wonderful Concerto in A minor. This thoughtful, imaginative, and thoroughly artistic work was somewhat stiffly rendered, though from memory—more memory than reproductive feeling—but gave a new and brilliant instance of the faultless and triumphant technical virtuosity of the young pianist, MARIE KREBS.

EVENING. "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

For the first time in this country this colossal Oratorio of Handel was sung *entire*. For a Festival of the Handel & Haydn Society on its fiftieth anniversary, June, 1865, it was rehearsed, but proved too much for the choral means of that time, so that only an abridgement of it came to actual public performance; and that was unsatisfactory, mainly by reason of the absence of so many important choruses, and connecting links in the shape of quaint but necessary solos, thus aggravating its "monotony" of grandeur, as well as by imperfect mastery of those parts which were given. Still more fragmentary, crude and feeble, of course, were certain earlier attempts, by this and by the long defunct Musical Education Society, to do this work. But now at last we have had the whole herculean task at least earnestly and honestly achieved, and with a very flattering measure of success. With all its imperfections, we regard this rendering as a triumph. Faithfully and heavily followed up, it will become as easy and as sure a thing for this Society, as the "Elijah" is already; and we all remember when to chorus singers the style of Mendelssohn was stranger and more difficult to feel at home with than anything in Handel, or even Bach, can now be. And, by this token, "Israel" is bound to become popular with us, as it has long been in Germany and in England. More marked than the improvement in performance, is the progress, both with singers and with public, in the appreciation of the music; it would astonish were we to cite some of the newspaper criticisms of those former days side by side with the uniformly respectful, the deeply impressed, delighted tone of the comments upon this occasion.

The unflagging grandeur and sublimity, the vivid imagery, the stupendous scene-shifting—sometimes instantaneous, by a single chord, as when a lightning flash lights up the night, always in the stately preparation of one wonder by another, chorus upon chorus, miracle on miracle,—the great lights and shadows, the long repeated, now approaching, now receding, echo of the contrapuntal thunders, of that great mountain range of choruses, was palpable enough in mass and substance, clear enough in outline, precise and positive enough in all main strokes, in spite of confusion and timidity in details here and there, to awe and elevate the listening crowd, and keep expectation fresh unto the end.

There was a sense of wholesome feeling in the completeness of this effort. Every chorus, every recitative and curious Air, even those in the "Appendix," happily adapted from other works of Handel by Sir George Smart (only excepting the Bass air: "He layeth the beams," which is not an integral part of the work), was given,—much to the relief and lightening, we do believe, of any "heaviness" which may have attached to old abridged presentations of the work; it is a case where the whole is lighter (more elastic) than a part.

Of the Solos we will speak first, as the greatest novelty. The First Part, as left by Handel, contains nothing but two bits of Tenor recitative (one ushering in the great opening chorus expressing the sighs of the children of Israel in bondage, the other immediately after it: "Then sent He Moses," to introduce the series of "plagues of Egypt," both delivered with true simplicity and dignity of style, and with distinct enunciation, by Mr. CUMMINGS), and one Aria: "Their land brought forth frogs," &c., grotesquely graphic with its hopping violin figure, but a serious and beautiful air enough, which Miss STERLING sang in her rich tones with large, simple, sustained style, not straining for too much expression. Moreover, of Sir George Smart's interpolations there were given two noble pieces of Soprano Recitative: "Thrice happy Israel in the light of God," and "But soon as Pharaoh," which gave room for some of the best tones and the thrilling declamation of Mme. RUDERSDORFF. Then a grand one for the Bass: "He measured the waters" (without the Air: "He layeth the beams"); and, a little further on, another: "God, looking down, confounded all their host," followed by the bold and graphic Air: "Wave from wave, congealed with wonder, stood, a crystal wall, asunder;"—all given in majestic tone and style by Mr. WHITNEY.

In the Second Part, after the great opening chorus (the Song of Moses), comes a Duet for Soprano: "The Lord is my strength," a musing minor strain, begun by one voice *after* the other, canon-like, in successive fragments, truly beautiful and quaint, the voices joining in twinkling, bird-like triplets near the end, and carefully and nicely sung by Mme. RUDERSDORFF and Mrs. WEST, though in quality their voices are not very sympathetic. A little further and we come to the great Duet of Basses: "The Lord is a man of war," which they say was begun badly, but which leaves on our mind as a whole the impression of very admirable singing on the part (equally) of Mr. J. F. WINCH and Mr. WHITNEY; we would fain have heard the former oftener, for there is a peculiar delicacy, an elasticity in his tones and his delivery; and his voice, if not as ponderous as Mr. Whitney's, is yet a great one; one would say, too, that he *studied*, with a right artistic spirit. This piece pleased so well that it required firmness to refuse a repetition. To the trying Air: "The enemy said, I will pursue," Mr. Cummings gave further proof of his intelligent, chaste, manly declamation, giving the latter part: "I will draw my sword" with fine energy. The Soprano Air, which follows it: "Thou didst blow," is quite peculiar (as it was to most entirely novel) in its half declamatory, half florid structure, and very difficult, giving opportunity however for great dramatic coloring, which Mme. Rudersdorff improved like a true artist, though it did not present her voice always to the best advantage. The Duet for Soprano and Tenor: "Thou in thy mercy," is a quiet, heart-felt strain, full of the sweet sense of mercy and deliverance, and was sung with fit expression. There remains only the Air: "Thou shalt bring them in," a simple, tranquil, trustful melody, in low tones, where Miss Sterling's voice is very rich, and simply, beautifully sung.

Now of the great "mountain chain" of choruses (forming 28 out of the original 35 numbers of the work), it would require a description of them all to tell how well, or far from well, each one was sung; and as we have described them more than once before we will not undertake that talk again. Most of them are double choruses, most of them very difficult, and some of them are long. The opening double chorus, which is a very grand one, as it were a great choral overture or prelude to the whole: "And the children of Israel sighed," was impressively rendered. The four-part fugue: "They loathed to drink," with its strangely characteristic theme, expressing the sense of "loathing" by the interval of the "minor flat seventh," was perhaps not absolutely sure and true in intonation, yet the intricate movement of the parts was on the whole clear and effective. A difficulty, more in the single than in the double choruses, must have been experienced by the singers from the way in which they were placed, divided as they were into two choral bodies at opposite sides of the stage, so that many who were singing the same part were separated from each other by the whole width of the hall, and could hardly hear or feel each other. Moreover they had rehearsed it only once in that place and from those seats; could the stage arrangement be made permanent, rounding that end of the hall into a convenient, graceful amphitheatre, so that the rehearsals could take place *there*, the difficulty would be greatly remedied, for all would get to feel at home in the situation before it came to a public performance. —How aptly the "frog" air followed upon this chorus! The double chorus about "all manner of flies" was quite effective, and the fine divisions of the violins made the suggestion very vivid. The grand announcement: "He spake the word" would have been still grander, had Mendelssohn (whose arrangement of the score was used) known of the three trombone parts which Handel actually wrote for this and similar passages, and left on a separate sheet, which has since been embodied in the score in the complete Leipsic edition of Handel's works now in course of publication.—"He gave them hailstones" was the sensation of the evening; it was magnificently sung;

Digitized by Google

"*fire* mingled with the hail," *i.e.* it was sung with spirit; and all parts, orchestral and vocal, "ran along" with such a crisp and positive precision, that the scene was real. This was too good to pass off with one hearing, and the encore had to be granted. The strange, sombre modulations of "He sent a thick darkness" were palpable if not precise; and the "smiting" chorus, though here and there a little timid in attack, held attention breathless by its startling and relentless force. The pastoral simplicity and sweetness of "But as for his people, he led them forth like sheep," was smoothly, evenly and beautifully expressed.

That there should have been some signs of unsteadiness, some blurred and wavering outline here and there in such a long stretch of trying and fatiguing choral work, was to be expected, nor can it be otherwise until the same singers shall have performed it several times in public; new singing robes, especially such regal ones, must be *worn*, to feel at ease in them. These symptoms of constraint and insecurity were mostly noticeable in such intricate polyphonic mazes as "He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness." Here they were in the woods indeed. Eight voice parts (to say nothing of the instrumental parts), all with imitative, yet differing fragments of melodic runs and turns, bending so many ways, pausing and beginning each so fitfully and frequently, and yet all bound to strictest unity of plan, were surely involved in a task that might well be bewildering to themselves; and even should they thrid the labyrinth ever so steadily and coolly, to the average listener, with ear untrained to musical intricacies of this sort, it would still sound bewildering, as doubtless Handel meant it should, though with clear hint enough of a divine *leading* all the while. In this, and a few more such fugued double choruses ("Thy right hand, O Lord"; "Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble," &c.) there may have been some blur or faltering; but not always really so much as there seemed to be, for the unfamiliarity of the general ear with movements of so intricate a structure must be taken into the account.

The same qualification must apply also to certain criticisms upon another score, that of seeming discords, or imperfect chords; for more than once, emboldened by the grandeur of these subjects, Handel used such freely; his sure instinct told him that nothing commonplace would do; and, once rightly apprehended, these exceptional effects are very grand; not *all* the discord must be charged to the singers.

Some of the great pictorial passages, however,—those phrases of two or three bars which engrave themselves indelibly upon the mind as complete, awe-inspiring pictures, ("The floods stood upright;" "the depths were congealed," where a new chill strikes through the tones each time they are repeated in an altered key; "shall melt away;" "shall be as still as a stone;" &c., &c), made their impression in a way that will not be forgotten. Then there are certain great broad choral sentences, or proclamations, in eight parts of course, brief and commanding, which introduce the more elaborate descriptions, such as: "He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up;" "And Israel saw that great work;" the introduction to "The horse and his rider;" of these the effect was sublime, almost appalling. The more peculiarly ecclesiastical choruses, in *Alla-breve* rhythm, ("And I will exalt him," &c.), evidently modelled upon the old church of England service music, and tracing its lineage to Palestrina, of course are not calculated to flatter the popular ear, and may seem dull to many who admire "Elijah," but they are solemn and impressive, and they bring repose at needful moments in the midst of the exciting splendors of that mighty choral and orchestral magic lantern, which in every image which it casts upon the wall (of darkness) awes you with the vivid likeness of a startling miracle. Verily Handel knew what he was about when he put in the pieces which we children fancy to be dull!

Our (possibly too trivial) simile reminds us of what we once witnessed in Berlin at Christmas time, when certain artists arranged an exhibition of transparencies,—admirable copies of great master-works of sacred painting,—and between the pictures, as we sat in the dark room, musing on what we had seen, there would resound a strain of solemn music from a choir invisible, the celebrated Dom-chor; is it not just what Handel has here done, to rest, not dissipate the mind, between his more stupendous pictures?

We should speak of the Song of Moses and the children of Israel, which begins and ends the Second Part sublimely, as one of the triumphs of this performance; just alluding by the way to the pregnant suggestion of those introductory chords in the orchestra, where the chord of each tone of the diatonic scale is sounded in succession, through its several inversions, as if preluding on a world harp, trying all its strings, preparatory to a universal song. In the intricacies of "the horse and his rider" the singers had an arduous task, but they "triumph-ed gloriously." Where it returns at the end, led in by Miriam's noble recitative and exhortation: "Sing ye to the Lord," to the height and grandeur of which Mme. Rudersdorff was equal, it justifies itself by the triumphant true ring of its enduring quality; and again the long tasked voices had vitality enough to bear them bravely through. Their leader's animating sign seemed present everywhere, from first to last of the whole work; and, like strong swimmers, very few gave out before they reached the shore. It was indeed a noble effort of the seven hundred, rewarded by the close attention and delight of nearly all that numerous audience; and it must have gladdened the heart of CARL ZERRAHN to feel that the severe and patient study through which he had so many nights conducted them and cheered them on, had wrought out anything so near to victory;—the beginning of sure victory it may be called, so surely as the effort in the same spirit shall be followed up. The orchestra, so far as our memory serves us, did its work well too; and the great organ (though only in part available, being still in the process of "tuning up" to "concert pitch." —*heu prisca fides!*) did, under Mr. LANG's skilful and judicious treatment, solidly subsidize the deep foundation harmonies and swell the volume and extend the background of the whole Handelian tone architecture.

---

### FOURTH DAY. FRIDAY, MAY 12.

The evening was given to rehearsal of the "Passion Music." The Afternoon Concert was as follows:

Overture to the Hindoo legend, "Sakuntala"..Goldmark.
Songs. a. "Canzonetta" ..........................Mozart.
b. "Es war ein König in Thule"...............Liszt.
Grand Recitative and Aria—"Deeper and deeper still,"
and "Waft her, angels, to the skies," from "Jephtha"
Handel.
Unfinished Symphony..........................Schubert.

—

The Ninth (or "Choral") Symphony, in D minor, Op.
125. (Comp. 1822–3)............................Beethoven.

This programme was too long, and also heavy. Another Symphony, even an "unfinished" one, immediately before the long Ninth Symphony, could not but seem superfluous, while the chances were that it would compromise the listening appetite with which one would approach the formidable work. Indeed neither the Schubert work, lovely as it is and finely played, nor the surfeiting and sombre "Sakuntala" Overture, which many of us have heard about enough here for one season, properly belonged in the same programme with the Choral Symphony.

A new proof was it, therefore, of the vitality and greatness of the latter work, that after we had begun to feel satiety, and with the prospect of its great length before us, a few bars of the opening orchestral movement wrought such marvellous refreshment, and that its unfolding inspiration kept heart, soul and sense alive and full of rapture to the end. The day has past for us to be describing the NINTH SYMPHONY. The name has come to mean something, and about the right thing, now, in this community. Our musicians like to play it; our chorus singers are never more happy than when they have a call to sing it, terrible as the task once seemed, and trying as the voice parts are, ranging at a height which nothing but a certain *lift* of joint enthusiasm enables them to carry and to hold. Now they love to sing: "Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness," and "Here's a kiss to all the world!", and they are always certain of responsive audience.

(To be Continued.)

---

## Handel and Haydn Society.

At the customary re-union of the Society at the close of its Triennial year, Dr. J. B. Upham, the President, having been called upon the platform, addressed them in congratulatory terms, briefly and in substance as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen*:—My valedictory has already be pronounced, and in coming upon this platform in answer your call, I feel much as the college boy does who, havi. spoken his piece before his classmates in the quietude of th recitation-room, is called on to mount the rostrum and say i over again to a commencement audience. However, we are all friends here to-night, and not disposed to be captious or critical.

And seriously, I really want to take this opportunity of telling you, more emphatically and earnestly than I could properly do before, how highly I appreciate, how highly others estimate and appreciate,—the splendid performance of the past week. Never before, in this country, has it been surpassed, or equaled, or approximately reached. It is a week long to be remembered in the history of this old and honored Society,—in the art history of Boston.

In the days of ancient Greece and Rome such an achievement would have been commemorated by an inscription on the walls of the amphitheatre wherein it took place. So, to-day, it would not be inappropriate to write it upon yonder walls, that it might be known and read of all men:

——"Now and here has the high and holy art we follow been upheld, the cause of humanity advanced, the good name of the city and the commonwealth dignified, the great union of the States made stronger.

Done in this Month of May, Anno Domini 1871.

Let us review, for a moment, the record of this eventful week. And what a programme it presents! I do not wonder that the London critics said of it—*impossible*—and were inclined to be profane on the subject!

Beginning, as in times past, with the adaptation by Nicolai of that sublime old choral of the 16th century, which if it cannot with absolute certainty be attributed to Martin Luther, reflects forth the grandeur of his heroic spirit, and is the very personification of the stormy times in which he lived;—then the mighty Hallelujah from the "Mount of Olives," followed by that magnificent cantata of Mendelssohn, "with preamble sweet of dreamy symphony," complicate, beautiful, marvelous in its construction,—with its wonderfully dramatic interrogative passage, which was interpreted in so touching and masterly a manner by the English tenor, "*Watchman, will the night soon pass?*" and that electrifying burst of choral harmony at its close. Verily I looked behind me to see if those images of angels and cherubs were not joining in the final shout, "*Hallelujah, sing to the Lord.*"

And what shall I say of "Elijah," a work strong and almost weak, it may be, by turns, but which is not surpassed, in its passages of transcendent beauty, in brilliancy, in force, in painfully dramatic intensity of interest, of which it is enough to say you gave *the very best* interpretation of it ever before achieved here. So I heard it said all around me, and so I believe. Of the "Israel in Egypt," the "colossus of oratorios," as it has been fitly called, "almost exclusively a mountain chain of choruses," as Mr. Dwight has happily expressed it,—simple in their massive grandeur,—in whose manifestly onward motion you seem to hear the tread of armies, as in my imagination, when long looking at the gigantic mountain ranges in Switzerland, I have sometimes seemed to see and hear them move. This too, taking into account its almost insurmountable difficulties, was creditably, most creditably, performed. In the great Choral Symphony of Beethoven I could only think of the fabled battle of the giants, so graphically depicted by Dr. Holmes, hurling to and fro the pudding stones of Roxbury as though they were pebbles,—so light you seemed to make of its labors. The "Passion music" too! who, after this, shall say it is impossible out of Germany? And another new work in the same evening, which, following close upon Bach, seemed breeziness and lightness itself? Nor should I fail to commend the performance of the much-sung but always glorious "Messiah" of Handel, which from its very familiarity is most likely to go wrong, but for which, as performed on Sunday evening last, from its opening chorus to the final "Amen," I have no words but of praise.

I say again, such a performance, such a series of performances of a similar kind, so uniformly well done, has not often, if ever before, found its parallel. You have a right to be proud of your success, I am sure I *rejoice* and glory in it on your behalf. But I am getting garrulous on the subject, and I will take up no more of your time. Once again I say to you adieu and farewell!

---

## Music in the Public Schools.

(From the Saturday Evening Gazette, May 27.)

The annual musical exhibition of the public schools occurred on Wednesday last at the Music Hall. Those who are familiar with the progress of music in our schools cannot fail to notice the contrast between the slender beginning of twenty years ago and the full and assured success of to-day. Music is now as thoroughly studied and practiced as arithmetic. Under the wise and tender guidance of Mr. L. W. Mason the primary pupils (as Pope said of himself) learn to "lisp in numbers." Every child sings: at least, not above three in a hundred fail to sing in tune. By commencing early, and with simple exercises, it has been found that taste and capacity for music are not at all peculiar—that they form no sixth

Digitized by Google

je; but that melody and harmony are part of the at order of things. When the pupils reach the mmar school they come under a carefully graded stem of instruction; the lower classes are taught Mr. Alexander, the middle classes by Mr. Holt, and the upper classes by Mr. Sharland. Mr. Eichberg instructs in the high schools for both sexes, and is general supervisor. All these gentlemen have their special excellences, and under their care, aided by the music committee of the School Board, results have been attained that are as gratifying as they are surprising. Of the 35,000 pupils in the schools all can sing in some sort; over 20,000 can sing well; 15,000 can sing in three part harmony in time and tune, and at least 10,000 can read and perform music at sight. No other city in the world has such a system, and no such results have been achieved in the most refined capitals of Europe. Mme. Rudersdorff recently declared that in this respect England was fifty years behind us. Mr. Adams, who was first tenor in the Imperial opera at Vienna, said that no German city had such general musical culture. And Mr. Smith, Director of the Art School at Leeds, who is now visiting our schools, said that our general school system,—mentioning music especially—was beyond any comparison: there was nothing in the Old World to place beside it. This will be regarded by many as a new manifestation of Boston pride: but it is a simple statement of facts.

Two performances were given. In the morning at ten o'clock Mr. Holt conducted a chorus of 1200 from his classes. In the afternoon at four the higher classes, taught by Mr. Sharland, and pupils of the Girls' High and Normal and of the Highlands and Dorchester High Schools, and of the Latin and English High Schools, combined in one great chorus, directed by Mr Eichberg. The orchestral performers numbered fifty six. The morning exercises were exceedingly beautiful, especially the succession of physical exercises, in which, as in a great kaleidoscope, the marvellous beauty of motion, and the artistic grace of *pose* were shown under Mr. Holt's tasteful direction. In the afternoon the musical effect was naturally more striking. When the great organ sounded, the beautiful living panorama, formed of converging lines of girls, in sure and silent order, wound in by half-a-dozen entrances, and filed into seats, row after row, until the vast stage was covered with tremulous beauty, like a hillside of blended violets, pinks and anemones. Muslins and fans and ribbons and sashes confused the pleased beholder, until he was conscious of nothing but a myriad of sweet faces, for which all the surroundings formed a back ground, not to be painted except with a pencil dipped in rainbows. It was like the back ground, of Murillo's Assumption of the Virgin, in which the clouds are full of radiant faces. Now and then a stray sunbeam from the high windows fell like a ray of gold over some group, bringing out the colors with a splendor that we imagine belongs to the world that is never shadowed.

Next came the sober-suited boys, who filled the spaces nearer the organ; then when the members of the orchestra had taken their places, two splendid files of youths, from the Latin and High Schools, came in quiet military order—tenors on the right, basses on the left—and formed in front of all. It was the first appearance of these scholars at a musical exhibition, and was a very impressive feature. Then with one grand outburst from the fourteen hundred voices the opening choral was sung. It was such a volume of pure and harmonious, but overwhelming sound, as was never heard in that Hall before. No choral society of adults ever approached this performance in any respect; perfect time, smooth delivery, rich quality of tone and evenly balanced harmony, were all intensified by the fiery enthusiasm of youth. The emotion was indescribable. Many eyes, even of bearded men, were wet with tears, and the echoes of the music haunted one for a day.

We have not space to notice the concert in detail; in truth, words are poor when such recollections are in mind. There was a suitable variety; simple madrigals, a quaint German genre song. *The Stork*, a romantic chorus from Wallace's *Lurline*, Rossini's exquisite trio, and the ever fresh Angel trio from *Elijah*. There was but one drawback. After the city government is furnished with tickets, there are not more than six hundred places left in the Hall. Few of the parents of these children ever see the splendor of this gathering, or hear the power of this vast chorus. It is undoubtedly wrong, and the city should appropriate enough money to repeat one of these concerts until the fathers and mothers could all enjoy them. Or, still better, should we not now, and before the best places are occupied, select a site for a public Music Hall in which our great children-choirs could be properly seen and heard! Is it not as worthy of consideration as the other great artistic project in which so many earnest people are engaged?

## Annual Meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society was held last evening in Bumstead Hall. The number of members present slightly exceeded one hundred. Dr. J. B. Upham, the president, occupied the chair until after the election of officers.

The report of the treasurer, Mr. George W. Palmer, was first presented. The total receipts during the last financial year were $1100. At the beginning of the year there was due the treasurer a balance of $395 23, and at the end of this year the balance against the society was $56 97. This account does not include the expenses of the recent festival. The permanent fund amounts to $8220. The expenses of the triennial festival were $26,870, which it is expected will be diminished by a discount of about one thousand dollars. The receipts were $20,601. The balance against the society being $5200, it is expected that an assessment of ten per cent upon the guaranty fund will have to be made.

Mr. George H. Chickering, the librarian, presented his report. He described the additions which were made during the year, and said that the library was in a good condition.

In beginning his annual report the president, Dr. Upham, said: "It gives me the sincerest pleasure to congratulate you upon a year of acknowledged artistic success—not only in the ordinary operations of the society, its routine of rehearsals and public performances, but in the crowning labors of its great triennial festival, the echoes of whose triumphs are now coming back to us from almost every town and city in the land. The work of the society in its necessary routine of duties has been greater in the past year than in any former season within my remembrance." He then gave the history of the society for the year. The number of rehearsals was 48, besides 8 choral [?] rehearsals; the average attendance was 450 members. The government was called together ten times during the year, and the society twice. The number of new members admitted was 62; number reinstated, 4; discharged, 6; resigned, 3; deceased, 5. Dr. Upham referred in appropriate terms to the death of Thomas E. Chickering.

In speaking of the well-remembered visit to New York last summer, Dr Upham said that it was well known that he was opposed to the expedition; but he thought the members might have done important service to the cause of music as "missionaries." In relation to the triennial festival Dr. Upham had considerable to say. He attributed the financial failure of the enterprise partly to the fact that it divided the week with the military festivals. The annals of the society, he said, were nearly completed. He also made some suggestions in reference to the permanent fund.

Dr. Upham gave an account of the effort made by the officers to secure the alteration of the pitch of the Music Hall organ, and spoke of the organization of the chorus, criticising several of its features, and judging its condition to be as a whole superior to that at any former period. He referred to the monitorial system as capable of improvement, and to the composition of the chorus, which numbers altogether 739 members. He suggested that the standard should be yet higher advanced, and then passed again to the "triennial festival," which he said was an unprecedented success. It was on the whole a work of triumph, and belonged not to the city alone but to the State and the country. In conclusion he referred to his connection with the society,—as he said, the best ten years of his life. He expressed his warm interest in the society and his hope that it would continue in its progressive and successful career.

The officers for the ensuing year were then elected with the formality of a ballot, although nearly every candidate received the unanimous vote of the society. The following is the list: President, Loring B. Barnes; vice-President, George H. Chickering; Secretary, A. Parker Browne; Treasurer, George W. Palmer; Librarian, Charles H. Johnson; Directors, Edward Faxon, T. Frank Reed, W. O. Perkins, Horace B. Fisher, W. Dexter Wiswell, William H. Wadleigh, W. F. Bradbury, Curtis Brown.

Several of the newly elected officers were called upon to make speeches. Mr. Barnes addressed the society at some length in regard to its future. Resolutions complimentary to Dr. Upham were passed with much enthusiasm, and that gentleman replied very briefly. One of the members offered a vote that in the future management of the society the officers be instructed to keep one eye on the financial success and the other on the artistic success of the society. It was adopted, and an adjournment followed.—*Advertiser, May* 30. [We have the MS. of Dr. Upham's Report, which shall appear in full in our next.]


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

**LATEST MUSIC,**

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Drifting. 3. B♭ to f. *Claribel.* 30

The Moon was slowly rising. 3. F to *g*. *Wrighton.* 30

The Two Roses. 2. F to f. *Werner.* 30

The "Bulletin" this week suffers from an "*embarras de richesses*" so we can only introduce the above good songs as being of classic beauty, and by skilful authors.

Good Night and Good Morning. 2. C to d. *J. R. Rhodes.* 35

"A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see."

Words by Lord Brougham. A charming child's song.

Stealing a Kiss at the Garden Gate. Song and Chorus. With Lithograph Title. 3. A♭ to e. *M. Loesch.* 40

A "gate" song. One of the best of its kind.

Farewell, Farewell! Song & Cho. 3. B♭ to f. *J. R. Thomas.* 30

The words of the well-known "Good-Bye" with a splendid new melody and fine chorus.

Sail Ho! Song & Cho. 3. B♭ to f. *G. Barker.* 35

Those who *hear* this sea-song sung with *taste* and *feeling*, will in fancy almost *smell* salt water, and breathe in the air of the ocean. A spirited chorus.

Rock me, Billows. (Wogen und Wellen). 4. E♭ to f. *F. Kücken.* 35

Beautiful, with a rich "rocking" accompaniment, and well wrought harmony. German and English text.

From thence we come. (Dort sind wir her). 4. D♭ to *g*. *Abt.* 30

Melody and harmony deftly woven together. A "gem."

Benedic Anima. (Praise the Lord). 3. B♭ to *g*. *M. F. H. Smith.* 40

Spirited quartet, with solos, duets, &c.

God is a Spirit. Quartet or Chorus. From the "Woman of Samaria." 3. E♭ to *g*. *W. S. Bennett.* 40

From the new Cantata, which is attracting much attention.

What is life? 4. E to f. *J. L. Hatton.* 40

A magnificent "scena" for tenor voice, describing childhood, manhood, old age and the "bliss beyond."

**Instrumental.**

Three Petits Morceaux. 4 hands. *J. Rummel.* 35
No. 2. Andante. C. 2.

These little duets for beginners, containing good and useful music.

Five Petits Morceax. *J. Rummel.* 25
No. 1. Rondino Galop. 2. C.

Very easy and pretty.

Brilliant Variations on,
"We met by Chance." 5. A♭. *A. P. Wyman.* 40
"Widow in the cottage by the sea. 4. G. " 40

Well-known airs, skilfully varied.

Offertoire in E♭ (as played by Mr. Torrington.) 4. E♭. *L. Wely.* 75

Remarkably soft, sweet, flowing, graceful melody, with easy pedal bass. Introduced to the public on the "great Music Hall" organ, but any organist of medium ability can master it.

Minnehaha. (Laughing Water). 6. F. *J. M. Wehli.* 75

One of Wehli's concert pieces. His skilful fingers are its best advertisers.

Consent Waltz. 2. G. *N. B. C.* 30

Simple and pretty; for beginners.

Summer Garlands. Polka. 2. F. *F. Zikoff.* 40

Lithograph title, and pretty polka. Remember there are also a Mazurka and Galop in the set of which the Polka is one piece.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

// Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 788. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 6.

## Auber—The Comedy Composer.

[From the London Orchestra.]

There must be something grateful, easy, light, and nourishing about the Parisian musical comedy, for its composers have proved a long-lived race. Founded by Duni and Dauvergne, it was modelled into shape by Monsigny, who lived to be eighty-eight; carried on by Gossec, who was a centenarian, short only of four years; continued by Cherubini, who died at eighty-two; and then by Auber, who has just left us at the age of eighty-nine. Grétry and Boieldieu must be classed as the herb born at early morn to be mown away at eventide, for the former died at the comparatively early age of seventy-seven, and Boieldieu's volume of life was unrolled at sixty. These two were the boys among the catalogue of the light-comedy patriarchs. This series of protracted lives renders the progress of the French musical comedy no difficult task to unravel. If Lulli founded it, Rameau, Phillidor, and Monsigny made it a thoroughly native school; Gossec, taught by Sacchini, Grétry, taught by Casali, created the new school which broke down the organists' system, a method of isolated harmonies, with no centre and no root; a theory which stopped progress, affording no law for invariable rule, and no action for continual advance. Boieldieu, the outcast of the conservatory, but the friend of vocalists, for whom he made some hundred of charming and elegant *chansons*, imbued the school with a thoroughly Parisian tone; and his facile, pretty, and graceful tunes permitted him to laugh at Gossec, Cherubini, and the bigwigs, and to joke over his occasional harmonical peccadilloes. Herold, in 1819, commenced the new distinctive French style of the present day—an engrafting of the Rossini-spirit into the French rhythms; and to Auber must be assigned its advance, perfection, and probably its close.

Auber's life illustrates the adage of "Never too late to learn." When thirty years old he went to school, and finding in 1813 he had not learnt enough, stuck to the desk of the pupil until 1819; and in 1823, when forty-one years of age, produced "*La Neige*," and in 1824 "*Le Macon*," operas which demonstrated the effect of good teaching and the promise of individuality of style. The great master never feared instruction or tried to shorten its due course. Piccini was eleven years in the academy, Guglielmi fifteen. In these days two years is quite long enough to represent a country and its music. When there is no necessity for order, progress is both miraculous and irresistible.

Auber had achieved absolute grasp over the mechanism of music; he had learnt the best way of doing the thing; and entertained no doubt whatever about it. It was a mere question of life and emotional power. Invention was in him, and he had for years been in the habit of writing the neatest of *chansons* for others less gifted than himself, and who sent them out to the public in their own name. Auber threw himself into the *Opera Comique*, which, if not altogether a shallow side of life, was not a serious one, and therefore not a school for the highest form of art. The titles of the Operas on which he was engaged testify to the expression of life and character he was called upon to portray; and to much that Auber has written the wise observation of Mozart on the music of Martini (the composer of *La Cosa Rara*) may be applied. "This music is all the vogue, but when the vogue changes, it will all fade." To be a fashionable composer of theatrical music all that is necessary, after acquiring the *technique* of the art, is to exercise much observation, to know the stage well and everybody about it, to gauge the public taste, just as one heathen judges or suspects another, and keep up great cheerfulness and equanimity. Too much sensibility will not do, for that treads on the toes of genius, and real genius, having reverent faith in the bright side of human nature, in strength and steadiness of character, declines to have anything to do with the bubbles, froth, and foaming that form the light and sparkle of the modern opera. The highest form of art is commonly based on some spirit of sacrifice. Doubtless Beethoven well knew his Opera of "*Fidelio*" was fifty years before its time, and with him his locking it up for a cycle of years was a foregone conclusion.

The long list of Auber's Operas proclaims the rare gifts and consummate art of their composer; but at the same time demonstrates the low platform on which he stood. He chose his destiny, and has fulfilled it. His ideas were fertile and abundant—prodigiously so; his melodies *naïve*, simple, elegant, and charming; his movements were relevant, graceful, well-balanced, brilliant, and vigorous; nothing infelicitous, nothing unnatural; much that was *piquante*, smart, and full of *abandon*. He had generally some great woman-singer, with whom he was *en rapport*; and, full of worldly wisdom, artistic insight, and possessing unbounded freedom, he wrote her song just as she desired. If, by chance, he went astray, she laughed and joked, and said "*Mon cher*, it cannot be done this way, take a glass of champagne, and listen to me;" and thus, the woman's tact and the singer's experience put all right, and the result gave great satisfaction to both parties. No man was more fully alive than Auber to the great want in his organization. When he first met Rossini, he says, "I shall never forget his lightning-like execution, his spirit and *verve*; his accompanying was marvellous; his hands seemed to gallop. I fancied I could see the keys *smoking*. I went home much inclined to throw my scores into the fire; it may perhaps *warm* them." All Auber's deficiencies were brought before him at this first meeting with Rossini. He worked hard to gain spirit and *verve*, and these he did acquire; but *warmth*—no—never. To create a feeling was out of his power, for he worked from the intellect, and rarely from the imagination; and the special gift he held, as a thoroughly taught artist, never had its fair and full exercise by reason of the very nature of the subjects he dealt with in music.

We have become so demoralized by the vulgarities of modern theatrical composers that it would be difficult to convey to our readers the effect which the first production in England of "*Masaniello*" created on the minds and feelings of well-taught musicians, and those accustomed to the Grand Opera at his Majesty's Theatre. Take the second *motive* in the overture—that portion which breaks into the major of the prevailing tonic,—can anything be more commonplace, anything more inexpressibly vulgar? Consider again the themes of the *galop*, brilliant and sonorous as they are? As writing for the Grand Opera, these things were a lowering in tone and position which had never before been so represented. If the breadth of the structure exhilarated, the degeneracy of idea, and deadness of heart, at once checked the feeling. It was the great artist outside himself, pandering to the misguided taste of the public. But in satisfying others he satisfied himself, and in place of living to command, he simply labored to please. The result is told in few words: Auber spent forty years of his life in acquiring the power to write music, and he occupied another forty in ringing the changes over dramatic situations which, as a rule, describe neither delicate sensation, fineness of nature, nor heroic feeling, and therefore forbade the expression of deep and true passion. Very many of his *arias* are charming to the vocalist, and delightful to the auditor; but they mean nothing, they say nothing, they are deficient in the pulse of life, and without heat—the white anvil heat—which alone gives longevity to artistic production. His melodies are rarely sung in concert rooms, still less so in the drawing room, and will eventually fade away from the stage. Certain of his overtures, from their clear outline and brilliant instrumentation, will for some time retain their position, and every commendation must be given to the worldly wisdom that guided the form of his *ensembles* and concerted movements. But his thoughts were of the earth, earthy, and he chose to place himself during the whole course of his extended life in sympathetic relation with fashion and arrangements that must die. He was the first composer who took the 2-4 dance time as the staple form of vocal movement. He commenced with the Parisian dance, and now it has passed into less clever, and more ignoble hands. He is, of course, the father of the last phase of dancing-opera—such as the music of Offenbach and the favorites of the present hour. There will be more spice, and more cayenne, that is to say, further degeneracy, and deeper depths; and the memory of Auber will be blotted out by the pens plucked from his own wing. He will be classed with Piccini, whom in many points he resembled, a bygone model, from whom there is much to be learned but nothing to imitate.

## A History of Opera.

BY C. SCHULZE.

[Concluded from page 26.]

Before proceeding to direct our attention to another genius, who, also, pursued his way on the mountain tops of art, let us cast a short glance upon some few of the wanderers in the valley below. The successes achieved by French comic opera and vaudeville, as well as by the *opera buffa* of the Italians, created a new counterweight, so to say, in the German *Liederspiel*, or operetta, in which the tone of national song, so captivating to German feeling, was adopted, and which, from that very fact, became a highly popular musical form. I will here mention Hiller of Leipsic, the real founder of operetta (died 1804), together with his librettist, Felix Weise. Hiller's songs have always a touch of something artistic about them, though they do not afford evidence of any very great imaginative powers. Then comes Reichardt (died 1814), for whom Goethe wrote *Erwin und Elvire, Jery und Bätely*,, an æsthetically accomplished musician, and a great admirer of Gluck's operas, the influence of which is unmistakable in his own operas of *Andromeda, Brennus*, and *Die Olympiade*. Ferdinand Kauer (died 1831), whose *Donauweibchen* was universally popular. Wenzel Müller (died 1836), whose *Alpenkönig; Verschwender; Bauer als Millionär; Die Schwestern von Prag;* and *Das neue Sonntagskind*, find admirers even at the present day. In Naumann (died 1801), the folk's tone is combined with empty Italian musical phrases; the opera of *Cora* is considered his most famous work. The same combination is found in Salieri's two pupils, Winter (died 1825) and Weigl (died 1843). The first was known for his opera of *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, and the second was a musical Gessner, that is, a composer of idylls, and father of the *Schweizerfamilie*. We find the folk's tone combined with a humorous representation of the actual life of the people in the works of Dittersdorf (died 1799), and of Schenck (died 1836). The latter gained innumerable friends by the low comedy of his *Dorfbarbier*, which was performed 200 times in Vienna alone, and drew money everywhere. The former, an intimate friend of Gluck, proved himself a thoughtful and respectable composer, especially in *Hieronymus Knicker; Doctor und Apotheker;* and *Hokus Pokus*. It was he who prepared the way in Vienna for a greater genius than himself.

This genius was Wolfang Amadeus Mozart (born 1756, died 1791). Thoroughly conversant with the

Digitized by Google

formalism of Italian opera, he had the courage to step out of Gluck's mythico heroic sphere into that of actual human life. The personages of his dramatic productions are not mere creations of the imagination, but human beings like ourselves; no bitter and obscure fatality guides them by a leading string; they themselves forge their own happiness and their own misfortune. Mozart paints, in tune, not only earnestness, dignity, and elevation, but also every affection that can be musically portrayed; even wit and humor are most amply represented in his operas. Opera as he wrote it must, therefore, be considered as the extension and perfection of opera as Gluck wrote it. In contradistinction to heroic opera, Mozart's style of opera is called romantic opera. With regard to its separate forms, it must be remarked of the overture that it excites in as exactly the kind of feeling which runs through the drama following it, and that it is instrumentally more important, and of a better articulated and more artistic form, than the overtures of any previous composer. The form occurs at a subsequent period independently still more perfect and truly classical in Beethoven, who, however, in his only opera, *Fidelio*, though it is *instrumentally* more important, has not surpassed the productions of Mozart. With Mozart, the recitative is not a mere accessory, or a mere poetical link; it serves him to portray and pave the way for psychological events. In the aria, where, it is true, he frequently made willingly, or was compelled to make, concessions to virtuosity, we find delicate characterization of the different personages. And how sensually sweet is his cantilena. The concerted pieces and the *finales*, sparsely represented in Gluck, skilfully combine all the various points of the action. On the whole, Mozart's operas, like all his compositions, are especially distinguished for originality, wit, fancy, and inexhaustible imaginative powers. Not one is like the other, and Mozart understood better than anybody else the art of uniting a contrapuntal style with expressive and pleasing melody. What a fine comic vein there is, too, in his operas! With what mastery does he employ the art of rhythm! He was, indeed, a reformer of comic opera. The Italian *opera buffa* dealt only with comic characters; Mozart's operas created comic situations, which could never have existed without sharply marked personages.

The influence exerted by Mozart and Gluck on the form and treatment of opera spread far, and thenceforth affected the national music of the Italians and French. We perceive it immediately, for instance, in Méhul (died 1818), whose *Ariodant; Hélène; Les deux Aveugles;* and *Joseph* are considered his best operas; the last is held in higher esteem at present in Germany than in France. In consequence of Méhul's endeavor to unite Gluck's style with the most commonplace operatic books, he could not possibly fail to be guilty of many a piece of bad taste and eccentricity. Mozart's influence is, however, even more directly apparent in Boieldieu (died 1834), the friend of Cherubini, and Rossini's rival in Paris. Every one praises very justly the freshness and animation of his melodies; the simplicity of his harmony, the splendor and fire of his instrumentation. His operas: *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge; Ma Tante Aurore; Le Calife de Bagdad; Jean de Paris;* and *La Dame Blanche*, still enjoy a good repute in Germany. In France, however, they were quickly driven from the field by the "Swan of Pesaro."

We further find the influence of the hero Gluck exerted finally on Cherubini (died 1842) and Spontini (died 1851). Cherubini—in the cantilena, often an Italian; in grace and declamation, often a Frenchman—combines in his music earnestness and pithy brevity with fulness of harmony and delicate instrumentation, though he is not always free from heaviness, monotony and oddity. His best work is *Les deux Journées*, the *finale* of the first act being especially good. Of his other operas, *Demophoon* (1788); *Lodoiska* (1791); *Elisa* (1794); *Medea* (1797); and *Les Abencerrages*, are worthy of mention. Spontini, a master of rhythm and recitative, weaker in harmonized counterpoint, but strong in the employment of orchestral resources, did nothing really conducive to the further development of opera. After having, during the first period of his productivity, written only genuinely Italian operas, a performance in Paris of Gluck's *Iphigénie in Aulide* suddenly illuminated his mind. He resolved to illustrate musically historical subjects, adapted to the feeling excited by the political and warlike events of the period, and to transform Gluck's classic opera into heroic opera. Thus arose *La Vestale*, his best opera (1807); *Fernand Cortez*, ordered of him by Napoleon, in 1809; and *Olympia* (1816). His subsequent operas were *Nurmahal* (1821); the magic opera, *Alcidor*, (1825); and *Agnes von Hohenstaufen* (1827). Writing to Goethe, Zelter says of *Alcidor*:—"Spontini seems to me like his own Gold-King, who flings gold at people's heads, in which he makes holes. What is intended to be melodious strikes one as an outline-drawing which is continually broken off, instead of being free and flowing, and which degenerates into caricature."

Shortly before the fall of Napoleon, French opera lost its charm and its reputation. Two new composers shared between them the latter: Paër (died 1839), who was appointed by Napoleon Spontini's successor in 1812, and Rossini (died 1868). Of Paër's numerous operas, I will mention merely *Camilla* (1799), which first established his reputation; *Sargino* (1803); *Sophonisba; Numa Pompilio;* and *La Griselda*. In all these works, we perceive a facile plastic talent, but little invention. All his melodies have well known physiognomies, and frequently bear the stamp of Mozart. With him begins the Renaissance style, the melody being once more garnished with ornamentation as formerly. Greater than Paër, greater than any other Italian, stands Rossini; rich in melody; poor in harmonic invention; extremely simple in his instrumentation, nay, often too simple, since he seldom gives due prominence to the middle parts; but, on the other hand, frequently brilliant and clever. It is true that he generally fails in dramatic truth, and half his operas are genuine dance music. The Italians called him their romanticist, a name which he gained, probably, among them on account of his modulatory leaps, his crescendos, his triplet passages, cadences, flourishes, duets in thirds, and the big drum. In his twenty-first year, he wrote *Tancredi*, and before he was thirty he had composed thirty operas, of which *L'Italiana in Algieri* (1813); *Otello* (1816); *Semiramide* (1822); and *Guillaume Tell* (1827), are the best known. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1816) is, however, the most important of all his works.

Bellini (died 1835), and Donizetti (died 1843), contemporaries and fellow countrymen of Rossini. While Rossini, thanks to his brilliant coloring and his cantilena, always produced works of art, we see, in the two former-named masters Italian opera become utterly shallow. Their melodies, though sensually pleasing, are by far less noble, and flow far less from the heart than those of Rossini. Donizetti places the centre of gravity not in the drama, properly so-called, but in the *bravura* air of the singer. Breakneck cadences, and physical exertion on the part of the vocal virtuosos, at the end of the different scenes and acts, have to conquer the hearts of the auditory, and they conquer them in, among other operas, *Anna Bolena* (1831); *L'Elisir d'Amore*, (1832); *Lucrezia Borgia* (1834); and *La Fille du Regiment* (1848); nay, more, they conquered—let the reader hear and wonder—in *Anna Bolena*, the professorship of counterpoint at the Conservatory of Naples for their composer.

Bellini, though entitled by his innate melody to a higher position, resembles Donizetti in his passion for dazzling and captivating his hearers through the performances of solo virtuosos, having written *Il Pirata* with a special eye to Rubini, and several parts with the same consideration for Mme. Pasta. Anything like the portrayal of individual character is out of the question, but his music is never false to the tone of sentimentality. Madness and the voluptuousness of pain are the subjects for his talent. Well, the masses like this sort of thing, and even at the present day there is a large public who admire *I Montecchi e Capuletti* (1829); *La Sonnambula* (1831); *Norma* (1832); and *I Puritani* (1834).

In Auber, the pupil of Cherubini and Boieldieu, we already perceive the influence of the neo-Italians on French opera; the same brilliant instrumentation; the same fiery rhythms; and the same decked out melody. But it must be confessed that Auber has frequently attached importance to genuine dramatic expression. It is this very fact which subsequently rendered him a dangerous rival of Italian opera. The most valuable, in form and purport, of his operatic works is *La Muette de Portici*, which achieved an unexampled success in Berlin and Brussels. In most of his other known operas: *La Neige, Le Maçon, Fra Diavolo, La Fiancée, Le Philtre,* and *Le Lac des Fées*, for the majority of which Scribe furnished librettos, piquant, original melodies, orchestral experience, and a knowledge of the stage, cannot make up for the want of dramatic unity and treatment, and of the genuine employment of music.

In the first rank I place the illustrious names of the Abbé Vogler's two great pupils: Carl Maria von Weber, 1786–1822, for whom song, and Meyer Beer, 1791–1864, for whom the orchestra, was more important than aught else.

Let people say what they will, Carl Maria von Weber is, after Gluck and Mozart, the most important of all operatic composers. In whom else do we find such natural truth, such characteristic fidelity with regard to time, plot, and personages; such fulness of thought; such an inward, graceful charm, and frequently so national a stamp of stately melodies and moving harmonies, such simplicity, side by side with fiery fancy; and such instrumentation, never overloaded, and always elegant! It is the fact of satisfying equally the physical and psychological requirements of his hearers which is the secret means whereby Weber gained the name of a conqueror, and still maintains it at the present day. His operas are universally known and popular. His *Freyschütz* especially has penetrated further and achieved a greater success than any other opera. That genuinely artistic work, *Euryanthe; Oberon*, with its ever-green overture; and *Preciosa*, rich in beautiful choruses, I must particularly mention. *Der Freischütz, Oberon,* and *Euryanthe* must be designated, in every respect, truly classical romantic operas; they represent admirably three principal subjects of romance: the saga, the legend, and chivalry.

Meyerbeer is to be looked upon as the master who barricaded the way to the German stage against ultramontane operatic music, and thus founded a new epoch. Before his *Robert le Diable* (1830), *Les Huguenots* (1836), *Le Prophète* (1849), *L'Etoile du Nord* (1854), and *L'Africaine* (1864), of the hundreds of operas written by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, only ten at the most have been able to stand their ground.

Commencing with compositions, displaying talent, in the German school, Meyerbeer, spurred on by Rossini's triumphs, soon became a zealous champion of the Italian school, and thence, to this instance again not crowned with laurels, turned to modern French grand opera. Thus, full of the impressions produced by the works of Beethoven and Weber, he entered upon the inheritance bequeathed by Auber; but he was more genial than Auber; possessed of contrapuntal skill, and having a finer perception of the manner of treating a subject. His operas, which always bear the noble stamp of a true artist, are characterized by charming sensuous harmony, though sometimes also by exuberance in the modulation; an oriental love of display and magnificence in the instrumentation, and a want of repose in the change of rhythm. Side by side with these distinguishing features, we often find disagreeable contrasts between serious and light, toying music. His two greatest operas are *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*. The scene of the oath and the consecration of the weapons in the latter opera is, and always will be, a real specimen of classical composition.

Halévy (born 1799) was an imitator of Meyerbeer. He achieved, it is true, a great success with his opera, *La Juive* (1835), but his good fortune did not increase with his subsequent productions. Adam (born 1803), a composer in the same style, surpassed him with his *Postillon* (1836), without afterwards outdoing Auber. I must not omit to mention Gounod, for when we are speaking of light we cannot help mentioning shadow as well. How much the public understand about music is evident from the fact that they lavish their applause upon operas in which the greatest harmonic commonplaces go naïvely hand in hand with the most threadbare worn-out melodies. (!)

In the path he selected, Weber was followed, also, by two German masters, Spohr (1784—1859) and Marschner (1795—1861); the former wrote eight operas, of which it may be asserted that *Jessonda* alone displays any vitality. His style is full of mannerisms. He wants Weber's fresh, direct tone language, ingenuousness, and humor. Examples of exaggerated sentiment, which eternally find vent in chromatic melodic passages and enharmonic changes, and nearly always the same combination of instruments, cannot fail to end by making any one sea-sick. A more vigorous and more healthy spirit permeates Marschner's operas, of which I may cite *Der Vampyr* (1828); *Des Falkner's Braut* (1832); *Hans Heiling* (1834); and, more especially, *Templer und Judin*.

Marschner took his friend Carl Maria von Weber as his model. He possesses in common with the latter a beautiful, melodious style, dashing thought, warmth of expression and clearness of form. He strenuously endeavored once more to treat opera, deteriorated by the Italians, on Gluck's plan, namely, to develop it dramatically and paint real life. It is true that the partiality he, at the same time, entertained for the romanticist Weber caused an inequality in his treatment, while his fondness for copying reality exactly often proved injurious to artistic delineation.

I must not pass over in silence the composers of various single German operas which still retain possession of the stage; I refer to Kreutzer, Lindpaintner, Reissiger, and Lortzing. Conradin Kreutzer (1782—1849), one of Haydn's last pupils, produced a long series of operas, of which *Das Nachtlager von Granada* (1834) is, perhaps, the only one known at the present day. Lindpaintner (born 1791) also composed several operas in the style of Weber and Spohr, but, though fashioned by a master hand, they

Digitized by Google

did not, principally owing to the librettos, display any real vitality.

Reissiger (1798—1859), a pupil of Schicht and Winter, and the official successor of Carl Maria von Weber at Dresden, achieved by his operas, some twelve in number, as little permanent success as the composers just mentioned. His most successful one was *Die Felsenmühle* (1831), which is written in a light, flowing, and melodious style. A greater amount of appreciation fell to the share of Lortsing (1803—1851), a pupil of Rungenhagen's, for his operas, *Der Pole und sein Kind* (1823); *Die beiden Schützer* (1837); *Czar und Zimmermann* (1837); *Undine* (1844); and *Der Waffenschmied* (1846), most of which are still stock pieces. Unfortunately, it was not until his eye was closed forever that a ray of fame fell upon him.

I will now offer a few observations upon Richard Wagner, who has stept forward as a theoretical and practical reformer of opera. Wagner stands indeed alone among all operatic composers, pretending as he does to unite the philosopher, the poet, and the musician in one and the same person.

As an idealistic philosopher, he starts from the capital propositions:—1. Opera is the most perfect production of art; 2. Opera has hitherto been a mistake, for in it a means of expression (music) is made the end, and the end of what is expressed (the drama) is made a means. Many writers have undertaken to prove the utter falseness of the first, and the only half truth of the second proposition; I forbear, therefore, from here criticising either. In his latest pamphlet, that on Beethoven, Wagner even considers music in a metaphysical light, thus venturing upon ground where only very few of his most zealous adherents will manifest any particularly strong desire to follow him. As a poet he deserves respect for his plastic talent, and the choice of his subjects. But when it is asserted that his librettos are poetic works of art, and that the language employed by Schiller and Goethe is mere human patchwork compared with the divine outflowings of Wagner's poetic linguistic genius, such assertions are simply the exaggerations of enthusiastic admirers who see all he does in a roseate light, and can extort from us a smile at most. Another equally untenable assertion of these phrase-heroes is that Wagner's operas alone have a justification for their existence; that they are the greatest art-works of any period; and that, like the old Greek tragedies, they are calculated to advance the religious culture of our people. The only thing in them of any musical importance is, really and truly, the instrumentation. Instead of the independent employment of instruments, on the plan pursued in the works of previous composers, it is Wagner's aim to obtain a number of separate choral masses by reinforcing the different classes into which they are divided. It is by this means that he achieves such great, though, at the same time purely sensuous effects. It is his tone coloring which dazzles us.

Against form this composer has declared war; he despises form. In the recitatives he will have nothing but the accent of spoken language perceptible; the feelings are allowed to burst forth only in short melodies. He exhibits great partiality for musical painting, even in the case of single words. His idea of the orchestral melody, as he calls it, is original; this melody should suggest, in the orchestra, the progress of the story told on the stage, and characteristically define the various personages. He intentionally avoids the extravagant employment of figured music, and of the cantilena; endeavors to impress his audience by unusual modulations, and harmonic progressions, which, by the way, are introduced almost according to set formulæ, and in consequence of this, as well as from his even treatment of the recitative, his frequent employment of chromatic interrupted runs, and the mediæval practice, as we may term it, of ranging chord after chord, side by side without prominent melody or rhythm, he becomes—for all who have formed their taste by, and take delight in, the works of Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and especially Beethoven—monotonous! His adherents often point to the numerous performances and apparent success of his operas. But these are, now-a-days, no proof of the artistic value of an opera, for the great mass of the public applauds as heartily light Offenbachiades, as it does Wagner's music itself, which can with difficulty be understood by those who hear it. The real magnet in Wagner's case is the poetic story. Beginning with a historical subject, he proceeded to the local, and finally to the national, saga. The last still reckons, and very properly, admirers even in the most cultivated circles. It is around the Nibelungen and Breton series of sagas that Wagner weaves his strange harmonies. In his new creation, *Die Meistersinger*, he appears to have wished for once to follow a doctrinary course; he treats at length in it a chapter of the national literature of Germany. According to one account, he will, in addition to *Parcival*, already announced, write an opera, *Buddha*; according to another, he will produce no more musico-dramatic works for his thankless contemporaries.

Opera is, at the present day as we all feel, in a state of metamorphosis; it is not yet the great work of art men have long wished to possess, and strives to produce; it has not yet reached, and least of all in consequence of what Richard Wagner has done, the acme of perfection. Who will be the new knight to break the spell that holds it captive, and by what means will he break that spell? These are objective questions to which the future must shortly furnish answers. I will take the liberty of appending to them a subjective question. It is said of the aloe that it germinates one hundred years; grows a hundred years; and then is stationary another hundred years, after which it dies. The year 1580 is considered as the year when opera was born; in 1880 it will, therefore, celebrate its three hundredth anniversary. Will it, possibly, be like the aloe?

## Sigismond Thalberg.

Death has been busy of late with eminent musicians. Among recent losses in the musical world is that of one who was constantly among us for a series of years, and who, in his way, left an impress upon his time and upon his art. We refer to Sigismond Thalberg. What this gentleman achieved for the mechanism of the pianoforte is best known to pianists and amateurs of the instrument; what he was as a dexterous and accomplished performer all must remember who are old enough to look back some 30 years and more. Thalberg made his first appearance in London, at a Philharmonic concert, in the year 1837, and created a sensation something akin to that which had been created by a still more extraordinary man six or seven years earlier. As when Paganini was first heard in this country (1831) every violinist, in despair, declared he would go home and break his instrument, so when Thalberg was first heard the pianists were equally minded to abandon their vocation, as thenceforth useless and unprofitable. Nevertheless, the whole secret on either side comprised little more than what was then considered a newly invented mechanism, by the exercise of which things could be done previously never dreamt of, or, if dreamt of, regarded as impracticable. As time passed on, however, other violinists arose—Heinrich Ernst and Vieuxtemps, for example—who composed pieces surpassing in difficulty those of Paganini; while Joseph Joachim, whose *Hungarian Concerto* would have made even Paganini look wistful, diving into the past, brought up the violin solos of John Sebastian Bach, more elaborate and complex than any other compositions for the violin extant, ancient or modern.

Thus, too, it happened with the works of Thalberg, whose mannerism was so conspicuous, and whose chief technical devices were so transparent, that the market soon swarmed with pieces built upon the same pattern as his, many of them being more trying and intricate than any Thalberg himself had produced. An air played on the medium keys of the pianoforte, with arpeggios, scales, or other florid passages, sweeping the instrument up and down the key board, became in the course of time the commonest thing possible. Liszt himself imitated Thalberg, and surpassed him in daring, though he failed to rival him in grace and purity. Döhler, Dreyschock, and Prudent, Leopold de Meyer, and others too numerous to name, supplied the world, *ad nauseam*, with fantasias in the Thalberg style; and of late years the device and the mannerism of this great inventor have been employed indiscriminately by composers of the smallest possible calibre—composers who might be named by the dozen, but who are really not worth naming. The fact is that, now-a-days, it is the easiest thing imaginable to invent a piece after that fashion which, more than 30 years ago, astounded the musical world in Thalberg. The idea of such a form of composition enduring, as "classical," is not for a moment to be entertained. The most gifted and brilliant exemplifier of it was Thalberg himself; no one, indeed, has equalled him in producing such perfect specimens.

Mendelssohn, in a letter from Leipsic addressed to his mother, after an interesting comparison between Liszt and Thalberg, declares his preference for Thalberg as a "*virtuoso*." Referring to the *fantasia* on themes from *La Donna del Lago*, that great musician says:—"It is an accumulation of the most exquisite and delicate effects, a continued succession of difficulties and embellishments, exciting our astonishment, all well devised, carried out with security and skill, and pervaded by the most refined taste." After this testimony from such a man, who can believe that Thalberg ever said what he is so often reported to have said,—"I hate music—I never did like it!"

Thalberg was born at Geneva in 1812 (January 7), of noble parents, whose name he did not bear. His first studies were at Vienna, under it signifies little what masters—some say Sechter, who knew not much about the art of pianoforte playing, and Hummel, who knew more than most men; others mention a certain bassoon-player, belonging to the Opera-house. What Thalberg did, however, aided by wonderful physical aptitude, the joint attainment of unremitting labor and a happy organization, was exclusively his own, and altogether independent of masters—whether in counterpoint, of which he never acquired a command, or the manipulation of the pianoforte, in which, in his peculiar way, he surpassed all his contemporaries. From 1830 to 1839 he made the tour of Europe, winning everywhere unanimous admiration by his prodigious skill as an executant, but even more perhaps by his method of *singing* upon the instrument, to which he brought a fullness and richness of tone equal almost to that of the human voice when most adequately endowed, and a manner of phrasing which, though somewhat metronomically precise, was always natural and true. In 1837, as we have said, Thalberg came to England, and played with the effect we have described. From 1837 to 1851 he was frequently among us, invariably exciting the same interest by his admirable playing. In 1851, when Sophie Cruvelli was Mr. Lumley's chief *prima donna*, he composed for that gifted lady an opera called *Florinda*, which, although the cast included (besides Sophie Cruvelli) Calzolari, Lablache the elder, Coletti, Marie Cruvelli, and Sims Reeves, and though, moreover, it was produced with great splendor and well executed under the direction of the late Mr. Balfe, obtained at the best a "*success d'estime.*" Some time after this, Thalberg went to America and Brazil, where his singular ability as a pianist met with due recognition, both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense. His latest visits to England were in 1862 and 1863, when, besides giving "Recitals" in the Hanover-square Rooms, he made extensive tours which, if report at the time may be credited, brought him no less than £12,000. Since then, allowing for a series of concerts given in 1865, at Paris, where he produced his most recent composition, entitled "*Les Soirées du Pausillipe,*" Thalberg virtually abandoned the musical profession. He possessed a handsome estate near Naples, to which he retired, and where he gave himself up almost wholly to the cultivation of the vine.

It is well known in England that Thalberg married the eldest daughter of the late celebrated dramatic singer, Lablache. One of his favorite pupils here was Arabella Goddard, to whom he imparted the secret of interpreting most of his principal fantasias, which she has so often shown she possesses in perfection. Socially Thalberg was one of the most amiable and consequently one of the most popular of artists. He had troops of friends, and, we may say, without fear of contradiction, not a single enemy. To enumerate his published works would take more space than we have at disposal. That many of them will live, as historical examples of a new phase in art, we are convinced.—*London Times.*

## Fetis—Theorist and Historian.

The late François Joseph Fétis—the chief of the Royal Academy of Music in Brussels—stands forth as one of the most remarkable men of the present century. Born in 1784, he began his artistic life in Paris in 1800, and up to 1833 was one of the foremost musicians in that city of musicians, as teacher, critic, theorist, and historian. He held an organist's appointment; and early in life published some Masses and other music for the church, together with much pianoforte music—some hundred and fifty separate compositions—seven operas, vocal music, and methods of instruction of all kinds and on mostly all subjects. He was editor of the *Revue Musicale*, and for many years contributor to the *Gazette Musicale*. His communications to these journals occupy nearly three thousand quarto pages, and are distinguished for their great erudition and the zeal of the writer for the dissemination of the principles, philosophy, and practice of the art. For the last forty years he had been the head of the Conservatoire at Brussels, an institution which is wholly indebted to him for its high character and great usefulness. Besides memoirs of Paganini, the Stradiuarii, the musicians of the Netherlands, translation of Boethius, essays on oriental music, on Greek and Roman, on the old church or plain chant, he stands forth as the author of four most remarkable and thoroughly classical works, a Biography of Musicians, a Treatise on Harmony, a Treatise on Counterpoint, illustrated with copious examples from the great masters—a splendid book—and a General History of Music from the earliest times to the present day—a work projected on the largest plan and of which only two volumes have at-

Digitized by Google

present appeared. Of course a man of such inordinate reading and of such incessant production could not be permitted to run his course without opposition and the ordinary troubles and vexations of one desirous to teach and inform; nor could he avoid at times laying himself open to the criticisms of his contemporaries. His "Biography of Musicians" was sharply attacked by Tajan-Rogé, and no question many of the animadversions of his adversary were founded on facts and beyond contradiction. In such an extended work there must be omissions, occasional undue importance to insignificant artists, nor is it possible to verify every statement or to justify every judgment. With no less reason did Gollmick indite some sixteen or twenty pages testing the truth of the new theory of harmony and its results in the Academy at Brussels.

Fétis in his now scarce "Essay on the History of Harmony"—a work which contains a summary and analysis of all the great leading theories that ever appeared—demonstrates not only his enormous reading, but also his singular power in grasping the distinctive features of each treatise, and his thorough honesty in portraying them to the best advantage. He himself was not satisfied in after years with this work, and embodied such portions of it as he wished to keep before the public in his now well known Treatise on Harmony. He considered himself as the apostle of harmony—born with a special mission—the revelation of the unknown principle on which music may be said to rest—and he may be considered to have specially devoted his life to this intent. When in his perplexities he appealed to Méhul, the successful operatic composer simply laughed at him. "All that I ever wanted I have found in Catel; that book has served my purpose, what more do you require?" Disappointed in Méhul, the anxious philosopher and theorist turned to the mathematician, the illustrious Lagrange. "Well," said the great geometer, "we mathematicians had imagined we had explained all that was necessary for you artists in music when we had laid before you the proportions of harmony and the rule of the temperament. But no doubt there is something more to know before the full truth shall stand revealed, and I have been much engaged in the investigation. I am not a musician, and the element necessary is wanting in me. The secret has been hidden for ages, all the more glory to him who may come forth as the discoverer." Hereupon Fétis gave up the study of mathematical music, and rested his theory upon the great art-judge of tones—the human ear. Mathematical intervals he declares are of no use in forming a scale of sounds—they are simply so many isolated facts with no necessary connection. The musical scale, he writes, is the product of a metaphysical law deriving its existence from the needs and circumstances of the human being. The Indian took what suited his passions; the Greek followed his example; and the Christian, rejecting both, became also eclectic and used only such sounds as were in accordance with his nature and his creed. Taking the old church gamuts as his stand-point, Fétis professes to trace the changes and enlargements of the gamut in all its modern enrichments of semitones and chromatics as the results of the feelings of mankind and the exertions of the musician to find out new modes of expression for the new emotions. Every sound has its own family of tones; and Fétis conceived that the discovery of this family of tones—all vibrating together in one grand harmonical relation—was the unfolding of the unknown secret. But in the application of this fact—or rather idea of a fact as the author lays it out—the practical method of our author reveals no new truth. We have the old system of natural sounds, and artificial sounds, modifications, substitutions, alterations, prolongations, retardations, suspensions, the *pedale* now at the bottom of the scale and now at the top—in truth a *mélange* of the theories of Sorge and Lévens, Momigny and Câtel, Schrœter, and G. Weber. Nevertheless this "Treatise on Harmony" is one that can be worked, and although it will not make a sound musician—as M. Gollmick endeavors to demonstrate—still it is to a great extent thoroughly practical. That it will not carry a student through safely is very plain from M. Fétis's own handiwork in his little book on choral singing; for in this the author tumbles upon progressions which no explanation of the harmonious tendencies of the one sound can possibly defend. The author in no page of his work ever alludes to the treatise of the Spaniard Virues, known in this country as translated by Vernevil; but it is very evident that Fétis had seen this work, and lies under great obligations to it. The English edition is a bulky, verbose, and ill-arranged method, but there is matter lying in it which, if condensed and wisely disposed in some forty or fifty pages, would prove of incalculable benefit to the inquiring student. The position that the fundamental seventh on the dominant—that discord—is the cause of all attraction in harmony, and furnishes the elements of all progress and all modulation, is not the invention of Fétis. This theorem belongs to the Spaniard, Virues, and it is but justice to his labors and memory to record thus much. The distinction made by Fétis between natural dissonances and those altered or artificial is simply absurd, for if they be harmonical they must be alike natural, and within the ken of the scientific eye; reducible to the law of division, and therefore within the circle of combination. If we cannot get on with the mathematician it is not altogether wisdom to cast him on one side. Although he may decline to guide, he is always a safe and agreeable companion.

How much of the great history of music but just commenced in print may be found in manuscript we know not, but should it be in any state proper for issue, the labors of this extraordinary musician can only be compared to those of the Abbé Migne, who has supplied the clergy of the old church with a history, an encyclopedia, and a theological library which render almost all other church books unnecessary. The good Abbé had been helped in his work, but Fétis appears single-handed. What he has published is really all his own doing, and it is a prodigious mass. Printed in our usual English way in fair readable type—an ordinary sized type—it must extend over a hundred volumes. He has rewritten Sala and Choron in his treatise on Counterpoint; he supplies Reicha and Câtel, G. Weber, and Marx, in his treatise on harmony; he includes all the biographers in his eight volumes of biography; his edition of the old Gregorian music, which occupied him a quarter of a century, is still the best of all, and the present musical faith of the Roman church; and his methods, essays, reports, and periodical contributions contain a fund of information and supply much to the student not to be obtained elsewhere.

His death creates a void which no living scholar in music can fill up; and, wonderful to record, he labored hard to the very end. For full seventy years the pen was never out of his hand, nor had age weakened his love for the art. He had been to the Brussels Academy of immense benefit, and through his observation and keen watchfulness this institution has become possessed of a library unparalleled in its riches. No sale ever took place in which rare musical works were to be disposed of but Fétis was there represented; and many a most valuable work, not again to be seen for some half-century, has Fétis borne away in spite of the zeal and attention of the representative of our British Museum.

Fétis was first in England about forty-two years ago, and published his memoranda of the then state of musical art and its professors. Some extracts are to be read in the pages of "the Harmonicon" of that period by no means flattering to English taste or English science. He came here at our two International Exhibitions, and we believe expressed his high pleasure at all he saw and heard. He is the last of a race of giants. More fortunate than poor Auber—whose remains it appears the wretches in Paris have consigned to the common ditch—his body was committed to the tomb with every mark of honor and respect, and his name is likely to live long, among the constant and conscientious laborers for their art.—*London Orchestra.*

---

## Handel and Haydn Society.—Annual Report.

At the Annual Meeting of the Society, May 27, the following Report was presented by the President, Dr J. Baxter Upham.

Gentlemen:

*Members of the Handel and Haydn Society.* In compliance with the requirements of the By-Laws of the Society I respectfully submit my

ANNUAL REPORT.

It gives me the sincerest pleasure to congratulate you upon a year of acknowledged artistic success,—not only in the ordinary operations of the Society, its routine of rehearsals and public performances, but in the crowning labors of its great Triennial Festival, the echoes of whose triumphs are now coming back to us from almost every town and city in the land. But I reserve for the present any detailed allusion to this interesting part of my subject.

The work of the Society in its necessary routine of duties has been greater in the past year than at any former season within my remembrance. Our meetings for practice commenced on the 2nd of October, and continued weekly, as usual, until the 26th of February; from which time they increased in frequency, in a constantly accelerating ratio, till the opening of the Festival. The number of these rehearsals (48 in all) is greater than in any previous year since I have been connected with the Society. The average attendance also, as appears from the table furnished me by the Secretary, has been better than ever before. From this record it is shown that the fullest attendance was on the evening of the 18th of December, the thinnest on that of the 28th April, the number present on those occasions being 600 and 150 respectively. Once only were the rehearsals entirely suspended, viz., on the evening of the 12th February, at which time a severe snow storm was raging. The average attendance during the season was in round numbers 400,—to be exact, 392 27-48,—out of a total of a little more than 700 members. I have not included in this enumeration the rehearsals which took place during the Triennial week, nor those which preceded the New York Beethoven Centennial celebration (so-called) in June last, which if added to the above list would swell the total number of rehearsals proper to fifty six, and increase somewhat the percentage of attendance.

I have thus minutely dwelt upon this point because of the great importance I attach to it as being at the same time the test and the measure of your progress in choral excellence.

It appears from the Secretary's Records that the Government have been ten times called together for business purposes during the year, and the Society have been twice summoned for the admission of members and the transaction of other business connected with the interests of the corporation. Sixty-two gentlemen have been admitted to membership, four had been re-instated after their membership had for some reason ceased, six have been discharged and three have resigned. Six of the active members of the Society have died within the year, viz., Messrs. A. W. Brown, James D. Kent, C. Judson Merrill, A. Pendergrass, A. J. Tenny and James Rice, some of whom had rendered long and valuable service with us, whose presence, and whose aid and counsel will long be missed. The year, too, numbers among its dead the honored name of Col. Thomas E. Chickering, one of the past Presidents of the Society, in whose sudden and unlooked for departure the whole community will mourn with ourselves the loss of one who had identified himself as the friend and patron, not of art alone, but of every noble and generous enterprise. I desire thus to briefly place on record our own hearty appreciation of his manly and generous qualities of mind and of heart, and to express our personal sorrow at his early and sudden death.

The number of public performances during the year, aside from the recent Triennial Concerts and the New York demonstration, has been limited to five, in order as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. | 19th. | Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." |
| " | 24th. | Handel's "Messiah." |
| " | 25th. | " " |
| April | 1st. | " " |
| " | 2nd. | Haydn's "Creation." |

the last two in connection with Mlle. Christine Nilsson. The Ninth, or Choral, Symphony was given, as you are aware, in conjunction with the Harvard Musical Association, in commemoration of the hundredth birthday of the great composer.

It may be proper to speak, in this connection, of the somewhat unusual action on the part of the Society in the month of June last, viz.: the acceptance of an invitation to join as a body in the celebration of a musical festival in a distant city. I allude of course to the so-called Beethoven Centennial commemoration in the city of New York. As was probably well known at the time, my individual judgment was opposed to such action, fearing, as I expressed to my friends in the Board of Government, lest the dignity and self respect of the Society might in some way be compromised when too late to be remedied. How far my fears in this regard were well founded, those who were present at that celebration are best qualified to judge. Of the Society's performances themselves, so far as they were allowed to be given, I can only speak in terms of unmeasured praise. My only object in speaking of this matter now is to suggest the propriety of much and careful consideration in the future before any similar invitation be accepted should occasion again occur.

I am happy to learn from the Report of our Librarian, to which you have just listened, that our already ample and valuable collection of musical works has received a substantial increase during the year, among which we hail with a grateful respect the scholarly production of Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett, the first offering of real excellence by an Englishman to our repertoire of artistic treasures.

The Treasurer's exhibit still shows a small balance on the wrong side of his Leger, and the income of the Permanent Fund is thereby, for the second time since its creation, called upon to make good a part of the deficit. And yet the regular operations of the year, aside from the Festival, show a positive gain. Nor is it an easy or grateful task to attempt to account for

these short-comings in our recent financial results. Certainly there has never been presented to the public a more attractive or comprehensive programme than that which has just been performed, none in which so many and so noble works, both choral and instrumental, have followed each other in so brilliant and rapid succession; none where the corps of assisting artists have been procured at so lavish expenditure, and whose merits have been so marked and so universally acknowledged. Must we seek for this financially ill-success in the actual surfeit of good things which our own community had already received prior to this final feast of Symphony and of Song? Or must we attribute it in part to the distractions of a week in which the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Army of the Potomac divided the public attention with the votaries of art? But amidst our regrets at the monetary aspect of the festival, it is pleasant to remember that the choral occasions were those which always attracted the largest and most appreciative audiences; from which it is fair to suppose that had your physical endurance been equal to the task, and we had added still others to the already herculean labors imposed upon you, the financial as well as the artistic success of that trying week might have been assured.

The preparation of the Annals of the Society is now near its completion. It was confidently expected that the volume would be published and ready for distribution at the close of the current year. Delays and difficulties of various kinds have disappointed us in this expectation. Another year, or a portion of it, will still be required before the work will be made ready for the press.

A word in this place as to the condition and future prospects of our Permanent Fund. As I have stated in my previous reports, I consider the establishment of this fund an important era in the history of this Society. I have said that its provisions have been so carefully made and so judiciously guarded, that no one who may be disposed to add to its increase, need fear that it can be diverted from its proper and legitimate uses. I hope and believe that no member of the Society, present or prospective, will cherish for a moment the suggestion that by any possibility the sacred character of this trust can be impaired or infringed. I wish it were possible to convince the many benefactors of art in a community now distinguished for its liberality to art, in its many and various forms, that this among others is not unworthy their careful and conscientious regard. Its growth at the present is, at best, slow and uncertain. Its increase from the profits of concerts and festivals we have seen to be occasional only and unreliable. It needs such substantial and material aid as the friends and patrons of art, in its other aspects, are now giving in an generous measure throughout this whole community. Be assured, gentlemen, that any effort which you may make in its behalf will be counted now and hereafter a real and solid service to the Society.

In a former report I alluded to the efforts which this Society, in connection with the Music-Hall Association, have been making to establish the pitch of the Music-Hall Organ (the Normal Diapason so-called) as the recognized orchestral pitch of Boston if not of the whole country. For seven years we have persistently continued these efforts and with, sometimes, a gratifying show of success. Twice we have purchased a set of instruments (in the wood department) for the use of the orchestra. The Music Committee of the Public Schools, co-operating with us in our views and efforts, changed the pitch of all the instruments in the schools. The Conservatories of Music both signified their willingness to move in the same direction. But the orchestral players, here and elsewhere, have never manifested a hearty willingness to comply with the proposed change. Doubtless there were real and grave difficulties in the way. And these difficulties have increased rather than diminished of late. Meanwhile, at every public performance of the Society, we have more and more felt the necessity of some plan of reconciliation or at least of compromise. At a recent conference of gentlemen,—musicians, connoisseurs, critics,—representing, as far as possible, all sides of the question at issue, it was, after several meetings and much and careful consideration of the subject in all its bearings, and not without reluctance and a real regret, decided that on the whole it was expedient and best, under the circumstances, to bring up the pitch of the organ to the present orchestral standard. In consideration of which determination the Government and Board of Directors of this Society voted to share with the Music-Hall Association the expense of so altering the pitch of the organ, with the understanding that the work was to be done under the direction of the Messrs Walcker, the builders, and be completed prior to the opening of the recent Festival. This latter part of the contract it was found impossible folly to perform, and it remains for the incoming Board to determine how far they are bound to the fulfillment of their part of the agreement.

It has been my custom in previous reports, to pass in review the faults as well as the points of excellence in the Society's record for the year. And I am happy to be able to say that upon a careful retrospect I find a marked and noticeable improvement upon what I have heretofore pointed out as the defects and deficiencies in the conduct of the Society. I have already alluded to the better attendance at the ordinary meetings for rehearsal. A glance at the statistics I have given you, however, will show that much, very much, can yet be done by way of improvement in that direction. The *per cent.* of attendance, as thus given, will be seen to be about 57·100 of the active members belonging. The attendance in some of our public schools is found to be as high as 97·100; *too* great, as the committee have sometimes had occasion to mention in their reports. I can only hope that my successor, in his future reports, may find occasion to warn you of a like excess of devotion to your duty.

The monitorial plan, having for its object the simultaneous rising and sitting of the chorus, is still in some respects faulty and unequal in its workings, and may and should be improved.

The careful and conscientious performance of their duty, on the part of the gentlemanly corps of Superintendents, has done much to bring about order and system in the marshalling of the various departments of the chorus to their places, both at rehearsals and public performances, and I have observed a more quiet demeanor and respectful attention on the part of the chorus on these occasions. An improvement, too, in their *pose* while sitting and standing must not be forgotten in this connection. If, in addition to this, more care than has hitherto existed be taken on the part of certain portions of the chorus (which I have before designated) to face the audience, so as to deliver their tones into the house direct, a manifest increase in the power and volume of sound would be gained. There is no doubt but that a strict attention to all such minute points would conduce greatly to the order and discipline of the Society, as well as, in its *ensemble*, to its effect upon an audience.

The present numerical force of the Society (the number of active and efficient voices, I mean), as appears from the catalogue appended to the Festival programme, is 739,—divided as follows: Soprani, 234; Alti, 194; Tenori, 137; Bassi, 174. From this it will be seen that there is still a deficiency of tenors, while the sopranos are somewhat in excess of their true proportion. I have previously expressed the opinion that if the forces of the chorus were so distributed as to furnish an equal number of voices to each part, a better balance of tone would ensue, and a more artistic and satisfactory effect be obtained. And in the belief, which I have also before expressed, that the highest standard of excellence would easier be attained and preserved if the number of really active and efficient participants in the chorus should be limited, for the present, to 600, it follows that this balance can best be ensured by some process of depletion of the parts already in excess. It may be that the By-Laws of the Society are not sufficiently stringent to warrant such depletion of superfluous material, if any exists. If so, I would respectfully recommend such revision of the Rules and Regulations as may provide for this contingency. And as a natural corollary of such action, it would follow that the standard of requirement for admission should be yet higher advanced. The care of the Government would then be directed to acquire and retain, within these limits, the best materials only.

We come now to a brief consideration of the Triennial exercises which have just closed. I only re-echo the opinions I have already expressed, and which are abundantly confirmed by the testimony of the vast audiences whose silence and whose applause, by turns, were alike emphatic in your praise, when I say that never before in the art-history of our city or the country has a greater,—has an equal success, I think I may say,—been attained. It was a whole week of triumph. The opening day foreshadowed it and seemed to set its seal upon what was to follow; and from that to the end of the programme it was a sort of triumphal march before which expected obstacles appeared to vanish and difficulties to be overcome,—to the surprise, I was about to say, of none more than of yourselves. I do not indulge in hyperbole when I thus speak. Faults, of course, there were,—shortcomings and failures in particular points which the critical ear and understanding was quick to catch. These were the shadows in the landscape of otherwise rich and glorious light. Nor was it other than a legitimate triumph,—the logical result of the long weeks and months of faithful and zealous work, of toil, of patient study and preparation which no one outside the circle of this Society can know. And in all this achievement of splendid results I say again—the high and holy art we profess has been honored at your hands, the cause of humanity has been advanced, the good name of the city and of this commonwealth have been upheld, and the bonds of our union made stronger; for an art triumph, like this, cannot be confined within local limits; it belongs to the State and to the Nation.

It remains for me, at the close of this my long term of service, to express to my esteemed associates in the Board of Government,—to our honored Conductor, Mr. Zerrahn, and to my accomplished friend, Mr. Lang, who, together with our excellent Secretary, have been co-workers with me in always kind and friendly relations from the very first;—to you, gentlemen, one and all, my grateful acknowledgment of the uniform kindness and courtesy I have received at your hands through all these years of responsibility, of enjoyment and of care. In so many times as I may have been forgetful or negligent of my duty toward you, who have so often honored me with the highest office within your gift, I crave your kind indulgence and your pardon. If it has been my good fortune in any manner to aid or advance the noble cause to whose interests we stand pledged, it will be to me a source of unfailing satisfaction. I have passed with you the best ten years of my life,—in many respects the happiest ten years of my life,—to which happiness you, my friends, have done your full share in contributing. Will you accept for yourselves, individually, my heartfelt thanks and my earnest wishes for your welfare and continued success. May the present prosperity of this old and honored Society be perpetual;—and may the blessing of Almighty God rest upon you and upon it.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA. A new star has risen in the place of Nilsson. A correspondent of the *Saturday Gazette* writes (May —):

Mr. Mapleson, the director of Her Majesty's Opera at Drury Lane, whose prospects looked very shady when it was announced that Nilsson would not return to Europe this season has been fortunate in finding a vocalist in the person of Mlle. Marie Marimon, who promises to worthily fill the place left vacant by the Swedish Diva. Mlle. Marie Marimon made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre last week in the opera of *La Sonnambula* with an unmitigated success. Upon her entry on the stage she was received coldly and almost silently, as though the audience seemed determined to judge the new artist entirely upon her merits, and to disregard any prejudice formed upon statements read or heard in her favor previously to her actual appearance. This kind of treatment would have been completely disheartening to any but an artist confident of possessing unusual gifts, and in the power of employing them properly with credit to herself and pleasure to her hearers. The utterance of the first few notes of the opening scena for Amina, *Care campagne*, at once declared Mlle. Marimon had the power of singing perfectly in tune, possessed also the most complete control over a voice of a pure and sympathetic quality, and of delivering her cadences not only in the most faultless style as regards mere mechanism, but of imparting an individuality and originality to the manner in which these cadences were executed, so great and novel, and with so sweet, flexible and tuneful a voice, that the silent but watchful audience became absolutely fascinated with delight, and only broke the witching spell under which they seemed to labor with a perfect torrent of applause. Mlle. Marimon is not a vocalist capable of surmounting the mechanical difficulties of execution alone, for she has also power of producing new effects out of well-used means; her voice is of a beautiful musical quality, with a true tremolo used judiciously, and her compass is great and of the same character throughout. She is a good actress, with a pleasing, expressive face, and by her acting and singing—her singing especially—charms her audience in such a manner as only an artist can charm.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Mozart's *Idomeneo* was presented on Wednesday evening at the Third Concert with so much success as not only to justify the experiment made in producing it, but also to serve as a stimulant for the production of other operas which, from the nature of their libretti, are unsuited to stage representations. Amongst these *Cosi fan Tutte* and *La Clemenza di Tito* would doubtless occupy prominent positions, although a diligent search amongst the Salzburg musician's works would bring to light many interesting selections suitable for the Concert Room, where dramatic effects are out of place, and abstract music can be thoroughly appreciated. *Idomeneo* ranks as the first of a series of grand operas, which comprise *Die Entführung*, *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Cosi fan Tutte*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*—works in which the genius of Mozart found full scope for display, and developed itself to its fullest extent. If *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* may be quoted as

operas containing nothing but gems, *Idomeneo* only needs compression to merit the same distinction, whilst to the musician in some respects it has surpassing interest. Written directly after a visit to Paris, when Mozart became convinced from hearing some of Gluck's operas, that the formalism of the old Italian school might with advantage be broken through, *Idomeneo* is the model upon which all his succeeding operas were composed. Circumstances, and the requirements of public taste, modified its form, and reduced its proportions, but it was never entirely departed from, and has served to preserve some of the most delightful ideas ever conceived by a musician's fancy. Two of the characters in the opera are well suited for musical illustration. The tenderness of Ilia and the violence of Elettra's passions afford contrasts which the composer has not failed to intensify with all his acknowledged power. In the remorse of Idomeneo and in the attachment of Idamante, but little interest can be taken; but these characters represent two or three arias which cannot be heard without causing emotion, for they are gems of real art. Some of the choruses are also superb. Nothing finer has been written than the ensemble, "O voto tremendo," in the third act, whilst, as descriptive music, the double chorus in the ship wreck scene is unsurpassed. The orchestration in some of the arias is both rich and elaborate. The horn passages in the "Se il padre" have never been exceeded in difficulty by any composer, and form a complete exercise for that instrument. The whole score is, in fact, a study worthy of close attention, and will repay any amount of research

With regard to the execution of the work, too much praise cannot be bestowed on all concerned. Mlle. Tietjens (Ilia) sang magnificently. Her splendid voice was heard to every advantage in "Padre! Germani!" "Se il Padre," and "Zefferetti." Mme. Fabbri (as Elettra) gave effect to "Ah s'estinto," and the charming aria, "Idol mio." Mr. Bentham (Idamante) sang the aria "Ma non colpa," and took part in the trio, "Non partir," with taste and expression. Signor Vizzani (Idomeneo) had the most trying character to support after that of Ilia, but was successful in all his songs, and elicited considerable applause by his rendering of "Fuor del mar," and "Torno al pace." Signor Caravoglia took the part of the Priest with ability. The solo parts in the choruses were nicely sung by Mlle. Rosetti (a *debutante* from Milan), Miss Louisa Beverly, and Miss Emrick, of the London Academy of Music. Several numbers were redemanded, but the March in C was alone repeated.

In the second part, the great attraction was the pianoforte playing of Herr Jaell. The concerto chosen by this pianist was Beethoven's in C minor, No. 3. Herr Jaell was applauded and recalled. Dr. Wylde conducted the whole performance, and was warmly received on entering the orchestra.

For the fourth concert the services of Mlle. Marimon have been secured as vocalist. The chief instrumental work will be Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major.—*Times*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The fifth concert took place in St. James's Hall, on Monday, and had a programme as remarkable for its interest as its length. Only such interest could warrant such length; and, even under the actual circumstances, it may be doubted whether two symphonies—one of them Schubert's No 9—a concerto, an overture, a fugue, and three vocal pieces, were not more than enough for the most ravenous classicist. Schubert's elaborate and final contribution to musical epics must always exercise a kind of fascination over those who know the work and are interested in the man, because of its beauty, and the revelation it makes of the author's genius and character.

The performance, under Mr. Cusins's direction, was notable for vigor, and occasionally for that refinement and delicacy which are essential when such music is in hand. With the No. 9 of Schubert was associated Mendelssohn's No. 4—the bright and glowing record of its gifted author's Italian impressions. How this work was played and how received there is no need to tell.

The concerto—Beethoven's, for violin—introduced Mme. Norman Neruda to the audience, which, two years ago, promptly recognized her ability, and, as may be imagined, it proved a severe test. If we say that other performers have given the first and third movements with more power, no censure of Mme. Neruda is involved. They played as men—she plays as a woman; and, while her reading and execution are marked by feminine grace and delicacy, both are wanting in that masculine vigor contemplated by Beethoven. Yet we would endure the inevitable loss at any time to have the concerto rendered with such beauty of tone, charm of style, and neatness of manipulation, as were shown by Mme. Neruda. In these respects nothing was wanting; while the Larghetto, with its deep sentiment and touching expression, was as absolutely perfect as the boldest dare to hope. No wonder that the audience applauded with fervor, and summoned the artist back. Mozart's prelude and fugue in D, and the overture to Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, completed the orchestral selections. Mme. Sinico and Mr. Bentham were the vocalists—the lady being recalled after "Ernani involami," the gentleman after Mozart's "Un aura amorosa."

BERLIN.—We find in a German paper the following report of the first public rehearsal, in Leipzig, of R. Wagner's new "*Kaiser-Marsch*," attended only by invited guests, and the "Master" himself:

"Having been received with a flourish of trumpets as he entered, W. expressed his gratitude in the following terms:—'I thank you, gentlemen, for your very kind reception. My friend Schmidt intends to give me the pleasure of performing my *Kaiser-Marsch*. I have not yet heard it played by the orchestra, have in fact of late become somewhat unused to the sounds of any orchestra. It gives me particular pleasure to hear my latest composition performed for the first time by so excellent an orchestra as yours. I thank you cordially.'

"After these words W. took his seat, S. climbed down to his musicians, seized his baton, and the first powerful chords of the march burst upon us. I shall not take it upon myself to express any opinion upon the composition, particularly as professional critics will certainly be heard from soon. It made, however, a considerable impression upon me, although the term 'march' seems somewhat inappropriately chosen. There are passages of great beauty, and the sounds of Luther's great, old song '*Ein' feste Burg*,' etc., that mingle with the triumphal chords, produce a powerful effect. The addition of the vocal element at the end, however, appears to me very superfluous. The choir too, is curiously placed,—this being intended, I believe, to lend a peculiar charm. The singers are stationed opposite the orchestra, in the 'dress-circle,' so that the audience, in between the two, should possess a *Janus* head to be able to look at both.

"But I was far more interested in the composer than in his work. During the first bars he remained quietly in his seat, contenting himself with marking the time by motions of his head and hands. But this did not last very long. Soon he could not endure to sit still any more; at the first *fortissimo* he sprang up, loudly sang out the trombone passages, gesticulated with his clenched hands, and stamped his foot convulsively. The more fierce and noisy the composition became the more exalted and convulsive grew his movements. All his gesticulations, and the ever-changing expressions of his face, were as a continued, uninterrupted commentary to the composition; sometimes comical, but always very suggestive.—I seem to see him yet, as he depicted, so to speak, a flourish of the trombone;—he stood leaning forward, clenching his right hand, like a boxer, fixing his eyes upon the instruments, and at the decisive moment throwing out his hand with marvellous energy, as though he meant to annihilate some invisible, deadly enemy, while he uttered a piercing '*Tra!*' that went through and through me. Most delightful too, was his representation of the rests. He extended both arms as far as possible, swiftly moving his hands up and down, as though to imitate the fluttering of a frightened bat, suddenly raising them, to mark the conclusion. While he gave himself up to these exercises, he sang, and screamed, and talked, obeying the impulses of the moment without any restraint, imitating the bassoons, the flutes, the kettle-drums, and even giving appropriate expression to the more delicate shadings, by graceful noddings of the head, and wavings of the hand. He appears however to inspire the performing artists with his own warmth and enthusiasm, for I had never heard our orchestra play with such fire, such passionate earnestness as it did to-day, under the demoniac influence of R. W."

**Dwight's Journal of Music.**

BOSTON, JUNE 17, 1871.

## Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Fourth Day: Afternoon (Concluded).

We are happy to acknowledge that we differ from most of the criticisms we have seen on this performance, in that we *do* think that the "Choral Symphony" went quite as well, and even better as a whole, than it did three years ago. The chorus work was certainly more sure and easy, the natural result of practice and familiarity. The orchestral parts were admirable; and the Quartet of solo voices, although we had not Mme. Parepa-Rosa's all-sufficient and unfaltering soprano as before, was really by far the best Quartet that we have ever had in it. Mrs. H. M. Smith's musical, clear voice was sure, true, telling, well-sustained throughout the soprano; Miss Sterling's contralto by its weight was always felt; Mr. Cummings, in the tenor, was invaluable, lending a new charm and completeness to the whole; and Mr. Rudolphsen, being in excellent voice of late, delivered that most difficult opening Recitative, for the Bass, as well as his trying passages in the Quartet (in that quadruple cadenza, for instance) in a manner too artistic to escape the recognition of exacting connoisseurs. And so with the last Symphony of Beethoven closed another high hour, another climax of the Festival.

Miss Sterling won sincere applause by her expressive rendering of Mozart's canzonetta (the well-known song "To Chloe"), and of Liszt's (to our mind) forced and not entirely musical setting of the "King of Thule" ballad. As to Mr. Cummings in "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her, angels," he has left an impression, which we hope may never be obscured, of all that is most delicate and pure and spiritual, with nothing over-strained, over-refined or morbid, in the interpretation of that most exacting kind of song.

### Fifth Day, Saturday, May 13.

The fourth and last Orchestral and Vocal Concert was given in the afternoon. It opened with a brilliant performance of the Overture to *Tannhäuser* by the great orchestra. Next came the noble Recitative and Aria: *Non più di fiore*, from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, which no one could sing more nobly, hardly with more delicate expression, than Miss Adelaide Phillipps. And a word is due here to the beautiful *obbligato* accompaniment by our own excellent clarinettist, Mr. Weber. The charming pastoral Adagio and Andante from Beethoven's *Prometheus* music followed, very delicately rendered, the 'cello solo being finely given by, we believe, a member of the Thomas orchestra. Then came the wonderful Chopin Concerto in F minor (only the middle and last movement, to the general regret), played with exquisite taste and feeling, as of course it would be, by Miss Anna Mehlig. It was, for a long time at least, her farewell to Boston, and so her playing (and of that piece, too, with which she first took our Symphony audience captive) was listened to with a peculiar interest. She has already returned to Germany, but there is hope that she will revisit America within another year or two. The glorious old C-minor Symphony of Beethoven worthily closed the series.

### Evening. — Bach's "Passion Music." — Bennett's "Woman of Samaria."

The presentation, and successfully, for the first time here, though only of selections from the greatest monumental work in the whole history of sacred music,—Sebastian Bach's setting of the *Passion of our Lord* according to the narrative of St. Matthew,—was the highest mark of progress reached in the whole Festival, or in the whole history of our Handel and Haydn Society and of choral efforts in this country. It was essentially the *newest* thing of the week; the freshest musical experience that Boston has enjoyed for many years; it led us farther into the inmost sanctuary of the divine life in tones than any revelation thereof that had been vouchsafed to us before. The saddest of all music (though never gloomily oppressive), yet how uplifting and inspiring! Accepting and embracing sorrow with all the fervor which tones only can express, it is only to find in it, what Beethoven in his way also found, beauty and joy forever! Could we, then, listen for an hour or more to a theme so serious, and so seriously treated, with all the intensifying and at the same time harmonizing and subduing power of Art, yet feeling a strange sweetness and serenity the while, a renewal of hope, a new sense of the worth and interest of life? Verily with most listeners it was so. We think we but describe the average (of course not unanimous) impression made on that great audience. Yet many went there to whose minds the very name of Bach was to that hour a bugbear; a goodly number of them came away enamored of him, longing to hear more. Some, doubtless, went to sneer; some of them perhaps persevered in that, doggedly clinging to their own conceit, but more went home to praise.

Digitized by Google

By far the greater number had been taught to fear a wearisome display of musical "learning"; quaint and frigid lengths of curled, conventional and by-gone melody, far from melodious to modern ears; and an intolerable heaviness of fugue and counterpoint, mere "intellectual arithmetic," without a quickening ray of soul or genius or a throb of real feeling,—a Passion passionless, in short. What was their surprise,—or would have been if they had known enough,—to find that there was not a single Fugue in all of it, with just the one short exception of the splendid chorus by which *all* were overwhelmed with wonder and delight: "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," and which had to be repeated! The testimonies which we have brought together (in our last three numbers) from writers in so many journals, fairly represent the average impression,—the "public opinion," so to speak,—regarding that experiment. Any good lawyer, putting this evidence together, sifting and weighing, making all due allowance for degrees of culture and of preparation, for prejudice and ignorance, for weak and vague enthusiasm, for blind echo of authority, "fashion," guess-work, and what not, will say that it contains abundant proof, that to the mass of that audience what they heard then of the *Passion Music* was a new revelation of sublimity and beauty, of rich humanity and tenderness, of most profound, sincere religious feeling; that not only were the choruses and chorales felt to be of surpassing fulness, depth and pathos, and of a kind that seemed original and fresh; but that the instrumentation, also, of the double orchestra possessed a singular and fascinating fitness, enhancing, vivifying every beauty, every apt expression, as if it too were all alive and human,—and all in a style they never heard before, tone combinations altogether novel, yet never betraying any motive but the intrinsic and religious motive of the whole work; also, that even the long arias with all their quaintness, and the wonderfully human Recitatives, charmed by their musical and sympathetic truth and beauty; while more than once were they surprised by things that sounded strangely modern in the best sense. Indeed the music made its mark, and has awakened a desire which nothing short of the whole work will satisfy. The Oratorio Society which for another season neglects Bach, will be behind the time,—at least in Boston.

Under the circumstances it was the part of prudence, no doubt, to begin now with selections; though several of the pieces necessarily lost something of their meaning and their beauty by being taken out of their connection with the whole. Folly to interpret each part in the light of what should go before and follow, would involve such an analysis of the whole work as would fill more than one week's paper. Impressive as the few separate choruses and arias were, no one could fully feel their power and beauty who had not studied the entire work as one. The selections, on the whole, were made with judgment, mainly from the most striking and most practicable numbers, including fair examples of each kind: the narrative Recitative, the Recitative in character, the formal Aria (preceded sometimes by accompanied *cantabile* Recitative), the harmonized Chorale, and the grand Chorus (often double); enough of it, indeed, in the First Part, to preserve something of the progress of the mournful story. The various elements which enter into the composition of the text, too, were in some sense represented: as, 1) the Gospel narrative, recited by the Tenor, called Evangelist, with the usual dry chord accompaniment. This Recitative is so beautiful and so expressive in its whole series, each phrase, each tone of music so close to each sentiment and image, nay to each phrase, word, syllable even, of the text, that but a faint idea of it could be formed from the very few fragmentary specimens. Yet even these failed not to interest by their purity of style, their obvious fitness and felicity. Mr. Wm. J. Winch delivered them in clear, true tones, simply and chastely, and with a fair degree of expression. They were merely a few sentences connecting the words of the betrayer and betrayed in the scene of the Supper; a few more where the Master's "soul is sorrowful" at Gethsemane; and again, telling how he "fell down upon his face and prayed," as introductory to the one Bass Aria selected;—from Part Second none at all.

2. Of what we may call the *character* Recitative, or dialogue: the words of Jesus of course are of chief importance; and here the pious heart and genius of the musician, with utmost reverence and tenderness, has conceived and rendered every tone so worthily, that it would seem actually caught from the dear Master's lips. Possibly all did not notice, though they must here felt the fine, mysterious thrill: whenever Jesus begins speaking, soft tones from the quartet of strings flow in to weave a halo round his sacred head and make the very air divine. The only parts selected were: first, from the scene of the Last Supper, those which relate to Judas, the blessing of the bread, &c. There is a solemn, sovereign majesty and tenderness in every tone of this Recitative; at the words "Take and eat," and "Drink ye all" the phrase becomes melodic, and the instruments combine to make the voice and the whole scene more present; then, farther on, the words "My soul is sorrowful unto death"; and again where he prays that the cup may pass from him. This is for a Bass voice, and of course demands a noble one, and also more than voice or skill. Mr. Whitney delivered it with dignity of style and simple, true expression, if not always with all the sympathetic delicacy of which it is capable; indeed that would require a singer of at once a finer and a more commanding stamp than we have known.

3. The Chorales,—people's tunes,—like our psalm tunes, but so much more musical and from the heart of deep experience,—by which Bach intended the participation of the worshipping congregation in the Passion service. These Lutheran melodies he has harmonized for four parts, over and over again, each time with a new expression suited to the new occasion, with such truth of feeling and such perfect art as to elicit all their meaning, all that is implied in them, and make their beauty ever fresh and incorruptible. Of the dozen which he introduces in the Passion, three were sung. One, the first of all, after Jesus has fortold his crucifixion:

"Say, sweetest Jesu, what law Thou hast broken,
To bring on Thee the dreadful sentence spoken," &c.

was used to open the performance, rather abruptly to be sure, but nobly and impressively, at once arresting a profound attention. The richness of the sad and sombre harmony, supported, only, by the instruments, which play the same parts with the voices; the individual movement of the voice parts,—four interwoven strains of melody,—each helping the expression of the whole, made itself felt by all. The public yielded to the Chorale unconditionally,—and that was a good beginning. Still more captivated were they by the two which came later: "I will stay here beside Thee" (after the prediction of Peter's denial, but standing in the selections wholly by itself), and the same tune again with other harmony: "O Head, all bruised and wounded." For all three of them were sung with fine precision and expression by the seven hundred voices, so that it all sounded broad and full, at once majestical and sweet. We think, however, that so great a mass of voices pure and simple, would have sounded even better, without the somewhat heterogeneous *timbre* of the various instruments merely reinforcing *their* notes. Bach's own score has the instruments, but he arranged the Chorales for a church service with a much smaller choir, it is to be presumed.

4. Other specimens vouchsafed to us, naturally of the most interesting and important, belong to what we have termed the *reflective* element in the Passion Music. It is the more subjective portion of the text and music,—the comments, meditations, prayers, confessions, now of the ideal Church or congregation of believers, now of the individual pious heart filled with warm personal love and sympathy for Christ, who in almost every instance in this work is called by the human name Jesus. These are interspersed all along, prompted at various stages of the narrative, and take the forms of Chorus and of Aria, accompanied in polyphonic harmony with independent figures and suggestions by the orchestra. The *Arias* are very numerous, elaborate, commonly preceded by a verse of rhymed melodic Recitative, and are for each of the four kinds of voices. The *Choruses* (of this class) are few, but very great, serving for grand, solemn opening and closing of the two Parts. More numerous, and of the sweetest, deepest, tenderest of all the music, are the combinations of the two, Arias *with* Chorus, in which Bach shows some of his most characteristic and imaginative creative power.

[But we again lack room to complete what we must say about the Passion Music; also for what little we have in mind about Mr. Bennett's Oratorio and the wind-up performance of "The Messiah"; and for a few concluding general remarks. It will do no harm to keep the Festival topic uppermost for some time longer.]

---

☞ Notice of Promenade Concerts, already in type, crowded out.

We have still several interesting concerts in reserve for notice.

---

Organ Music. Mr. Eugene Thayer has just concluded his Spring series of seven "Free Organ Recitals" at the First Church (corner of Berkeley and Marlboro' Streets). He has now given, since that admirable Walcker Organ was erected—perhaps the most perfect instrument for its size with which any church is blessed in this wide land—no less than 29 of these sweet and quiet feasts of true and noble organ compositions, which have been freely open to all who love this kind of music. Sebastian Bach has always filled a good half of his programmes; Mendelssohn, Schumann, Handel, Hesse, Thiele, &c., being well represented in the other half. To a sincere music lover, who has any of the religion of music in his soul, and to whom music is a light and comfort amid the serious problems of life; to the artist or the student, especially, with whom music is an earnest matter,—we can imagine no more refreshing, soothing and delightful way of passing an hour or two in these lovely May and June afternoons, (unless when the heat is extreme), than to walk across the Common and the Public Garden, now in all their beauty, and entering that beautiful, still church, with its stained glass windows, to sit there in the dim, religious half light, listening to the sweetest and the grandest strains of those great masters,—their sincerest and most private prayers and meditations in their own native tone language,—interpreted through such an instrument by one so competent. Had we realized how rapidly such opportunities were passing, we would have made some sacrifice rather than miss a single one of them.

The "Recitals" (to be resumed after the summer vacation) have been given on Friday afternoons, at 3½ o'clock, and have been well attended, particularly by students and by amateurs of organ music, as well as by others who simply yield themselves up to the sentiment of the thing, as one does to Nature, and who have found in it refreshment to the spirit. Mr. Thayer has usually had the assistance of some one of his pupils, and these have acquitted themselves creditably. Without more ado, we here record the programmes of the seven afternoons:

*23d Recital, April 28.*

Prelude and Fugue in G major .......... Bach.
Vorspiel: Schmücke Dich .......... "
Prelude in B minor .......... "
Mr. Robert Raymond.
Andante and Allegretto, from Fourth Sonata .......... Mendelssohn.
Skizzen, Op. 58, No. 3 .......... Schumann.
Andante from Fifth Sonata, } Finale from Sixth Sonata, } .......... Mendelssohn.
Mr. Raymond.
Sixth Organ Concerto .......... Handel.

*24th Recital, May 5.*

Prelude and Fugue in F minor .......... Bach.
Six fugues on the name "B-A-C-H." Op. 60, Nos. 3 and 5 .......... Schumann.
Vorspiele: { "Herzlich thut mich verlangen." } { "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her." } Bach.
Mr. Samuel Studley.
Skizzen, Op. 58, No. 2 .......... Schumann.
Variations in A major, Op. 47 .......... Hesse.
Mr. Studley.
Chromatische Fuge .......... Thiele.

*25th Recital, May 11.*

Toccata et Fuga in D minor .......... Bach.
Vorspiel: "Wir glauben all'" .......... "
[For two manuals and double pedals.]
Skizzen, Op. 58, Nos. 1 and 2 .......... Schumann.
Fifth Organ Concerto .......... Handel.
Studien, Op. 56, Nos. 5 and 6 .......... Schumann.
Concertsatz in C minor .......... Thiele.

Digitized by Google

*26th Recital, May* 19.

Toccata in C major.................................Bach.
Vorspiel: "Christ, Unser Herr".....................  "
Vorspiel: "Liebster Jesu"..........................  "
Mr Henry Barnard.
Skizzen, Op. 58, Nos 4 and 3..................Schumann.
Prelude in G, No. 2.......................Mendelssohn.
Mr. Barnard.
Chromatische Fantasie..............................Thiele.

*27th Recital, May* 26.

Great Fugue in G minor..............................Bach.
Studien, Op. 56, Nos 3 and 5...................Schumann.
Fifth Organ Concerto..............................Handel.
Mr George Kiss.
Choral Variations: "Heil dir"........................Hesse.
Vorspiele: { "Heut triumphiret" } { "Wir danken dir." } ........Bach.
Mr. Kiss.
Prelude and Fugue in A minor.......................Bach.

*28th Recital, June* 2.

Canzone in D minor..................................Bach.
Vorspiele: { "Nun freut euch" } { "Valet will ich Dir geben" } ........ "
Fantasie in G minor.................................  "
Mr. Edward Fisher.
{ Studien, Op. 56, No. 4. } { Skizzen, Op. 58, No. 4. } ................Schumann.
Maestoso and Andante, from Third Sonata..Mendelssohn.
Mr. Fisher.
Variations in A flat, Op. 34.........................Hesse.

*29th Recital, June* 9.

Fantasie in G major..................................Bach.
Sonata in C minor, No. 2......................Mendelssohn.
Vorspiel: "An Wasserflüssen Babylon"...............Bach.
Prelude and Fugue in B flat..........................Bach.
Mr. Frank Stearns.
Choral Variations. "Heil Dir."......................Hesse
Skizzen, Op. 58, Nos. 1 and 3..................Schumann.
Adagio from First Sonata.....................Mendelssohn.
Mr. Stearns.
Concertsatz in E flat minor.........................Thiele.

---

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT AT FRATERNITY HALL. On Thursday evening last some of the younger members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society laid before their friends a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music, under the leadership of Miss J. F. Titcomb, as a supplementary effort in connection with their recent May-day fair. One of the most interesting features was the production of Haydn's "Kinder Sinfonie," by a band of youths and maidens most of them hitherto wholly unused to orchestral manipulation. But with the valuable aid of Master Albert Von Raalte, of the Boston Conservatory (whose services as first violinist were politely granted by Mr. Eichberg), and the excellent pianoforte performance of Miss Alice F Haynes, it passed off with brilliant effect. Master Van Raalte put the audience into raptures by a most skilful rendering of a difficult De Beriot "Fantasia," which, with a subsequent version of one of our national airs with variations, stamped him a child of extraordinary musical promise. A Concone duet for pianoforte was played with excellent effect by the Misses Holland, and a novelty in the way of a "Picnic Song" from the pen of Rev J. V. Blake, with solo and chorus accompanied by piano, a brace of violins, and drum, was especially pleasing. On the whole those who came with the dogged and dog-day determination to listen, in great heat and discomfort, were compelled to go away with many expressions of delight upon their lips.—*Commonwealth, June* 10.

---

THE SACRED CONCERT for the benefit of the Cathedral Choir Table, given at the Music Hall last evening under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, was decidedly superior in the quality of its performance as well as in the character of its programme to the large majority of miscellaneous concerts. The orchestra, though not large, was well balanced and effective. The chorus did most of their work neatly and earnestly. The principal solos were given by Mr. Powers, Mr. Arbuckle, Mr. Whitney and Miss Kellogg, all of whom appeared to excellent advantage. Miss Kellogg's selections were "*Casta Diva*" and the grand scena and prayer from "*Der Freischütz*," and both were rendered with great brilliancy of execution and refinement of sentiment. In answer to an encore of the air from "Norma," Miss Kellogg sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and in response to a recall after the "Freischütz" scene, gave one stanza of "Home, Sweet Home." The audience was very large and exceedingly enthusiastic.—*Advertiser, June* 12

---

MORE IMPRESSIONS OF THE "PASSION MUSIC" AT THE FESTIVAL.—The *Musical Independent* (Chicago) says:

The effect of this music was far more agreeable on the audience than was anticipated. It differed widely from anything ever heard before. Yet, although the oldest work of the festival, it is, in many things, the newest. Bach's music has a smoother flow than Handel's. It goes on like an ever-flowing river. All the airs are long. All are exceedingly difficult, especially because the accompaniments are *obligato*. The most pleasing of the earlier selections is the eighth. This opens with a lovely oboe solo, accompanied by 'cello solo and violas. After a verse of the song, "I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway," the chorus comes in softly, "So slumber shall our sins befall;" then the soprano resumes the opening strain, and the chorus again responds, but with changed music, and so they go on. There is nothing to say of this, save that it is tender, beautiful, and charming. The next bit was made by the duet and chorus "Alas, my Jesus now is taken." This opens with a prelude of flute and oboe accompanied by soft strings, and a charming thing it was too. Then the two singers, one after another, take up the sad refrain: "My Jesus now is taken," and presently the chorus bursts in: "Leave him! Bind him not!" This duet is totally unlike anything I ever heard, yet extremely beautiful. Then follows a double chorus that is as *effective* (considered merely from the dramatic stand point,) as Meyerbeer ever wrote, yet full of the massiveness peculiar to Bach. It opens with a fugue: "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?" in which the basses have a rolling passage, very curious and very effective. This part of the chorus works to a climax on the dominant, and breaking short off leaves a silence followed by a passage, which for awful grandeur I have never heard surpassed, to the words: "Burst open ye fierce flaming caverns of hell." No verbal description can do justice to this remarkable passage. I can only repeat that it betokens Bach's very remarkable appreciation of dramatic effect. There is also a very artistic alto solo, "O pardon me," introduced by a violin solo, played beautifully by Mr. B. Listemann. The *closing* chorus is also exceedingly beautiful, but is of a character to be explained only by the peculiarity of this work, having been composed for religious service. I am told by a friend who heard this several years in succession in Leipsic, that performed as it is in St Thomas' church, the venerable barn-like structure in which Bach played the organ and trained the choir, the singers occupy the upper gallery. The church on Good Friday evening is dimly lighted, and the listener in the gloom below hears these beautiful and impressive strains, but sees no singer or player. When the music is half completed, a sermon on the Passion intervenes. It is on account of this intended use that the Passion Music of Bach lacks the brilliant ending customary with concert works.

And here is the comment of the *Musical Bulletin* (New York):

The most interesting event of the whole festival was the production of Bach's Passion Music and Dr. Bennett's Oratorio "The Woman of Samaria." It was a mistake to bring the two works into juxtaposition, for the music of the latter, fresh and spirited as it is, seemed little and almost trifling and insipid beneath the shadow of Bach's broad and massive work. The selections of Bach's music comprised three of the chorals, the magnificent double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," so suggestive of Handel's famous "Hailstone" chorus, the concluding chorus, "Around thy tomb," songs for the soprano, alto, tenor and bass, and most of the connecting passages of recitative. The recitatives are among the most important parts of the work and demand something else than the mere flippant, gliding style of the Italian opera. The tenor solos, particularly, are very taxing, and they demand a great voice as well as the best cultivation. Mr. Winch sustained them creditably to himself, but they are capable of much greater effect than he is able to give them. The other soloists were Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Sterling and Mr. Whitney. The choruses are sturdy and impressive throughout the work. The two double choruses, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," and "Around thy tomb" are truly great specimens of choral writing. The choristers performed their parts very well, except that more light and shade—a more marked *pianissimo* to set off the more massive passages, would doubtless have enhanced the general effect.

---

"PERSONAL." The sensational *Sun* (New York), of June 3d, informs the world:

The steamer Scotia, which arrived at this port on the 26th of April last, brought from London the future husband of that charming songstress Miss Christine Nilsson. The modest young gentleman arrived on the day of the first performance of the late season of Italian opera, which he attended. On the next day he set out for the West in search of Miss Nilsson, and found her in Chicago. The gentleman's name is A. Rouzaud He was recently engaged in commercial business in London. In future he will try his fortune in the commercial mart of the city.

Mr. Rouzaud is accompanied to this country by Col. Snow, an English gentleman, formally, if not now, of the British army. M. Rouzaud is about twenty-eight years old, of middling size, chestnut hair, sandy whiskers worn in English style, of good presence, rather fine looking, and is an accomplished gentleman, and socially very pleasant. To make a long story short, this little affair between Miss Nilsson and Rouzaud is a genuine love match. This fact will explain the recent operations of Miss Nilsson in real estate, in Peoria, Ill., and Boston. When the happy couple are to be made one is not within our knowledge. Soon, it is presumed. They returned to this city on Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs. Richardson a travelling companion of Miss Nilsson, Col. Snow, and Max Strakosch, and are temporarily residing at the Everett House.

On Wednesday evening Dr. and Mrs. Doremus entertained Miss Nilsson and Mr Rouzaud at dinner at their residence in Fourth Avenue. Among the guests were Mrs. Richardson, Col. Snow, Mr. Jarrett, the London manager, and Mr. Weiles, the musical and dramatic writer of the *Evening Mail*.

In a few days Miss Nilsson with her companion, Mrs. Richardson, accompanied by Rouzaud and Col. Snow, and Dr. and Mrs. Doremus, will go up to West Point to attend the annual examination of the Military Academy. They will then go to Niagara Falls and return to Saratoga by way of Lake George. After tarrying a while at the Springs, the party will visit Newport and perhaps the White Mountains or Long Branch.



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Without thee. (Senza te.) (Ce que suis. 4. F to *g*. *Gounod*. 40

Words in English, French and Italian. Is very pretty and piquant, and has made a decided success in the concert room.

She was my boyhood's dream. 3. F to d. *J. L. Hatton*. 35

"I loved to see her waving curls,
Her bright eyes' sunny beam,
Oh, happy days, when boys and girls
Of merry meetings dream."

Of classic beauty.

The Song of a Clerk. 3. D to f. *A. J. Goodrich*. 30

Poetry by O. W. Holmes, and, of course is witty as it can be, and real wit, too.

On the Hill. (Auf dem Berge) 4. F to f. *Lindblad*. 30

"On this height reclining,
Oft my tranquil moments flow."

Pretty melody, and fine workmanship displayed, both in harmony and rhythm.

Mine Host. Champagne Song. 3. B♭ to f. 30

"Mine host, mine host, come hither
And drain a glass with me."

**Instrumental.**

Ave Maria d'Arcadeldt. 3. F. *Liszt*. 40

As this is quite easy, improve your opportunity to play "Liszt." A characteristic piece.

Kaufmann's Casino Waltz. 3. *Gung'l*. 75

Bright, fresh, and Gung'l like.

Scene Bohemienne. (Chanson a boire.) 3. F. *Kuhe*. 50

A transcription of a strange gypsy air, with minor and major strains alternating.

Good Humor. Polka Mazurka. (Gemuthvoll and heiter.) 3. G. *F. Budik*. 30

Good name for it, as it is brighter than most mazurkas, while it retains the form.

Mandolina. Fantasie Brillante. 5. *Eb*. *Leybach*. 60

Vienne Galop. 4. F. *Ketterer*. 50

Two fine pieces, the first light and airy, the last surprisingly sweet and brilliant. One is tempted to call it one of Ketterer's best pieces.

Tête-a-tête Waltz. 3. C. *L. H. Cooke*. 50

Sparkling and pretty.

Carabinier's Swiss March. 4 hands. 3. B♭. *A. Croisez*. 60

A brilliant military movement. Effective for exhibitions.

Marche Turque. De Mozart. 4 hands. 3. A. *L. Streabbog*. 60

A well-known march by Mozart, part minor and part major, probably originally founded on a *real* Turkish air, as it has Eastern peculiarities.

Walnut Polka. 2. G. *R. B. Leonard*. 30

Very neat and bright.

Galop. "Summer Garlands." 3. G. *F Zikoff*. 40

Has very light, graceful, staccato octave passages. There is also a Mazurka and a Polka, in the "Summer Garland" set. Get them all. Handsome lithograph title.

Mazurke Caracterisque. 3. F. *H. Kowalski*. 35

Beautiful. Such pieces ought to outlast many more brilliant ones.

**Books.**

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA. A Sacred Cantata by *W. S. Bennett*. Paper, $1.12
Boards, 1.50
Cloth, 1.75

Leaders and Managers of Musical Societies would do well, during the summer, to procure and look through a copy of this book. It supplies material for practice to those who cannot quite manage an oratorio, and still is above the level of glees and anthems.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 789. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1 1871. Vol. XXXI. No. 7.

## Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.

(From the London Daily Telegraph.

The present Niederrheinische Musikfest is the forty-eighth of a series celebrated in rotation at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf, after the fashion which obtains with our own Festival of the Three Choirs. During near upon half a century of its existence, the institution has made for itself a history of no mean interest; thanks to the production of eminent works, and the co-operation of eminent workers. Upon that history, however, I must not venture to touch. Enough that the Niederrheinische Musikverein is distinguished not only for the art associations of Germany for what has already been accomplished, and for the sustained energy which, year by year, marks its operations. The managing committee includes General von Frankenberg, the Governor of Cologne, and such representative men as the Oberbürgermeister, the Polizeipräsident, Capellmeister Hiller, and Franz Weber, the cathedral organist; while the executive force, numbering in all 762, is made up of contingents from some thirty towns, among them being Berlin, Dresden, Hanover, Amsterdam, and Brussels. The soloists are Frau Rudersdorff, Wagner, Frau Amalie Joachim, Fräulein Schwarzkopf, Herr Gunz, Herr Stockhausen, and Herr Joachim; with Concertmeister Japha of Cologne as "leader," Herr Wüllner as the conductor, and Dr. Hiller as supreme director and conductor. Known as most of these names are in England, and well understood as is the efficiency of a German orchestra and chorus, it must be evident, that here are the materials of an ensemble such as only a new, serious present in England. Turning to the programme, we find that, unlike the schemes of our own festivals, which aim to give as much as possible in the time at command, only three concerts are arranged, to take place on consecutive evenings; the mornings being devoted to those careful rehearsals which are the secret of Teutonic efficiency. The contents of the programme will appear in due course; but I must at once expose a natural surprise at the almost entire absence from it of the name of the German composer whom, next to Handel, the English people hold in highest honour. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Hiller, Gade, and even Reinecke are more or less conspicuous; but Mendelssohn, the author of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, is represented only by one of his smallest Lieder, at the fag end of the last concert. This can probably be explained; but no explanation that has reached us is at all sufficient to account for what seems a deliberate slight.

Such gloomy forebodings as may have been excited by torrents of rain on Friday and Saturday were dispelled by the brilliant sun and cloudless sky of Sunday morning. The town, the river, and the adjacent country afforded a most bright and attractive spectacle. The population "descended" into the streets with one accord and with an aspect of grave enjoyment. Both fronts of the Gürzenich broke out into flags of many hues, and, generally, everything put itself into harmony with the occasion. Business began—so far, at least, as concerned music—with a reception by Capellmeister Hiller, at the unconscionable hour of half past nine in the morning. It is needless to say that the rooms were crowded, or that the gathering was one of mark. Musically speaking, "everybody" put in an appearance, anxious to honor the distinguished host and the festival of which he is the head. There might be seen the honest, earnest face of Joachim, who, by the way, attended all night from Berlin to be present; Leopold Auer, if I mistake not, was also among the crowd, as certainly were Carl Reinecke, M. Gevaert, from Brussels, Dr. Gunz, Herr Stockhausen, and others not unknown in English concert-rooms. Nor was England without representatives—though the reputation of our fair countrywomen, to whom Cologne is a musical Alma Mater, lies as yet in the future. The reunion began early; early it broke up; and at the before mentioned hour of six p.m. the first concert of the festival commenced.

Punctuality is not among the virtues of German concert managers. They wait the convenience of the audience with a determination which would horrify Sir Michael Costa—to begin half an hour after the appointed time being looked upon as the most natural thing in the world. Happily, the public do not seem to take advantage of this accommodating spirit by demanding an extra grace. At all events, they did not so act last night; for within the half-hour the Gürzenich became comfortably full, and Dr. Hiller, seeing that all were ready, mounted to his lofty perch amid considerable applause, and started an overture composed for the Festival by Carl Reinecke. I do not think this *piece d' occasion* will much enhance the Leipzig professor's reputation. It begins well, with some attractive passages for "wind" and "string" in alternation; while a second subject, which appears in due course, has also merit. But no sooner does Herr Reinecke introduce the first phrase of "See the conquering hero," than he degenerates into sheer and absolute weakness, which becomes almost indicrous when "Ein' feste Burg" is combined with Handel's theme. The scramble among the various subjects thus brought together is exceedingly droll; but I question whether Herr Reinecke intended his music as a source of amusement. Of course, the patriotic feeling suggested met with a hearty response, and the Leipzig Capellmeister had to bow his platform in German fashion amid the roll of drums and blare of trumpets. After the overture a certain Herr Rittershaus took Dr. Hiller's place, and read a poem of his own composition bearing upon recent events. Not being a professed critic of German poetry, I will not risk doing Herr Rittershaus an injustice, and only say that his effusion was very long. Whether the audience enjoyed it is doubtful. They listened in solemn silence to the end, and then applauded either with the appliance of relief or of approval.

Sebastian Bach's cantata, "Ein' feste Burg," soon dispelled the gloom engendered by Herr Rittershaus, and brought home to every one present what a king of musicians was the solid, God-fearing old Cantor. The first chorus, with its masterly contrapuntal elaboration, through which the theme is well-known tune weaves its way, in the orchestra, like a thread of silver; the second, in which the positions are reversed, and the chorale is thundered out in unison against an entirely different Orchesterstück; the beautiful duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor, with obbligato for viol de gamba (clarinet) and violin; and the final chorale, which is simply "Ein' feste Burg" in plain, full harmony—all these parts made a profound impression, and marked the cantata as among the noblest sacred works of its illustrious author. The solo passages were sung by Frau Bellingrath, Frau Joachim, and Dr. Gunz.

Gleck's overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis* was then played; and after, Jacob Rietz's Passacaglia, a hymn for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed in honor of the German victories, and the power they conquered. Dr. Hiller conducted. All the words are taken from the Bible. Dr. Hiller's hymn is in seven movements, of which three are choruses, the others a combination of solo and chorus. It is written throughout with deep feeling for the subject; and with a masterly ease, as well as breadth of style, to which the various composers does not invariably attain. Among the striking examples of merit almost reaching the dignity of genius, I may cite a beautiful solo and chorus, "Praise Jerusalem deinen Herrn;" an elaborate and largely developed chorus, "Die Heiden sind verenkten in der Grube;" passages of great power in a trio, "Ich will an einer geschrieben;" and a charmingly melodious chorus of women, solo, "Die mit Thränen säen." In these things Dr. Hiller appears as a master of his art; and, if there be passages, as in the final chorus, which do not leave a favorable impression, they are comparatively so few that they count for little. The verdict of the audience was unanimous, and Dr. Hiller was saluted at the close of his work, with the heartiest applause; the drums and trumpets of the orchestra joining in. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony closed the concert; but I will reserve my remarks upon its performance until it may be possible to estimate, after larger experience, the capacity of this model German orchestra.

The second night's concert was devoted to Handel's *Joshua*, one of several oratorios by the great master which are unaccountably and undeservedly neglected among the people for which they were written. The choice of this work was dictated by an assumed applicability to the present circumstances of the German nation; and it might be unfair to charge those who made the application with presumption in comparing Kaiser Wilhelm to Joshua, his armies to the Heaven-favored tribes of Israel, and Paris to the Jericho of the heathen. Such things are done in all countries with surprising complacency, and are universally allowed to pass. Did not Handel write *Judas Maccabeus* in honor of "Butcher" Cumberland, and run the coronation of Solomon in parallel lines with the enthronement of his late Majesty, George II.? Does not M. Gounod, in his *Gallia*, compare Paris with Jerusalem; and does not Dr. Hiller, in the cantata just produced at Cologne, identify the German cause with that of the "chosen people?" It would plainly be absurd to distinguish between things that do not differ; while it is as well, perhaps, to have in the varying fortunes of ancient Israel a means of representing the ups and downs of modern powers, without risking offensive personalities.

We English are accustomed to congratulate ourselves upon the possession and preservation of Handelian traditions, and to suppose that the mighty musician's works are best understood by those for whom they were written. In support of this belief there is, unquestionably, a good *prima facie* case. But, after last night's experience, I am disposed to believe that the genuine Handelian idea remains with the country which gave the composer birth. It would be scarcely plausible reason for such a state of things; and to say, for example, that with us, Handel has been practically at the mercy, during many years, of a *chef d'orchestre* trained in a different school, and foreign to our native sympathy with the master's music. But no reason can alter the fact that, as some last night's performances to be representative of German methods, Handel is more reverently treated here than among ourselves. The execution of *Joshua* was from first to last marked by a carefulness worthy of the highest praise. Nowhere was the slightest hurry apparent; songs and choruses being allotted to them in what would appear, to an English audience, slow time, but which, I believe, approximates to the composer's idea, as it certainly increases the musical impressiveness of the work. Could Handel come to life again, he would repudiate the tendency to increased speed shown by English conductors. His chorusses, admitting of broad and massive effect, require deliberate execution, while the prevalent English mode of scrambling through the recitatives, as compared with their emphatic declamation in Germany, only shows that Handel was less ill advised than we generally believe when he filled so many pages with mere nonsense. It was a pleasant surprise to me to hear the recitatives of the *Joshua* enunciated as they were last night, and accompanied, "as they ought to be, offensive *proposal* of a Mr. Bennett," but by unwinded chords from all the base "strings." Thus rendered, no excuse was given for inaccurately sniffing out the meaning of chords, according to the accepted English practice; or for treating the historical part of the work as a disagreeable necessity, which had to be endured rather than enjoyed.

Another special feature appeared in the extreme modesty, but without adequate effect of the extra accompaniments written by Herr Julius Rietz. No doubt the example of Mozart, when filling up the "score" of the *Messiah*, works badly, because it encouraged others to do, without his genius, what only genius such as his makes allowable. Hence there are reconstructed Handelian scores which the master would flings from him with a shrug in his music, and contemptuous of himself. Herr Rietz is not a Mozart, and has refrained from Mozartian liberties, being satisfied to supply they "padding" which could adroitly without attracting special observation. A similar remark applies to the organ part as arranged and played by Herr Weber, the Dom-organist; though, had the space available for the Gürzenich instrument allowed of a fuller disposition, this stop might have been used with manifest advantage.

In speaking of the performance, I can hardly refrain from observations with regard to the capacity of the orchestra and chorus; though my intention was to reserve them for a concluding letter. Since, however, the Choral Symphony and *Joshua* have supplied all necessary data, it may be as well to dismiss the topic at once. The chorus is thus made up—sopranos, 192; contraltos, 182; tenors, 111; basses, 139; and, regarding these numbers, attention should be called to the formidable array of contraltos, whose

young fresh voices give a usually over-weighed part just the prominence necessary to a perfect balance. The quality of tone is generally good—best in the case of the sopranos, least excellent in that of the tenors, who sing with characteristic German "throatiness." Of the contraltos I have just spoken; and the basses, if a shade rough, are remarkable for volume and depth of tone. The choral music throughout *Joshua* was simply admirable in its precision and well-marked degrees of power, every point being taken up, not by a few leaders, but as with one consent by the entire mass. It was, however, in Beethoven's symphony that the chorus made the greatest and most abiding impression. No amateur needs to be told what are the difficulties of the "Ode to Joy," since even concert-goers, who never studied them in print, must know them by repeated disastrous failures in performance. But to listen to the Cologne chorus was to have belief in those difficulties shaken; and, what is more, to gain an idea of Beethoven's purpose, and the grandeur of his conception, such as nothing else could give. How great was the amount of skill and culture represented by this one effort, those who best know the work may best conceive. I cannot dismiss the choir without referring to the low average of age amongst its members. Nearly all—and this is especially the case with regard to the ladies, are in the full vigor of youth; and the result, one unhappily rare with us, is apparent in the bright ringing tone which only youth can secure.

Turning now to the orchestra, I find it composed of violins, 44; violas, 19; violoncellos, 21; double basses, 14: with 4 oboes, 4 flutes, 4 clarionets, 3 bassoons, 5 horns, 3 trumpets, and the usual complement of trombones and "percussion;" making altogether 131 instruments. This unquestionably heavy force is not of equal merit throughout; for, though the "strings" are nearly all that the most exacting could desire, the "wind" is, by comparison, wanting in both quality of tone and executive skill. As might be supposed, this source of weakness told against what would otherwise have been a perfect rendering of Beethoven's colossal symphony, and, in fact, brought the average merit of its orchestral sections below that to which we are accustomed at the Crystal Palace. On the other hand, the entire band may be equally praised for an observance of light and shade which, eloquent always, gave a new meaning to more than a few portions of Beethoven's work. In this respect its accompaniments are simply perfection, as, indeed, they are in most others.

After these general remarks it is unnecessary, as it would be tedious, to enter upon details with regard to the performance of the concerted music in *Joshua*. Enough that a rendering more generally satisfactory, or more worthy of a great occasion, could hardly be desired. The soloists, however, were of unequal merit; and, with all deference, I submit that, as a body, they proved inadequate. Frau Bellingrath, artist as she undoubtedly is, has left the prime of her powers behind her; while Dr. Gunz is somewhat less than the Dr. Gunz whom London amateurs knew a few years ago. But then, on the other hand, Frau Joachim has displayed powers not only in *Joshua*, but throughout the festival, which would astonish even those who heard her recently in London. She sang Handel's music last night with a vocal skill, dramatic force, and clear perception of every requirement, which established her in the first rank of living artists. No greater success was possible than that easily obtained by her rendering of Othniel's air, "Gefahren umgiebt mich" ("Place danger around me.") So masterly was Mme Joachim's execution, that the somewhat phlegmatic audience roused itself, and demanded the first encore of the Festival. And no wonder; for few who heard will readily forget the sensation made.

Of Herr Stockhausen it cannot be necessary to speak. He was scarcely in good voice in consequence of indisposition; but whether in good voice or not, he invariably sings with such refinement and taste as to confer the highest gratification. Naturally, under the circumstances, "See the conquering hero" was the culminating point of the performance. It stirred the Teutonic blood like the news of victory; a thousand Teutonic throats demanded its repetition, the men rising to their feet and remaining erect; while at the close of the famous pæan the women waved their handkerchiefs as though the Red Prince himself had mounted the orchestra. Altogether it was a striking outburst of patriotic ardor, manifested naturally and on ample provocation.

---

At the third concert the attendance was larger than on any previous occasion, owing, no doubt, to a programme which artfully secured "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by providing a little for every form of classical taste. Gade's symphony in C minor (No. 1) led-off, and was played, as regards the "strings," with the perfection characteristic of Dr. Hiller's orchestra. The "wind" again left somewhat to desire, but not enough to keep the performance generally out of the list of admirable things. About the work itself nothing need be said, since it has been heard at the Crystal Palace; where, by the way, Gade's music made no greater impression than it made on the audience of last night. An excellent feature in the arrangements enabled the Symphony, though it came first, to be heard in comfort—the doors were locked during the performance of each movement. Even the unpunctual concert-goers among ourselves must allow that this is an example which it would be well for English managers to follow.

After Gade's work came Dr. Gunz, with the original form of Florestan's air in *Fidelio*. His choice was an unhappy one, and his lugubrious singing damped the spirit of the audience—but only till such time as there appeared the well-known face and figure of Joseph Joachim. Is it necessary to tell how the great fiddler was received by those who ought to be, and who seemingly are, proud of him? or to say how he played the Ninth Concerto of Spohr? Assuredly it is superfluous to do either, though hard not to do both, especially after one of the most masterly displays of virtuosity ever witnessed. The "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the familiar adagio must remain, to all who heard it, a memory-haunting thing. No sooner was the last note reached, than the great crowd fairly boiled over with enthusiasm. A young lady stepped from the ranks of the chorus to present the artist with a bouquet, and others pelted him with flowers, while "Hoch!" was roared with all the strength of hundreds of good sound lungs. This was the beginning of ovations which now came fast and furious. Frau Bellingrath's delivery of the great scena from *Oberon*, though not at all remarkable for merit, elicited three calls, and a steady rain of flower leaves. More justly was Herr Stockhausen rewarded for his grand singing of Lysiart's dramatic air in *Euryanthe*, and Herr Joachim for his perfect playing of Dr. Hiller's Grosses Adagio (op. 87).

But the climax of enthusiasm was reserved for Frau Joachim, whose popularity is boundless, and for the distinguished conductor of whom Cologne has a right to be proud. The lady sang, in her best style, three songs, by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, respectively, and was forced to repeat the "Soldaten-braut" of the last-named composer before she received almost burdensome tokens of public admiration. Loaded with bouquets, and made the target of innumerable flowers, she had to shake hands with the entire first row of soprani, one of whom snatched a kiss, the report of which was followed by a roar of delight from the audience. Dr. Hiller endured not less honor. After a repetition—by desire—of the masterly chorus, "Die Helden sind versunken in der Grube," from his new cantata, they placed a wreath upon his head amid a flourish of trumpets, and applauded as though applause in his case should know no end.

All this was pleasant to see, as it is pleasant to describe, making tame by contrast the remaining details of the concert. It must be said, nevertheless, that Handel's Coronation Anthem was less effectively given than we are accustomed to hear it; while, in the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, Dr. Hiller's orchestra gratified exacting taste by the wonderful brilliancy and dash of its violins. To my mind, however, the orchestral success of the evening, if not of the entire Festival, was made in the accompaniments to Spohr's concerto, which were played with a delicacy and unobtrusiveness worthy of the highest admiration. No solo ever had better "nursing."

The last concert was followed by a public supper, whereat a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, including most of the artists and others officially connected with the proceedings. This "wind-up" proved of the liveliest character, and and afforded, in some respects, an odd contrast to our English habits on similar occasions. There was no solemn eating as though for eating's sake; neither "removal of the cloth," nor subsequent submission to a despotic chairman. Instead of this, each man inclined to speak—and many had the *parole* during the evening—did what was right in his own eyes as regards the time, matter, and manner of his speech. Thus the Oberbürgermeister rose from the discussion of fish to propose the health of the Emperor; and at various stages in a long repast his example was followed by gentlemen who had all sorts of things to say, carefully prepared impromptus to deliver, original poems to recite in honor of distinguished artists, or a string of epigrams to send sparkling among the crowd. Never, I should imagine, did the genial aspect of Teutonic nature assert itself more emphatically. The mildest quibs and cranks set the tables in a roar as unfailingly as the jests of "poor Yorick;" and the last of the speakers, though he appealed to fatigued muscles and aching sides, received a tribute of laughter not less hearty than the first. The "mutual admiration" system was every whit as vigorously worked as with ourselves. Everybody proposed a "Hoch!" to everybody else; and it was a sight to see the rush of kindly folk when a Joachim or a Hiller was in question—all eager to catch his eye, and sustain with him the clink of glasses, which went on continuously, like well-nourished file-firing. So closed the Musikfest of the Lower Rhine; and I do not know how anything of the sort could close more happily.

---

## Auber.—A Study. 1864.

BY B. JOUVIN.

Auber was always composing. You met him sauntering along the Boulevards: he was working.—At the theatre you took a stall next to the one in which he had settled himself, and in which he was soon asleep: he was working.—You pass along the Rue Saint-Georges after twelve at night; the street looked black to the right and left, with the exception of a window through which percolated the light of a modest lamp; that lamp was the lamp of the musician: he was working.—You knocked at his door at six in the morning; a portress as decrepid as the fairy Urgèle, directed you to the first floor. A housekeeper, as old as Baucis, referred you to a valet as aged as Philemon. This valet ushered you into an hospitable drawing room, where the sounds of the piano already reached you: the musician was at work. That did not matter, however; he came graciously to meet you; but you had to account to Posterity for a melody on the point of being born, and of which you deprived them.

The master—the youngest and most laborious of all—confessed to you with the greatest frankness, if you questioned him on the subject, that, when composing, he had never known any Muse but *Ennui*. "People consider my music gay," he said to me one day; "I do not know how that is, or can be; there is not a motive, among all those you are kind enough to think happy, which was not written between two yawns. I could point out to you many a passage where my pen has glided over the staff, and formed a long zigzag at the moment my eyes closed, or my head, weighed down by sleep, bent over the score. Yet it is these melancholy children of *Ennui* which people once called, and, perhaps, still call, Auber's *contredanses*."

Do not think this was sham modesty; the composer was sincere with others, and with himself. "I have never turned over one of my old scores," he said to me on another occasion, "with the delight we ought to feel at seeing once more faces we formerly knew and loved; when this occurred, I used to say to myself that there were a great many pieces I should begin again were my score to be re-written."

Very different from Auber, Spontini had in himself the faith of an apostle; nay more, the faith of an infallible pope. Even in his dressing-gown and slippers, he was mentally crowned with the laurels of him who composed *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*.

Auber possessed several highly valuable albums; they were volumes of ruled paper, bound without any ornament, and in which he noted down his melodies (*chants*) as he was inspired with them. If he had an opera to write, he consulted his albums; he took stock; he counted his treasures, and his only care arose from an *embarras de richesses*, but that was no slight one. In the arts as in life, it is not enough to acquire wealth; the great thing is to know how to spend it. When Auber had, as I will call it, levied his conscription of ideas for an approaching campaign and an approaching victory, he crossed out the melodies to which he was about to set words and give a definite form. We are coming to the secret of his collaboration with his poets. In Scribe's time, this was something extremely curious, and in the ungrateful task—not of regulating the music by the words, but of making the verse run without halting to the music, Auber's partner achieved some perfect wonders. It sometimes happened that the musician gave the poet "a monster," on which the poet had to place rhymes of exactly the same length. Raimbaud's narrative in *Le Comte Ory*, Donna Lucrèce's air in *Actéon*, "Souvent un amant ment," are Scribe's masterpieces in this respect.

When Auber had found a melody—no great difficulty for him—do not fancy that he entered it without more ado in his "golden book," after trying it upon the piano, which formed part of the furniture in his study. It had first to undergo the *ordeal of the spinnet*. Woe to the melody that could not stand the test; it was condemned to return to the nothingness whence the composer had drawn it.

The *ordeal of the spinnet* was this:—Auber occupied only the first story of his house in the Rue Saint-Georges. In a room on the second floor (a regular

Digitized by Google

artist's nest; he had had placed the old piano which was the companion of his poverty. When the hand appeals to its dilapidated notes, you fancy you are listening to the lamentations of the souls of several kettles soaring heavenwards; it is sufficient to make a coppersmith homesick. Well! the new-born melody, condemned to be subjected to these rheumatic, halting old keys, had to issue triumphant from the ordeal. If it pleased the ear of the composer, despite the *kettlish* tone disfiguring it, Auber asked no more. *Dignus est intrare*, and the album was open to it.

Did you ever stop before the bust of Auber exhibited at our principal music-publishers? What strikes you first of all on contemplating the eyes without a glance, and the white mask, the features of which are clearly and even rather too harshly rendered, is an expression of energetic will. The forehead is handsome and intelligent; the arch of the eyebrows, which is very prominent, juts out above the eye, which it encloses in a cone of shadow; the nose is straight; the mouth is firm; but, when it is not smiling, the very strongly marked arch of the lips, and the severe fold of the commissures impart to the physiognomy that profound, and somewhat bored seriousness, which is calculated to excite surprise in a man whose genius is all grace. The chin projects; the temples are raised, and the ear, which is rather broad, is rounded off like a shell. These last two peculiarities constitute, according to Gall, the signs of a vocation for music.

If from the bust we pass to the man, the too strongly marked features were softened down and harmonized. The eye had preserved all the fire of youth, and the harsh expression of the mouth, when in repose, melted into a most delicate and intellectual smile. When, with his mind absorbed by the crowd, Auber aired, with uncertain steps, his profile on the Boulevards; or, to kill the long hours in the evening, buried himself in an orchestra-stall at the Comédie-Française, or at the Variétés, the pedestrian, or the composer's neighbor in the stalls, felt at first inclined to take him for an Englishman devoured by spleen, and arranging, as he bit his nails till he made the blood come, the fifth act of his approaching suicide. But if you accosted—if you shook up by a word—the individual whose imagination was wandering a hundred leagues away—in the country of beautiful melodic dreams—if you dragged him out of his *dreaminess*, you were sure of finding a most amiable, most lively, and most original talker.

It was by the activity of an existence of which every hour was well employed, that Auber kept himself young. A regular system of work endowed him with a robust constitution. The valiant octogenarian could count the years of his green old age double, for he had always shortened his nights and added to his days. He never devoted more than three or four hours to sleep; this was a habit adopted in his twentieth year. At that period," he said to me, "it was the full dawn which, bursting into my bedroom, used to warn me that it was time to extinguish my lamp." When the breakfast hour struck, Auber had done his day's work, as mechanics say. Wait a moment, and you shall see how he refreshed himself after the fatigues of composition and his long watchings.

Only a few years ago, he used to ride regularly on horseback before breakfast. He afterwards substituted for this hippic exercise a drive in an open carriage through the Bois de Boulogne, but the hour was no longer a fixed one; it was sometimes in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon, that you met him in the Grande Avenue des Champs Elysées, seated in a corner of the carriage, and plunged in thought, or with his eyelids half-closed. He breakfasted with the frugality of an anchorite: a cup of tea and four or five spoonfuls of cold milk (he afterwards abolished this meal). He generally stopped in till one o'clock; he then set out for the Rue Bergère, to manage the affairs of the Conservatory. It was during the period between his taking off his dressing-gown and putting on his frock or tail coat, that visitors, or bores, were received at the house in the Rue Saint-Georges; he greeted the one and the other with the same affability, and, if he dismissed the second somewhat more hastily than the first, he was so skilled in strewing with the flowers of politeness the floor of his drawing-room, that the visitor, thus charmingly shown the door, went away enchanted.

(To be Continued).

## The "Easy Chair" recalling Thalberg and some others.

It was about fifteen years ago that Thalberg was in this country. Jenny Lind had been here two or three years before, and Alboni and Grisi a little later, and Vieuxtemps and Sivori and Ole Bull had arrived a dozen years before. Jullien, with his monster orchestra, had given monstrous concerts in the monstrous hall of Castle Garden, and many a musician of less fame had come to try his fortune. But we had had neither of the acknowledged masters of the piano, the founders of the modern school of playing—Liszt and Thalberg. Liszt, spoiled and capricious, played very seldom. Chopin, more a composer than a performer, we in America had never supposed would cross the sea; so sensitive, so delicate, so shadowy, his life seemed to exhale, a passionate sigh of music. In the stormy, blood-soaked, ruined Paris of to-day it is not easy to imagine those evenings at the Prince Czartoryski's, when Chopin played in the moonlight the mazurkas and polonaises and waltzes which moonlight or opium seem often to have inspired, but through which the proud movement of the old Polish dance and song so often also triumphantly rings.

In George Sand's "Letters of a Traveler" Chopin also appears, but sadly and hopelessly. The phrase of Xavier de Maistre, in speaking of the Fornarina and Raphael, is the undertone of all the passages of the book that speak of Chopin—"She loved her love more than her lover." Then came the burial at the Madeleine, with his own funeral march beating time to his grave. But of all composers for the piano Chopin seems to be the truest poet. The others play cunningly upon the ear, but he touches the soul. The mere pianist who had aroused the most enthusiasm in this country was Leopold de Meyer, who came more than twenty years ago. It was an exhilarating, champagne style. There was a grotesque little plaster cast of him in the shop windows at the time, which was a capital caricature. He was represented crouching over the instrument, with enormous hands spread upon the key-board, and his fat knees crowding in to cover all the rest of the space. It was slam-bang playing, but so skilful, and with such a tickling melody, that it was irresistibly popular. His "Marche Marocaine," a brilliant *tour de force*, was always sure to captivate the audience; and as De Meyer played with his whole body, and with evident zest, his success was indisputable.

His concerts were sometimes given in the old Tabernacle upon Broadway, near Leonard Street, the circular church which for many years was the chief public hall in the city. The platform was almost in the centre, and the aisles radiated from it. The galleries went quite around the building, and, except for the huge columns which supported a dome, it was convenient both for hearing and seeing. Here were some of the great antislavery meetings in the hottest days of the agitation. The anniversaries were held here, and it was the scene of all popular lectures and of concerts. A few blocks above, upon Broadway, near Canal Street, was the old Apollo Hall, where the first Philharmonic concerts took place. In those early days of the German music—days which followed the City Hotel epoch and the Garcia opera—people were so unaccustomed to the properties of the concert-room that the Easy Chair has even known some persons to whisper and giggle during the performance of the finest symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and so excessively rude as to rustle out of the hall before the last piece was ended.

Upon one such occasion it said to its neighbor, as they were coming out,

"It is a pity that such ill-mannered people should come among ladies and gentlemen."

"Ill-mannered!" quoth its neighbor; "I assure you they are carriage company from the neighborhood of Union Square."

In these days of universal respectful attention at the Philharmonic concerts to the performance of fine music it is but a curious reminiscence of long-passed boorishness this of persons who whispered and giggled, and rustled out before the end, at concerts, to the disturbance of all mannerly people.

As the city grew the concerts came up town, and were for some time given at Niblo's concert-room. But, wherever they were, one person was for many years constantly familiar, sometimes as pianist to accompany singing, always modest, courteous, and efficient, a man widely and most kindly remembered—Henry C. Timm. Like most of our musical benefactors, he was a German, and gave lessons in piano-playing. He was not one of the great virtuosos, but his touch was delicate and nimble, and he had a sincere love of his art. Often and often, at a house always pleasant from that reminiscence, with the consent of parent and pupil, and to his own great delight, the hour designed for the scholar's scales and exercises was given to the master's playing. He was fond of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and he played it with force and precision and the utmost delicacy. Mr. Timm had a pale, smooth, sharp face, a rather prim manner, and a quick, modest gait. He was most simple-hearted, and loved a joke; and his fun was all the more effective from his very sober face and his lisp. It was his wife who was for so long the most efficient actress at Mitchell's old Olympic in the palmy days of burlesque.

It was at Niblo's that Thalberg played. Many of the virtuosos had been—like De Meyer—so extravagant in their action, and so evidently what we now call "sensational," that there was great curiosity to see the master whose name had been familiar since 1830, and famous since 1835, when he first played in Paris. The comparative estimate of the two men, Liszt and Thalberg, was that the former was a player of eccentric genius, the latter of consummate talent: a judgment which is very apt to spring from a superficial theory that eccentricity is the signet of genius. The long hair, the wild aspect of Paganini have done much to confirm this feeling.

At the concerts of Thalberg there were some preliminary performances, and then a gentleman of ordinary size, with side whiskers and no moustache, and unostentatiously dressed, entered upon the platform. His manner was grave and tranquil, and he bowed respectfully as he seated himself at the instrument. Immediately, without a flourish or grimace, steadily and calmly watching the audience, he touched the piano, and it began to sing. There was no pounding, no muscular contortion. Nothing but his hands seemed to be engaged, and apparently without effort they exhausted the whole force of the instrument. It was in every respect except its great effectiveness the reverse of De Meyer's playing. The effect, indeed, was astonishing. When he arose, as quietly and gravely as he had seated himself, there was a tumult of applause, to which he bowed and tranquilly withdrew.

The characteristic of his style is well known. It was a series of harmonious combinations of all the resources of the key-board, through which the melody was clearly articulated. It was by study and by long practice only that he carried this method to its perfection. Thus in one of his great fantasias, that from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the sentiment of the whole opera is reproduced. You do not admire brilliant variations upon a theme selected from the opera but you are affected by the passionate movement of the entire work. It is a wonderful epitome. Yet the same respect which he showed for his audience and for himself, and which made him always a self-possessed gentleman, he also had for his instrument. De Meyer, for instance, seemed to suppose that the full range and power of the piano could not be developed except by grotesque methods. Other players treat it as if impatient of its limitations, and resolved to make an orchestra of a feeble key-board. But Thalberg instinctively apprehended the character of the instrument, and respected its limitations as well as its powers, and knew that its utmost resource was attainable by skilled motion rather than by brute force. Therefore it was that he played with his hands, and not with his knees and his body. But the force of his fingers was magical, and the volume of sound that followed was as great as any player evoked.

Indeed, Thalberg was a player only, and not, in the sense of Chopin, a composer. What are called his compositions are arrangements and adaptations of themes from operas treated in his manner, and for the purpose of developing them with all the richness of the instrument. The originality is in the method of instrumentation, and in this he was original, and is really the founder of the present piano school. As a player his characteristic was the cantabile—the singing quality; and this he had beyond all players. The flowing sweetness of his style is indescribable. There were many, indeed, who complained of a want of fire, and denied him that passion without which no work of art is perfect. But it was impossible to hear him play his fantasia from "Don Giovanni," for instance, without perceiving all the passion of the original. Mozart was not dimmed under his hands. And the impression of coldness was largely due, doubtless, to the tranquility and propriety of his appearance and manner.

The most generally popular of his successors at the piano in this country was undoubtedly Gottschalk, who was here quite as early as Thalberg, whose fame eclipsed all others. Upon his arrival Gottschalk played privately at a small party. He was a foreign-looking youth, with a peculiarly dull eye, and taciturn, but he was familiar with every kind of music. When he was asked he played Chopin, and with great skill. But his chief successes were his West Indian melodies, which were full of picturesque suggestion. His execution was most rapid, brilliant, and forcible, but a great deal of his playing was too evidently *tours de force*. It was always interesting to watch his audience, when, upon being recalled, he began one of the West Indian strains. There was a minor monotonous theme in them which fascinated the listeners. They heard the beat of the tambourine, and saw the movement of the dance, and with them all the characteristic scenery and associa-

Digitized by Google

tion of the tropics filled their imaginations. The languid grace, the rich indolence, the gay profusion of the lands where the banana grows were all suggested by the sound.

But how many admirable players there have been, and among the best of the more recent, Alide Topp, Miss Mehlig, and Miss Krebs, who seem to have conquered every mechanical difficulty, and not to lack the power of men in playing. The old halls, indeed, are long since deserted, and Nilsson, the latest diva, new-lighted upon our shores, does not sing below Fourteenth Street. Meanwhile the conspicuous mention of one of the familiar names, as of Jenny Lind, or Alboni, or Thalberg, recalls a hundred delightful evenings; and when, as now, one passes through the bridge of Mirza out of sight, how many Easy Chairs pause for a moment to remember not only the great artist, but those who, by association, make the memory of him and the pleasure he gave perennial and delightful.—G. W. C., *in Harper, for July.*

## The Musical Congress.

[From the Daily Advertiser, June 21.]

The first session of the third annual convention of the National Musical Congress was held yesterday morning in Music Hall. The attendance was very much fuller than at the meeting last year in New York. The session was appropriately opened by a voluntary on the organ, performed by Mr. J. K. Paine. The secretary, Dr. Eben Tourjée, read a letter from the president of the association, Mr. Wm. Mason of New York, regretting his inability to attend, owing to the illness of his father, the venerable Lowell Mason. Dr. L. H. Southard, of Baltimore, Md., one of the vice-presidents, was then called upon to preside.

A verse of the Doxology was then sung, and prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Kirk, after which the president introduced Governor Claflin to the audience. His excellency, on coming forward, was warmly received.

Governor Claflin, in behalf of the people of Massachusetts, cordially welcomed the congress to the capital of the Commonwealth. The citizens, he said, must ever feel a deep interest in a subject which afforded them so much pleasure, and which so raised and exalted them as did music. It was one of the happy results of the great Peace Jubilee that the whole standard of music was raised higher; that the whole people learned from it the necessity of a more thorough instruction in the art. The result was seen in the action of the last legislature of this State, which, though it failed to pass a law by which the larger cities and towns should make instruction in music compulsory, to be paid for by the cities and municipalities, yet developed so much feeling in favor of such action that for his part he could hardly expect another session to pass by without the law taking its place on the statute books. [Applause]. It took a little time for our legislators to understand the feelings of the public in regard to such matters; it required time for gentlemen who came from large cities as well as from the rural districts to understand how little labor and how small an expense was incurred in making known the beautiful, instructive and beneficial art of music to the whole public. In regard to the effect of music upon the young, his excellency said the various educational and reformatory institutions of the State understood it very well, for one of the first things introduced into such places for the benefit of the young was music, and if there were a lot of rough boys from some of the worst districts of great cities, they found it a great deal easier and pleasanter to rule them through the musician's baton than through the master's ferule. It was very easy to control them with the aid of music. In conclusion, the speaker congratulated those present upon the existence of the organization, and contended that it argued well for the people of this and adjoining States that so many members met together that day to cultivate the art and discuss the best means of disseminating instruction in it throughout the land. Already they could see the effects of high-toned musical associations, for people were beginning to appreciate the music that appealed to the heart and soul, instead of the light and frivolous music that was almost without meaning. He trusted that the success of the meeting would be equal to their highest hopes and aspirations, and that it would be followed by a larger one next year.

Mr. W. C. Green of Newton and J. H. Roberts of Chelsea were elected assistant secretaries. General Henry K. Oliver of Salem read the treasurer's report, from which it appeared that, from the 1st of September last, the receipts had amounted to $326, and the expenses to $185 57, leaving a balance in his hands at the present time of $140. The report was referred to a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. John Stephenson of New York, Leonard B. Ellis of New Bedford, and John B. Thayer of Randolph. The secretary's report was read by Mr. R. H. Husted. It stated that the labors of the congress had been productive of good results, both of its primary objects—the formation and development of choral societies and the promotion of the teaching of music in the public schools of the land—having been very successful. Many new choral societies had been established, and many others that were nearly exhausted had been resuscitated, so that the next jubilee would witness applications for places in the chorus from societies from Maine to the Pacific coast. The common school education was also much benefited by the labors of the congress, and the members had much reason to be thankful for the work that had been accomplished. The report closed with an allusion to the interest felt by the people in the prosperity of the association, which was more than local. The report was accepted.

The officers and delegates from the various societies at this point repaired to Bumstead Hall, Music Hall being needed for a rehearsal for the concert to take place in the afternoon. Among the societies represented were the Lowell Choral Society, with 270 members; the Choral Union of Indianapolis, Ind., 70 members; Francistown Choral Society, Francistown, N. H., 24; Leominster Choral Union, 60; Sherborn Musical Association, 20; Randolph and Stoughton Choral Union, 75; Union Musical Association, N. Y., 150; Fitchburg Choral Union, 80; South Abington Choral Society, 50; Plymouth Choral Union, 80; Lynn Choral Union, 360; North Bridgewater Musical Society, 96; and the Beethoven Society, Taunton, 115.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward of Orange, N. J., from the committee on the formation of musical institutes, made a brief verbal report to the effect that very little had been accomplished in the matter, but that the committee felt more than ever the importance of instruction in elementary music. The condition of things, he said, was sufficiently discouraging to be encouraging, which meant that the association had enough to do in the matter of musical instruction.

The following committees were then appointed:—

Resolutions—D. B. Hagar, P. S. Gilmore and B. B. Sherman of Massachusetts; H. C. Watson, J. P. Morgan, C. C. Converse and T. F. Seward of New York.

Finance—W. E. Sheldon and D. B. Hagar of Massachusetts; W. F. Sherwin and J. F. Seward of New Jersey; R. J. Johnson and John Stephenson of New York; Charles McLellan of Maine.

Nominations—Charles McLellan and E. F. Duren of Maine; H. C. Watson of New York; J. G. Barrett of Connecticut; P. A. Stackpole of New Hampshire; L. L. Holden and P. S. Gilmore of Massachusetts.

At the conclusion of the rehearsal in Music Hall, the members of the congress were again called together for the transaction of some business omitted from the morning session.

The discussion upon the subject of "The objects and aims of the National Musical Congress, and how they are best to be promoted," being called up, General Henry K. Oliver of Salem was called upon to speak. He referred to the refining influences of music upon the masses, and to the great good which might result from the well-directed efforts of such an association as the musical congress. He gave some interesting facts in his own experience where a choral society was formed among the operatives in a mill, over one hundred of whom it was found could sing. Very much, he was confident, could be done by this organization in affording encouragement, relief and advice to small musical communities. The small places expect such influences to come from the great centres of art. The speaker also alluded to the subject of the musical education of the young, and to the significant remarks of His Excellency Governor Claflin under this head. He wanted to see an influence go out which should bring attention to the importance of this matter throughout the entire country. In many places in our own State the study of music already formed one of the regular branches of instruction, and it should be so everywhere.

Colonel Tufts of Lynn followed, taking up the same line of argument pursued by the previous speaker upon the subject of the musical education of the masses, and particularly of the children in the public schools. In this connection he alluded to the beneficial effects of the practice of music in correctional institutions for the young, where its influence, it had been noticed, took deep root.

At this stage it was moved by Mr. John P. Morgan of New York that the further discussion of the subject be postponed until a convenient time in some of the other sessions, and the motion prevailed.

Mr. Stephenson of New York, from the committee to whom was referred the treasurer's report, reported that the same, with its vouchers, had been examined and found to be entirely correct. Mr. Barnes, the former treasurer, had been heard before the committee, and was ready to pay over the balance which remained in his hands—$214 90—to the treasurer who might be chosen at this meeting, his position having been that the election of his successor last year was not legal.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.

At two o'clock in the afternoon a concert was given in the presence of an audience of moderate size but of decided musical culture, at which the following programme was performed:—

And the Glory of the Lord, from "The Messiah" ... Handel.
He, watching over Israel, from "Elijah" ... Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Jubel" ... Weber.
The Heavens are Telling, from "The Creation" ... Haydn.
Solo—Qui la voce ... Bellini.
Mme. Lewis.
Thanks be to God, from "Elijah" ... Mendelssohn.
Overture, "William Tell" ... Rossini.
Hymn of Peace, written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to the music of the American Hymn ... Keller.
Solo—Per questa bella mano ... Mozart.
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
Gloria, from "Twelfth Mass" ... Mozart.
Solo, for Cornet, Aria from "Lucia" ... Donizetti.
Mr. M. Arbuckle.
Hallelujah, from "The Messiah" ... Handel.

The choral force numbers nearly one thousand voices selected from various New England organizations. It was especially strong in sopranos and altos, and especially weak in tenors. Most of its work, however, was done with a degree of precision and power much above the average of choral work. "The heavens are telling" received the best treatment of any choral number. The orchestra, which numbered between thirty and forty performers, was largely made up of our best artists, Mr. Schultze, leading the violins, and the other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette being conspicuous in their usual places. The "*Qui la voce*" of the programme was assigned to Mrs. Smith, but in her absence was acceptably rendered by Mme. Lewis, an English amateur with a pleasant voice, somewhat better adapted to the parlor than the concert room. The "*Per questo bella mano*" of Mozart, with all its wonderful variety of noble melody, was finely and earnestly given by Mr. Whitney. The concert as a whole was very interesting in its programme and worthy in its performance; and it gave not a little pleasure to an attentive audience.

EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was held in Bumstead Hall. It was devoted to the reading of biographical addresses of members of the society who have deceased during the past year. On account of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was quite small, and some of the musical features of the programme were deferred. * * * *

### Second Day, June 21.

The forenoon was occupied by the delegates in visiting some of the public schools of the city, in which exhibitions were given for their entertainment and instruction. A school of each grade was visited by some seventy or eighty ladies and gentlemen.

PRIMARY SCHOOL INSTITUTION.

The first school visited was the Girls' High and Normal School on West Newton street, where Mr. Luther W. Mason gave illustrations of the system he pursued in teaching music to the primary scholars. Mr. F. H. Underwood, one of the committee on music in the public schools of Boston, accompanied the party, and made a few remarks before the commencement of the exercises, in the course of which he urged that the art of music should be learned in early youth, whilst the organs of the throat were flexible and capable of the very highest cultivation. Mr. Mason, before proceeding with the examination of the pupils, informed the visitors that the class of small children, from five to six years of age, that were now brought forward, had not been specially prepared for exhibition, but that they would be put through their every-day course of tuition in music. The most proficient of the class had not been picked out, but the entire class would practise together. He then brought forward about thirty pupils and proceeded to explain the system he pursued. The first six months was principally given to the cultivation of the ear and voice; the succeeding half-year was given to the learning of the A B C of musical notation. The illustrations given by the class in rote singing and the first principles of notation, with the assistance of the blackboard and charts, was exceedingly satisfactory to the audience, who were unanimous in their approval of the system and highly pleased with the proficiency of the young beginners.

THE LOWER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

At ten o'clock the Franklin school on Ringgold street was visited, where an exhibition of music as taught in the lower grammar schools was given by a class of pupils from eight to twelve years of age, from the Franklin and Dearborn schools, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Holt, the instructor. The illustrations here were of the most interesting character, and

Digitized by Google

consisted of exercises in scales written in various keys on the blackboards. The pupils displayed an actual knowledge of the scales that was surprising to the visitors. The surprise was considerably enhanced when two little girls, of ten and twelve years, respectively, came forward and went through the whole lesson in the capacity of teacher and pupil, and one of them, with Mr. Seward of New Jersey, went through an impromptu exercise and put down on the blackboard the notes emitted by that gentleman, one mistake only being made when the key was altered. A piece that had been prepared for the late school festival was then sung, and the proceedings terminated with the explanation by Mr. Holt that whatever degree of proficiency was exhibited was due to the regular teacher, he only being present with the class about half an hour each day.

THE HIGHER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

An hour later and the members of the congress were at the Everett school, West Northampton street, where illustrations of music teaching as conducted in the higher grammar schools were given by a choir of children from the Everett, Winthrop, Franklin, Dwight and Rice schools, under the direction of Mr. J. Sharland, the instructor. Before the exercises began Mr. Underwood made a few remarks as to the importance of music, ranking it as next to the mission of the Christian minister only, and adverting to the importance of the art as being useful to every scholar; whereas the other branches of learning—chemistry, geology, &c.—would be of benefit to only a few. Mr. Seward added a few words as to the importance of placing the profession in the first rank and was followed by an explanation by Mr. Sharland, to the effect that he had had but very little opportunity to practice with his class. Some exercises in rhythm followed, with chords and discords and solfeggio movements. Mr. Seward was then invited to write an extemporaneous composition on the blackboard, which he did, and which the class got through with with very little difficulty. They were very heartily applauded for their efforts.

THE GIRLS' HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOL

was the next and last place visited, and here a class of nearly two hundred pupils of the higher classes were waiting, with Mr. Julius Eichberg as conductor, to show their proficiency in the higher parts of music. Mr. Underwood briefly introduced Mr. Eichberg as the instructor in all of the high schools in the city of Boston, and that gentleman briefly explained that the teaching of music in the schools was divided into three parts—the first, singing by sight, then exercises in vocalization and exercises in part singing. He then, with the aid of the blackboard, put the pupils through a course of exercises in singing at sight in one part, then in two parts, and next in three parts, with chords. Mendelssohn's "Ye Sons of Israel," was excellently well performed. The singing of the anthem, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, by the senior class, brought the proceedings to a close shortly after one o'clock, Mr. Eichberg receiving from the visitors as they departed many congratulations upon the proficiency his pupils had attained in the higher branches of music.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

In the afternoon a meeting was held in Music Hall for the consideration of musical topics. There was not a large audience present. Mr. Southard presided. The first thing on the programme was a discussion on "What course shall be pursued for the creation and development of choral societies in America?"

THE DISCUSSION.

Dr. Tourjée began the discussion. He said he had been in 200 communities during the past year to speak upon this subject, and in at least fifty of them a desire had been manifested to form choral societies. He thought the church should take the lead in the organization of such societies. The leading musical people should join with the clergymen, and the entire community should be made to feel an interest in the subject.

Mr Emerson said it was very important that the churches in various communities should unite and put aside all jealousy. Musical organizations were not, as a general thing, self-sustaining. There was great lack of thorough elementary instruction, and the churches should see to it that this lack was supplied.

Dr. Tourjée further explained how the jealousies and petty rivalries of different religious societies could be overcome. In not thus coming together they were operating against themselves, and were doing nothing to get rid of the charlatanism and light sacred music that exists. He had records in his office of conventions held as long ago as 1834, when every State in the Union was represented. Since that time they had been going backward.

F. F. Seward of New Jersey next undertook to give some illustrations of elementary teaching in music. It seemed to him like carrying coals to Newcastle, yet he must enter his protest against one matter in which he found the current very much against him. This was the use of the musical syllables. He found that wherever they had been used to determine the absolute pitch, musical culture among the masses had declined. This was seen in Italy and France, where the masses sang like birds, but without acquired skill. This truth was illustrated by the great success of the "tonic sol-fa" system. He thought that it was particularly important that the system which he opposed should be discouraged in Boston, as educators in all parts of the country were looking to our schools for examples of musical teaching. Mr. Seward offered the following resolution:—

Whereas, there is to be observed an increasing tendency in this country to depart from the original and proper use of the syllables in elementary instruction, and whereas it is believed that such departure is sure to result in a decline of popular interest, and to prove a great hindrance to popular progress:

*Resolved*, That this congress declares itself unreservedly in favor of the use of the syllables according to the Guidonian or tonic system, and that all teachers and educators are recommended to use their utmost influence against the opposite method, or that in which the syllables are used in a fixed position to represent absolute pitch.

General Oliver supported the resolution. He was astonished that anybody should think of introducing the Italian system. He objected that it destroyed all association in memory. Mr. W. O. Perkins also advocated the resolution, deeming it almost impossible for a scholar to gain proficiency in reading by the new method, because before it was accomplished it would be necessary for the learner to have a complete knowledge of every possible interval which could occur in music. The Rev. E. A. Wentworth also supported the resolution.

ESSAY ON ORATORIO MUSIC.

The Rev. Elias Nason then read a paper on "The Four Great Oratorios." Music, he said, was an extra benefaction, an express benison of God. He has filled this world brimful of it. To man he also accords the skill to bring in instruments, and from them to invoke and bring in harmonies. This again, is purely supplemental. The outer world is a grand harmonia, invisible fingers touching, Oh, how masterly! This is the well spring of the art; and all the various forms of human music are God given. There is, in one sense, no secular music. The loftiest form of heavenly art is the oratorio. The word is derived from the Latin word, meaning a prayerful song. In the middle ages it was customary to perform profane dramas of the Creation, and other scenes, in which supernal and infernal characters were introduced. From these profane dramas the oratorio arose about the middle of the sixteenth century. After speaking of the origin of the oratorio, he defined it as a logically connected and continuous musical composition, founded on some sacred narrative or event, consisting of an overture, with introduction for instruments alone, and solos, duets, arias, quartets, quintets, recitatives, choruses, etc., in various time, key and movement,—all conspiring to develop the plan or plot of the story, and to give in unity and power the general idea of the composer, so as to raise the imagination of the listener. It is, in other words, an epic-toned poem, an Iliad in song. The language is drawn from the Bible. The first oratorio in point of time and talent is the Messiah of Handel. Mr. Nason gave a sketch of Handel's life. Pushed to the wall in England by feminine intrigue, a thought struck him, and at fifty-six years of age he began to compose the original, soul-entrancing oratorio of the Messiah, which he finished in twenty-three days, which has done more to educate musical taste, unclasp the hands of charity and to unfold the mind of God to men than any other composition save the Bible itself. It was first performed in Dublin in 1742. In England its greatness was soon acknowledged, and at a particular passage the King and his suite always rose, a custom which is kept up to this day.

At the close of the sketch of Handel's life, a solo from Handel's opera of Admetus was sung by Mrs. H. E. Sawyer.

Handel is the Homer, Haydn the Virgil of music. The Messiah is the Iliad; the Creation is the Æneid, full of sweetness, grace and serenity. It was composed at Vienna,—begun in 1715, when he was 63 years old and first performed in public in 1799 at the imperial palace. It was received with unbounded applause, and the world hears it still with ecstasy. His spirit was imbued profoundly with devotion.

Mr. Nason next turned to Beethoven, who came, a wild, erratic, wonder-loving boy, to take lessons of Haydn seven years before the latter had enraptured the Viennese with his great "Creation." He was music's darling child, and with the untrammeled power of Heaven-kissing genius he went forward to a brighter sphere and composed "Christ on the Mount of

[Continued on page 56].

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1871.

## Second Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

FIFTH DAY (CONCLUDED).

We were cut short in the middle of our remarks upon the *Passion Music*, which we now resume.—

Another class of choruses, short, and very frequent in this work,—but wholly unrepresented in the Festival selections—belongs to the *narrative* portion, and should have been mentioned under our first head. Wherever, in the course of the Gospel narrative, bodies of people are represented as speaking, the words are embodied in a chorus. In the rude and slender Passion music of the Middle Ages such choruses were introduced and were called *turbæ* (voices of the crowd). They sometimes give voice to the disciples, in such brief sentences as: "Where wilt Thou that we prepare the passover"; oftener, and more elaborately, and with immense dramatic fire and vividness, to the angry and relentless outcries of the Jews: "O tell us, thou Christ"; "He guilty is of death"; the terrible shout "Bárabbas!" (accent on first syllable,—diminished seventh chord spread over eight voice parts and orchestra); "Let him be crucified," &c.

But we were speaking of the Choruses and Arias which constitute what we have termed the *reflective* portion of the work. Perhaps the greatest Chorus of this kind is that which Bach has used for the Overture, as it were, or gate of entrance (grander than Dante's to the Inferno) to the solemn and heart-rending spectacle. It is a *Double Chorus*, with full orchestral introduction and accompaniment: "Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish" (at the sight which you shall see), in which instruments and voices seem pressing, crowding forward, like a vast multitude with anxious hearts, yet irresistibly attracted, all moving on in long-drawn figurative phrases; the second chorus asking: "Who"? "Where"? "How"? the first replying; until soon a third choir in unison (commonly boys) joins in in the long tones of a Chorale, line by line, intermittently: "O Lamb of God"; and finally both choruses and all the instruments are brought together to swell the mighty current of the leading theme. Nothing in music can be more sublime;—nothing, perhaps, more difficult to execute; and therefore were we, to our sorrow, deprived of this most fitting introduction, the selections opening, as we have said before, abruptly with a Chorale. Mr. LANG, however, showed a proper sense of the situation by making his opening voluntary on the Organ out of a portion of that orchestral prelude; of course it was but a faint sketch or hint of the grand thing in full.

First in order, among the reflective pieces given, was the Contralto Recit. and Aria (Nos. 9 and 10) prompted by the incident of the Woman with the box of ointment:

"Grief and pain
Wring the guilty heart in twain.
Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster,
Freely from mine eyes, like rain,
Grateful balm to my dear Master!"

Of this touching melody and of its slight, but tenderly suggestive exquisite accompaniment—simply two flutes, in thirds and sixths, with string quartet (the latter made out from the figured bass by Franz),—we have spoken on a former occasion. Suffice it to say, it was well suited to the rich tones of Miss STERLING, who sang it simply, largely, well; some, doubtless, would have liked a little more dramatic pathos.

Next we have to name one of the very happiest selections, one of the most original instances of Bach's exhaustless genius and consummate art, the Tenor Solo with Chorus, Nos 25 and 26 (Recit. "O grief!", and Aria: "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," with the soft, rich, soothing choral response: "So slumber shall our sins befall.") To each intensely pathetic exclamation of the Recitativo, with its underground of not less eloquent accompaniment, the Chorus of Believers respond in four part harmony, subdued and serious, self-accusing, which is a revelation of new depths of feeling and of beauty in the same Chorale with which the selections opened now to the words: "Why must Thou suffer?" &c. Nothing could be more beautiful, unless it be the Aria which sets in after it, in a more buoyant, yet moderate tempo, full of sweet confidence. The pregnant

Digitized by Google

melody first sings itself through upon the oboe, and is then taken up in fragments by the Tenor voice: "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway"; and at intervals the chorus, soft and sweet and evenly diffused like summer rain, repeats: "So slumber shall our sins befall!", then stops and listens fondly to the other (kindred) melody of solo voice and oboe; the latter, like a silver thread, runs through the whole. (We quoted one critic who accused Bach's music of a "*want of soul*"! A very leaden slumber must have befallen *his* soul during the performance of that piece!—In the tenor solo Mr. Winch, though far from realizing all the beauty and interior meaning of the music, did much better than we could have expected of one just entering so new an element. It was a very trying task, and it is no small praise to say he did not fail in it. The intervals were sure, the tones true and musical, the style manly and honest. Now and then a note was reached with too apparent effort, and generally the rendering was a little cold and crude; but the tones, the form, the melody were *there*, and told effectually in the harmonious whole. The running oboe *obbligato* was exquisitely played, but should have become more subdued whenever the voice began. The only fault, too, with the choral responses was that they were too uniformly loud; the 700 voices blended richly, and the individual outline of no one of the four parts was lost.

The next selection followed in unbroken sequence: the Recit. and Aria for Bass voice, which is a meditation on (or application of) the prayer of Jesus that the cup might pass from him. The Air: "Gladly will I, all resigning, Cross nor bitter cup declining, Drink in my Redeemer's name," &c., is full of beauty and resigned expression; but it is a melody of so elastic, delicate a fibre, that it could not be just the best selection for Mr. Whitney's solid, ponderous, majestic manner. It is Gothic, so to speak, while he is Doric. We would rather hear him (if he must be limited to *one* Aria) in the one he sang in the Symphony Concerts: "Give me back my dearest Master." Yet this was sung conscientiously and grandly, only with hardly vitality enough to make the song pass for all that it is worth.

And now came (No. 33) the great sensation of the evening, and the most startling revelation of Bach's wonderful dramatic power. Jesus has been siezed and led away. A flute and oboe, in mournful, quaint, melodious duet, stand out from the deep, sombre background of the orchestra, preluding to, and then accompanying the mingled lamentation of a Soprano and an Alto solo: "Alas! my Jesu now is taken." As they sing on each in its own heart-broken, long drawn, sobbing strain, lengthening out the melodic figures in grief's unhurried and involuntary way, the sultry atmosphere is ever and anon relieved by loud bursts from the indignant chorus: "Leave him! bind him not." "Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken:" the duet continues. "Leave him"! thunders again the chorus. "He's led away! Ah! they have bound him;—all pity banish'd," still they sing, or almost wail, in yet more long-drawn, melting cadence, when suddenly the smothered indignation of the general breast finds full vent in the swift, tremendous double Chorus: "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?" The short, stern motive is first given out by all the basses; the tenors answer fugue-like, while the deep basses of the orchestra begin to roil and rumble; the theme goes round the circle of parts; the roiling movement takes possession of the vocal basses also; voices echo voices instantly and sharply, like clap on clap of thunder, or in vivid flashes, and the foundations of the great deep seem upheaved in foaming billows, when suddenly there is a pause,—a moment of the silence that expresses more than sound;—and then, upon the major of the key (heretofore minor), with a new motive, gathering up all the forces of the orchestra, with an appalling energy and splendor, the storm waxes to a mighty whirlwind, as quickly over as it suddenly came on, leaving the awed, excited hearer listening still with bated breath:

> "Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of Hell, then!
> Engulf them, devour them,
> Destroy them, o'erwhelm them,
> In wrathfullest mood.
> O! blast the betrayer,
> The murderous brood!"

The effect was overwhelming. Such a rush and storm of harmony, such vivid, terrible tone-painting, such startling climax, and withal such wonderful sonority and wealth of tone (for to Bach's own vocal and instrumental polyphony Robert Franz had added the brass instruments, which doubtless Bach himself would have used in our day), was a new sensation, a new sense of sublimity, to that audience, even so shortly after Handel's "Hail Storm" chorus. But even if the two choruses may come into comparison, think how unique is Bach's conception in making such a chorus the necessary sequel and development of such a Duet!—for the two pieces must be taken together as one scene, one dramatic moment. Doubtless many a person has puzzled over the notes of that Duet, and come to the conclusion that it looked long-winded, dull and thankless; but when we came to *hear* it, framed in all the subtle beauty of the instrumentation, and with a live singer, well at home in Bach, like Mme. Rudersdorff, to put life into it, and seconded so well in the Contralto by Miss Sterling, *all* were charmed by it. (The little choral interruptions, too, Bach's instinct knew, were as essential to the musical charm as to the vividness of the dramatic scene). Mme. Rudersdorff sang it in her way, very dramatically, with such intensity of accent, and so much *sforzando*, as to contrast perhaps too strongly with the quiet, even flow of the Contralto; and yet, but for such emphasis (really impassioned), it is doubtful whether the piece would have made its mark; as it is, the singular Duet is from that hour believed in and desired.

Here ended the selections from the First Part, passing over the great chorus with which Bach concludes it, or rather the elaborately varied Chorale, with rich figurative accompaniment: "O Man, bewail thy sin so great."

From the Second Part, which is the longest of the two, only two numbers, in addition to the Chorale: "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*," were vouchsafed; but these were precious "grants," as one of our critical friends would say. One was the not wholly unfamiliar Alto Aria (but equally well suited for the mezzo soprano voice): "*Erbarme dich, mein Gott*" ("O pardon me, my God"), with the beautiful violin solo (remarkably well played by Mr. Listemann). The string quartet had been enriched by Franz with a quartet of reeds (clarinets and bassoons), delicately eking out and coloring the intrinsic motives of the piece to render Bach's intention the more palpable. This very broad, sustained, and difficult melody, the loveliest, the noblest, most pathetic in the whole work, was sung by Mme. Rudersdorff with great feeling and expression, bringing it home to most hearts more powerfully than when it has been sung before, though in a less scrupulously chaste and even style than that to which we had been accustomed, so that the strong dramatic accent and the frequent breath-taking seemed at first a little strange; but she breathed a new life into it, and even the violin and whole accompaniment seemed to become possessed with her magnetic spirit.

Finally, the unspeakably beautiful and sacred *Schluss-Chor*, or concluding (Double) Chorus. It is the parting hymn of the disciples weeping at the Master's tomb:

> "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
> And murmur low, in tones supprest:
> *Rest Thee softly, softly rest!*
> Long, ye weary limbs, lie sleeping.
> Rest ye softly, rest in peace!
> This cold stone above Thy head,
> Shall to many a care-worn conscience
> Be a sweet, refreshing pillow;
> Here the soul find peaceful bed.
> Closed in bliss divine, slumber now the weary eyes.
> Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
> And murmur low, in tones supprest:—
> *Rest Thee softly, softly rest!*"

What other Art, what Poetry has ever yet expressed so much of grief, of tender, spiritual love, of faith and peace, of the heart's heaven smiling through tears, as this tone elegy,—at once an inspiration of profoundest pious feeling, and the ripest masterpiece of complete Art! So *should* the Passion music close, and not with fugue of praise and triumph like an Oratorio. How easily and evenly the music flows, a broad, rich, deep, pellucid stream, swollen as by countless rills from every loving, bleeding and believing heart in a redeemed Humanity! How full of a sweet secret comfort, even triumph, is this heavenly farewell! It is the "peace which passeth understanding." "*Rest Thee, softly!*" is the burthen of the song; one chorus sings it and the other echoes: "*Softly rest!*" then both together swell the strain. Many times as this recurs, not only in the voices, but in the Introduction and numerous interludes of the exceedingly full orchestra, which sounds as human, sympathetic and spontaneous as if it too had breath and conscious feeling, you still crave more of it, for it is as if your soul were bathed in new life inexhaustible. The middle portion, too, before the return of the main subject, and which is more discursive, (the lines: "Long, ye weary limbs," &c., to "Closed in bliss divine," &c.), is wonderfully beautiful, and shows in how high and free a range of pure imagination Bach could soar in his intensity of feeling. ("Want of *soul*," forsooth!)—This chorus was indeed admirably sung, as if every singer's heart were in it; and, with eight vocal parts so fully manned, and blended to such purpose by the master soul of polyphony, with such accompaniment of double orchestra and organ, it conveyed a sense of wealth and fullness such as no combination of instruments and voices had ever given us before.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the wholesome and profound impression which that chorus made; and many of that audience would say Amen! were we to include nearly all the pieces heard then for the first time in the same remark. The performance, for a first attempt, was altogether creditable. It was the highest mark in pure artistic effort which the old Society have reached thus far. More familiar things they can sing better, but this has been their worthiest and highest task; nor should it cease to be their task, their problem paramount, until they have made themselves and the best Boston public as much at home with the whole Passion Music (of which this was but a small part) as they have long been with the "Messiah" and "Elijah." The study and the mastery of one such work is worth a dozen "Jubilees."

---

We have not much to say about Sir Sterndale Bennett's short Oratorio, or rather Sacred Cantata, "*The Woman of Samaria*," which occupied the rest of the evening. Supposing it to be ever so good, it had not a fair chance after Bach. That impression remaining, this was hardly more than gaslight in the midst of sunshine. It must be owned it sounded for the most part quite tame in comparison. Yet it is a musician like, artistic, elegant and earnest work; without much positive originality; often suggesting Mendelssohn, as if suggested by him. Not a great work, but elevated in tone, pleasing, pure in style, and always musical. Its best power is shown in the choral and orchestral writing; its weakest in the Recitative, which for the most part lacks character and interest,—inevitably it seems so after Bach; only the few greatest masters seem to have proved their mastery in this rare art of recitative. For instance, where Jesus says to the Woman: "If thou knowest who it is that saith unto thee: Give me to

Digitized by Google

drink," the repetition of this last phrase, inexpressive in itself, is singularly weak and empty. And once or twice there is an attempt to be dramatic, imitating tones of actual life, that sounds (unwittingly) too much like Verdi; as, where the Woman goes into the city and says: "Come, see a man, &c.," with the curious staccato *pianissimo* accompaniment.

The Arias,—one for each of the four principals,—are good, but not remarkable. That for the Woman: "Art thou greater than our father Jacob," has the strong accent and wide intervals of great excitement, and so was well adapted to the best power of Mme. Rudersdorff, who made it one of the salient points in the impression of the work. Quite a noble Air, however, is that for the Bass: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," and was feelingly and beautifully sung by Mr. J. F. Winch; indeed, among the single performances of the whole week, this will be remembered as one of the best. The Air for the Contralto (which also takes the place of "Evangelist" in the brief connecting narrative sentences): "O Lord, thou hast searched me out," is simple, fading from the memory at once, nor did it seem to inspire our admirable singer (Miss Phillipps) with much life. Mr. Cummings sang the pleasing Aria which, we believe, was written for him: "His salvation is nigh to them that fear Him," with all the refinement, the chaste fervor, the pure and finely modulated quality of tone, which one is sure to find in him.—Altogether the most beautiful impression made in the whole work, was the unaccompanied Quartet: "God is a Spirit," very simple in itself, but executed to perfection by these four singers.

The instrumentation abounds in delicate felicities. The introduction, particularly, leading into a Chorale, sung in unison by Soprani: "Ye Christian people, now rejoice," is worthy of the romantic, genial composer of the "Naiades" and "Wood Nymph" Overtures, and hints of living springs to the imagination. The following Chorus: "Blessed be the God of Israel;" the spirited and striking one, but rather operatic: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water"; the Chorus: "Come, O Israel"; the hymn: "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide"; the grave: "Now we believe," &c., all show the practised hand in contrapuntal choral writing. But to our mind the most satisfactory of all was the figured finale: "Blessed be the Lord."—The Cantata is of moderate difficulty compared with the great tasks of the Festival, and did not suffer in the rendering, as it did from such great neighborhood as "Israel" and the "Passion Music." Perhaps when it invites us by itself we may be able to do it better justice.

---

Last Day; Ninth Performance. On Sunday evening the Festival was brought to a close, of course with the most widely known and loved of Oratorios, "*The Messiah*"; and the hall was crammed to overflowing. Singers and audience both came to it naturally a good deal fatigued. As far as we judge in that condition, it was in the main a very good performance, but not up to the most proud traditions of the old Society. Some of the choruses, however, went superbly. Mme. Rudersdorff had to claim indulgence on account of a severe sore throat; but in "I know that my Redeemer," she made up by her inspiring earnestness and fervor, and her thorough understanding, for what she lacked in voice. "Rejoice greatly" was less suited to her. Mr. Cummings was nearly all that we could wish in the tenor solos; Mr. Whitney was nobly at home in the Bass, for (here, at least) the "Messiah" Arias *belong* to him; and Mrs. West shared the Soprano part to great acceptance.

And so ended the most important, the most nobly planned and worthily, successfully executed festival of music of which this country can yet boast. In the magnitude and richness of the programme it even surpassed most festivals abroad. So many of the greatest works, choral and orchestral, in one week, are very seldom heard. The main element in this success, throughout, has been, by general consent, the chorus singing. Never before has the foremost Oratorio Society of America been in such excellent condition. The number of voices is full large enough for any work,—perhaps too large for some of the choicer tasks. The proportion of young and live material in the regiment (of 700 or 750) has been very much increased within three years. There is a good average of fine, fresh, musical and telling voices. And most of them are persons who read music readily, and who love *good* music, and are willing to spend time and effort in learning to sing a great work as it should be sung; this they have shown by the fidelity and zeal with which they have followed up the long and frequent series of rehearsals necessary to such a Festival. Of course, there is still room for improvement; the "weeding out" process, the elimination of "dead wood," in so large an army, and so old and proud, must go on always, and fresh, young life must take its place. There must be some mode of honorable retirement (from active service) provided for those whose zeal and love and pride in their old society has outlived their voices. And the lesson has yet to be learned in this country, regarding all such enterprises, that, beyond the point of sufficiency, much virtue lies in limitation of numbers. Enough is as good as a feast. In our fast age, there is too much ambition to do things on the biggest scale. Could we only *select* the soundest, choicest portion out of the crowds of singers whom the teaching of music in the public schools is beginning to raise up for us, is it not obvious that a chorus of 500, or even 400 voices might be trained to execute the oratorios even more satisfactorily than 700 or 1000 voices can do now? And then, for certain of the finest tasks,—getting to be the most important now, since the old repertoire has grown so familiar—such tasks as the Cantatas, Passions, &c., of Bach—is not the sound *heart-wood*, the nucleus choir, always more prepared and more available than the "great bodies which move slowly," waiting for raw recruits and stragglers to catch up? Of course, for certain things, for certain effects, a more general massing of forces is desirable; and that might be by combination of several less bulky organizations.

There is no denying, however, the great and solid progress which the Handel and Haydn Society have made. And it is due, not only to the increased respect for music in our whole social life and education, but more immediately and signally to inspiring devotion, wise counsel and suggestion, practical ability and unstinted labor on the part of the officers of the Society and their long tried and trusted musical director, Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The latter gentleman has shown himself fully equal to the great undertaking. He has been instant, in season and out of season, in the laying out of the work, and in the preparation of himself and of the forces under him, which he wields with such inspiring certainty, for the achievement of so formidable a programme. All are grateful to him, and seriously wonder whether without him such a week would have been possible. Nor can we overrate the general obligation to the energetic and devoted Secretary, Mr. Loring B. Barnes, who in all that concerns the business affairs of the Society has been, through a large part of his 17 years of service, its mainspring and factotum, as it were, and who has since been gratefully promoted to the place of President. Of the retiring President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, who has so enviably identified himself with the cause of musical education in our community, and who for eleven years has so well upheld the dignity and courtesy and harmony of the old Society, and done much to raise its ideal and enlarge its scope, the following extract from the record of the late annual meeting but expresses the general appreciation:

Annual Meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society.—The following resolutions, offered by the Secretary, Loring B. Barnes, were, with much enthusiasm, unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and the retiring officer briefly replied to the same:

We, the members of the Handel and Haydn Society, desirous of expressing our high appreciation of the valuable services rendered the Society by the retiring President, J. Baxter Upham, who has filled the chair of presiding officer for the past ten years, do unanimously

*Resolved*, That in the severing of the ties which have bound us to our efficient and in all respects worthy head, we lose the services of one who has at all times commanded the respect and esteem of not only each and every member of the Society and of the Board of Directors, but also of the community in which we live, and one who by his influence has contributed in no small degree to the advancement of the Society, to the high position it now occupies both at home and abroad.

*Resolved*, That we part with him with great reluctance, but in the belief that his future course will be in full sympathy with all our movements toward a still higher and better artistic position than that which we now occupy; and this Society will ever cherish the name of J. Baxter Upham among its most valued friends and supporters.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Society, and that a copy of the same be presented to the retiring officer.

Several of the newly elected officers were called upon to make speeches. Mr. Barnes addressed the Society at some length in regard to its future.

---

THE MUSICAL SEASON of 1871-'72 promises to be of great brilliancy. To the usual entertainment furnished at the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association and the oratorios of the Handel and Haydn Society will be added the extraordinary attractions of at least two fine opera companies. Mme. Parepa-Rosa will open in English opera at the New York Academy of Music on the 2d of October and will play an engagement of three weeks. The date of her first operatic appearance in Boston is as yet uncertain, but it is announced that she will give concerts in the Music Hall during the holiday week. Strakosch's Italian opera company, with Mlle. Nilsson and M. Jamet as its principal artists, will open in New York on the 23d of October, and in Boston, probably, on the 1st of January. The "Dolby English Ballad Troupe," consisting of Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Patey, Mr. Cummings the tenor, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, pianist, will give ballad concerts in the Music Hall during the third and fourth weeks of October, and will sing, it is said, with the Handel and Haydn Society in oratorio.

Besides all these things, Mr. Peck has an extremely interesting project on foot, the details of which will be given more minutely hereafter. He proposes to give a course of ten popular concerts of which two are to be orchestral), at which the best music will be furnished at a moderate price. To insure the success of the enterprise a large subscription list must be first filled out, and books are now open for that purpose at the Music Hall, the price of tickets for the whole series being set at four dollars. At these concerts Miss Kellogg, Miss Phillipps, Miss Cary, Mrs. West, Mrs. Smith, Mrs Barry, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Packard, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Barnabee, the Temple Quartette, Mr. Perabo, Mr Thayer and Mr. Dow will take part.

To the above (which we find in the *Daily Advertiser*) we may add, that we have positive assurance that Mme. Rudersdorff has determined to return to Boston in season for the Christmas Oratorios, and pass the winter in this country.

---

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—An excellent beginning has been made by the Germania Band and Orchestra,—in business partnership with Mr. Peck, the superintendent of the Music Hall, who knows so well how such things should be managed,—to supply in part a great desideratum of our summer months. That is to say, some frequent opportunities of hearing good orchestral music, with a liberal admixture of the best quality of music light and popular, and at cheap prices. The first experiment, on Friday evening of last week, took the form of a "Promenade Concert." The seats of the floor of the Music Hall had been removed, so that those who chose could walk about (or dance upon occasion), and the quiet ones could sit in the balconies and listen and enjoy the cheerful picture. Mr. Eichler's nice little orchestra of 25 upon the stage, performed such pleasantly mingled and choice strains as: "Inauguration" March by Strauss; Allegretto from Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Die Felsenmühle*; a cleverly contrived potpourri from "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz, a Polka Mazourka and Galop, &c. The band, for the number, was excellent, and all went gracefully and with spirit. There were also skilful Solos, on the Cornet by Mr. Kaltenborn, and on the flute by Mr. Gœring, which were highly relished. The invitations of the Waltz and Polka were readily enough accepted, and pretty children, youths and maidens, even some almost venerable seniors, whirled around in couples, covering the floor, for a few minutes, very picturesquely. The aspect of it all was cheerful, orderly, respectable, and indeed refined. The company was large, and everybody votes it a success. The second came off last evening.

There will be more. We trust they will become much more frequent through the summer, and that their character will be varied by a certain proportion of sit-down concerts, where those who thirst for higher music and find none in Summer, may have a chance to hear some. We trust, too, that the support given to these concerts will be so liberal as to warrant a fuller complement of violins, &c., in the orchestra.

[The above was in type for our last issue, but crowded out. We can only add that these concerts have gone on since, once a week, proving themselves more and more attractive and entirely unexceptionable.]

Digitized by Google

[Continued from page 53.]
Olives," distinguished and unrivalled as the grand classic oratorio of the world. The speaker spoke briefly of Beethoven's life and genius, naming him the Dante of music. He spoke last of Mendelssohn and his oratorio of St. Paul, which, he said, becomes more beautiful as men hear and see it more. It may not be so grand as his later oratorio of "Elijah," but the magic word beauty is written on nearly every page of the score. Mendelssohn is the charming, the beloved Tasso of music. Beautiful in his person, in the tone and feeling of his heart, in his affection for his sister, in his culture, in his amenities toward his fellows, in his transcendent works, in his home life and art life, he was the perfect artist. His name shall live while music holds her sway. Mr. Nason discussed the question of musical composition in America, and at the close of his essay, on motion of General H. K. Oliver, a vote of thanks was passed to him.

Miss Hattie E. Safford then sang a selection of Mendelssohn's music, with piano accompaniment.

The meeting was continued for about an hour after the reading of the essay. The discussion, which was of a somewhat informal character, turned upon the subject of choral societies. Mr. Carl Zerrahn made an able speech upon the subject, and General Oliver gave the history of the Salem society. The history of the Lynn society was also given, and several interesting addresses were made.

EVENING CONCERT.

A concert was given in the evening before a large and very appreciative audience. The chorus was somewhat larger than on Tuesday afternoon, and much better balanced. It was made up from the Boston Chorus, the Boston Choral Union, the Chelsea Choral Society and the Newton Musical Association. The choral music, of which there were five selections, was sung in a style which could hardly have been improved if the chorus had been of an integral and not of a composite character. There was no orchestra, and the choral selections were sung simply with piano accompaniment. The music given so varied from the printed programme that the latter was of but little service in the hands of the listener. The concert opened with the chorus, "Sleepers, wake," from "St. Paul," Mendelssohn, which was number four on the programme. This was followed by Eckhausen's Postludium in F, for organ, trumpet, trombones and tympani, which was performed by Messrs. Torrington, Arbuckle, Brückner, Regestein, Saul and Stoehr. The song, "Lo, here the gentle lark," against which the name of Mrs. H. M. Smith was placed, was sung in her absence by Miss Lizzie M. Gates. The quintet in B flat, op. 87, Mendelssohn, was given by the Quintette Club, over which the audience was enthusiastic and disposed to encore. The choral, "To God on high," from "St. Paul, and was also encored.

Nothing during the evening pleased the audience more than the flute solo by Mr. Heindl of the Quintette Club, which was introduced in place of a pianoforte solo on the programme, and the player was enthusiastically applauded. The other pieces given were the duet "Cheerfulness," by Miss Gates and Miss Safford; chorus "And the glory of the Lord" from the "Messiah"; chorus, "He, watching over Israel" from "Elijah"; "Slumber Song," by Miss Safford, and final chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work" from the "Creation."

## Third and Last Day.

[From the Transcript].

The third day's proceedings were opened in a business meeting in Bumstead Hall at ten o'clock this forenoon, Mr. L. H. Southard, the President in the chair.

On motion, the following named gentlemen were elected life members: L. F. Snow and R. W. Husted of Boston, W. B. Sheldon of Waltham.

The next in order was the reading of an Essay on Mendelssohn, by Rev. W. L. Gage, and it was decided to adjourn to Music Hall in order to give a large audience the benefit of the reading.

Mr. Gage began by saying that his acquaintance with the character and talents of Mendelssohn was rather with the man than the musician. The publication of the two volumes of Mendelssohn's letters within the last two years had made his name seem nearer and dearer to every noble and high-minded man and woman, and more than anything else given an insight, as it were, into the inner life of the man.

The speaker had recently travelled in Germany, and everywhere he had found evidence of the profound respect and love in which the memory of the great musician is held, not alone for his genius but for his virtues as a man. He had in him a large element of solid common sense. His life was almost without spot or blemish. His faults were that he was morbidly sensitive of neglect,—what the Americans call "thin-skinned," and being brought up almost from youth in an atmosphere of adulation, this at times made him appear morose and resentful when he thought he was not properly appreciated. Berlin, during the latter part of his life, was distasteful to him, because at some period he had suffered some real or supposed lack of appreciation there.

He was of an excitable, restless temperament, which kept him continually at work, and but for this continual strain on his system by his almost constant employment, he might, perhaps, have lived to a good old age instead of dying at the age of thirty-nine. He left a great name, but his fame is secondary to that of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. His oratorios and symphonies will always rank high in the musical world.

That he led a pure and blameless life does not establish his musical genius, but it establishes his character as a man, and his power as a musician will never be disputed.

He enjoyed the advantage of possessing an independence, so he had only his own tastes to consult in his musical compositions, and instead of pandering to the licentiousness of the times in which he lived, he produced music of so pure and ennobling a character that it will never go out of fashion.

Probably no public man was ever more fully endowed with that subtle essence called magnetism. He inspired every one with whom he was brought in contact with some of his own enthusiasm. He was pleasant and genial in his relations with the artists who were under his baton. Criticism from his lips lost its sting; and praise was doubled by his graceful and kindly expression of it.

In other things as well as music, Mendelssohn excelled. In the Greek language he was very proficient; he was an artist of no mean order, and was at home in all the sciences.

If sculpture, and painting, and poetry can train the mind up to a sense of beauty, a character so statuesque and grand in purity must make man higher and nobler.

The speaker once suggested that the two volumes of Mendelssohn's letters be published by the American Tract Society, and distributed, as embodying the highest ideals of pure and noble manhood, but the project was regarded as visionary.

In his music Mendelssohn had no tolerance for that species of legerdemain in fingering, and the rush and the frenzy of the Thalberg school, and happily our leading musicians are now gradually becoming of the same opinion.

He was a believer in the Christian religion, living in it and dying in it. If there is one man for whom we can feel assured of a happy immortality, it is Felix Mendelssohn—happy in his life, happy in his immortality.

Mr. Gage was listened to with great attention and was frequently applauded. At the close of the essay the members of the Business Committee again met in Bumstead Hall.

Mr. W. B. Sheldon of the Committee on Finance was called upon to report. He said that some means must be adopted to raise funds for the necessary expenses of this and future Congresses. He recommended that an effort be made to secure as many life members as possible at this session. He thought there should be at least one thousand life members secured. Those who did not wish the life membership could become annual members on the payment of one dollar.

It was moved and carried that Mr. Sheldon be appointed a committee to represent this matter to the members of the Congress this afternoon at the close of the concert.

Mr. Sheldon declined on the ground that he was unused to appearing in public on the stage.

The President thought he would never have a better opportunity, and refused to excuse him.

Mr. J. B. Barrett of Hartford opened the discussion on "Church Music." He thought the subject worthy of profound deliberation. He would, if possible, have an organ in every church and an effective choir, not to take the place of, but to lead the congregational singing. There were in our hymn books many pieces which could be fitly rendered; therefore there should be a good understanding between the pastor and his choir-leader. His experience had taught him that those pastors were most successful who had treated the leaders of their choirs as co workers with them and extended to them the right hand of Christian fellowship.

Rev. E. Wentworth said that in the consideration of church music it is of the first importance that we should understand its scope. We do not want anything grand and majestic for church music, but simply lyrical music, such as may be learned and appreciated by all. As the popular taste becomes elevated to a higher standard let it be gradually improved.

Mr. L. O. Emerson considered music as one of the noblest gifts of God to man. He believed the time would come when not only music would be taught universally in the common schools throughout the country, but when music of the highest order would be understood and appreciated by the common people.

Rev. J. H. Wiggin, of Medfield, had had congregational singing in his church for twelve years, under the leadership of an efficient musician. He characterized a large portion of the music which appeared in our music books for church use as wooden, and some of the hymns were no more capable of being sung than would be a financial statement from a newspaper, or one of Andrew Johnson's speeches.

Rev. Mr. Patrick of West Newton took the same view of the case as the preceding speaker. He said when any one wished to make money on a new music book he would sit down and grind out about tunes enough to fill it, and if there was a good one got in amongst them it was by mistake.

Rev. Mr Spaulding was in favor of congregational singing. He began life at "the other end of the ship," as an alto singer when he was a boy, and knew some of the perplexities of both pastor and choir leader. He believed the day was coming when we might be styled a musical people, but it would be when the present generation of children come on to the stage.

[Conclusion next time.]


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Souvenir de London. *Campana.*
No. 7. She deceived me. (M'inganno). 3. A to a. 40
" 8. The Tomb. (La Tomba). 4. Cb to f. 40
Of the same excellent set before mentioned, translated by the Messrs. Perkins. The key of the last need not frighten any singer, as to the singer it appears the same as the key of C natural and is therefore easy. The song reminds one, a little, of Beethoven's "Adelaide."

Chiming Bells of Long ago. Song and Chorus. 3. D to f. *C. F. Shattuck.* 40
Fine lithographic title, and equally fine chorus. Has a pretty chiming accompaniment, and is attractive every way.

I'm little, but I'm good. 2. D to e. *R. H. Haig.* 30
Comic, with a "dance in it."

The Man O'Airlee. 2. C to f. 30
Record this among the "first class" Scotch songs.
"And up and down, and round and round
And o'er the whole world fairly
You might have searched, but never found,
Another Man O'Airlee."

Nell, the Village Pride Song and Cho. 3. A to f. *G. F. Morris.* 35
Pleasing, and in popular style.

**Instrumental.**

Hurrah Germania. Potpouri. 4. *H. Cramer.* 75
True Germania doesn't hurrah, but cries "*Lebe hoch!*" or "*Juché!*" and plays on the "Brass Band." But here is a splendid array of a dozen or more stirring melodies, with which one may "hurrah" on the piano or organ to good purpose.

Oberon. Fant. Brillante. 4 hds. 4. Db. *Leybach.* 1 00
Leybach's popular pieces, of which there are many, are perhaps a trifle above the capacity of common players. The 4 hand arrangement makes this fine piece much easier.

Happy Thoughts. 3 Easy Pieces for little hands.
No. 1. Cantilene. 2. F. *L. Streabbog.* 25
Very sweet and graceful.

Summer Noon. Lithograph titles. *C. Faust.* 40
No. 3 Galop. 3. G.
"Faust" like and brilliant.

Ninth Regiment Quickstep. 3. C. *D. L. Downing.* 1.00
Fine view of Col. Fisk on the title, with mountains, Bristol Line steamer and Erie R. R. train in the background. Bright, wide awake quickstep.

Sleepy Hollow Mazurka. 3. G. *J. M. Deems.* 35
A delicate and sweet composition.

Dundurn. Galop Brillante. 3. C. *G. F. de Vine.* 35
Pretty and good for learners.

A Song of the Morning. (Morgenlied). 4. D. *J. W. Harmston.* 40
A "Song without words," interpreting with success the emotions of a poet or musician who awaits the coming of the morning.

Lord Lorne Galop. 3. G. *Dan Godfrey.* 30
Brilliant and varied.

Deep Rock Spring Galop. 3. D. *Pabst.* 40
A great deal of "spring" to the galop, which the visitors at Deep Rock will no doubt dance merrily to in the coming summer evenings.

Golden Stars. Six Easy Dances. *L. Streabbog.*
Delightful little airs for beginners, and that is saying a great deal, as it is very difficult to compose interesting simple music. Of the 1st and 2nd degrees of difficulty.
1. Valse. 2. C. 25
2. Polka. 1. C. 25
3. Schottisch. 2. F. 25

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 790. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Home Music.

How many of all those, who spend time and means in the cultivation of music, have any object in view beyond the entertainment of company? My young friend, do you feel yourself sufficiently rewarded for the time you are spending every day in practice, dry and disagreeable as the mere mechanical part is, by the exaggerated applause of the shallow people of whom fashionable society is mostly composed? If you have a true soul for music, you have found that in company a style of music pleases, altogether different from what you would play at home for your own enjoyment or that of your family. In company you are expected to appeal to the eye as well as the ears of your listeners. Your fingers must perform feats equal to those of the most accomplished gymnast. Some people delight in watching the fingers to such a degree, that they think of nothing else. Finding this to be the case, you are anxious to make the best of what technical ability you have acquired by the diligent practise of scales, chords, &c., and astonish yourself even, in the execution of the music of a Gottschalk, Wehli, or some other rattle-trap. Or perhaps your teacher 'composes,' and his music is particularly striking in its way. He has inspired you with respect by his finished performance, and, when he presents you with a copy of his last composition with the request that you would learn it, you feel at once so flattered, that you are ready to devote any amount of time to studying the peculiar effects through which he astonishes his hearers. He may play octaves particularly well; the public are informed of the fact by the unmeaning frequency of octave passages. Or he has a wondrous power in the left hand, and therefore uses this member to the exclusion of the right. Or he excels in rapid, brilliant runs, calculated to exhibit the equality of touch, of which he is master. Although you are versed in none of these artifices that constitute the popular musician, and although as yet developed in no particular direction, you diligently spend an unaccountably long time to produce the effects intended by the composer. In the mean time, what becomes of the pieces you learned before? They are forgotten of course. Not one of them can you remember. The last piece is the only one; to be laid aside in its turn and forgotten, while working to master another of even greater difficulty. And so on until the young days are spent. This music has never been any real enjoyment to you, for it is barren; it is not the language of the heart; for a brief moment it sparkles, glares, makes noise, and is burnt out like a rocket. And, as the desire to inspire admiration ceases, when you are settled in life and have the care of a family, the piano is never opened, except when an occasional visitor tries her skill. On the music-stand are the bound books, full of emptiness, with your maiden name on the cover; and you can hardly believe that you ever played them, so little remains in your remembrance of the pieces they contain. To those who are following this course, let me say a few words about home music.

How different your selections would be, were they made with a view of choosing such pieces as would, by their divine influence, make the bond of family union closer, and send you into the duties of the day with cheerful hearts; pieces that at night would harmonize the jars of the busy day's work into sweet contentment. Our hearts tell us what is appropriate; and we feel well repaid for the sacrifice it may cost us; so make a religious duty of beginning the day with sweet music, when Papa with beaming eyes tells us that he awoke, thinking the angels had come down from heaven; when each member of the family, as they meet at the breakfast table, seems to have felt the holy influence. You were conscious of no effort on your part, and only felt that the sleeping ones most not be harshly awakened with noisy, trifling music. Nor is it so difficult to find pleasing, elevating, and at the same time easy music. Do not think Papa is old-fashioned, and it is not worth your while to sing, at his request, some melody which brings back to him the days of his youth. Is it not to him you owe the advantages of musical instruction? Can any one's praise be sweeter?

If you have a voice cultivate it, not that you may gain the applause of the onthinking by singing some difficult operatic air, and by taxing your powers to the utmost in the execution of trills and passages entirely beyond your ability, imagining all the while that you are a Nilsson. Be sure that you are giving more pain than pleasure to every true heart. No matter how limited your powers of execution may be, as long as you forget self and put your heart in it, seeking only for the truthful and simple expression of feeling as contained in the songs of Schubert, Robert Franz, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven, and others, leaving the execution of vocal extravagances to the unusually gifted, you cannot fail to give pleasure to all those who hear you. Are there not accessible to you hundreds of good people's songs of all nations, all of them easy of execution, whether you sing or play them? Songs that spring up among the simple people, as fresh and fragrant as the wild flowers in the woods?

Of piano music the "Children's Album" (*Album für die Jugend*) by Robert Schumann, containing some of the best thoughts of this charming composer, is full of appropriate little pieces; quite easy, only requiring heart to give the desired effect. In Beethoven's immortal Sonatas there are many divine Adagios just fitted to elevate your home-audience into a sphere of kindliness and good will to all men, which shall accompany them through the busy day like an echo from better regions. And yet they are easy of execution, if only you feel their beauty. The same is true of many of Mozart's Adagios, indeed of whole Sonatas of this master and of Father Haydn. If your ability permit, you might find in almost all of the Sonatas of those masters appropriate home music to begin the day with, even in the sprightlier, more energetic movements. And what an evening feast we have in the wonderful Nocturnes of Field and Chopin, Bach's Preludes, Slumber songs of Stephen Heller, &c.! Of four-hand pieces of medium difficulty Franz Schubert composed a delightful variety. If there are two of the family capable of uniting their powers, you will be able to render with double effect the various Symphonies, Overtures, and other compositions of the great masters.

Of such music no one grows tired. Such music is never forgotten. Yours is an important mission, that you perhaps have never thought of; that, of educating the family twin by leading them to the knowledge of what is good and true in music; that of creating in them the same appreciation of the best you have yourself—by your playing. Without your knowing it music has become such a part of your family life, that it is as necessary to the mind and heart as food is to the body. When oppressed with care it helps you, and when overworked it gives you rest. It keeps alive the sense for the Beautiful and True. Like the sister-arts, it elevates you from the commonplaces of life into the realms of the ideal. S. M. C.

## More Letters by Mendelssohn.*

The following translations of some letters which have only very recently been published in Germany for the benefit of a charitable institution† will be received with interest by the English admirers of Mendelssohn. How it came to pass that they were not included in the two volumes published by the Family it is difficult to understand, unless their slightness formed the reason of their rejection. The letters, however, though slight, are by no means without value. They are full of the grace and charm, and the love of life, which pervades everything he wrote, and of the humor which is hardly less his characteristic, and which here displays itself in the allusions to the squabbles that interfered so seriously with his comfort at Düsseldorf, and finally drove him away from that city, and in many an amusing and clever touch on other subjects. But apart from these qualities, the reference to his symphony in C minor—confirming the date of that composition to about 1824—to the Hebrides overture, and others of his own compositions, to his method of performing Handel, to the works of Beethoven and Bach—are all of value.

One point there is which distinguishes these letters from every one of those previously published—the mention they contain of the name of Mendelssohn's illustrious friend and compeer, Robert Schumann. It has often been remarked as more than strange that, notwithstanding the close friendship so well known to have existed between these great masters, the two published volumes of Mendelssohn's letters should contain only one allusion, and that of the slightest kind, to Schumann. "Schumann and his wife . . . are to be the teachers at first," is his only reference to two people who are known to have been amongst his most intimate friends. It is therefore very gratifying to find in these letters a few more appropriate references, especially the graceful and characteristic one which forms the point of the last. Some day perhaps some more letters will come to light, which will speak, in fitting terms, of Jenny Lind, Joachim, Benedict, and

Digitized by Google

many another dear friend of Mendelssohn's whom he loved not less than Schumann, and who have suffered a like temporary eclipse.

The letters are addressed to Mrs. Voigt, a well-known amateur at Leipzig.

DUSSELDORF, 19th Nov., 1834.

Forgive my delay in answering your kind note: musical business, chiefly of a tedious and disagreeable nature, has hindered me day after day. I now hasten to write and say how much I thank you for your kind recollection of me. My address is simply "Düsseldorf," as I am well known at the Post Office through many a letter. I am sorry your note was so short, merely asking for my address, and then ending by saying that you are silent about Leipzig music because you do not wish to give me a moment's uneasiness. But I can't understand your being unable to find anything worth telling, for you must know how full of interest all your descriptions are to me.

I could give you such an account of this "Rhine-Athens," as the Rhine-Athenians themselves call it (Düsseldorf, to wit), this pattern of a provincial town, where, when the orchestra is not drunk or fighting, its performance is below mediocrity. I am everlastingly exhorting the players to be sober and peaceable, to keep time and play *piano*; but, like other preachers, I am unheeded, and they go on pitching into each other and the notes most unmercifully.

But writing from Leipzig, which gives the very key-note to music, and is so full of all that is good and new in the art—with its Thomas School, its Concerts, and its Opera—you must have much that is interesting to tell me.

So I hope you will soon favor me with a few lines, and not deprive me long of so great a pleasure. You cannot be wanting in matter (as I have already said) to reintroduce a young recluse into the world of art.

I have written to Hofrath Rochlitz, and only beg my kind regards to him and to your husband, and remain yours truly.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

---

DUSSELDORF, 10th Jan., 1835.

My best thanks for your kind note; the day before I received it I had seen the death of your friend§ in the newspaper, and I felt how great his loss would be to you. One hardly knows whether to grieve or rejoice at having renewed acquaintance with one so near his departure; but I shall be very glad to look over some of his compositions, which you kindly propose to send me, especially as you say that he wished me to see them. I have always heard of him as one of the cleverest musicians at Leipzig, and in the present sad dearth of music it is a twofold sorrow to every musician when the best are taken from us.

Many thanks for your interesting account of the music at Leipzig; you seem to be very full of life and spirit, but it surprises me much to hear of my Overture in B minor‖ being taken faster at the end than at the beginning. I suppose you mean after the *animato*? If so, I shall certainly adopt Sebastian Bach's practice, who hardly ever marked even a *piano* or *forte* on his music. I thought a *piu stretto* would hardly do well, as I referred rather to an increase of spirit, which I did not know how to indicate except by *animato*.

But have you seen the two-hand arrangement of this Overture? I heard it yesterday to my great consternation; had it been played to me in this shape without its being my own, I should have scolded at the composer like any reed sparrow; the bass on the last page is as humdrum and tedious as the veriest "Musik."

By the bye, can you tell me of anything pretty and new for the piano, with or without accompaniment? You are at the fountain head at Leipzig. I have lately seen a new book of *Lieder* ("*Der Bergmann*") by Loewe, a Fantasia on "Robert le Diable" by Chopin, and some *Lieder* by Hiller, but I cared for none of them. I look forward to receiving Schunke's pieces, and am longing for something new and good to learn.—Of Beethoven's violin Sonatas, the one in C minor is my favorite, and seems to me to stand far above all the others. There is a go about the end of the first movement, greater than anything of his I know, except perhaps the end of the first movement of the ninth symphony, which certainly has more go than anything else in the world. I also delight not a little in the theme of the last movement, especially where it comes in at the end just before the *presto*.

Do you never play the Sonatas for Piano and Violin by Bach, your ancient "Cantor?" the one in A major* for instance, and another in E major and F minor, which any one might be proud of. I wish you could have heard my friend Rietz† play the opening of the one in E; that was indeed fine music; but he too is gone long ago; and it will be a long time before we hear such tones as his again.

And now farewell; write when you can, and gratify yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

---

DUSSELDORF, 15th March, '35.

I beg your pardon a hundred times for not having sooner thanked you for what you sent me. "Torments of all kinds"‡—in other words, business of all kinds—take up my whole time. Pardon me, and accept these very tardy thanks. What you sent me has given me the great pleasure of a new musical acquaintance, though, alas! too late. I like the Sonata best, it is the most in earnest, and most natural, especially the first movement and the andante, more so than the scherzo and the last movement, in which I recognize the pianoforte player who wrote the variations in A flat, and which for other reasons I do not care for. But in the four-hand pieces there is much to like, and I can imagine how interesting it must have been to hear them all fresh from the hand of the composer,§ and can understand how much fine promise has been cut off by his death.

Will you please thank Mr. Schumann most heartily for his kind present, and the kind words he has added to it? I wish I could spend a couple of days in Leipzig, just to tell him how much there is in it which finds me and pleases me, though not all; and I am pretty sure if I could only explain what I mean, that he would come round to my opinion. One of my favorites is No. 2 in F minor‖ Once more please to thank him, and tell him how much pleasure he has given me.

What else have you heard this winter that is good and new? I live here like La Fontaine's rat when he retired into the big cheese. I see people when I dine; and at other times I ride, walk, and write my oratorio,* which, please God, will be finished in a few weeks; but of the world outside I hear nothing. I shall conduct the Cologne Musical Festival at Whitsuntide, and then travel about for a couple of months, though I hardly know where. I have some fancy for England, still more for Switzerland, and unfortunately yesterday a friend wrote and asked me to go to Spain with him, and the very name sets me longing. But it's a long way off, and I dare say the music in Spain is just as little worth hearing as in Düsseldorf. Next week Bernhard Romberg is coming to give a concert; and then Mlle. Thémar, a Brussels pianist: and last week a Mr. Lewy was here with his chromatic horn, playing F sharp major, C-sharp major, and B minor, in such a style, with such scales and sostenuto notes, as made everybody breathless—even the performer himself. Then we had a blind flute-player; and the day before yesterday the whole of the *Messiah* was sung by amateurs, amidst fearful discussions and agreements (but no blows).

On reading your letter over again I see that Mr. Schumann asks for an account of the music in this place† Immermann would be the last man to give it, as he hates music, and never hears or wishes to hear any. And I am the last but one, for I should take a fortnight to write my letter, and then (if I thought it were going to be printed), when I came to the end should scratch out the beginning. But there is a musical man at Cologne, Dr. Becher, who could do it well and readably, and if Mr. Schumann wishes I will undertake to speak to him on the subject. Please let me know.

But now the blank page of your album lies before me, seeming to stare me in the face. I played a little piece on the piano last night in F sharp minor;‡ I will write it down, and you must forgive me if I have to scratch out, or if it should turn out good for nothing. I always like my own pieces, and I want to send you a new thing, never written down before. So be merciful, and keep well and happy and let me have the pleasure of an answer soon.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

---

Though much pressed by work and business, I despatch these few lines in answer to your kind letter. I would willingly have sent a song as requested, and am sorry to forego the pleasure of helping such a man as you describe Mr. Ulrich to be; but I have nothing ready which would do for a concert. I am really quite sorry to hear that my symphony in C minor is to be given at his concert; for it is more than ten years old, and does not at all rank with my present things. You will do me a kindness if you can prevent its being done; or if not, pray manage to let your friends know that the symphony is op. 2, that is, that it was written by a boy scarcely fifteen—that it has been for six years at the publisher's, and was performed at the Leipzig concerts more than seven years§ ago. I should be glad if you could contrive to let the public know this before the performance, because the work seems to me quite childish.

It would be very nice and amiable of you to come to the Festival; I believe it will be an extraordinarily good one; but I am sorry that I shall have to give up the pleasure of going with you afterwards to Switzerland, as my engagements will keep me here at least till July, and perhaps longer—indeed I grieve to think that possibly I may not be able to travel at all. You would never regret making a trip to Cologne for the festival. Handel‖ in his original shape, with organ all through, three trumpets and drums, as well as the new Cherubini—these are surely inducements enough for a journey.

I can't agree with you that there are many parts in Bach's Sonatas which might have been composed in the present day. Pray by whom!

And now farewell; excuse my hurry, and this letter scarcely to be called a letter.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

*Düsseldorf*, 10th *April*, 1835.

(To be Continued).

---

* From "Macmillan's Magazine" for June.

† "Acht Briefe und ein Facsimile von Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Zum besten der Deutschen Invalidenstiftung." Leipzig: Grunow, 1871.

‡ He entered on his duties as musical director at Düsseldorf in 1833, and remained in that post till the summer of 1835. On the 4th of October of that year he conducted his first concert in the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

§ Ludwig Schunke, a pianist and composer of much promise. He was associated with Schumann in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and died on December, 7, 1834, at the age of 24.

‖ This is the well-known overture called the "Hebrides," or "Fingal's Cave," written at Rome in 1830, and first played at the Philharmonic Concert of May 14, 1832.

* An old favorite. He refers to it in his letter of December 21, 1831, as having heard it, when a boy, played by Baillot and Mme. Bigot.

† Eduard Rietz, one of his earliest and dearest friends. He died in January, 1832; the news reached Mendelssohn in Paris, and distressed him exceedingly. "It is the hardest blow that has yet fallen on me, and I shall never forget it." (Letter, Feb. 4, 1832.)

‡ "Martern aller Arten."

§ Ludwig Schunke.

‖ This doubtless refers to "Estrella," in Schumann's "Carneval."

* *St. Paul* was first performed at the Festival at Düsseldorf, on May 22, 1836.

† No doubt for his new musical paper, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, which was then in the first year of its existence.

‡ This was the "Gondellied," which appears, with some alterations, as No. 6 in the second book of "Songs without words."

§ He might have added that it was played at the Philharmonic, in London, under his own direction, on the 25th May, 1829—during his first visit to London. The above is not a bad specimen of the stern judgment which he passed upon his own compositions; but the verdict will be endorsed by no one who knows the symphony, which is not only a truly remarkable work for a lad of fifteen, but one of which many older composers might be proud.

‖ "Solomon" was the oratorio performed at this Festival. Mendelssohn wrote a complete organ part for it "in the manner in which he thought it ought to be played" (Letter, April 3, 1835). The "new Cherubini" was an unpublished Hymn, the title of which is not to be found.

---

## Auber.—A Study. 1864.

BY B. JOUVIN.

(Concluded from page 51.)

Auber did not like travelling, or the country. Pointing with his finger, one day, to some colored engravings on the walls of his ante-room, and, as far as my eyes enabled me to perceive, representing a river, some meadows, and a wood: "There," he said, "is about all I have ever seen in the way of verdure and nature. However," he added, with a smile, "Scribe has taken me in his operas over so many different countries, that it is very natural I should now be glad to find myself once more in Paris."

Not that he felt any antipathy for a blue sky and green trees; but the dust-charged horizon, and the rickety and sparsely-planted trees of the Boulevard sufficed, when the fine weather came, to satisfy his rural longings.

Auber was one of the most regular visitors at the Opera on ballet nights. If he thought it delicious to take a nap in Dr. Veron's box, even during the most boisterous beauties of a noisy masterpiece, he was, on the contrary, all ears, when the dancing began. This explains why the composer of *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* wrote such pretty ballet airs. In a study devoted to this musician, I cannot, even at the risk of repeating an oft-told tale, pass over in silence one singular fact: Auber was never able to witness the performance of any of his works from the front of the house; he knew them only by having heard them at rehearsal. The reason of this nervous phenomenon, over which his will and courage in vain attempted to triumph (who

Digitized by Google

would believe such a thing of an artist consecrated by so many successes, and satiated by so much glory ?) was—well, was insurmountable timidity. A chord of his own music, when sounded before fifteen hundred spectators, affected him like the Biblical trumpet which overthrew walls. He could not escape this emotion, which amounted to almost intolerable suffering, even by throwing himself to the back of a box, after Meyerbeer's fashion, and being present invisibly at the execution of his operas; it was absolutely necessary that the fiery semicircle of the float should separate him from the public.

One evening it came to pass that he took his seat in the stalls at the Opera with the sweet calm of a man who is collecting his thoughts and enjoying beforehand a masterpiece. The bills of the morning had announced *Guillaume Tell*. Habeneck gave the signal to his musicians. But oh, treachery! instead of the violoncello solo, a *tutti* burst out in the orchestra. The brazen and unexpected explosion wounded the musician to the heart; a film covered his eyes; there was a singing in his ears; he would have given a thousand francs for the trap that swallows up Bertram. He rose from his seat; he wanted to reach the corridor leading out of the house, and it was to the middle of the stalls that he directed his course. He had to retrace his steps; his neighbors began to murmur aloud, and send to the devil the boor, the Goth, the savage, who smothered under the ill-mannered shuffling of his feet the *andante* of the overture. When he had completed his painful journey between knees and feet most evilly disposed towards him, and hidden from all eyes his confusion by taking refuge in a corridor, it seemed to him as though he had carried away in his glance all the gas-jets in the chandelier and the float. The performance had been changed, and it was *La Muette* which put him to flight.

Auber was nearly forty when he achieved his first theatrical success. This *debut*, when he was at his artistic maturity, was what enabled him to reveal himself from the very beginning with brilliancy, and in all the virility of inspiration. He placed at the service of talent, full grown and set, a young imagination; he came to the stage with the experience and the resources acquired by knowledge slowly amassed, having obtained, moreover, this knowledge and this experience without blunting an artist's finest and rarest faculty—the gift of creation.

Another piece of good fortune for the musician at the outset of his career, was to meet Rossini, and to enter, without the slightest hesitation, into the musical revolutionary impulse given to art by a man of genius. Suppose, on the contrary, that, instead of writing *La Bergère chatelaine* in 1820, Auber had given it in 1813 [the date of *Le Sejour militaire*], and that his vein of great success had commenced at that epoch; the revolution accomplished in France by the author of the *Barbière*, far from inspiring him with enthusiasm, would have surprised and saddened him. This unexpected transformation of the art, this change in public taste, would have taken him unawares, and after he had achieved his position and reputation as a French composer. Before sharing the infatuation of the crowd, he would have had to begin by burning what he had adored; and, as a general rule, a man, whether musician or author, does not set fire to his Past to run more nimbly and without regret towards the Future, except when that past is merely so much dry straw. If his granary bent beneath the weight of rich harvests, he would think twice before lighting the torch. Thus the Rossinian revolution, so warmly greeted and embraced by Auber, necessarily cast a gloom over the old age of Cherubini, and made that excellent man, Berton, the most unjust and most passionate of pamphleteers. One more remark with regard to this gift of transformation in art: Auber, who possessed a style and modes of working which strike even the ignorant crowd by their originality, followed without an effort the current of modern ideas; with strongly-marked musical individuality, he belongs to his time. Not that he troubled himself with the great tentatives of the German school posterior to the Rossinian revolution; the art which blows from this quarter interested him but little, and, to tell the truth, he did not feel much sympathy for it; he had, however, remained young, and a contemporary of the young, thanks to the sap, which, victorious over years, fecundated, and, at the same time, renewed in him his talent as an artist and his cleverness as a man, and also, we are bound to add, because he placed youth above all the other blessings of this world.

A young man during the epoch of the Consulate, and well received in the aristocratic *salons*, discreetly opened to re-collect the waifs and strays of a society whose members were glad to meet one another again, Auber was enabled to see, grouped round two or three pretty women who were the fashion, the rallied veterans of French elegance, the surviving inheritors of the intellect of the eighteenth century. At that time people in France still knew how [illegible] causer, and in the school of these old masters of lost art the young musician was the very person [illegible] ern quickly and retain a great deal. Auber [illegible] soon refuted most brilliantly the proverb which says: "*Bête comme un musicien.*" He possessed more than any one what was formerly called *du trait*, and what is now known as *des mots*. His reputation was so well established in this respect that he inherited from Talleyrand the honor, or the misfortune, of getting credit for others' witty repartees, and for being supposed to supply the *mot* coined for every circumstance in which Parisian malignity allowed itself full scope.

It would be a difficult task to keep a register of all Auber's witty sayings; his reputation for wit did not need the help of an *ana*. But as there are some happy *mots* which convey, with merely a slight touch, the physiognomy of the man and of the artist, a faithful biographer cannot neglect them all. The embarrassment he is under, however, consists in the difficulty of making a choice; to pick up a sally in memory of contemporaries is seeking in the flint notched by the steel the place where the spark leapt out; it is picking up a rocket-case the day after a pyrotechnic display.

In Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundy* I find the following anecdote, to which I change nothing, for it emanates from one who knew what he was about.

"I will slip in, by the way," says this accomplished critic, "a little observation which looks like nothing, though it contains a fair amount of philosophy. The conversation turned, in the presence of that amiable composer, Auber, on the nuisance of growing old. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is annoying, and still it is the only means yet discovered for living long.'"

Old age—for which he found so original and even so consoling a definition—was, alas! for this great artist, the small black cloud in the clear sky, the bitter drop in the sweet beverage in which he drank success by goblets full. If Destiny, assuming a voice and a face, had come and said to the illustrious chief of the French school—"I propose a swop. Deliver up to me your scores, which, I warn you, I shall throw into the fire; have an instant divorce from the half century of glory which has carried your name to the extremities of Europe; renounce the great fortune so laboriously and so nobly earned; fling out of the window to yonder man who is crying 'Old clo', old clo'!' your dress coats, decorated by every *chancellerie*; consent, in a word, always to remain an obscure but happy man—and I will let you be once more only five and twenty!"—"Destiny, let me be at once only five and twenty!"—the musician would have exclaimed, without stopping to reflect. Not that Auber flung himself back with affright into the life that is escaping from the man of years, and wanted it without any conditions. Not that he was tempted to say, with the *malheureux* in the fable:

> " * * * qu'on me rende impotent,
> Cul-de jatte, goutteux, manchot, pourvu qu'en somme
> Je vive, c'est assez; je suis plus que content."

But, for Auber, the only thing in life, beautiful and good when we possess it, and forever to be regretted when we have lost it, is youth!

## The Triennial Handel Festival.

GRAND PUBLIC REHEARSAL.

[From the London Daily News, June 17.]

Yesterday's performance, although characterized as a rehearsal, may be considered as really the inauguration of the great Festival which has now long been looked for as an event to mark, with its regular recurrence, every succeeding period of three years in the history of the Crystal Palace. This is the sixth celebration, and the fourth triennial meeting of the kind that has been held here.

The centenary of Handel's birth was celebrated in Westminster Abbey on May 26; in the Pantheon on May 27, again in the Abbey on May 29, with repetitions there in the following months of the year 1784; being the commemoration specially recorded by Dr. Burney, the celebrated musical historian. It may be interesting to compare the forces then employed—at that time considered gigantic—with the numbers engaged on recent similar occasions. The orchestra at the Abbey consisted of 251 performers, the wind instruments, of course, many times doubled; the chorus numbered 274—while the total forces employed in the smaller arena of the Pantheon was 200. The renowned Mme. Mara was the principal soprano at this celebration. Similar Festival performances—not always, however, with special reference to the great composer of English oratorio—were held in Westminster Abbey in 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1791, with gradually augmented forces; after which nothing of that kind occurred until 1834: this, however, was not a Handel commemoration, and even then the number of performers was only some six hundred. The gradual development of massive choral effects thus commenced was afterwards much further extended by the Sacred Harmonic Society (founded in 1832). The frequent performance of Handel's oratorios by this institution no doubt lent additional interest to the approaching hundredth anniversary of his death, and led to the desire to commemorate his illustrious memory by some gigantic performances commensurate with the grandeur of his genius and the greatness of his fame. The co-operation of the Sacred Harmonic Society with the authorities of the Crystal Palace, and the exceptional facilities offered by this building for the assembling of large numbers resulted in the experimental Festival and the subsequent periodical celebrations already referred to.

As a reminiscence of the past Crystal Palace Festivals, it may be interesting to give here the following table of the results of each:

| | |
|---|---|
| **1857.** | |
| Rehearsal: (*No. of persons present*) | 5,844 |
| First day | 8,629 |
| Second day | 9,149 |
| Third day | 14,792 |
| Total | 38,414 |
| **1859.** | |
| Rehearsal | 19,680 |
| First day | 17,109 |
| Second day | 17,798 |
| Third day | 26,827 |
| Total | 81,319 |
| **1862.** | |
| Rehearsal | 19,163 |
| First day | 16,064 |
| Second day | 14,143 |
| Third day | 18,567 |
| Total | 67,297 |
| **1865.** | |
| Rehearsal | 15,420 |
| First day | 13,677 |
| Second day | 14,915 |
| Third day | 15,423 |
| Total | 59,434 |
| **1868.** | |
| Rehearsal | 18,507 |
| First day | 19,287 |
| Second day | 21,570 |
| Third day | 23,101 |
| Total | 82,465 |

The progress in the musical efficiency of the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals is illustrated by the comparative number of orchestral and choral performers engaged on the different occasions. In 1857 the chorus consisted of 2,000 voices, and the orchestra of 386 instrumentalists. The solo singers then were Mmes. Clara Novello and Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby (now Mme. Sainton Dolby), Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes. In 1859 the band was increased to 460, and the chorus to more than 2,700. At this Festival the principal singers were Mmes. Clara Novello, Rudersdorff, and Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss and Signor Belletti. In 1862—the first of the Triennial Festivals, when the band and chorus were again augmented—the solo vocalists were Mlle. Titiens, Mmes. Rudersdorff, Lemmens Sherrington, and Sainton-Dolby, Miss Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss, and Signor Belletti. The second Triennial Festival, in 1865, assembled a still more imposing array of executants—a band of 495, and a chorus of 2,866 performers—the principal vocalists having been Mme. (then Mlle.) Adelina Patti, Mmes. Rudersdorff, Lemmens Sherrington, Parepa, and Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Weiss, Herr Schmid, and Mr. Santley. On the last occasion upwards of 3,000 voices were supported by an orchestra of nearly 500 performers. The principal singers then were Mlles. Titiens, Christine Nilsson, Kellogg, and Carola; Mmes. Rudersdorff, Lemmens Sherrington, and Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli.

The selection of pieces performed has been similar on each occasion; the two greatest of Handel's oratorios, the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, having appropriately formed the chief features at every Festival. In 1857, the intermediate day's performance (that of Wednesday) was appropriated to *Judas Maccabeus*, but subsequently the programme on this day has been judiciously formed of selections from several of the composer's works, secular as well as sacred; framed so as to exemplify his wondrous variety of power.

With some fluctuations, it will be seen that the last Festival was the most successful of all, and there is no reason to doubt that the present occasion will realize as great or even greater results. That in a musical sense it will surpass the previous occasions, was confidently anticipated, and has now been established by the preliminary proceedings of yesterday.

Digitized by Google

The dispersion of sound observable in former instances led to improvements in the construction of the Handel orchestra for the Festival of 1862, and subsequently to the application of screens partially enclosing the sides of the vast area appropriated to the audience. The enhanced effect thus gained was strikingly observable in the performances of 1868. Much greater results have now been obtained by the introduction of a gigantic *velarium* stretched across the interior of the glass roof of the central transept. This, combined with the previous improvements, has caused a concentration of sound, and conferred a distinctness of effect, that have never before been attained here. The results were advantageously evidenced in every portion of yesterday's performances; and most strikingly so in the vocal solos.

Among the most important features in the arrangement of all these Festivals has been the presiding direction of the world-renowned conductor, Sir Michael Costa; whose knighthood occurred shortly after the date of the last celebration (1868). The musical skill and business talents of this excellent *chef d' orchestre* are too generally known to require fresh eulogy now. His long career as director at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards at the Royal Italian Opera, the impulse which was given to the progress of the Sacred Harmonic Society by his appointment as conductor in 1848, and the marvellous energy and power of control with which he has swayed the mighty forces engaged at the Triennial Handel Festivals, have long since become registered facts in the musical history of our time. Although comment thereon is now superfluous, recognition thereof is inevitable.

It has already been said that the arrangements for the present Festival transcend those of its precursors. The number of performers now engaged is stated to be upwards of 4,000. The orchestra consists of 415 instrumentalists, comprising 93 first violins, headed by M. Sainton; 72 second violins, with Mr. J. T. Willy as principal; 56 violas, led by Mr. C. W. Doyle; 58 violoncellos, with Mr. E. Howell as principal; 57 double basses, principal Mr. J. Howell; and a wind band of proportionate force, including eight flutes (principal, Mr Radcliff), the same number of oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, headed respectively by M. Barret, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Hutchings, supplemented by a monster double-bassoon, played by an amateur performer, Dr. W. H. Stoner; several other distinguished amateurs being in the orchestra. The brass band comprises six cornets, six trumpets, twelve horns, nine trombones, and three ophicleides, the respective principals being Messrs. Reynolds, T. Harper, C. Harper, Hawkes, and Hughes. Two serpents, and double drums, bass drum, and side drums—all used by experienced players, and the organ in the competent hands of Mr. J. Coward—make up the complement. Of the enormous chorus assembled it will be sufficient to say that the names of the singers occupy nearly 17 pages of the programme. This vast body consists of the choristers of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Handel Festival choir, members of provincial choirs, and professors and amateurs from various quarters. The preliminary choral rehearsals that have taken place in London and elsewhere had thoroughly prepared all for efficient co-operation in the assembled efforts of the day.

By the time appointed—12 o'clock—all were placed, with an orderly regularity resulting from those admirable arrangements which prevail at the Crystal Palace; and Sir Michael Costa lifted his baton for the commencement of the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, which at once proved the good effects resulting from the newly applied *Velarium*. A rehearsal, however, is not a fit occasion for critical remarks, which will be more properly reserved for the next week's performances. The "Hallelujah" was succeeded by the "Amen" chorus from the same oratorio. The "Dettingen" *Te Deum* followed; the incidental solos by Mr. Santley; and then came various detached pieces, also forming portions of Wednesday's programme. The first of the organ concertos with orchestral accompaniments (in G) was very finely played by Mr. W. T. Best, the eminent organist of St. George's hall, Liverpool, and recently appointed to a similar office at the Royal Albert-hall. The concerto—with an interpolated cadenza of Mr. Best's—was one of the most effective pieces of the day. The aria from *Orlando*, "Sorge infausta," sung by Signor Agnesi; "Farewell ye limpid streams" (*Jephthah*), by Mlle. Titiens; the chorus, "Ye sons of Israel" (*Joshua*); the air (from *Alcina*) "Verdi prati," sung by Mme. Trebelli Bettini; "Nasce al bosco," from *Ezio*—better known as "He layeth the beams"—by Mr. Santley; the airs "Oft on a plat" and "Let me wander," by Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Cummings; and the chorus "And young and old," from *L' Allegro ed il Penseroso*; "O, hail I Jubal's lyre!" (*Joshua*), by Mme. Sinico; and the chorus "The mighty power," from *Athaliah*—with incidental solo by Mme. Trebelli Bettini—closed the first portion of the rehearsal programme, from which the recitative "Deeper and deeper still," and air "Waft her angels" (*Jephthah*), were omitted, in consequence of the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves on account of hoarseness.

On re-assembling, after a brief interval, selections from *Solomon* and *Israel in Egypt*, consisting chiefly of some of the sublime double choruses of those works, were rehearsed. Of the grand effect of these, especially of "From the censer" (*Solomon*) and the "Hailstone" chorus and "The Horse and his rider" (*Israel*), we shall have a more legitimate opportunity of speaking next week. The selection from *Solomon* included the airs "With thee th' unshelter'd moor," and "Golden columns," given respectively by Mme. Sinico and Mr Cummings; and the incidental contralto solos in the choruses, "Music, spread thy voice," and "Now a different measure try," sung by Mme. Patey—and among the extracts from *Israel in Egypt* was the duet, "The Lord is a man of war, assigned to Mr. Santley and Signor Foli.

The rehearsal terminated soon after 5 o'clock. Of the efficiency and preparation of all concerned some notion may be formed from the fact that there were only three instances—in the choruses—in which it was requisite to stop and recommence.

There appears to be every prospect of an unusually favorable result for the Festival of 1871. The weather—contrary to recent experience—was bright, and the temperature agreeable, and the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors in the Palace, and their transit to and fro by railroad were excellent. There was a large attendance.

---

### First Day. Monday, June 19.

[From the Telegraph.]

Yesterday, the "Messiah" was performed at the Crystal Palace to an audience numbering about 22,000 persons. In presence of an event conceived and wrought out on so vast a scale, the descriptive pen is at a loss where to begin. Here are three features—listeners, more than the population of many a famous city; executants, unique in merit as in number; and a work which is the greatest offering ever laid by art on the altar of religion. Each topic has its attraction and its claims; but we will decide the question of precedence in favor of that magnificent audience which covered the arena of the central transept from the base of the orchestra to the stage; which extended right and left far down the nave, and rose to the level of the highest gallery. The people who came to see were themselves a sight, neither the least suggestive nor the least attractive in a *coup d'œil* of unequalled grandeur. All the morning trains were depositing crowds of visitors at the Palace gates in quick succession, and every road leading to the building was early alive with vehicles bound on a similar errand. But again the railway stations were the chief centres of interest. One string of carriages is very like another, and one group of their occupants may be taken as representative of the rest; while in London both may any day be seen without a journey Sydenham wards for the purpose. But along the iron ways which have placed the Crystal Palace next door to half the provinces, came the vast country contingent always attracted by Handel's sacred masterpiece. Readers of that essentially modern and most voluminous literature—advertisements—know how well arranged are the "feeders" of the Handel Festival, and how there is scarcely a county in England upon which they do not lay hold. It was impossible to be long at the Palace yesterday without finding out that these "feeders" do their work to some purpose. Probably half the audience had come up by "excursions," and certainly more than half the dialects of England might have been heard by any one who preferred going about with his ears open in quest of them to taking in the glorious Handelian strains. Not philologists alone could feel an interest in these dialects, because they told that other than the refined and educated had spent hardly-earned money upon a noble object. Indeed, the "people" were visible enough, being present almost "in their thousands." Genuine music lovers these, who, away down in Blankshire, fill the village choirs or the benches of the local orchestras, and, after their homely fashion, work as zealously for art as the most enthusiastic London amateur. Of course the "Messiah" day was chosen for their trip. The "Messiah" they know, from the overture to the last "Amen," as well as they know the Bible or the "Pilgrim's Progress," and an opportunity of hearing its familiar strains given out by the "four thousand" could not be lost. So the provincials overran the Crystal Palace, as we have said, and were the real "distinguished visitors" of the day. Not that visitors otherwise distinguished were wanting. One of the boxes which are still called "Royal," though Royalty has ceased to attend these Festivals, was ablaze with the gems and gold of the Nawab Nizam of Bengal and his suite, while keen eyes might have discovered among the crowd in the area the familiar form and face of the Prime Minister of England. But enough about the audience—as representative a gathering as ever music brought together.

What came all these thousands out for to hear? In the first place, an orchestra about which something has already been said in these columns, but with which we have far from finished. Our previous remarks, by the way, were unintentionally adapted to make a wrong impression as to the strength of the provincial contingent in the ranks of the band and chorus. An examination of the roll call shows that not more than 95 sopranos, 114 altos, 196 tenors, and 188 basses—in all 593—are drawn from the host of country amateurs; while of the band all but forty are resident in the metropolitan district. This is a smaller proportion than ever before; and it is to be hoped, for more than one reason, that the lessening process will now cease. Of course we know that London could supply twice four thousand competent vocalists; but a large country force gives to the Festival something of a national character, while there can hardly be a question that it improves the musical effect. The men and women who bring their Handelian zeal from provincial towns and villages, bring also good sound lungs and vigorous throats, such as those "in populous London pent" cannot boast. Here a curious fact suggests itself. That section of the chorus wherein the country voices are fewest—the sopranos—is also the least resonant; while the tenors and basses, on the other hand, are remarkable for volume of tone. We do not attach much importance to this, because the difference is out of proportion to the result; nevertheless, it is remarkable enough for statement, and its tendency is to encourage a belief that the depletion of provincial singers ought now to end. The localities from which the "592" are drawn may easily be surmised by those who know the Handelian fame of Bradford and Leeds, and are cognizant of the fact that in certain towns, Birmingham, Norwich, Worcester, &c.—local festivals keep a supply of vocalists ready to order. But many an outlying place has representatives on the great orchestra. Penzance has sent its quota, so has St. Ives, Torquay, Stratford-on-Avon, Burgh, Wrexham, and Frome. But, in the name of "justice to Ireland," where are the delegates from the sister isle? We look down the list of places, and fail to see the appellation of a single Hibernian township. Is this the result of a separatist policy? or did the Festival managers announce that "no Irish need apply?" Whatever the cause, there is the fact.

Like time and tide, Sir Michael Costa waits for no man, and precisely at two o'clock the able conductor, who was received with applause, raised his baton to "inaugurate" the Festival with the customary performance of "God save the Queen." As on previous occasions, his own arrangement was used, and brought out the full power of the orchestra with magnificent effect. This performance has always been a marked feature in the first and last day's scheme, for reasons every one must appreciate. At its close the "Messiah" overture was immediately commenced, its execution justifying all the hopes of those who expected most from the imposing orchestra. Nothing could be better than the delivery of the fugue—every point being taken up with accuracy, and every part standing out sharp and clear. The solos in the first section of the oratorio were taken by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley—the ladies subsequently giving way to Mlle. Titiens and Mme. Patey. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have sung the "Passion" music and "Thou shalt dash them;" but hoarseness unhappily prevented his appearance, and the work was done by Mr. Rigby, the subordinate tenor part falling to Mr. Kerr Gedge. Adequate as were these arrangements, it was not to the efforts of the solo vocalists that interest mainly attached, but rather to the stupendous chorus. The artists we have named can often be heard under better conditions, but only once in three years is it possible to listen to four thousand voices and instruments engaged upon the noblest example of sacred music. Properly, therefore, the choruses took the first place in general regard, doing so the more easily because, with very few exceptions, they were rendered in splendid style. The altos—a fine body of voices—struck the key-note of success by their "lead," in "And the glory of the Lord," this being followed by a rendering of "And he shall purify" which set all doubts at rest as to steadiness in *bravura* passages. But the first great sensation was made in "For unto us a child is born." Sir Michael Costa took this admirable example of the master's genius in excellent time—not too fast, that is—and, moreover, he abandoned the absurd whispering which at Exeter Hall well-nigh turns grandeur

into ridicule. To these excellent measores must be added singing almost faultless in its precision, accent, and phrasing, the whole making up a performance such as few present hope to hear excelled. The thunder shout on the words "Wonderful! Counsellor!" &c., was something to remember. In "Glory to God" an impressive effect was made on the words, "and peace on earth"—the pianissimo of so large an orchestra being hardly less grand than its full power; while the entire series of choruses, beginning with "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and ending with "He trusted in God," was magnificently rendered, allowing for the somewhat too great speed here and there noticeable. Few will ever forget the *coda* of "All we like sheep," in which the utmost power of music strove adequately to set forth that "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." As overwhelming in its way was the effect of "Lift up your heads;" and of the short but most masterly chorus, "Let all the Angels," which follows. To go through the rest of the work in this manner would simply be to repeat a string of laudatory terms; and we shall, therefore, only call particular attention to the "Hallelujah" and "Worthy is the Lamb," with its colossal "Amen." During the singing of the former everybody stood, in compliance with George the Third's happy fashion of homage; but a greater and better homage was paid to Handel's glorious inspiration by the tears which women did not seek to conceal, and which strong men vainly tried to hide. The climax, however, came with the "Amen"—an exposition of science and profound impressiveness never excelled. In this manner did the Handel Orchestra of 1871 prove itself at least the equal of the best among its precursors. The solos, confided to such artists as those already named, were in safe hands. Mme. Sherrington's bright, pure voice was heard to advantage in the "Nativity" recitatives, and it would be hard to say whether she more excelled in the *bravura* "Rejoice greatly," or in the *cantabile* "Come unto Him." Need we urge that the former received entire justice from her brilliant execution, or that the latter was given with an obvious desire to exhibit all the intensity of its expression? Once more it must be said of Mlle. Titiens that she sang "How beautiful are the feet," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in true Handelian style. For perfect vocal skill, and for all those subtle qualities which go to make up an artistic effort, her delivery of the great devotional air was excelled by nothing in the day's performance. Mme. Trebelli, successful in "He shall feed His flock," made no impression with "But who may abide," for obvious reasons. The air is not suited to a contralto voice, and should have been given, as Handel intended, by the singer of the preceding recitative. Mme Patey won general applause for her rendering of "He was despised," her fine voice and singularly appropriate delivery causing a great impression. Both in his own airs, and in those he undertook for Mr. Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby exerted himself strenuously, and with success. He elicited an emphatic compliment for a delivery of "Thou shalt dash them," which lacked nothing in the shape of vigor, and might have been equally fortunate in the "Passion" music, had not a passing thunder-shower drowned his voice. All the bass airs were given by Mr. Santley with that blending of perfect execution and entire propriety of style which so much distinguished him. Whether it was the stately "For behold, darkness;" the emphatic, "Why do the nations?" or the solemn, "Behold, I tell you a mystery," Mr. Santley fell nothing short of the perfection to which his best efforts have accustomed us. Adding that Mr. Kerr Gedge rendered efficient service in the subordinate tenor music, that Mr. James Coward used the large organ with effect, and that Sir Michael Costa conducted as Sir Michael Costa always does, we may bring our remarks to an end.

---

### Second Day. Wednesday, June 21.

[From the Orchestra.]

The performance on Wednesday commenced with the Dettingen *Te Deum*, composed in 1743, to celebrate the victory obtained over the French in June of that year at Dettingen. From the time of its production until 1843 (with the exception of one or two years, when it was laid aside in favor of the *Te Deum* composed by Henry Purcell for St. Cecilia's Day, 1697,) the Dettingen *Te Deum* was annually performed at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral. After 1843 its performance, as well as that of other music requiring the aid of an orchestra, was discontinued at those festivals, in consequence of the services of the instrumental band being dispensed with; and since that period it has only occasionally been heard in London. It continued, however, to be annually performed at the Festivals of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, at which it was first introduced (at Gloucester) in 1748, until 1859, since which year the celebrations of Divine service with which those festivals open and at which the festival sermon is preached have been conducted without the aid of an orchestral band. The last performance of the Dettingen *Te Deum* at the Festivals of the Three Choirs was (as the first) at Gloucester.

We were among those who regretted the discontinuance of the Dettingen *Te Deum*, at St. Paul's, for its effect in the Cathedral was something quite *sui generis*; and although, generally, the band was ill-proportioned, both in the voices, and in the relative numbers of the different instruments—all services being gratuitous, and any one playing who liked to be present,—there was a "go" about the performance which was very enjoyable. The élite of the profession were content to take subordinate parts in the orchestra; and the general effect—the voices of the boy trebles, the reverberation of the full parts, and the manner in which the trumpet passages seemed to dance about the roof of the cathedral,—were not soon forgotten by the congregation who contributed half crowns for the privilege of scrambling into the cathedral; or ensured easy access and seats by the payment of gold. But a sense of propriety began to dawn on the cathedral dignitaries (it is still only dawning)—and the "Dettingen" in St. Paul's has long been a thing of the past.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to such a "function" than the performance at the Palace on Wednesday. The choruses generally went well, but a large number of the singers were not so much at home in the music as in that of the "*Messiah*," and there was occasionally a little indecision and unsteadiness. The chorus "To Thee Cherubim" went exceedingly well; the "Day by day," but indifferently: the fugue particularly seemed to lag, and to want spirit. Mr. Santley sang "Thou art the King of Glory" well; and the "Vouchsafe, O Lord" better. But somehow the audience did not seem to warm in it, and the last chorus hardly elicited any applause. Perhaps the audience were thinking of the music to the same hymn in their churches.

The Organ Concerto followed, and afforded a great enjoyment to the *dilettanti*, though the audience seemed hardly to understand it—possibly again from thinking of their Sunday organist at church. Mr. Best's execution of the concerto was technically excellent: his mechanism perfect; but we think he might have done more to popularize it with a miscellaneous audience. But an organ concerto with such an orchestra requires much thought to produce the best effect; and possibly no two organists would agree as to their *modus operandi*. No one certainly is more competent to form an opinion than Mr. Best.

Mr. Sims Reeves's appearance was the signal for a universal burst of delighted applause. The audience were in doubt as to his appearance, and now they had really got him their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The first piece on the programme was the "Sorge infausta," capitally given by Signor Agnesi. Mr. Reeves sang the "Deeper and deeper still," and the following air, as he only can sing it. The applause was tremendous. He had a similar ovation for "How vain is man," from *Judas Maccabeus*," and richly deserved it: we never heard him sing better. Mlle. Tietjens was hardly successful in "Farewell, ye limpid springs:" her rendering of the concluding part in the major was the best part of it. The chorus from "*Joshua*," "Ye sons of Israel," went very well. The "Verdi prati" was beautifully given by Mme. Trebelli Bettini, but strange to say, produced no effect on the audience—a great reproach to their taste. Mr. Vernon Rigby almost rivalled Mr. Reeves in the applause he got for "Call forth thy powers;" and in "Nasce al bosco," Mr. Santley sang delightfully, and won some recognition, though the people did not seem to like Handel in Italian.

In the little Curfew song Mlle. Tietjens was very successful; and Mr. Cummings gave the charming air "Let me wander" with great feeling, and good contrast. "O had I Jubal's lyre," was merrily rendered by Mme. Sinico; and Mme. Trebelli gave the solo in the grand chorus from "*Athaliah*" with charming expression. An interval of rest followed before the selection from "*Solomon*."

This consisted of the overture and the following pieces:—Double Chorus, "Your harps and cymbals sound;" Air, "What though I trace;" Air, "With thee th' unshelter'd moor;" Chorus, "May no rash intruder;" Double Chorus, "From the censer;" Recitative, "Sweep, sweep the string;" Solo and Chorus, "Music, spread thy voice around;" Solo and Double Chorus, "Now a different measure try;" Recitative, "Then at once from rage remove;" Chorus, "Draw the tear from hopeless love;" Recitative, "Next the tortured soul release;" Air and Chorus, "Thus rolling surges rise;" Recitative, "Thrice happy king;" Air, "Golden columns;" Double Chorus, "Praise the Lord."

The solos were given by Mme. Sinico, Mme. Patey, and Mr. Cummings; these left nothing to be desired; and the same observation will apply to the band. The chorus were occasionally rather unsteady; but it is perhaps hypercritical to mention it. The only fault of the programme was in its length; and if some of the audience were weary, still more must this have been the case with the performers.

---

## New York.—The Saengerfest.

[From the Weekly Review, July 1.]

The twelfth musical festival of the North-Eastern *Sängerbund* has been celebrated this week in New York in the usual manner. As we expected, it has been a failure, financially and artistically. All these festivals can only flourish in small cities, where people have but little excitement, and look upon the display of ribbons, emblems, transparencies, processions as the most momentous question of the day. It is not so here. The few thousand ribboned persons, the fuss and pretensions of those who are put in brief authority, pass unnoticed in the bustle of daily New York life. We could not help smiling, when one of the singers gave vent to his indignation, that anybody should have asked him "what was it all about?"—There is a serious side to this matter. These festivals are very expensive, chiefly on account of what may be called the social accessories. The question arises, whether the result is adequate to the outlay; whether it is really worth while to spend thousands of dollars, in order to gratify the appetite for social pleasure on a large scale. For after all, this is the essence of all these gatherings, the music is only the pretext.

We will not deny that some of the singers have the ambition to improve their musical abilities; but we ask any impartial observer of what was going on during this festival, whether such an ambition can be satisfied? The very social element in these gatherings, which seemed to be considered so necessary, must and does hinder the development of the musical resources of the societies. The festival of this week gave a perfect illustration. The singers were so soon worn out, that already the second day they were unfit to do their work, and that on the third day they broke completely down.—Under such circumstances art can derive little benefit from these festivals, which might just as well be dispensed with, especially as in their present form and arrangement they are only a pale reflex of the customs of the Middle Ages.

There were four concerts this week, the first taking place last Sunday night at the Academy of Music. Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" was the principal work of the evening. Owing to the fact that the sound was not thrown into the audience, but escaped through the side wings of the stage and up into the lofty regions of the carpenters and painters, and also that the singers sat quite in the background, about a hundred feet from the conductor, very little of the music could be heard. It seemed that everybody on the stage felt uncomfortable also, with the exception of fifty empty benches, which were placed behind the conductor. These benches had it all to themselves, and seemed to enjoy it hugely. Mr. A. Paur conducted, but he too seemed to be depressed, for he gave us but a very tame performance. The orchestra played without precision and fire. There was very little light and a good deal of shade, there was no climax. The very long instrumental introduction, beautiful as it is in many parts, became tedious; and when the last note of the whole work had died away there was a great relief to the audience.

The solo parts were sung by Mme. Lichtmay, Mme. Becker, and Mr. Wm. Candidus. Mme. Lichtmay forced her voice, and sang considerably out of tune, and Mme. Becker could scarcely be heard. Mr. Candidus sang in tune, pronounced distinctly, and gave on the whole satisfaction. He might, however, have improved his singing by a little more ease and fire.

Next to the "Lobgesang" came the rendering by Mr. L. Damrosch of the first part of Beethoven's violin concerto, which elicited genuine applause on the part of the very excited audience.—The best part of the programme, at least in reference to effective rendering was that of the "Triumphal Hymn" from Wagner's Rienzi, under the direction of Mr. Bergmann, the solo being sung in excellent style by Mr. Candidus. The performance was very spirited, and gave rise to an enthusiastic call for an encore. The concert was concluded by a very indifferent performance of Lindpaintner's "Fest overture."

On Monday afternoon at Steinway Hall the so-called prize singing took place. The competitors were from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, and Poughkeepsie. Three songs were sung by the various societies, so that listeners had the felicity of

Digitized by Google

hearing each song at least six times. The compositions treated of the charms of the forest, of love and spring —a very nice subject, if dwelt upon in a poetical manner. To hear "I love thee" may be, under certain circumstances, very pretty, but to hear it eighteen times with very little variation, by a host of very robust men, becomes in the end exceedingly tedious. The songs have very little artistic merit. That by Herbeck (for the best rendering of which a Steck Grand was awarded) is very pretentious without cause. It has a few difficult modulations which will tax the singer, but not to such an extent as to upset him if he has any experience, yet most of the societies could not overcome them. The song "Waldeszauber" (second prize—Cycloid piano from Lindemann & Sons) has more depth of expression. It was well rendered by the Choral Society of Washington and the Quartett Club of Philadelphia. The song of the third prize (book and music stand): "Das macht das dunkelgrüne Laub" is in idea and expression very common, one of the thousands of quartets for male voices, with which the market abounds.

The decision of the judges was as follows: The first prize was given to the Baltimore Germania Maennerchor; the second to the *Choral Society* of Washington; and the third to the Buffalo Liedertafel. We congratulate the American Society upon its success. It was well deserved, although some opposition has been raised on account of the pronunciation of the singers, which, with conception, rhythm, and intonation, was made a point that actuated the decision of the judges. But candidly, on the whole, the Americans pronounced as well as the Germans did.

Three instrumental pieces for full orchestra varied in a most welcome manner the monotony of the proceedings. The conductor was Mr. Carl Bergmann, who did full justice to the task, especially in Liszt's symphonic poem "Mazeppa."

In the evening the first so-called Monster Concert took place at the Rink. The place is only fit to be used for fairs, skating and trotting. The consequence was, that Beethoven's fifth symphony was lost in the vast dimensions, and begged in vain to be comforted. Not much better fared the Frithjof's Sage" by Max Bruch. All the finer touches of the composition became lost, and the meaning of the production was hidden behind the banners and emblems, with which the building was decorated. Of the soloists—Mme. Lichtmay and Mr. Vierling gave satisfaction. The best impression was produced by the spirited rendering of the "Morgenlied" by Rietz, a very effective composition, which seemed to delight the audience.

The last concert, also at the Rink, was in reference to the singing a complete failure. The spirit of the festival told its tale, and it was a lamentable one. Little else were the performances of the orchestra, composed of the most heterogeneous elements, and little able to play such compositions as "Les Preludes." Mr. Damrosch, the conductor, did all that he could under the circumstances, and achieved as much success as could be reasonably expected from him. In conclusion, let us say, that this Saengerfest was very suggestive. We wonder whether it will teach anything to those who take particular interest in these festivals.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1871.

## The Festival Season.

Musical Festivals, at home and abroad, chiefly occupy our columns just now. And indeed there is a certain correspondence between the gala season of the earth, Midsummer, with long days and balmy nights, and the high noon of Music. Not that Music does her best work, proves her most sincere and deep devotion to her pure ideal, or confers her chiefest blessing, in these her great exceptional, sensational parades and pomps. In her quiet, daily, modest rounds of study and of practice, and of concert seasons, self-supported, in her several local centres—each steadfast to its true task, and not seduced by advertising arts of speculators into mere Jubilee excitement and vain show,—in this way mainly Music gains a holy empire over the hearts and tastes and manners of a people. At the same time it is natural that in the summer days there should be large gatherings or festivals, bringing together the fruits of the home study, showing what progress has been made, and quickening each member of each small society or chorus with the ringing palpable response of hundreds and of thousands in full sympathy. Only let it be borne in mind, that in our musical affairs we must not live entirely with a view to celebrating our musical Fourth of July. There is some danger of that in this country; our people are too easily tempted by "big things," forgetting that essential greatness takes no thought of outward magnitude. Our musical societies will work, and strain their voices night after night in arduous rehearsals to prepare for a festival, an exhibition, when they will not work for music as the great aim in itself.

The evil that results is two-fold: first, the use of so much artificial stimulus impairs the quality of the devotion, begetting shallow ambition rather than sincere love of art and joy in its unpretending, quiet service. Secondly, it monopolizes the hours, distracts and dissipates the spirit, and unsettles all the conditions for entering upon and following up persistently many a fine task for which there may be no room in a Festival, but which in itself, fairly accomplished, even if never exhibited, were worth a hundred festivals. For instance, our own Handel and Haydn Society have just achieved a great musical success, on a great scale, in their Triennial Festival. Is there no danger, in all the sorfeit of praise and compliment with which such occasions are accompanied and followed, that the rank and file of chorus members, nay, even some of the leaders (it would not be strange), may flatter themselves: "Well, now our work is done, and gloriously, for a good while at least, and nothing serious remains for us until the drawing nigh of the next Festival, three years hence; meanwhile, resting on our laurels, leaving the "Passion Music" half learnt, careless of this and other such conspicuous gaps and blanks in our repertory, we will have an easy winter and a thrifty; we will enter into the service of speculating managers from abroad, who are to bring bright importations of star singers; we will do *Messiah*, and *Creation*, and *Elijah*, and such familiar things as both we and the said stars know by heart already; and so learn nothing new, but earn perhaps a little money to repair our losses by the Festival, and have a good time generally." And if this tempting plan brings praise and profit one year, will it not come round again more temptingly a second year? And if it be true, as has been whispered, that one of these foreign importer impresarios has actually boasted: "We are coming to *take possession* of the Oratorio business in America, seeing that there is such a broad field for it," will he have reckoned entirely without his host?

Welcome the foreign artists will be to us all, of course; and welcome the return of the triennial Festival, and of all festivals which spring from really artistic impulses. We only throw out these hints in the way of caution, and in serious forecast of the conditions of our future, we trust wholesome, progress in the practice and the love of music as a people. We feel that in each several locality, each city, town and village, this culture ought to take root independently and deeply first; that here in Boston, for instance, it is important that we form the habit of doing all, as much as possible, out of our own resources, in our own way; welcoming whatever of true art and its expositors Europe may send, but in our organic efforts, our Societies, employing them to carry out our programmes, instead of being employed by them, or rather by their "agents," always in hot haste to convert this musical development of a young nation into a field for their own private speculation. Have we not had warning in the way that Opera has been introduced and managed in this country, exhausting the soil by forced, untimely visitations, and running itself into the ground at last until no opera succeeds? Would we have Oratorio and Symphony music fall under the same sort of exploitation, till Art in all forms shall live merely upon sufferance of Business, giving us more than we want at one time, withholding all that we want through long, barren periods, demoralizing the general taste, upsetting all high standard, and trading on sensational, factitious, momentary excitements, in the utter torpor of a true love and interest for Art? *Business versus Art* might be the title of a very serious essay.—But we had no thought of writing that now; and we return to the design, from which we have unconsciously digressed, which simply was to notice some of the distinctive features of some of the musical festivals of the present season.

Our own Handel and Haydn Festival, which came the earliest, was distinguished by its great length (six days), by the remarkable weight and richness of its programme, and by the size of its chorus compared with any abroad if we except the Crystal Palace occasions. Artistically, as we have said, it was a great success; a great encouragement, if only the high ground won be jealously maintained, the victory improved. If we have dwelt upon possible dangers, such as lurk in every triumph, none the less do we concur entirely with the flattering estimate of it as a whole which we find so well expressed in the appreciative, temperate, yet glowing "Review" by Mr. F. C. Bowman, of New York, published in pamphlet form by the Society. If there was failure, to some extent, pecuniarily, it was due mainly to the accident of an exhausted period both in the interest and the means of very many music-lovers, coming, as it chanced, after an unusual plethora of music, and the French Fair particularly. But it was perhaps also due in part to the ambitious magnitude of the undertaking, to the costliness of an unnecessarily large orchestra, and to the fatiguing fulness of the week. *Nine* concerts of such solid matter in six days! It was in the afternoon orchestral and vocal concerts that the paying audience fell short; most of the Oratorios were crowded; it was simply that one great Oratorio in a day is music enough for an ordinary mortal to take in and digest. Yet, to be sure it would seem a poor economy to bring together such forces, and from such distances, at such expense, for only two or three day. The $6,000 spent in bringing from England Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings we regard as one of the best investments; since the benefit to our own singers of the example and the influence of two such artists—such musicians, and not singers merely—was more than worth the outlay. When our own local musical centres shall have become unfailing springs of musical power in themselves, then it will be easy to concentrate upon a festival all the required elements, for shorter periods, and less crowded work, at a more moderate expense.

A model of an artistic, sensible, true Festival, was that of the Lower Rhine, held this year in Cologne in the same month of May, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, of which we copied a report in our last number. That lasted only three days, with only one concert in a day; i. e. in the evening, leaving the whole long morning open for rehearsal—the want of time and freshness for which in our Festival caused some of the performances of the extra large orchestra to show to disadvantage. The "public supper" with which the last evening was wound up was, doubtless, better suited to thoroughly musical, æsthetic, genial Germans, than it would be to our people. Then the programme: what could be more appropriate? For the first concert: a Festival Overture for the occasion by Reinecke; a poem (which we could spare); Bach's Cantata built upon "Ein feste Burg"; Gluck's *Iphigenia* Overture; a hymn for solos, chorus and orchestra, composed by Hiller himself in honor of the German victories; and finally the Ninth Symphony. Second Concert: Handel's Oratorio of *Joshua*—something for our Handel and Haydn to think of some day! Third Concert: Gade's first Symphony; air from *Fidelio*; Violin Concerto of Spohr, played by Joachim; Airs from *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*; Songs

Digitized by Google

by Schubert, Schumann, &c ; Handel's Coronation Anthem, &c., &c. It is rarely that a festival in England contains so much that is appetizing, yet all choice.—The main characteristic to be observed here is, the absence of that uneasy ambition for doing things upon a very big scale, with an immense chorus (there were about 600 voices), and for crowding too much into a single week. It should be a lesson to our musical busy bodies. In the most musical country there is no taste for monster "Jubilees"; they have the real love of music which is content with gratifications less exceptional, more simply, easily procured, and far more wholesome. That is not a musical people which craves a chorus of 10,000. Simple, frequent, moderate (in quantity) supplies of what is excellent in quality: that is what the cultivated taste requires.

To-day we copy *in extenso* from London papers reports of the first two days of the great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. This festival has a specific character and object; it is to celebrate the worth of the music of Handel, and bring it home to the hearts of men by all the means of instruments and voices. Handel's Oratorios, if anything, would seem to justify a chorus of extraordinary numbers. Four thousand English voices, in the Crystal Palace, singing the *Messiah* before 22,000 people is certainly a sublime conception. Possibly the 4,000 were too many for the best effect even in such Crystal Coliseum; doubtless they were far *more* effective than the ten thousand of the "sacred shed" of summer before last. But this one was a real Festival, conceived and carried out in the true sense of Art; it developed itself naturally out of a sincere sentiment for noble music, and was not intended mainly to astonish by stunning and sensational *effects*. It was not mainly brought about by outside manœuvres and appliances, by advertising agencies, and all the cunning ways by which a clever charlatan can manage to commit a public to a monster undertaking when there is no call for it. The object was a noble one, to illustrate the power and excellency of Handel's music. The programme was noble:—three great performances of Handel's noblest compositions, namely the two greatest Oratorios, *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, and for the middle day selections from his various works. It was no Art festival in that true sense in which the great Peace Jubilee was not, in that it was free from clap trap, and that it used its mighty chorus in the service of an adequate interpretation of entire great works, instead of borrowing single pieces from an Oratorio for the vain glorious display of such an enormous vocal army as the ambitious thaumaturgic manager might raise. This Handel Festival had also rare convenience of *space* (the Crystal Palace), and of *time*, by the sensible arrangement of a day's interval between the concerts, good for rehearsal, good for recreation both of singers and of listeners. One thing worth noting in it is, the real popularity in England of so severe and uniformly grand a work as *Israel in Egypt*. Let us too not despair of that; another year will bring it, if our old Society will only follow up its (almost) victory.

There is no Birmingham festival this year; but in the next regular English festival upon the usual scale (chorus of 400 or so), the Festival of the Three Choirs, which takes its turn at Gloucester next September, it will be seen that Bach's *Passion Music* figures in the programme, as well as Handel's *Messiah* and *Dettingen Te Deum*, and two new Oratorios by English composers.

Looking back now nearer home we find one of the great German Sängerfests, which came off lately in New York, and of which we copy a thoughtful notice, which, we are sorry to be obliged to feel, seems to be only too just. We did hope more at one time from those genial, hearty, musical and social gatherings of our German fellow citizens; but it appears that the social and parade side of the matter—particularly the beer d[r]inking side—has taken precedence of late over the musical, artistic side. At all events we know, that many music loving, serious, yet none the less genial and social Germans look upon it in that light, and that our Boston Orpheus Society have systematically of late declined participation in the heat and dust and glory of this kind of Vanity Fair.

---

HANDEL FESTIVAL. (LATER). The *Orchestra*, June 30, has just come to hand, bringing the following brief account of the third and last day:

The last day of the Festival was its crowning triumph. The "*Israel in Egypt*" was performed magnificently; the principal singers, the band, and the chorus exerting themselves to the utmost to produce a worthy rendering, and their efforts being well rewarded by the successful result. "Education" and "instruction" have of late years combined to popularize this most gigantic of all Handel's oratorios; but the wonderful effects produced by the forces under Sir Michael Costa, could not but impress the most indifferent listener, or the one most ignorant of the technical details with which the composer worked. Among the score of thousands present, there must have been many who had little appreciation of the contrapuntal skill, or of the powers of orchestral coloring which had been lavished on the work they were listening to; but they were none the less impressed by the grandeur and magnificence of the work; they were conscious of the thrill and cared not to analyze its mode of production, even if they could have done so.

The choruses which seemed to produce the greatest effect on the audience, of course after the "Hailstone" and "Horse and his rider"—both gloriously rendered—were "But as for his people," "But the waters overwhelmed them," and, most of all, "The people shall hear." The execution of these—and indeed of all the choruses—admits only of the highest eulogy.

The principal singers acquitted themselves well. Mr Kerr Gedge gave the tenor recitatives with distinctness and feeling, and Mme. Patey sang her two songs, "Their land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," in excellent style. The lady was in good voice, and was greatly applauded.

Mme. Rudersdorff displayed her usual fire in "Thou didst blow," and sang the exacting duet "The Lord is my strength" with Mme. Sherrington; both ladies acquitted themselves well. It was accompanied by Mr Coward with great taste and steadiness. In the trying solos of "The Lord shall reign" Mme. Sherrington's bright and clear voice rang out well, and seemed quite to fill the immense space. We have only to mention "The Lord is a man of war" by Messrs. Santley and Foli, and Mr. Sims Reeves's marvellous delivery of "The enemy said," which he has never sung better. This, more than anything else in the whole oratorio, evoked the enthusiasm of the audience—a fact, some would say, more creditable to the singer than to them.

At the end of the oratorio the "National Anthem" was played, and the Festival—the most successful in an artistic point of view that has ever taken place—was over.

---

## Miscellaneous.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVALS.—The next festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, takes place in the week commencing September 4th, at Gloucester. The principals have been engaged and the oratorios selected. The novelties are two in number—an oratorio by Macfarren, *St. John the Baptist*, and *Gideon*, by Mr. Cusins. The other oratorios are the *Messiah* (Handel), the *Elijah* (Mendelssohn), *The Passion* (Bach), *Calvary* (Spohr), and Handel's *Te Deum*, written in commemoration of the victory of Dettingen. The principals engaged are Mlle. Titiens, Mme Cora de Wilhorst, Mme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Signor Foli. Dr. S. S. Wesley, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, conducts, and Mr. G. H. Brown occupies his old post of secretary to the stewards.

---

Music bore rather an anomalous part in the peace festivities at the Opera in Berlin. For instance:

After the Court had reappeared, the audience took their seats, and the curtain rose on "Barbarossa"—another *pièce de circonstance*, of which the less said the better. You know the Legend of Kaiser Redbeard, and how he is supposed to be not yet dead, but only sleeping, "till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear." Thus Carlyle. Well the tradition has been spoiled by the author, Herr Hein, who represents him in the cave at Salzburg, doomed to lie there until released by a new German Emperor. Meanwhile, he dreams dreams of Germany's history, which are depicted with extraordinary skill by way of *tableaux vivants*. The piece is literally one very long accompanied recitative monologue, broken only by occasional stanzas for chorus. The music is by Hopffer, composer of a wearisome opera called Frithjof—one of the young German musicians whom Wagner's pernicious example has taught to seek beauty in perpetual discord, symmetry in helpless disorder. Herr Niemann, who has worried his naturally superb tenor into utter intolerance of all control, looked princely enough in the Imperial garments of Barbarossa, and sang loudly enough to make his hearers hoarse; while pleasant voiced Fräulein Florina disguised herself as the dwarf who keeps the Red beard *au courant* of outside events. The tableaux represent striking episodes of German story, from the Crusades of Barbarossa's time, through Frederick the Great, to the Slesvig and Austrian campaigns, and the reunion of the Empire—symbolized by Germania held aloft on a shield, supported by a soldier of each State. Artistic taste was shown in depicting the distant events with all the realism of color and costume, and the recent deeds by symbolic statuesque groups. The tableaux caused some of the younger officers to break out into the applause which, of course, is not *de rigueur* on State occasions; but the example was not followed. When, however, an ineffective "Kaiser-Wilhelm Marsch" by Ingeborg von Bronsart had given place to the soul-stirring "Wacht am Rhein," and the curtain rose on an equestrian effigy of the Emperor, a shield marked "Paris" lying under his horse's hoof, enthusiasm could be restrained no longer. Every man turned round with one impulse, and "Hoch" was cried out three times with startling effect, the repetition being each time accented by helmets waved aloft. The Emperor bowed in reply; the Empress also gravely but graciously saluted the audience; and the brilliant houseful of many-colored warriors and statesmen leisurely strolled out into the crowded streets of their homely Berlin.

---

LONDON.—The seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society on Monday evening, although it came at the close of the first day of the Handel Festival, attracted a large audience to St. James's Hall; and even the members of the orchestra, who had done an afternoon's hard work, seemed scarcely to have been affected by their previous labors. The symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven were played in admirable style under Mr. Cusins' direction and the latter, especially the well known No. 4 in B flat, played first in the second part of the programme, was most enjoyable. The chief attraction of the evening, however, was the piano forte concerto of Sir W. S. Bennett in F minor, No. 4, played by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, which in point of finish and genuine artistic intelligence could scarcely have been surpassed. It was eminently a performance of which Englishmen might feel proud, and the national composer and the national artiste were alike honored by the loud applause at its conclusion. Herr Straus played Viotti's somewhat mediocre concerto for violin, No. 22, in A minor, with his usual skill and taste, but it failed to find much favour with the *cognoscenti* among the audience. The vocalists were Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. de Murska, and M. Capoul, Mdlle. Marimon's appearance being postponed until the last concert of the season.—*Choir*.

---

FARMINGTON, CONN. The usual classical concerts of chamber music, at the close of the summer session of Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School, occurred June 29th and 30th, under the direction of the faithful Karl Klauser. The executants were Dr. Damrosch (the lately imported Conductor of the Arion in New York), Violin; S. B. Mills, Piano; F. Bergner, Violoncello. The programmes were, as always, choice:

*53d Concert, Thursday, June 29, 1871.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, Piano and Violin, op. 47 | Beethoven. |
| Sonata, Piano, op. 22, G minor | Schumann. |
| Prelude and Fugue, G minor, Violin Solo | Bach. |
| Sonata, Piano and 'Cello | Bonifacius Arbell. |
| Trio, op. 99 | Schubert. |

*54th Concert.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, No 16, E flat, Piano and Violin | Mozart. |
| Solos, Piano, a. Des Abends, op. 12 | Schumann. |
| b. Traumeswirren. | |
| c. Ende vom Lied. | |
| Romanze, Violin | Damrosch. |
| Sonata, Piano and Violin, op. 69 | Beethoven. |
| Solos, Piano, a. Etude, No. 5, op. 25 | Chopin. |
| b. Waltz, No 3, op. 64 | " |
| c. Marche Militaire | Tausig. |
| Solo, Violoncello | Stradella |
| Trio, op. 97 | Beethoven |

## The Musical Congress.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

[Concluded from page 56.]

Dr. Barnett then presented the following list of names for officers for the ensuing year, which was adopted:

President—John Stephenson, President of the United Choral Societies of New York.

Corresponding and Recording Secretary—Dr. Eben Tourjée of Boston.

Treasurer—W. E. Sheldon of Newton, Mass.

Vice-Presidents.—Wm. Mason, George W. Morgan, Chas. W. Harris, E. Wentworth, D.D., Otto Singer, J. H. Cornell, S. B. Mills, A. H. Messiter, William Steinway, William A. Pond, H. C. Timm, John Zundel, S. P. Warren, L. B. Wyman, J. P. Browner, Theodore Hagen, Chester G. Allen, George W. Pettit, Dr. Charles W. Beams, William Hall, John C. Cook of New York; Oliver Ditson, George D. Russell, George H. Davis, Eugene Thayer, John D. C. Parker, Carlyle Petersilea, Ernst Perabo,* S. H. Southard, George E. Whiting, J. H. Willcox, George J. Webb, Julius Eichberg,* Hon. William Claflin, B. D. Allen, J. O'Neill, Amos Whiting, B. W. Husted, W. O. Perkins, L. O. Emerson, H. E. Holt, F. H. Underwood, J. B. Sharland, F. H. Torrington, J. F. West, L. Soule, Benjamin Walker, S. W. Stevens, John S. Thayer, L. B. Ellis, A. W. Whitcomb, Gardner Tufts, L. W. Mason, of Massachusetts; J. Pearce, M. H. Cross, of Pennsylvania; George P. Cole, of Maryland; W. S. B. Mathews, A. Baumbach, Dudley Buck, George F. Root, George A. Saunders, George B. Upton, of Illinois; C. H. McClellan, F. S. Davenport, E. F. Dunn, H. Kotzschmar, S. Thurston, William Rice, of Maine; E. T. Baldwin, John W. Moore, T. J. W. Pray, George W. Boody, John Jackman, John W. Odlin, of New Hampshire; S. T. Brooks, S. D. Winslow, of Vermont; G. J. Stoeckel, Marshall Jewell, Pliny Jewell, Rev. Wm. L. Gage, J. G. Griswold, Henry Wilson, of Connecticut; Hon. Elisha Dyer, L. T. Downes, of Rhode Island; O. S. Gregory, Jr., William F. Sherwin, Lowell Mason, of New Jersey; John Church, Jr., of Ohio; Dr. Caulfield, District of Columbia.

Directors—John P. Morgan, Carl Bergmann, Geo. F. Bristow, Henry C. Watson, James Peel, Robert J. Johnson, of New York; Carl Zerrahn, John K. Paine, P. S. Gilmore, S. A. Emery, Luther L. Holden, of Boston; C. C. Converse, of Brooklyn; H. K. Oliver, of Salem; Henry Trask, Springfield; Charles Jarvis, Philadelphia; Hans Balatka, Chicago; J. G. Barnett, Hartford; Theodore T. Seward, Orange, N.Y.; P. A. Stackpole, Dover, N.H.; Francis A. Fisher, Rutland, Vt.

The following named gentlemen were appointed a committee on the formation of musical institutes:

T. F. Seward, W. O. Perkins, W. S. B. Mathews, L. H. Southard, L. O. Emerson, E. F. Dunn, E. F. Davenport, C. G. Allen, George B. Loomis.

The meeting then adjourned.

### FINAL BUSINESS SESSION.

At the conclusion of the afternoon congress a final business session was held. It was devoted chiefly to the passage of resolutions.

Mr. Southard, who has presided in the absence of the president, made a short address. Mr. T. F. Seward of New Jersey, on behalf of the general committee on resolutions, reported the following:—

### RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the national musical congress, are highly gratified with the results of this, its third annual convention, and feel that decided progress has been made in advancing the results which it aims to accomplish. These results are as follows: 1st, the formation of musical societies throughout the country and the encouragement of those already established; 2d, the presentation of the best and purest music, by which the standard of taste in these societies and among the people may be continually elevated; 3d, the introduction of music to all the public schools of the land; and 4th, the renewal of a popular interest in elementary instruction in those sections of the country where it is neglected, and, so far as practicable, the supplying of teachers for carrying on the work.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the congress be presented to the gentlemen who have prepared papers on various subjects, the reading of which has contributed so much to the pleasure and profit of this convention. The committee also recommended that those papers should, if possible, be published, and thus placed among the permanent records of the society.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the congress be presented to the artists who have so kindly lent their aid, and who have added so much to the interest of the various sessions. Among these it is desired to include the organists and conductors.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the congress be presented to the various choral societies that have taken part in the concerts, with congratulations upon the success of their performance, which cannot be regarded as otherwise than remarkable when it is considered that the singers were brought together from different communities and were not familiar with each other nor in many cases with the conductors. Their admirable singing cannot but have the effect of stimulating other similar organizations to renewed exertions, and also, it may be, lead to the formation of like societies in cities and towns where none now exist.

*Resolved*, That the kindness of the board of education and the teachers of music, in affording an opportunity for members of the congress to witness the methods of teaching in the public schools, is well appreciated. It will be our aim to show that appreciation by endeavoring to establish musical instruction, if no such system already exists, in our schools at home.

*Resolved*, That the congress heartily indorses and will endeavor to carry out the spirit of the remarks made by Mr. Underwood at the Everett school, concerning the dignity of the music teacher's vocation. It will be one of the aims of the congress to correct public opinion upon this point, and to lead the world to see, what is undoubtedly true, that the work of the teacher of music, having to do as it has with the immortal part of man's nature and developing powers which will be employed throughout eternity in rendering praise to the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, is only second in dignity and importance to that of the minister of the gospel.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the congress are due to the acting president of this convention, Dr. L. H. Southard, for the able and courteous manner in which he has performed his duties, and to the secretary, Dr. E. Tourjée, for the energy and tact which he has displayed in the preparations for this convention.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Dr. J. G. Barnett, of Hartford, offered a series of resolutions, that the congress invite writers of music who are now unknown to the public to send in their compositions to the directors for publication, such compositions when published to become the property of the congress. The resolutions provided for the appointment of a committee of six persons to supervise the vocal music and a committee of three on instrumental music. They were adopted.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore, being in the hall, was called upon for a speech, and somewhat reluctantly consented to make what was the best speech of the afternoon. He referred to his proposed international peace jubilee, and announced that he should lay the plan before the public in about two weeks.

The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Seward and adopted:

*Resolved*, That this organization learns with high gratification, that Mr. P. S. Gilmore has in contemplation an international peace jubilee to take place in 1872; and recognizing the great benefit which the inauguration and successful carrying out of the peace jubilee of 1869 has conferred upon musical art, and believing that his plan as now propounded will tend greatly to broaden the area of musical culture, touching a chord which will vibrate not only throughout our own communities, but will serve to bind in closer fraternal relations the nations of the world, we heartily commend it to the acceptance of the American people, and to the sympathy and co-operation of the friends of music everywhere.

A committee of six were appointed to arrange for the next annual convention, as follows: W. E. Sheldon of Newton, Dr. Eben Tourjée, Geo. B. Ellis of New Bedford, T. F. Seward of Orange, N. J., R. J. Johnson of New York, L. L. Holden of the Boston Journal, and Chas. H. McClellan of Bath, Me.

The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

### THE FINAL CONCERTS.

In the afternoon a miscellaneous concert of a very interesting character was given, in which a number of fine orchestral selections were presented, and solos were performed by Mr. Rudolphsen, Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Perabo and others. Mrs. West and Mrs. Sawyer were announced upon the programme in the "*Quis est homo*" from Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*," but Mrs. West was unable to be present, and in place of the duet Miss Fisher sang Bassini's "*Ave Maria*." The programme as a whole was enjoyable, and the performances were of a high order of merit.

In the evening, "The Creation" was given in the hearing of an immense audience, whose numbers quite exceeded the seating capacity of the hall. The solos were sustained by Mrs. West, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Wm. J. Winch, all of whom acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of their high reputations. Mrs. West was in particularly good voice and sang to the great acceptance of the listeners. The chorus appeared with very full ranks and did its work on the whole well,—surprisingly well, perhaps, in view of its heterogeneous character and slender preliminary preparation. The audience throughout the evening were most earnest, attentive and enthusiastic.

* Mr. Perabo and Mr. Eichberg have since publicly protested against this unauthorized use of their names.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal with Piano Accompaniment.

The Violet. "Select Trios for Female Voices." 3. A to *g*. *Cushman*. 40

The set mentioned contains more than 20 select trios, and should be adopted in "every seminary." The Violet has a simple fugue-like, or round-like progression, and is varied without being difficult.

Come let us all be merry. Song and Chorus. 2. F to f. *F. J. Lippitt*. 30

A "jolly boy's" song.

Mollie Adair. (Lithograph title). Song and Chorus. 3. G to *g*. *W. F. Wellman*. 40

"I dream of my darling, wherever I go,
She's fair as the lily, and pure as the snow."

One of Bessie Ludlow's songs, and must be a success.

Te Deum in F. 4. F to *g*. *J. R. Thomas*. 1.00

Very musical throughout. A worthy Te Deum.

Why is my heart so sad. Song and Chorus. 3. D to *g*. *H. Percy*. 30

Sung with success by a minstrel troupe.

Yes or No! 3. E♭ to f. *M. W. Hackleton*. 30

"Violets, violets, blossoming low
Deep in the greenest of mosses that grow;
Whisper it softly, and whisper it low,
Say is he coming? Yes, or No!"

A bewitching little song, delicate and melodious.

I'd be a laughing Child. 3. A♭ to *a*. *J. S. Knight*. 30

A bright reminiscence of childhood.

Jubilate in F. 4. F to f. *J. R. Thomas*. 50

Choirs will be pleased with the new piece, which includes a pretty duet, and is neither long nor difficult.

When will Papa come? Song and Chorus. 3. C to e. *H. Percy*. 30

Simple, and will please the little ones.

Jesus, Saviour of my Soul. Quartette. 4. A♭ to f. *R. Berry*. 30

The old, sweet hymn set to beautiful new music. Smooth and flowing in style.

### Instrumental.

Utah Galop. 2. F. *T. H. Daly*. 30

Spirited dance, commended to Mormon households, and to all others who like the "galop."

Golden Echoes. *E. Mack*. 30

A Set of 25 pieces, containing among others

Dublin Bay. Barcarolle. 2. G.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear. 2. A.

Both pretty, and the last a very pleasing transcription.

Three Sonatas by Pleyel. For 4 hands. *Pleyel*.

No. 1. 4. B♭. 90

" 2. 4. D. 75

These beautiful Sonatas are as good as ever, and that is very good. Without the deep expression of modern pieces, they are smooth, sweet, elegant, and excellent for learners.

Five Petits Morceaux. Very easy. *J. Rummel*.

No. 2. March. 2. C.

Good for one of the "first pieces."

No. 3. Romance. 2. G.

Good, graceful practice.

No. 4. Valse. 2. F. 25

Does not appear so easy as it is, but is pretty, and fits easily to the fingers.

Norma. Fantasie Brillante. 5. *Sidney Smith*. 80

Norma, to be sure, but Sidney Smith's brilliant arrangement of it, and does not sound in the least old or worn. Brilliant.

Dexter Galop. 3. G. *Hermann Eberling*. 40

Quite full and powerful for a galop, but retains enough tripping elegance to render the name appropriate.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 791. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Telegrams.

While the proud sun, with slowly-dialled hours,
Leads on the weary day, followed by weary night,
Triumphant lightnings flash across Time's course,
And all the nations in one day unite.

In vain roars ocean with tumultuous waves:
Beneath its tempests speeds a silent voice,
With words to hush a million hearts in grief,
Or bid the millions in one hope rejoice.

While conquering armies sweep across the plain
Pursuing in hot haste the scattering foe,
O wounded men, dying with no friend near,
Know that some far-off stranger mourns your woe.

To thee, sad dweller in a foreign clime,
Striving with memories to cheer thy heart,
Swift as thy longings a fond message comes
Straight from thy home, to say how loved thou art.

Even while he speaks the statesman's words are borne
To distant lands; far from the listening throng
Great sympathies are roused and bright eyes glow,
As he with eloquence condemns the wrong.

While answering pulses circle round the earth,
How lonely do we wander day by day!
Is there no fire of thought, subtler than words,
That can from soul to soul its currents play?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Hans Guido von Bulow.

HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the fame of pianists who are not also composers, seldom extends beyond their own country. Photography reproduces imperfectly for us the works of architects, sculptors and painters. Printing reproduces perfectly the works of authors and composers; but the real presence of a pianist, as of a tragedian, is a necessity for his full or even partial appreciation. The inability to travel to all parts of the world is therefore the first great cause of the limited fame of pianists; and the second cause is that they are after all only translators of other men's compositions, or readers aloud, and must inevitably enjoy only the fame of being good interpreters, and not that of invention or original production. But when the performer becomes also composer, he avails himself of the already mentioned advantages of the composer, and becomes famous more readily. Thus it happens that there are but two pianists living who have a world-wide reputation as musicians, Liszt and Thalberg.* Rubinstein has a European reputation which bids fair to become world-wide. Yet all Englishmen are proud of Halle. The North Germans boast of Tausig. Parisians praise Planté. Italians recognize a great artist in Petrelli, and the South Germans are justly proud of Bülow, who is equal perhaps to any of the above-mentioned as a pianist, and superior as director of an orchestra. The principal facts in his life are as follows: He was born in Dresden, Saxony, January 8th, 1830, and did not display any peculiar talent for music until his ninth year, when he was dangerously ill with brain-fever, and immediately after his recovery he showed a wonderful power of reading music at sight. He studied under Wieck and Litolff, and later under Eberwein and Hauptmann. In 1846 he went to the Lyceum at Stuttgart; in 1848 to the Leipzig University; and in 1850 to Berlin, with the intention of studying law. Later in 1850 Bülow went to Weimar and witnessed the first representation of Wagner's "Lohengrin" given under Liszt's direction. For the next few years Bülow was the protegé of Liszt and Wagner, the latter giving him very often pecuniary support, which his parents were unwilling to do on account of their dislike to his newly chosen profession, to which they became reconciled after a few years. He made several musical tours in Europe, and was enthusiastically received. He became in 1854 head professor of the Piano department in the Berlin Conservatorium. In 1857 he was naturalized as a Prussian citizen, and in the same year he married Liszt's youngest daughter, Cosima, the child of the Countess d'Agout. In the following year he was appointed court-pianist at Berlin. In 1864 he created a great sensation in Russia both as an orchestra director and as pianist. In the same year Bülow went to Munich, and was appointed pianist to the King of Bavaria. In 1866 Bülow followed Wagner to Lucerne, but returned in 1867 to take the position of Court-chapel-master, director of the opera, in which position he gained fresh laurels in bringing out Wagner's "Meistersinger," and many other operas. In 1869 Madame von Bülow concluded that she would like to change husbands; so she left Munich and went to live with Richard Wagner at Lucerne. Soon after a divorce was pronounced by the Bavarian Courts, and Von Bülow came to Florence, where he has been ever since and now is. Besides the honors already mentioned he has been decorated Knight of the Order of St. Michael (Bavarian), Member of the Prussian Order of the Crown, Member of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, Receiver of the Mecklenburg Gold Medal, Doctor of the Faculty of the Jena University, Corresponding Member of the Dutch Musical Society, etc., etc., etc.

As a man of society Von Bülow is genial and pleasant, often striving to be witty, and succeeding occasionally. He has much affected modesty, and is seldom capricious about performing in private. His personal appearance is not peculiarly prepossessing. He is below the average height and of rather a slight figure. His head is proportionately large, and his face an egg-shaped oval, being immensely broad behind the eyes, and sloping inward toward the forehead and chin. His features are regular and his eyes, which are rather small, but prominent, have a most laughing expression. He is slightly bald and wears a moustache and goatee. His movements are all quick and nervous.

As a critic and teacher Von Bülow has been very successful. In 1849 he wrote frequently for the Berlin "Abendpost," and later for the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," and his musical criticisms are considered in Germany as thoroughly sound and reliable. He gives lessons at high prices to students who have already made considerable progress, and who exhibit a real talent for music. He is very severe and brings his scholars forward rapidly and thoroughly. He scolds his young lady pupils usually to the crying point, by telling them that they play miserably, and don't learn and don't practice; but they do learn wonderfully under his tuition, notwithstanding the loss of tears and the exhaustion which such a drain produces.

As a composer Von Bülow has not published very many works. They number only between twenty and thirty. The most celebrated of them are the "Overture and Music to Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar;" "The Singer's Curse" for orchestra; "Nirwana;" numerous piano pieces; songs for single voices and for chorus; besides two concert duos for piano and violin. He is however better known for his arrangements and transcriptions, among which we should mention the piano arrangement of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and many other productions of Wagner, Liszt, Handel, Bach and Berlioz.

As Director of an orchestra Bülow is without a superior. He has a knack of inspiring his musicians with ambition, and a wonderful talent in discovering just where the weak parts are, besides a deep and thorough knowledge of the music even to the most insignificant note of the least important instrument. Sometimes when leading he seems possessed with some musical sprite or genius, and utterly to forget the audience. The superb rendering of Wagner's operas at Munich, during the past few years, is alone sufficient proof of his ability as director, and many others are not wanting.

As a Pianist, however, Von Bülow is best known, and shares the honors of Europe with Rubinstein and Tausig. He is very fond of devoting an entire evening to the works of a single composer only, thus making a study of his style. In this way we have often heard him play for two hours only the works of the profound Beethoven; another evening only the music of the less thoughtful, more melodious and pastoral Schubert; again that of the eccentric Schumann, of the poetic Mendelsohn, of the melancholy Chopin, of the labyrinthine Bach; another time, the finger gymnastics of Liszt. We have heard him, in short, play every style of composition except the trivial, and except his own; and in passing we may say that this habit of not playing his own productions is as pleasant as it is rare in an artist. We have had therefore full opportunity of appreciating Bülow. And first of all it must be said that he is not a very uniform player. His nervous nature is often excited to put forth every effort and to perform with his whole soul, and sometimes he relaxes almost into mediocrity. He is not universally but usually brilliant. His memory is really

* This was written a few months before Thalberg's death.

Digitized by Google

wonderful. In the numerous times that we have heard him he has *never* used notes, and not only does he play for hours at a time the most difficult compositions of Bach and Beethoven without notes, but sustains his piano part in trios and quartets, and sometimes even directs an orchestra with no music to aid his memory. Several times however we have heard him vary from the written music, either intentionally or otherwise, in which cases he repeated a phrase until he remembered the exact harmonies, or improvised a few chords, and continued farther on. Of course this was done so cleverly and smoothly that no one would notice the variation unless he were very familiar with the music. Von Bülow's executive ability is beyond praise. It is often said that he is not equal to Tausig in very difficult octave passages. It is also said that in comparison with Rubinstein he lacks delicacy in piano passages; that Bülow can render a piano passage entirely piano, but that Rubinstein can put crescendo and decrescendo into the same passage; that Bülow renders smoothly piano, but without light and shade. We think this is hypercriticism or partiality. Bülow is thoroughly dignified and grand in the maestoso style of music, but also tender and romantic when sentiment is to be expressed. His most individual peculiarity is an apparently absolute identification of himself with the composer. The man seems to be lost in the composer. The music seems spontaneous. There is never a moment of doubt or hesitation. There is never a passage that seems unintelligible to the pianist himself. The whole production seems to be a poetical musical effusion straight from the man's own soul.

Von Bülow is versatile, and still the rendering of Beethoven is his forte. He can play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" admirably. He can play Beethoven's Sinfonies and Sonatas superbly. His superiority as a performer of Beethoven's works comes especially from his unusually deep insight into the argumentative or reasoning part of the music. We of course acknowledge that Beethoven's music comprehends more different styles than that of any other composer. He is poetic, pastoral, gay, and sad, but always deeply thoughtful. Even so Von Bülow is versatile, but always works out and expresses the idea first and foremost.

Even the jealous Italians, who are ever ready to disparage the talent and ability of foreign artists, all acknowledge Von Bülow as a "chief among ten thousand," and, in the absence of aught else, fall back upon his affectation so as to find something to blame. In this respect he has certainly reached a height quite equal to his musical reputation. It is amusing to watch the careless manner with which he looks at the programme to see what pieces he is to play; the production of two handkerchiefs to dry his hands; his habit of looking patronizingly around at the audience while playing some very difficult passage; and another habit of putting his face close down to the key-board at all very piano passages, as if to smell out the melody. We were also much amused one evening at the end of a duo. Von Bülow and the first violinist had just performed the Rondo, op. 70, of Schubert, in which the piano has an equal share of the work. The audience applauded loudly, whereupon the humble pianist bowed toward the violinist and commenced clapping also. This looked very much like affectation, but we do not dare to call it such lest we should incur the severe displeasure of a small circle of ladies who have apparently set aside the first commandment, or at least inserted the initials G. H. von B. in the middle of it.

SIXELA.

*Florence, Jan.* 27, 1870.

## More Letters by Mendelssohn.

(Concluded from page 58.)

*Düsseldorf, 17th July*, 1835.

I should have thanked you long ago for your kind note, and feel honored and pleased with the poem which you sent me; but I have been hindered from writing by much unexpected sorrow. You know that my parents accompanied me here from Cologne, and we were living together so happily, making excursions in the neighborhood. Everything seemed to promise an enjoyable summer; when my mother was taken dangerously ill, partly from the upsetting of the carriage in one of our country drives, and partly from exertions to which she is not accustomed. At first we feared the worst, but now, thank God, she is better, and indeed so far recovered, that we begin to look forward to leaving this place. Of course we shall take the most direct road to Berlin, and travel by easy stages; and I shall go with them, so as to make sure of their safe arrival, and look after them carefully on the journey. You may imagine what an anxious time I have had, and I am sure you will excuse me for not having been able to thank you for your note and the poem until this very day. I shall hope soon to repeat all this by word of mouth, for Herr Dörrien tells me that I must be in Leipzig at least four weeks before the first concert; so you will see me about the end of next month.

Of course I have written no music lately, beyond doing a little here and there to my Oratorio, and these lines will show you that letter writing suits me no better; still less as I look forward to seeing you soon, and saying everything so much better than I can write it. Till then, therefore, farewell. Best regards and many thanks to you both for all your kindness at the Festival. Should you have anything to communicate to me before I get to Leipzig, please to direct to Herr A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Berlin. Hoping to see you again in a fortnight,

Yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

How kind and thoughtful of you to surprise us* again this morning, with your beautiful basket of apples; their fragrance fills the whole room. A thousand thanks to you and your husband for so kindly thinking of us and remembering how fond we are of such delicious fruit. I envy Mr. Voigt when I look at them; when can Donizetti or Pacini† send their friends such dainty things? Nothing but songs—often tasteless enough, and with maggots inside—instead of nice fragrant apples. Again a thousand thanks from myself and my wife; to-day or to-morrow I shall hope to repeat them verbally.

Yours ever truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

*Leipzig, 8th November*, 1838.

*Horchheim, near Coblenz, 6th Aug.* 1839.

I heard this morning from a friend in Leipzig that you were so unwell as to be obliged to go to a watering-place, so I hardly know where this letter will find you; but I cannot forbear writing to say how much the unexpected news of your illness has pained me, and how heartily I hope that you will soon be well again. A few days ago I was at Ems, and when I saw the visitors pacing up and down, I thought how tedious it must be to anybody with an active mind to have to stay there. Yet people are satisfied if they can thus purchase health, and I feel sure that, disagreeable as your present residence must be, if it brings you health and strength you will not regret its tedium. Are you able to play the piano at all? If not, I know what a deprivation that must be. Yet, during a "cure," it may be wiser to forego the pleasure for a time, as it might be injurious to get too much engrossed about anything. I suppose this is why there are so many parties and conversaziones at watering-places, because such talking requires so little thought and feeling; the weather plays the great part.

*Apropos* to which, do you ever remember a more uninterruptedly beautiful summer? I hope you can enjoy these lovely days and evenings in the open air. We made excursions for two months, walking and driving in the lovely country round Frankfort, and now again here on the Rhine. The woods near Frankfort and the hills here could tell many a tale about us. It is time now to think of leaving, and we intend to make only a short stay at Bingen and Frankfort, and be back in Leipzig in about a fortnight. I have undertaken to conduct a Festival at Brunswick in the beginning of September; but with all the pleasure and honor of the thing I am sorry for it, as it obliges me to shorten my visit here. To leave the Rhine in the beautiful summer months and go northwards is never to my taste (in every sense of the word, because the fruit and grapes are so good). I believe that Providence has created the musicians of this country as an antidote to its attractions—they certainly do not enhance them. I feel quite at home and happy when I meet some of our North German musicians, and am no longer worried with jealousies and bickerings, and backbitings and antediluvian gossip.

A thoroughly honest musician—like Klengel for instance—is not to be found in any orchestra here, and when autumn comes I begin to long terribly for Leipzig music. I hope David will stay there. I have heard a good deal lately about his settling in England, and some of my English friends wrote to me, expecting me to share their wishes about keeping him there; but I am far from being so unselfish, and shall, on the contrary, do all I can to make him stay with us.

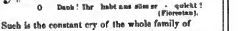
I have lately been writing all sorts of new things, which I hope soon to play to you—a trio‡ for piano, violin, and 'cello—a book of four part songs for the open air—a Psalm§—some Fugues, *et cætera animalia*. I meant to do much more during the summer, but the walks, and the baths, and the *dolce far niente*, do not forward one's work!

Now, I have chatted long enough, perhaps too long for you; but these few lines may amuse you when you are tired, so let them go. May they find you convalescent and happy. With kind regards to your dear husband and little Ottilie, I am ever,

Yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

The last letter of this set cannot be given here entire. It is dated "Leipzig, 19th October, 1846," and consists—evidently in allusion to a similar gift to that which called forth No. 6—of a pen and-ink sketch of a basket of apples and grapes, followed by a quotation (easy to recognise, though it is not quite literal) from one of the pieces in Schumann's "Album für die Jugend." The words are Mendelssohn's own:




Such is the constant cry of the whole family of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

[*Macmillan's* Contributor is mistaken about the above quotation. The notes are not by Schumann, and the words are not by Mendelssohn; the passage occurs, word for word and note for note, in the prison Aria of Florestan in *Fidelio*.—ED.]

* He had been married in the interval between this letter and the one before it in April, 1837.

† The apples were the gift of a friend from Italy.

‡ The D minor Trio, No. 1.

§ Psalm cxiv, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

## The Salem Oratorio Society.

[From the Salem Register, July 13.]

The annual meeting of this Society was held at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening last, the attendance being large. D. B. Hagar, Esq. was chairman, and Capt. Geo. M. Whipple Secretary. The Treasurer, Mr. Bigelow, presented his report, showing a favorable balance on the right side of the sheet, and that the last season has been eminently a success, financially. The Chairman read the report of the Executive Committee, an ably written document, giving a recapitulation of the progress of the society since its formation, notices of its public performances, per-centage of attendance of members at rehearsals, &c., &c., with some valuable hints as to the future of the Society, as follows:—

MR. HAGAR'S REPORT TO THE ORATORIO SOCIETY.

The Salem Oratorio Society was organized under the lead and through the strenuous efforts of Mr. Francis H. Lee. At his request a goodly number of gentlemen, interested in musical culture, met in the Chapel of Barton Square Church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, 1868, to consider the expediency of forming a society for the study of the higher styles of music. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Geo. M. Whipple and was organized by the choice of Mr. D. B. Hagar as Chairman and Mr. S. P. Driver as Secretary. After an interesting discussion relating to the character of the proposed society it was resolved

to place its business affairs in the hands of an Executive Committee, and to give to Mr. Carl Zerrahn entire control of its musical affairs. An Executive Committee were unanimously elected, consisting of Messrs. F. H. Lee, Geo. M. Whipple, Benj. Whitmore, Geo. A. Fuller, and E. H. Randall.

The fee of membership for gentlemen was fixed at $5. Ladies were to be admitted free.

The first rehearsal of the Society—then called simply a "Class"—was held in Barton Square Chapel, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2; and so great was the interest in this new musical enterprise that more than two hundred persons appeared as members.

The Study of Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation* was then commenced with promising success.

The number of persons desiring to join the Society became immediately too large to be accommodated in the Chapel; the rehearsals were therefore transferred to Crombie St. Church. In order to reduce the number of members, and to secure a better balance of parts, the ladies were required to have their voices tried individually, and only those who were found well qualified were admitted to membership. The number of members having thus been considerably reduced, the rehearsals were restored to the Chapel, where they were continued for a considerable period, and until the gradual increase of membership led to the use of Lyceum Hall.

The first public performance of the Society was given at Mechanic Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, 1869. Some two hundred voices rendered Haydn's *Creation* with the most encouraging success. The soloists of the occasion were Miss J. E. Houston, Soprano; Mr James Whitney, Tenor; and Mr. F. J. Rudolphsen, Bass.

By general request the Oratorio was repeated on Wednesday evening, March 17.

The third Concert of the Society was given on Friday evening, April 23, and included Rossini's "Stabat Mater;" selection from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, *Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah*; and the Hallelujah Chorus, from Handel's *Messiah*.

The fourth and last performance for the season, given June 7, was a public rehearsal of the music assigned to be sung at the great "Peace Jubilee" which commenced in Boston, June 15. The members of the Salem Oratorio Society who participated in that world renowned festival can never forget the intense and delighted emotions with which they mingled their voices with ten thousand others in producing some of the grandest music the world has ever heard.

The Annual meeting of the Society for the transaction of business was held July 1, 1869. The fee for new members (gentlemen) was fixed at $5; the yearly assessment for gentlemen already members was placed at $2. An Executive Committee was chosen consisting of Messrs. D. B. Hagar, F. H. Lee, G. M. Whipple, E. H. Randall, Benjamin Whitmore, and G. A. Fuller.

The rehearsals of the second season commenced at Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, Oct. 7, 1869, when the Oratorio of the *Messiah* was taken up for study. The Oratorio was publicly performed by the Society on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12, 1870. The Soloists were Mrs. J. W. Weston, of Salem, Soprano; Mrs. Chas. A. Barry, of Boston, Contralto; Dr. S. W. Langmaid, of Boston, Tenor; and Mr. Wm. H. Beckett, of New York, Bass.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, Haydn's "Creation" was reproduced by the Society, assisted by Miss Houston, Soprano; Mr. W. J. Winch, Tenor; and Mr. M. W. Whitney, Bass.

On Wednesday evening, May 18, the Society sang Mendelssohn's "Elijah" with a success which drew the highest praise from the most competent musical critics. The solos were given by Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. The instrumental music was performed by thirty members of the Germania orchestra.

With the performance of "Elijah" the Society's work for the season was brought to a close.

At the annual meeting held July 26, 1870, the Executive Committee of the past year were re-elected. It was voted to make the annual assessment $4 for gentlemen and $2 for ladies.

The Society resumed its work on Thursday evening, Sept. 29, with a large increase in its numbers. On Monday evening, Dec. 26, 1870, the Society, numbering nearly 400 voices, performed the "Messiah," with the assistance of Mrs. J. Houston West, Mrs. Charles A. Barry, Mr. F. C. Packard and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

On Thursday evening, March 2, 1871, Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul" was rendered by the Society, aided by Mrs. J. Houston West, Mrs. Charles A. Barry, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. J. R. Winch. The public interest in this Oratorio was so great as to bring together one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Salem at a public concert.

The next and last performance of the Society took place on Thursday evening, May 4, when the Oratorio of Elijah was rendered with excellent success. The Soloists employed were Mrs H. M. Smith, of Boston, Soprano; Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, of Boston, Contralto; Dr. S. W. Langmaid, Tenor; and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Bass.

It appears from this brief statement of the doings of our Society, that it has given ten public evening performances, besides ten public afternoon rehearsals. It has sung the "Creation" three times; the "Messiah" twice; "Elijah" twice; "St. Paul" once; "Stabat Mater" once; and miscellaneous selections, some once, some twice. That this is a large amount of work for a Society to accomplish in the first three years of its existence, will, we think, be generally conceded. Of the quality of the work done, critics from abroad have spoken in terms more laudatory than we should feel at liberty to use.

At the beginning of the musical year just closed, it was feared by some that the increase of the annual assessment for gentlemen members from $2 to $4, and the levying of an assessment of $2 upon the lady members, who had hitherto been free from pecuniary charge, would seriously diminish the number of members. The result showed, on the contrary, an increase in the number of sopranos from 131 to 168; of altos, from 77 to 92; of tenors, from 51 to 61; and of basses, from 64 to 81; making in all an increase from 323 to 402, the number whose names are recorded in the book of members for the year just ended. A few new members neglected to record their names.

It may be interesting to know how large a part of the 402 members reside in Salem, and how many in neighboring towns. The following table gives exactly the statistics on this point:

| Residence. | No Mem. | Sop's. | Al's. | Ten's. | Bas's. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Salem, | 287 | 128 | 65 | 40 | 54 |
| Beverly, | 43 | 18 | 10 | 8 | 7 |
| Peabody, | 21 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 4 |
| Danvers, | 20 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 10 |
| Marblehead, | 18 | 6 | 6 | 2 | 4 |
| Boston, | 3 | 1 | 1 | | 1 |
| Ipswich | 3 | | 2 | | 1 |
| Manchester, | 2 | 1 | 1 | | |
| Malden, | 2 | | 1 | 1 | |
| Worcester, | 1 | 1 | | | |
| Milton, | 1 | 1 | | | |
| Gloucester, | 1 | | 1 | | |
| | 402 | 168 | 92 | 61 | 81 |

It hence appears that about 74 1-2 per cent. of the members reside in Salem, 10 1-2 per cent. in Beverly and about 5 per cent. each in Peabody, Danvers, and Marblehead.

There were present every rehearsal during the year 2 sopranos, 2 altos, 2 basses, and 3 tenors; at every rehearsal but one, 6 sopranos, 11 altos, 4 tenors and 8 basses. The largest number present at any rehearsal was 308; the smallest 163. The average attendance of all the members was 64 per cent. of the whole number; of the sopranos, 62 percent. of their number; of the basses, 65 1-2 per cent.; of the tenors, 66 per cent.; and of the altos, 68 1-2 per cent.

The pecuniary prosperity of the Society for the past year has been all that could be desired. The receipts from members' assessments have been sufficient to defray the heavy current expenses; to pay for the construction of new seats in Mechanic Hall, and their subsequent increase; to add $35.18 to the piano fund; to procure beautiful English editions of music books at less than half the usual retail cost, and still to leave in the treasury, from the ordinary receipts, a surplus of $175.16. The treasurer's report will give all needed pecuniary details. The most grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to those ladies who organized and successfully conducted the Oratorio and Institute Fair, which was held in October and November last, and which resulted in placing in the possession of this Society the large sum of $1,664 82. The energy and efficiency of those ladies are worthy of all praise. The sum just named, added to the ordinary receipts of the Society, makes the balance of cash on hand, $1,839 98.

In closing this report, we heartily congratulate the Salem Oratorio Society upon the distinguished success which has thus far crowned its labors; upon the enviable reputation it has quickly gained at home and abroad; upon the great pleasure its members have drawn from the delightful study of the greatest masters of one of the noblest of arts; upon the pleasure which it has contributed to the cultivated taste of this community; upon the powerful impulse which it has given to the culture, among our people, of sacred music of the highest style, and upon the general good effects, social, moral, and religious, which always flow from the faithful pursuit of any refining art.

The success of our Society in the past ought to be a guaranty of even greater success in the future. To attain that success, it is only needful that at all times and under all circumstances we should maintain perfect harmony among ourselves, judging one another with kindness and forbearance, giving to those whom we select to conduct our affairs our cordial sympathy and co-operation; and laboring unitedly with aims free from all mere selfishness, for the advancement of music, which, as a wise poet says,

> —"exalts each joy, allays each grief,
> Expels diseases, softens every pain."

---

Gen. Oliver moved the acceptance of the report, and addressed the meeting congratulating the members on the high rank the society had taken before the musical public, and hoped that the same *Esprit de corps* would be shown in the future, which had made the past so successful. Gen. O. remarked that a musical gentleman, in a neighboring city, asked Mr. Zerrahn why the Salem society had gained such proficiency in Oratorio singing in so short a time, and Mr. Z. answered, "Brains and Study."

The matter of assessments for the coming season was discussed, but the old rates were finally adopted.

Messrs. Hagar, Whipple, Whitmore and Randall severally addressed the society, stating, in substance, that, having been members of the Executive Committee for three years, and thanking the society for the tokens of confidence, they now wished to retire from Committee work; therefore they declined a re-election.

Several gentlemen, in well chosen remarks, regretted that the members of the Committee declined a re-nomination, and made complimentary allusions to the faithful and valuable services of the Executive Committee during the past three years.

The Chairman announced the next business to be, choice of Executive Committee for the ensuing year. After discussion as to the best method of election, Mr. E. Valentine moved that the chair appoint a committee of five to report to the meeting a list of six gentlemen for an Executive Committee. The chair appointed Messrs. E. Valentine, James Upton, H. F. Waters, E. R. Bigelow and J. H. Millett, who soon reported the following names: Messrs. F. H. Lee, S. Lincoln, Jr., Jas. T. Hewes, E. Valentine, B. H. Febens, and Wm. Agge—and their report was accepted and adopted.

---

## The Bavarian Passion Play.

The Passion Play of the Life and Death of Jesus Christ, performed at Ober-Ammergau last year, has once more come on for representation. The series of performances, which is to last during the summer, commenced on the 24th June, and is described in a daily contemporary from which we make a few extracts. The *scenario* of the drama has already been detailed in these columns, and we need not go over it again; but the method of the actors and the influence of the spectacle on the beholders are worthy of further comment.

The peasant amateurs who act the play are described by the correspondent from whom we quote as having seized the oriental aspect of the life around Christ with great skill, but they have rigidly adhered to their traditional outline of the play. No effects founded on recent discoveries, no scientific grouping, according to the rules of the stage, will do for them. Such as their acting is, it is to be quite their own. They enter into the spirit of the characters they represent, and rather live the characters—as far as they can realize them—for the moment than act them. Peter and Caiaphas, John and Judas, are as intensely themselves as the noble impersonation round which they appear. How strong the impression of it all is! The deep, affectionate interest which centres in the Christus, and grows stronger as his death approaches, has been roused to almost fever point by that awfully vivid scene when the living actor is fixed on the cross in presence of the whole assembly, and is raised aloft where all can see him. He must be some fifteen or twenty minutes thus raised, and must be very resolute and well prepared to go through his part so well. Of course he is not nailed, but he looks as though he were; and the blood which flows from his side, a little later on, is terribly well contrived.

The modern Greek revival, under the very shadow of the Acropolis, will give us a good starting point for the outward appearance of the Ammergau Theatre—simple and wooden as it is. We must take the Grecian arrangement of the stage; we must fancy the bright sky over head and the proscenium, or theatre within a theatre, occupying part of the space before us, and we shall be on the right road to understand the preparations of Ammergau peasants for their Passion Play. They are so thoroughly and honestly rustic and so far removed from professional mannerisms of any kind, their chorus is so well drilled and their minor parts are so well sustained, that it is a pleasure to see them perform. Here is their simple wooden theatre, fashioned, as has been said, on the

Digitized by Google

Greek model. Here are the rows of benches open to the sky, and the side scenes, whence the chorus can conveniently issue forth, and the central portion (the proscenium), where so much important work is carried on. Though the sky be far less bright than in Attica, and though wooden benches supply the place of the old stone steps of the Grecian theatre, we have gained a step by dwelling on this memory of a modern Greek revival. The background of mountains, too, might serve as an additional point of resemblance between Athens and Ammergau. But between the Greek play and this Passion Play, in the Bavarian Highlands, there is as wide a difference as between the cold, clear light on yonder summit and the soft purple tinge of the Greek landscape. The Passion Play has been left to Ammergau as a great favor. The village was protected in the matter by the monks of Ettal, a monastery about two miles off, and was allowed, on account of its solemn vow in the days of the plague, to go on with the accustomed performances every tenth year. Passion plays were strictly forbidden elsewhere in Bavaria in the latter part of the last century, and but for this favor shown to Ammergau there would be no such thing as this spectacle. There is danger that the increased means of traffic afforded by the railways, and the tendency in Europe to rush after any untried experience, will gradually swamp Ammergau with larger and larger crowds of visitors. We hear that excursion trains will run from Vienna for several of the forthcoming performances; and that the gathering may be expected to be something enormous before the end of August. Already there are several houses in Ammergau specially retained by rich foreigners for part of the season; and already its very success threatens the Passion Play with extinction. The opening day was not, however, a specimen of this overcrowding. The number of foreigners present was large, but there were not so many of the neighboring villagers as there often are, and the theatre was far from being unpleasantly full.

There is need to see these Passion Plays more than once to understand them clearly. Many seem to think that as they have come to be interested and startled by what they see, it is better not to criticize the performance. They take it as a whole, and they wonder how the villagers can act so well. The story seems to be brought back again out of the dim ages of the past, and to be going on in our very presence. At some points of great interest, above all the Crucifixion, there are sobs to be heard among the audience, and the bright eyes of the ladies who have come so far to see the play are filled with tears. The country-folk have mingled mirth and sorrow in what they behold. They are hushed into awe-stricken silence by the more solemn scenes, which must be familiar enough to most of them, and they laugh heartily at the supposed comicality, or laughable wickedness, of the bad characters of the play. Yet there is not the faintest trace of comic acting in the whole piece from beginning to end, any more than if it were a religious service. But there are points about Judas and Pilate which strike the neighbouring villagers as so intensely human that they laugh and chuckle over them.

There are acted scenes and *tableaux vivants* following one another in quick succession. We have a pause between the first and second parts of the piece to allow of refreshment, and we have regular tickets issued for the places in the theatre—tickets for the boxes and for pit, to translate the names into our own phraseology. All this looks very practical. Yet the play remains as strange and touching as ever. The fear is it will be "done" to death by foreigners; that is its greatest danger. Already their presence is so far felt that the longer interval between the first and second acts in the first day's performance was attributed to them. Instead of an hour there was a pause of an hour and a half.

In a pamphlet entitled "Impressions of the Ammergau Passion Play, by an Oxonian," published by Hayes, and referring to last year's performance, there is some appreciative criticism on the ethical aspect of the play. We transcribe some of the writer's impressions on this head.

All through the Play, (he remarks) I kept repeating it to myself, "This is a primitive, mediæval, half-civilized peasantry, still sunk in the trammels of priestcraft; it has never known what it is to have an open Bible, and a free press; it is deprived of the blessings of the Electric Telegraph, and is about 300 years behind the present age." But it would not do. I could not but confess that I was witnessing, not only a beautiful, but a most subtle and delicate and thoughtful rendering of the Gospel History; a rendering in which the Truth was gathered up into a whole with a power and grasp that put to shame the loose and casual apprehension of this or that interesting trait or striking light, which is sufficient fodder for the weak stamina of the modern "Religious view." As to general intelligence, refinement, and dignity, who could not give all he had to see a spark of it in the average English rustic or London rough? The charm of the people is indeed worth going miles to see and feel; it lights up the lovely valleys of the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps with the magic spell of a courtesy that is never servile, and a simplicity that is never coarse. The traveller is welcomed with a heartiness that is almost friendship, and refreshed with the delightful familiarity of innocent interest. Their religion is untainted by the gloomy savageness of the Vallais; their roads are not ever and always darkened by the gory horrors that make you shudder and quake as you pass down the valleys of the Rhone; but often, as you peep with a lurking dread into the little oratories, you are cheered by the soft eyes of a Madonna which the gentle Cranach at Innsbruck has inspired, or by a quiet image of the Good Shepherd. Their services are marked by an impressive earnestness, giving them that congregational tone which to a Protestant seems so lacking to the ordinary Mass. I saw hardly any drunkenness, and but little misery, and begging is unknown. The cottages are brilliant with pictured walls, and gay with flowers; all is clean and fresh, and bright and happy. Such a life does much to explain the style of the Play, but very little towards illustrating the meaning of progress. Progress, of course, there is in civilization, but it requires, I felt, something deeper than the *Daily Telegraph*, more profound even than the *Times* to explain in what it consists. It was impossible to talk grandly and vaguely about liberty of thought in the presence of such a character of life as I saw around me, and as the Passion-Play revealed. As for the "happiness of the greatest number," the words withered on my tongue. It takes a greater and a grander principle than can be thrown off in a newspaper article, or than can be touched on at the tag end of this paper, to show how the quickened life of the few in this troubled century, can be worth the awful price paid for it in the degradation of the many.

To return to the Play itself. So far as it can be looked upon as a picture, it surely has all the virtues of religious art. It unites them with the excitement and beauty of motion, and intensifies them with all the additional delights of the ear. And if the great abuse of religious art comes from its tendency to localize spiritual truth in the fleshly imagination, this danger is avoided by such a drama as that of Ammergau. The sight we get of Holy Persons is not wrapt by the wonders of an unknown skill; the forms do not beam upon us out of the mystic heaven of an art in whose golden realms we have never trod, as in the case of painting. Here we know too much about it all to be carried off our legs by the flood of its fascinations: its machinery is well within our sphere, there is no *ignotum* that we can be tricked into taking *pro magnifico*. Mair and Flunger, Hett and Lechner, Stadler and Zwink, we know them all; their sisters and brothers are with us; honor them as we will, they are still in their own country and in their own home. The material difference between it and a picture is that in the one there is nothing but what you see, nothing but the blue and the vermilion; while in the other there is behind a human being, with inharmonious passions concealed by an artificial state of feeling. Now, the danger of this lies in its effect on the actors; for as to the spectators, it is hopeless to speculate on what is not seen or heard. If we are morally responsible for more than a certain amount of what goes on "behind scenes," it is impossible to listen to an anthem or an oratorio, much less an opera. And as to the effect on the actors of entering into solemn and awful subjects with such dangerous intimacy, I must observe that it is remarkable that this sensitive hesitation appears only in times of doubt and difficulty, and never enters the heads of those whose reverence is the most unshaken and unswerving. Is it not the old story—the prayers of the monks sounding like blasphemy and impiety to the scepticism of the historian?

Still, if a sacred drama presupposes, and can be justified only by such a height of faith as this, we must suppose that Ammergau can only have preserved such a purity by exceptional, if not unique circumstances. I have spoken of the peculiar beauty of these peasants' lives; other facts conspire to heighten the Play's character. Besides the halo of its origin, its religious importance is raised by its being practically alone—for the extempore performance of sacred themes which are common, I believe, in the neighboring village fairs, are too slight to trench on its dignity, while they soften its strangeness. The people whose highest thought and feeling it represents has kept its belief pure and undefiled. Its picturesque Catholicism has never been allowed to run riot with the morbid imagination of more southern minds, or with the grossness of northern ones. Its simplicity has been heightened by contact with the new world of Protestant severity and plainness in a way and to a degree that must be considered extraordinary. Its native refinement has preserved it free from the incongruities which so naturally and readily cluster round such performances; and above all, in contrast to the excitement of dramatic action, which tended more and more, in mediæval times, to the introduction of the supernatural, so that their plays have become known to us as "Miracle-Plays," the Ammergau versionist has, with exquisite taste and delicacy, and with perfect recognition of the true capabilities of the stage, clung to the human side of our Lord's ministry, and enforced it with all the grand plainness of S. Matthew, with the mystic flavor of S. John, yet without a single stain of that overgrown miraculousness which the fondling of the after ages heaped upon the tale they loved. So far is this abstinence carried, indeed, that the events after the Resurrection are slurred over in too hurried a manner, perhaps, to allow for their dogmatic and didactic effect, the feeling being that wherever you touch on the supernatural, human machinery becomes inadequate. However, the people see, as in a perfect mirror, the human life which the Bible records. The morality which that life personifies is carried out in a high subjective tone which qualifies the necessarily objective character of the representation; for instance, the chorus sings, on Judas's punishment, without a tinge of materiality—

"So fled Cain—Ah! whither?
From yourself you cannot fly;
In your own heart you carry
Your own Hell's agony!"

Thus it is that the self-sufficient and independent son of the 19th century may leave Ammergau, not so much with the satisfaction of having relieved the curiosity with which he entered it, as with the consciousness of rebuke and reproach in the sight of a faith, purer, livelier, and not less intellectual than he has yet attained.—*London Orchestra, July 7.*

---

## The Charity Children.

Mr. J. Hullah passes judgment in the *Academy* on the recent festival at St. Paul's as follows:—

I had not attended one of these meetings for many years past. They are interesting musically as indices of the progress of the national ear; and as such they are, on the whole, satisfactory. On the occasion of my first and only other attendance at one of them (as far back as during the reign of the late Thomas Attwood—the Attwood who 'had seen' Mozart), that great musician and judicious organist was, I well remember, under the necessity of holding on the last note of the melody of every line of the Old Hundredth Psalm, during several seconds, in order that the juvenile choristers might recover the pitch from which they had generally departed—downwards, of course—to the extent of a semitone, more or less. Little or nothing of the kind was observable on Thursday. The intonation was, if not throughout faultless, as little faulty as we often find it with choristers of greater experience and more pretension; and this in passages the extent of which upwards is considerable, *e.g.*, in the 'Hallelujah Chorus' and the 'Coronation Anthem' of Handel.

The *timbre*, too, or quality of the vocal mass, was agreeable, in spite of the large element of cockney pronunciation—surely the meanest and most odious in the three kingdoms. But in all other respects, regarded as a musical performance—for the moment my sole consideration—the meeting was anything but satisfactory. If the *tune* was good, the *time* was quite the reverse. It would no doubt be difficult to keep together a body of musical performers even of far greater skill than those who constitute the choir at this anniversary, scattered as they are over so large an area. But the singing of these children is of a kind indicative, not of difficulty arising from the locality or any circumstance connected with it, but of their having had no training whatever in the elements of music. For this there is no necessity whatever; and the difficulty arising from it is altogether gratuitous. There are children enough in London, fairly acquainted with musical notation, and with the relations, melodic and rhythmic, of musical sounds, to fill every corner of St. Paul's with Westminster Abbey and a dozen other of our largest public buildings to boot. Not only so. In the majority of schools of the class from which these children are taken there is at least one teacher with musical skill and science enough to prepare a contingent who would come ready to take part in music incomparably more difficult than any performed on Thursday—even without a general rehearsal. Music no doubt is not as extensively or as thoroughly taught in schools of whatever class as it might be; but, under circumstances always of difficulty, generally even of discouragement, it is taught more extensively and more thoroughly than is gener-

ally believed. The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children might be made an evidence of this, instead of remaining, as it does, an evidence to the contrary—with those who judge only from what they hear on that occasion.

## Extracts from Mr. Bowman's "Review" of the Handel and Haydn Festival.

THE PRINCIPAL SOLO SINGERS.

Foremost among these undoubtedly stands the lady to whom we have just referred, Mme. Rudersdorff. This vocalist, though by birth a Russian, is a cosmopolite in her art. Her face and voice are as familiar at the great festivals of the lower Rhine and other parts of Germany as at those held at Sydenham Palace, Birmingham, Norwich and Gloucester.

Mr. Cummings also has been identified with most of the English festivals for many years. It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that either of these artists stands first in the public esteem in England, but Mme. Rudersdorff has shared the soprano part, and divided the honors with that great singer, Mlle. Titiens, and Mr. Cummings has not been so far eclipsed by Mr. Sims Reeves but that his great worth has been recognized at its true value.

From the first it was evident that Mme. Rudersdorff had been thoroughly trained in her vocation, and was mistress of her art in every detail. Nothing came amiss to her, and her great abilities were equally conspicuous whether she declaimed with impassioned energy the imprecations of the furious Medea, or melted with supplication in entreaty for the life of the widow's son in "Elijah." Her talent was broad, earnest, dramatic, and intense,—that of a woman of mobile and ardent temperament, alive to everything about her, demonstrative in action, and quick in expression. Such persons enter fervently into the spirit of what they sing, and reflect it vividly to the public mind; and this Mme. Rudersdorff always did. The difficulty in her case was often not so much how to express, as how to refrain from over expression. Much of Mendelssohn's music is gentle and sad, expressive of the passive and not the active qualities of self-renunciation, and of resignation rather than of self assertion; and in these directions Mme. Rudersdorff failed to interpret him. A single instance will sufficiently illustrate what we refer to. In the "Hymn of Praise" occurs that beautiful expression of resigned faith, humility, and trust, "I waited for the Lord." The energy with which Mme. Rudersdorff waited was of the most active kind, and found musical expression in the use of strongly marked *sforzandos*, and other dramatic forms, not at all akin to the reposeful character of the composition.

Mme. Rudersdorff's voice is not in its first freshness, but still it is a noble one, large, resonant, and, in passages of sentiment or pathos, singularly tender and beautiful. In such great songs as "Hear ye! Israel," it lacked that clear, sparkling beauty that was so conspicuous in Mme. Parepa, who sang this aria with a breadth and brightness of voice as though she called all Judea to listen to the message to be delivered. But, on the other hand, to all passages of description or of emotion Mme. Rudersdorff gave a graphic intensity that colder singers fail to approach. This was conspicuous in the great scene from "Medea," and also throughout the "Elijah." The episode of the death of the son of the widow of Zarephath, the suspicion of the mother that the prophet had slain the boy, her grief and supplication for aid in her sore affliction, her doubt as to the power of Elijah to bring the dead to life, and her final crowning joy at the restoration of the child, were all so beautifully and truly pictured, as to win the utmost admiration from the audience.

Throughout the festival Mme. Rudersdorff was a tower of strength, a singer to be relied on. No one after the first day felt the least doubt that she would sustain her part to the end, and well. She did not tire easily, but found sufficient spare voice to sing in many of the choruses, and energy enough to be interested in everything that was taking place in chorus, orchestra, or audience. Such a vital woman always carries with her a valuable and inspiriting sympathetic power and moral support.

Mr. Cummings' abilities were of quite another order. There was no passionate earnestness in his singing, but an even excellence. Whatever he did was characterized by discretion, good judgment, and a broad intelligence. He was a singer of such refinement and delicate sensibility that at the close of whatever he sang one could not but commend the tact with which the salient points had been brought out, the admirable wisdom with which every musical phrase had been balanced, and the exact measure of expression according to it. Mr. Cummings' voice was by no means a marvel of beauty, whether as regards quality or quantity. Many men have finer voices, and even more have larger ones, but in the well trained skill, the discipline of years, the discretion and the wisdom that guided Mr. Cummings in the use of his powers to their best advantage, and enabled him to convey to his hearers the exact meaning of the composer, he has no equal among us.

THE PASSION MUSIC.

The performance of Bach's passion music we regard as one of the pivotal points of the week. It called for no ordinary degree of musical courage and reverent love of art, to face this severe and exacting work. No other society in this country has been so brave or so lofty in its aims as to attempt it. Whatever was done in this direction it was clear was to be done through faith and for pure art's sake, and not with much hope of captivating at once the popular ear. It was a true and noble work for the society to undertake, and in their long record of the achievements of half a century, there will be no brighter page than that on which stands recorded the fact that on the evening of the 13th of May, 1871, the Handel and Haydn Society, for the first time, interpreted to an American audience a portion of Sebastian Bach's passion music from St. Matthew's Gospel.

Whatever may be the inclinations of individual taste, or however this person may find the music antiquated, or that other may find it dull, the fact remains, and is beyond all question or dispute, that the music itself is beautiful, not only spiritually but materially. Those who fail to find it so may rest assured that the fault is in them, and not in it; and that they need to bring themselves up to the right level of appreciation; for Bach is as truly and unequivocally great in his direction as was Homer, or Dante, or Milton. He and Handel are the two great composers of Protestantism, and their works are the corner stones upon which all oratorio writers have built. The superstructure may change its form with the mutations of taste, but theirs is the quarry from which all have hewn. Every composer of eminence, from Bach's own day to this, has acknowledged his greatness,—none more freely than Beethoven. As for Mendelssohn, his works show how deeply he had drunk from that pure and living fountain, and it is well known with what zeal he applied himself in the flower of his youth to the production of this very work.

Finally, Schumann himself, perhaps the profoundest and most original composer of his generation, has said in his Musical Life Maxims: "Make Bach's Well-tempered Clavichord your daily bread, so shall you surely be a thorough musician."

The passion music called out all the best elements of the great composer's genius. His talent never shone more brightly than when turned to the purposes of devotion; and this recital of the sufferings and death of the Saviour it may well be believed aroused his deepest feelings and moved him to the fullest exercise of his transcendant powers. The result is a work full of the purest and highest expression of musical feeling, solemn, devout, and fervent, replete with grace and beauty, and of such sterling merit that as surely as it comes to be known it will commend itself more and more to the admiration of him who gives himself faithfully to its study, till whatever quaintness of form it may at first have seemed to possess will be but an added element of beauty. It would be a labor of love to recall, one by one, the solemn beauty of the chorals, arias, recitatives, and choruses that compose the sixteen numbers of this work that were selected for performance. All of them were composed in a spirit of simplicity, of conviction, and of earnest devotion, and in the golden amber of Bach's godliness they have been preserved to us for this century and a quarter, and still the essential spirit of Christianity shines out from them. Bach was a man who was engrossed in his calling, who disdained artifice, who was direct, simple-minded, and earnest; and all this his music declares. It was made for the religious use and comprehension of the common people, and not fashioned to please the dilettanti. The chorals in the great occurring theme, the central pillar of his musical building. To this he always returns with ever-varying skill, and certainly nothing in all the range of musical composition finds its way more directly to the heart than do some of his chorales. For instance, that beautiful one:—

"O Head, all bruised and wounded!
Hung up to brutal scorn!"

What could be more touchingly beautiful! Doubtless, however, the selection that gave most universal pleasure was the chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," in which the faithful believers call upon the elements to avenge and overwhelm the betrayers of the Saviour. There was a fierce vehemence about this chorus that quite startled the audience, and it was followed by a storm of applause and demand for repetition. It showed how easily Bach could handle the dramatic element when he was so minded.

What words can tell the tender beauty of the concluding chorus, describing the afflicted disciples about the sepulchre of their departed Lord?—

"Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
And murmur low in tone suppress."

The musical phrase upon which the chorus is based is of great beauty, and it is one also that Mendelssohn has, perhaps unconsciously, borrowed more than once. The translation used was Mr. Dwight's, and was framed in reverent sympathy with the composer's meaning, and with a fine appreciation and mastery of that most difficult of tasks, the adaptation of words to music.

# Musical Correspondence.

## The Handel Festival.

LONDON, JUNE 27.—The present Handel Festival has proved the most successful musical entertainment ever known in the history of the world. In point of numbers, both of performers and listeners, it has far exceeded the previous festivals given in honor of the great oratorio composer.

The Festival of 1871 lasted three days, and took place as usual, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The first day was devoted to the *Messiah*. The work has been given so often by monster bands of singers, that its performance, however enjoyable, had scarcely the charm of novelty. The soloists were all familiar to the audience. The vast body of chorus singers sang the well-known music almost by heart, and with the swing and ease which come from familiarity. Sir Michael Costa, who conducted, took the time more slowly than at the Exeter Hall performances, recognizing the impossibility of doing with a colossal chorus what could be done with one of a medium size.

On the second day a miscellaneous programme was offered. It was too long to be endured even by a patient English audience; but it contained many features of unusual interest. It began with the *Dettingen Te Deum*, a work which Handel originally wrote on the occasion of the return of one of the Georges from a rather absurd campaign. It was first produced at the little Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace, and has since been heard in every city where the memory of Handel is revered. Mr. Santley took the bass solos, and the trumpet playing of Mr. Harper was a prominent orchestral feature. Mr. Best then played on the organ, with orchestral accompaniment, the first of Handel's six Concertos for organ and orchestra. Sims Reeves sang "Deeper and deeper still," sublimely. London connoisseurs, who have listened to him for many years, declare that nothing in his whole artistic career has equalled his singing on this eventful occasion. Of course the audience were wild with delight, and the vast transept of the Crystal Palace resounded with cheers of welcome and applause. Reeves also sang "How vain is man," from *Judas*. Vernon Rigby selected "Call forth thy powers;" and Mr Santley gave the aria "*Nasce al bosco*," which is published in the appendix to the modern editions of *Israel in Egypt*, and was often introduced in the oratorio. Mme. Trebelli, now the prominent contralto of London, sang "Verdi prati," and "He bids the circling seasons shine." Mme. Sinico, Titiens, Patey, Cummings and Agnesi all lent their invaluable aid to complete the attractions of this memorable entertainment, in which also the vast chorus took part, creating a great impression in the choral extracts from *Solomon*.

But the culmination of this superb festival was the performance on Friday, the 23d, of *Israel in Egypt*. There can be no doubt that this was the most stupendous musical performance the world has ever seen. Mr. Kerr Gedge, a promising young tenor, had the honor of opening this work with the brief recitative, "Now there arose a new king in Egypt." The next phrase, "And the children of Israel sighed," was sung by the contralto, Mrs. Patey. Then came the marvellous

series of choruses which form the first part of the oratorio. The "Hailstone Chorus" of course made a very great impression. The sublime movement, "He sent a thick darkness," was magnificently sung, and indeed the same remark may be made of all the choruses. In the pastorale, "As for his people," the *pianissimo* effects produced by the large chorus were noticeable. The fugal movement, "He led them through the deep," was another success; while the peculiar iteration of words in "There was not one of them left" came out with tremendous effect.—In the second part of the oratorio, the numerous double choruses were simply beyond criticism in their manner of performance. The solo parts by Mmes. Sherrington, Rudersdorff and Patey, were well sung, but from the immense size of the auditorium were not really enjoyable. An exception must, however, be made in the case of Sims Reeves; the moment his curly head appeared as he came up the platform steps there was a general burst of applause. The petted favorite took graciously the welcome of the admiring public; he bowed, and even deigned to sweetly smile. After the applause had subsided he sang his air "The enemy said," the only tenor solo in the oratorio. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and rendered the *morceau* in glorious style. Cheer after cheer rewarded him, but he steadfastly refused an encore, and after bowing took his seat till the storm of plaudits should abate. Sims Reeves never was more popular in England than he is to day. His voice is also as good as ever, while that of Mario is in the last stages of decay. Reeves, as usual with him, will not sing when he does not want to; that is, unless he feels he is in thoroughly good voice. In this way Reeves is never heard to sing badly, and he preserves his reputation as a vocalist intact.

Among the lady singers at the Festival, Titiens was certainly the greatest; but fine as she is, she does not equal the oratorio singers of years gone by, such as Jenny Lind and Clara Novello. Next to Sims Reeves, the tenor Cummings—who leaves in a few weeks again for America—has given the most satisfaction. Mme. Patey, who also is about to visit the New World professionally, has shown her ability as an accomplished contralto singer.

A Handel Festival is no longer a novelty in England, and of course does not attract the general attention which that of 1857 did. The festival of 1871 was given by the Crystal Palace company, who assumed all the risks, and engaged the singers. The chorus of course gave their services gratuitously, but in most instances their railroad fare was paid. Many came from distant provincial towns, the Cathedral choirs being largely represented. It was at first feared that the enterprise would not be a pecuniary success, for it was evident that the public at large was by no means excited over the matter; but the result has proved most satisfactory, ensuring the continuance of these great Triennial Festivals.

The following is the number of visitors who have attended the Festival on each day:

Rehearsal, 18 676; 1st day, 21,946; 2nd day, 21,330; 3d day, 23,016; total, 84,968.

The oratorio season is nearly over in London; but three performances of *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and *Elijah* are announced to take place at the splendid new Albert Hall. Otto Goldschmidt also announces two performances of his *Ruth*, with Jenny Lind Goldschmidt as the principal vocalist. TROVATOR.

---

BERNHARD LISTEMANN. The New York *Sun* pays the following just compliment to an artist whom Boston will reclaim in due time:

Mr. Listemann, who has been a leading violinist in Boston, for the last few years, has transferred his residence to this city, and is now playing first violin at the Central Park Garden concerts, occasionally also appearing as a soloist. Next winter he will discontinue his orchestral playing and will be the solo violinist of Thomas's concerts.

What is Boston's loss is our gain, for Mr. Listemann has at once been recognized as an artist of the best type, having a broad and fine musical intelligence, and being in sympathy with the highest and best forms of musical composition. His tone is pure and true and beautiful, and his playing such as every *connoisseur* can listen to with unalloyed pleasure.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 29, 1871.

### What for the next Season?

The musical prospect is bewildering, and even threatening. A plenty of good music we shall have, no doubt,—good, bad and indifferent; the only trouble is, that we are threatened with too much. To judge from all the newspaper *on dits*, and hints, and feelers, it would seem as if this country had come to be regarded as the musical El-dorado among all the musical fortune seekers of the Old World. There is scarcely a famous artist in Europe, scarcely a company of artists, of whom we do not read that he, or she, or they are in negotiation with some enterprising manager, Yankee, Englishman or Jew, preparatory to a musical tour of the States. They hear what harvests have been reaped by Nilsson and Parepa, even by young lady pianists, like Mehlig, and they all burn with the fever to go and do likewise. They hear how Oratorio has taken root in Boston, and is sending out shoots into other cities, and they say: Let us make haste to enter in and reap. They hear how the smart opera impresarios, by skilful trumpeting and "managing of the press," have found out that they can make money with the cheap thing just as easily as with the good thing,—i. e. by moving rapidly from place to place, and flooding it after a long drought, to be succeeded by another,—or, to change the figure, exhausting the soil by feverish short "seasons," furnishing no wholesome permanent supply:—and they all covet a share, which each one hopes to make the lion's share, in the "little game." Of course, too, they have all learned how to talk of themselves as apostles, missionaries of taste and culture to a half savage continent, at the same time bestowing their most flattering encouragements and compliments on such "appreciative" and hopeful publics as they find in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c.

We dare not undertake to enumerate the more or less famous singers, instrumental virtuosos, opera and concert troupes, whose advent on our shores has been announced already, or foreshadowed. But if the half of them should really come, we fear they would stand terribly in one another's light, and more than half of them would go home sadly disappointed; while the effect upon our musical development here would be so to distract the public mind as seriously to put back the quiet organized endeavors in each town and city to build up something permanent and wholesome of its own, some never failing fountains from the well of music "pure and undefiled." The whole air will be thick with "stunning" advertisements; and the real love of music needs a more tranquil atmosphere to thrive well in. We shall be a truly cultivated and art loving people, when we have reached the point that we can be comparatively indifferent to such appeals, because we love truth in Art too well to be continually startled off our balance by pretentious novelty.

In the long list that unfolds itself—we mean that part of it which is the most certain—there is much that we shall be glad to welcome. Miss NILSSON will certainly appear in Opera, if not occasionally in Oratorio and Concerts; and there are even intimations that she will make her lyric debut here in Boston early in the Fall. Her company includes Miss Annie Cary, the French tenor Capoul, the bass Jamet, and the well-known Brignoli. Mme. PAREPA-ROSA, in fresh health again, is probably already on her way back to this country, and will open in English Opera at the New York Academy in the first week of October. Of course we shall have our turn in Boston. Her troupe includes,—besides Mrs. Seguin, Castle, Campbell, and most of her old artists,—Miss Clara Doria, daughter of the English composer, John Barnett, and a young English tenor, of whom report speaks highly, named Tom Karl. We may rely upon Carl Rosa and his lady for a good repertoire and careful renderings at least.

The Ballad Troupe, organized by Mr. Dolby, formerly the agent of Dickens here, including Mme. Patey, contralto, Miss Edith Wynne, the charming English ballad singer, Mr. SANTLEY, the great English baritone, and Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, whose return will be most welcome, have taken the Boston Music Hall, we understand, for eight concerts in October. They will also coöperate with the Handel and Haydn Society in some half dozen Oratorio performances in November and December. And while on the subject of Oratorio, it gives us pleasure to assure our readers that the good work so well begun by that Society on Bach and other noble music will not be suspended in consequence of these engagements; on the contrary, they will pursue the study of the Passion Music until they can sing it all; nor will "Israel in Egypt" be put away to sleep. If NILSSON too should sing in Oratorio, and Mme. RUDERSDORFF adhere to her design of coming over in the winter, we shall be strong in Oratorio. Among the sterling singers, however, we shall miss our manly Basso, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who is already on his way abroad, and of whom we shall hear next winter in the oratorios and concerts in England.

However popular the Dolby Ballad Concerts may be, we doubt not that the entertainments which our friend Mr. Peck is organizing,—ten in number, two of them orchestral—will prove neither less attractive nor less worthy. With such a list of artists as he has secured, and with his long and careful study of the tastes and likings of the Boston public, there is little danger either of poor performance or of very trashy programmes.

Of Symphony and other noble Orchestral music the promise is at least as rich as the review of last year. This time the Harvard Musical Association will be the first in the field, with its *seventh season* of Ten Symphony Concerts, beginning as usual on Thursday afternoon, the 9th of November, and running nearly to the end of March. Mr. ZERRAHN will still conduct; the orchestra, in spite of the loss of Listemann and a few others, will as a whole be even better than before, and the programmes equally attractive. THEODORE THOMAS and his orchestra this time will come later; probably about New Year, instead of in October as in the past two years. To replace the great attraction of Miss MEHLIG, who remains abroad, at least through the coming winter, he has engaged another "bright particular star," newly risen in Germany, Miss SOPHIA MENTER. (Wonderful young lady pianists are getting so plenty that there seems to be hardly any chance for a piano-playing man!). Her name is wholly new to us. She is a pupil of Liszt, will probably keep the *Liszt* school largely in the foreground, and is said to possess great personal beauty. We find in the *Signale* of Leipsic, June 20, an account of her performance at a concert in Baden-Baden, from which we are tempted to translate, as giving some idea of her, although it reads almost as if it were written expressly to operate on the American market.

"Any one who knew with what enthusiasm Frl. Menter had been received during these last years, wherever she had appeared, especially in Prague, Vienna, Pesth, &c., was prepared beforehand to expect something extraordinary. But even we, who have followed her career from the beginning with the greatest interest, and have been witnesses in part to her steadily increasing success,—even we were surprised when we heard the young and lovely artist again for the first time after a pause of several years, and now admired the wonder-child of such great promise as a complete mistress of her art. These last years, in which Frl. Menter has been studying with Tausig and Liszt, have ripened her with wonderful rapidity, and developed her great talent to the highest bloom. No wonder, if the great masters, after whom she has striven so successfully, look with pride upon this scholar. The *technique* is for her a standpoint thoroughly achieved; for her there are no difficulties left; nay, it seems to give her a peculiar

Digitized by Google

pleasure to seek out new hindrances, that she may overcome them in her playing. In strength and endurance, in brilliancy and *élan* of delivery, she is a match for any pianist; at the same time there is a thoroughly genial trait, a charm that may be called almost demoniacal, in her playing; and yet she unites with it a genuine feminine grace and elegance. She controls her instrument with sovereign power; she stands completely above her tasks, and this enables her to impress upon them the charm of an individuality, which is entirely artistic, free and independent. Fräulein Menter had chosen three pieces, which had been composed by those piano-Titans, Rubinstein, Tausig and Liszt, for their own concert performances. Thereby she gave us not only her own artistic confession of faith, but also the measure by which she is to be judged. One who can play Rubinstein's *Etude* (on so-called "false notes"), Tausig's Concert arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and Liszt's bravura transcription of the *Tarantelle* from "Masaniello," as she played them, can venture upon any thing. There is in fact no task to which she is not fully equal; in the last concert she gave us comparatively small proofs of what she can do. Had it been a soirée with orchestra, and could we have heard from her a Concerto of Beethoven, of Chopin, or of Liszt, then indeed the most intrinsically valuable phases of her great talent, those of pervading intellectuality and poetic coloring, would of course have come out into a far clearer light, than in the rendering of those three bravura pieces, in which she showed herself more as the sovereign mistress of *technique*.—We hope we have not heard Frl. Menter here for the last time. If only America does not seduce her from us too soon! Alas! we see all the signs of that already! Laurels she can never lack, whether in the old world or the new."

Well, we shall see; meanwhile a formidable rival awaits the lady here already in the person of the Fräulein Marie Krebs.—Speaking of orchestras, we read of quite a unique importation, from Vienna, soon expected in New York: actually an *Orchestra of Women!* The band is small, we are told, some twenty instruments, but of all classes, strings, wood and brass. This will make it easier to credit what that extravagant, luxurious Englishman of the last century, Beckford, relates of a female orchestra he heard somewhere in Italy or Spain. We wonder why some enterprising fellow does not bring us over one of those small bands or orchestras of Hungarian gypsies, such as we have heard in cafés in the South of Germany, who play together with such a furor of enthusiasm that they seem each to improvise his part. Finally there is a new Jullien in the field, a son of the famous one, already giving promenade concerts in New York, who is said to take after his illustrious sire in dress and manner, if in nothing else. He too has an eye upon the Music Hall.

—Here memory fails; hosts of new-comers we have seen mentioned somewhere; whether we herald them or not, they will not hide their light under a bushel, for artists they all are in this modern art of arts called *advertisement*, if in nothing else. To come back to the more wholesome and important matter of our own domestic fare:

For classical Chamber Music Boston will not thirst in vain. It is now considered settled that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, weary of wanderings, will stay at home and draw the bow *pro aris et focis*. So we shall not experience another winter without a hearing of the Violin Quartets and Quintets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and the rest. And the pianists we have always with us, as many and as good as one can reasonably wish. Leonhard and Lang, Perabo and Parker, and as many more risen or rising into at least local fame: what more need we have? And they all play the best kind of music, making their appeal mainly and directly to the best kind of audience. Content with these, why need we sigh for Lisztian virtuosity clad in the beauty of Eve's daughters! Then we have such singers as Kreissmann, Mrs. Barry, and more, soulful and intelligent interpreters of what is best in song. The two "Conservatories" also will keep up their perpetual round of chamber concerts.

The visit made us last May by the Mendelssohn Club of male part-song singers from New York, has had the effect to quicken a vague ideal or desire for something of the same sort which has long existed here, into some positive, organic action. The result is the formation of the amateur Club, of which we copy an account below. It is a welcome sign. But it suggests yet other wants, of which we shall have more to say.

Leipzig Conservatory. The following communications, just received, will be of interest to many:

A Card.

The undersigned has been requested by Director Conrad Schleinitz, of the Conservatory of Leipzig, to publish in some American paper a Card, containing the desire of that gentleman to possess for his album a photograph of all Americans who have studied music at the Leipzig Conservatory and have been honorably dismissed from the Institution. Calling the attention of all concerned to the above, I take pleasure in offering my services to those intending to come to Germany with the intention of studying music, languages, etc. Every information by which they may be benefited will be cheerfully given, and an "International Educational Guide" for the instruction of all will soon be published.

EDWARD WIEBE.

*Leipzig, June 4, 1871.* [late of Springfield, Mass.]

*Leipzig, June 4, 1871.*

John S. Dwight, Editor "Dwight's Journal of Music."

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in being able to contradict assertions, made some months ago by several Boston music advertising sheets, that Kapellmeister Carl Reinecke soon would follow Carl Gloggner to Boston. The Kapellmeister has never thought of leaving his European sphere of usefulness in which he has been so admirably successful for more than twenty years. Mr. Gloggner has been replaced by Mr. Konewka, and it does not seem as if the Leipzig Conservatory has been the loser by the departure for America of the first named gentleman. Yours, etc. EDW. WIEBE.

Capoul, the New French Tenor, who is to be a member of the Nilsson opera troupe, has won an unequivocal success this summer in London, at Her Majesty's Opera. The *Musical World* says of him:

Mr. Capoul is perhaps the most irreproachable French tenor in the Opera Comique style since Mr. Roger, whom he resembles in very many respects. He sings like Mr. Roger, acts like Mr. Roger, and even looks like Mr. Roger. There is the same delicately refined management of the "head notes," the same redundancy of expression and gesture, the same predilection for "tempo rubato," which distinguished his renowned predecessor, for so many years the glory of the Rue Feydeau. We can easily understand the unanimous favor with which Mr. Capoul has been accepted by French connoisseurs, and can as readily believe that he will win unanimous acceptance in any country where genuine art is understood —seeing that, in his way, he, at the present epoch, stands alone. His voice is by no means so rich and powerful as the voice of Mr. Roger, but it equals it in sweetness of quality, is quite as flexible, and quite as much under the control of its possessor. Mr. Capoul's view of the character of Faust is precisely that which every French artist adopts; and as the *Faust* of Mr. Gounod is an opera essentially French in its tendencies, no one can logically object to that view, especially when we take into consideration that the masterpiece of the distinguished French composer had already been heartily welcomed in Germany before its production by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, when M. Gounod himself was in the house. M. Capoul both acts the character in the French manner, and sings the music in the French manner; but as in either case what he does attains the acmé of perfection in the school to which he belongs, it cannot fail to please. We need not enter into details. Enough that at the end of Act 1, when, by the art of Mephistopheles, Faust is once more restored to youth, M. Capoul had produced an impression not be gainsayed. This, in spite of certain drawbacks not dependent upon himself, was strengthened as the opera went on, and his tender and graceful, if somewhat spun out, rendering of the well known soliloquy "Salve dimora," which was unanimously asked for again, confirmed M. Capoul's success in so emphatic a manner that there was no fear of the sequel. The sequel, indeed, showed an end, worthy the beginning. This result is the more to the credit of M. Capoul, inasmuch as his brief career has been exclusively devoted, if we are not mistaken, to the repertory of the Opera Comique, to which it is scarcely necessary to say *Faust* does not belong.

A New Musical Club in Boston. The Easy Chair in the current number of *Harper's Magazine* discourses in its usual pleasant vein on a recent concert by the New York Vocal Society, an organization composed of the best singers in the metropolis, and devoted to the practice and performance of madrigals, glees, and matter of a kindred nature. It is not the first time he had aggravated us by reports of entertainments the like of which, despite the assumption that Boston is the musical centre of America, have not been heard here. There is a mine of music in the old English writers, which might be worked to the most profitable advantage, not only of part-songs, but of solos for every variety of voice. The coming season, however, will, it is confidently expected, bring some reforms in this direction. First, in the Dolby Ballad Troupe, whose intention, it is said, is to present selections from English writers mainly in the way of both solo and concerted matter. But the concerts by this company will be few, and its departure will leave us almost as hungry for the simple but nutritious food as it finds us. By the new society now forming, the want long felt by music-lovers and students, generally, and by those who have read of or heard the madrigal societies in New York especially, will be to some extent supplied. There is, probably, no abuse of confidence in stating all that is known of this organization. The active members will be limited to one hundred, and will include nearly every good male voice in the city. The associate members will number five hundred, and besides an admission fee will be subject to an annual assessment, thus creating a fund for such necessary running expenses as rent, compensation for a conductor and pianist, and providing as well for the formation of an adequate library. The Chickering Club, though forming the nucleus of the new society, will continue its present course independently. All will unite in the election of trustees and other executive officers, but with the active members only will rest the choice of conductor, and from their number a music committee will be appointed. The associate members will have certain privileges of admission for themselves and friends to the rehearsals and concerts, it being intended that one of the latter shall be given monthly. It is to be understood that the club are never to sing "for money," and thus much of the jealousy which seems to be inseparable from professional people will be avoided. And the entertainments, instead of serving as means of introducing one or two good musicians, whose efforts are made to extinguish those of every one else, will be, as they ought,—and as those of the New York society are said to be—a logical arrangement and an amalgamated composite. The gentler sex will not be admitted to membership. But, if there should be a demand for performances by mixed voices, ladies may be "invited," as is now done in making up the choir of the Handel and Haydn Society. Such an association deserves all the encouragement that can be given to it. And there is room for still another. Among the works of modern masters are many cantatas and choral compositions of a secular character, which cannot be taken up by the Handel and Haydn Society; such as Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and others without number. These works, it is true, may be performed by the new society, but as its concerts will be given to a limited circle, those outside will not be permitted the opportunity of enjoyment and edification which would be afforded by a club, organized and conducted like the Handel and Haydn Society.—*Sunday Courier.*

New York Harmonic Society. The election of officers, to serve for the ensuing year, took place recently, and resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Thomas J. Hall; Vice-Presidents, James H. Todd, Dr. James Pech; Secretary, F. R. Battebury; Conductor and Musical Director, Dr. James Pech. This society will, during the coming season, give, in conjunction with the soloists of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Whytock-Patey, Mr. Wm. H. Cummings, Mr. F. G. Patey, and the renowned basso, Mr. Santley, a series of oratorios and cantatas comprising "Elijah," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," "The Messiah," "Creation," "Acis and Galatea" and the "Hymn of Praise." The chorus is to be three hundred strong, and the orchestra will be composed of sixty-two performers. The New York Harmonic Society in previous years has done good service in the cause of religion and musical art, and if within the last few years its energies have been somewhat paralyzed by untoward circumstances, the directors at the present time are evidently determined to carry through the coming season with the utmost vigor.

Digitized by Google

Musical Projects in Philadelphia.—The extraordinary success of the open air concerts of Carl Sentz's Orchestra, at the Männerchor Garden, has encouraged their enterprising leader to form new projects of a musical nature on a much grander scale. Early in the autumn—say in October—he proposes to give a couple of monster concerts in Fairmount Park. He will reinforce all the available talent of this city, with additions from New York, Boston and Baltimore, and thus create an orchestra of about one hundred and fifty. As there can be no charge for entertainments in the Park, he hopes to have the money for the necessary expenses contributed by liberal citizens. It may be expected also, that the city railway companies, which would profit greatly by the concerts, will each give a handsome sum. As these concerts will be on a particularly grand scale, they will attract thousands of strangers to the city, and the hotels, as well as the railroad companies, would thus derive benefit.

We merely allude briefly now to this one project of Mr. Sentz's, and add a word concerning another. It is to arrange for a continuous series of open-air concerts next season, with a much larger orchestra than the present one, to be given in a much more spacious garden. He has his eye on one or two localities, either of which, if obtained, would be as good as Central Park Garden of New York, or better. He would aim to have as large and as fine an orchestra as Theodore Thomas, and as the admission price would be equally moderate, there can be no doubt that the concerts would be as attractive and popular. Everyone visiting the Männerchor Garden concerts on a fine evening must know, from the crowds that attend them, that the Philadelphia public crave good music, and will pay for it even in a limited space and from a small orchestra. If Mr. Sentz can carry out his design for a permanent series on a much more extensive scale, it is quite certain that the support given him would be proportionately liberal.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

This will be a Symphony night at the Männerchor Garden. Each Wednesday evening Mr. Carl Sentz has determined to indulge himself and his audience with a complete Symphony in addition to other pieces. Last Wednesday he gave a charming Symphony by Haydn, and next Wednesday there will probably be one of Beethoven's. The success of these open-air concerts has been extraordinary. The good music, the pleasant company, the perfect arrangements for comfort and good order, and the excellent business management of Mr. Torchiana combine to make the concerts the most attractive ever given here in the summer.—*Ibid, July* 19.

---

New Musical Instrument. We find the following in a Cincinnati paper, and copy it for what it may be worth. But will this hook-harmonium play everything in "octaves"? Heaven save us! And save us also from that dreadful day when *"Music of the Future* will be played in every house."

Among the patents issued last week was one to Mr. Thomas Atkins of this city, for a new musical instrument. A working model of this instrument can be seen and heard at the piano rooms of Atkins & Co., 161 Fourth Street. It presents externally somewhat the appearance of an upright piano, and has a similar keyboard and action, including hammers and damper. In other respects it differs from the piano, having no strings, no tension, and consequently fewer imperfections. The tones are produced by the hammers striking upon steel hooks of a peculiar construction. These hooks have three prongs, the center one being used to attach the hook firmly to a metallic support. The outer prongs differ in length, and herein lies the value of Mr. Atkins' discovery. We speak of it as a discovery, not an invention. Mr. Atkins, who is both an excellent musician and an ingenious mechanic, has devoted years to the construction of an instrument that would obviate some of the insuperable imperfections of the piano. In the process of experiment he hit upon the hook of the form described, and upon testing it, discovered, to his delight, the development of a new acoustic principle, the only like discovery made in nearly a thousand years. When struck, the hook gives out not only a pure unstained tone, but a perfect harmonic. It would be long to tell how many years have been wasted by musicians in reaching after the effect which Mr. Atkins produces by this contrivance. Liszt himself spent some years in experimenting with tuning forks, but found himself limited to a scale of about four and a half octaves. Others have tried, and after tedious labor have met with no better success. The attempts to construct a keyed instrument out of steel have hitherto been failures. Now imagine Mr. Atkins seated at this novel instrument. It is as if a musical box fifty times enlarged were playing. The high notes have all the brilliancy of strings, but in descending the scale the tones approach the *timbre* of wind instruments, like the organ. The purity of tone throughout makes other musical sounds comparatively coarse. It is continued and singing, and its volume is regulated by the touch of the player and the pressure of the pedal; its only harmonic is the octave. It is a wonderful success, considering the steel hooks were forged upon an ordinary anvil, and have flaws and imperfections that will be avoided when they are cut by proper machinery. Doubtless there will be many modifications and improvements, but there can be none in the acoustic principle developed. Theoretically its power is without limit. It would be as easy to give it a range of ten octaves as seven, and its volume may be vastly increased by greater bulk in the steel hooks. Chimes could be as readily constructed as an instrument for the concert room or parlor. As there is no tension, it can not get out of tune, and nothing about it out of order but the action. Its simplicity, its durability, its quality of tone, its possible cheapness of construction, point it out as the instrument on which the "music of the future" will be played in nearly every house in the country.

---

American Art and German Magnanimity.—Under this head the *Christian Union* (the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Organ), has the following remarks:

At that very interesting trial of skill which took place at the recent German Musical Festival—we mean the Sing-Tournament—an incident occurred which reflects great credit upon both the American and the German character. In one of the departments, there appeared (for the first time, we believe, at any of these German festivals) an American club, the Choral Society of Washington. As this company filed upon the stage, the contrast between their very physique and that of their Teutonic rivals was striking; and when they began to sing, the difference was still more manifest in the *timbre* of their voices. Now the Germans have been always charged—especially by disappointed American performers and composers—with clannishness and prejudice against everything that does not emanate from a German source. We do not doubt that there is some truth in the accusation. They naturally prefer the types of art with which they are most familiar, and which they have made illustrious in all the world. They naturally turn with disgust from the crudities and the superficialities which sciolists would fain palm upon the unskilled public as works of merit, using the matchless skill of German performers to cover their deception.

On the occasion to which we have alluded, American art was most fortunate in its representatives. The Washington Choral Society, under the leadership of a young amateur of the Capital, furnished the best example of perfect choral singing, so far, at least, as dynamic *chiaroscuro*, the light and shade of expression—was concerned, that it was ever our good fortune to hear. Yet an old and eminent German professor said to us: "Ah! you must have German voices, if you want the true music of the Männerchor." He preferred the broad, rich diapason effect of the organs to which he had been accustomed—coarse and strident as he confessed they frequently were—to the more graceful, flexile, Italianesque voices of the Americans. It was only a question of *galatin aux truffes* and champagne against lager, leberwurst and kartoffel-salat.

But what we wish to signalize in the affair is the generous reception accorded by the Germans to their American brethren, their hearty appreciation of genuine excellence in an unexpected quarter, and the still more creditable sequel which we proceed to specify. In the first place, the prize (a $700 piano-forte) was awarded to the Americans; in the second place, the German managers added a present of a harp; and finally a subscription has been started to make the $700 Steck a $1500 Steinway. This is honor at once bestowed and reflected. We shall not soon forget the pride and pleasure awakened in us by the full-voiced Teutonic salutation, the showers of bouquets, and the evident largeness of welcome with which the American society was received on that occasion by an audience purely German, and the unstinted applause that was heaped upon them as they retired. And we rejoice especially to know that such magnanimity will draw other American Societies within this most salutary art influence, and that that progress of our people in music which is almost entirely referable to it will thus receive a new impulse, and lay us under fresh obligations to our German fellow-citizens, to whom we already owe so much.

# Special Notices.


DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Songs. *J. R. Roeckel.*

No. 1. Orphan Gertrude. 4. D to e. 35
" 2. Midnight Song. 4. E♭ to e. 40
" 3. Going to Sleep. 4. A to d. 35

"The shadows grow and multiply.
I hear the thrushes evening song."

"The moon looks down on a world of snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning low."

"Orphan Gertrude,
Little bird out in the rain:—"

The above couplets give an idea of the text of these three songs, which is in exquisite taste, and the melodies are well adapted. The mixture of major and minor keys give an air of sadness to the music, which will be none the less effective for that, and all are well calculated for Alto or Baritone voices.

Happy Hours of Long Ago. Song and Chorus. 3. C to f. *M. Keller.* 40
Fine lithograph title and taking song.

Waiting for Papa. 2. G to f. *F. Wilder.* 40
Lithograph title. Pretty child's song.

### Instrumental.

La Bohemienne. Fant. Brillante. 5. G. *E. Ketterer.* 60
A compound of lightness, brilliancy and power, and very effective when played with spirit.

Happy Thoughts. 3 Easy Pieces. *L. Streabbog.* 25
No. 2. Rondo Villageois. 2. C.
Reminds one of an air in Martha. Very neat, and will bear a strong accent. For little learners.
No. 3. Reverie. 3. F.

Golden Echoes. *E. Mack.* 30
No. 1. Ye Merry Birds. March. 2. F.
Well-known favorite melody.
No. 3. Danube River Mazurka. 3. G.
There are 24 "Echoes" in the set, but the "Danube" echoes resound as pleasantly as any.
No. 4. Little Maggie May. 3. G.
The variations are too short to be tedious, and all is pleasing.
No. 5. Russian National Hymn. 2. A♭.
Melody of the "Prayer for Peace."

Cape Girls Galop. 2. F. *L. Mason.* 30
Good for Cape girls, but all are welcome to galop to it. Try it on the sea sands.

Golden Stars. Six Easy Dances. *L. Streabbog.*
No. 4. Polka Mazurka. 2. G. 25
" 5. Galop. 2. C. 25
" 6. Quadrille. 2. 40
The Quadrille is more difficult than the others. The whole set excellent for beginners.

Rhine Galop. 3. B♭. *Henry Eckmeier.* 30
Varied by runs, beats, arpeggios, chords and octave passages. Powerful and brilliant.

Tyrolean Song without Words. 3. G. *E. Pabst.* 30
Of the general character of "Sounds from Home" Waltzes. Very rich and sweet.

Le Chant de Berceau. (Cradle Song). 5. F. *E. Ketterer.* 40
Charming lullaby. Modulates to the key of D♭ and back again, and is brightly graceful.

Three Sonatas for Four Hands. *Pleyel.*
No. 3. 4. 50
Like the other numbers, neat, classical and sweet.

Mignonne Fantasie. 4 hands. 4. C. *Concone.* 75
Air and variations, with a pretty "Italian air" character.

---

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 792. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Faith.

Silence forever in the boundless sky!
No voice from out its depths of starry light!
Raise your wild pleadings higher and more high,
Day answers not, nor yet the solemn night;
And the great throbbing sea, from age to age,
Rolls the same measures on its beaten shore;
Its waves, that sometimes murmur, sometimes rage,
Are inarticulate forevermore.
Turn ye to men, whose ever eager minds
Search past and present for some sure reply,—
One in another man his kind finds,
One fancies Science solves Life's mystery.
Then say, ed hearts, where can ye rest your faith?
The faith itself is all that answereth.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life.*

I. LOEBEJÜCHEN.

In travelling by rail, dear reader, from Köthen to Halle, you will touch, among other stations, that of Stohnsdorf. To the right, away beyond Stohnsdorf, you will see a tower peep forth. This is the church tower of the little town of Löbejüchen. Here was I, JOHANN CARL GOTTFRIED LOEWE, born in the year 1796, on the 30th of November. My birthday was also the name-day of my father, Andreas Löwe. I was the youngest of twelve brothers and sisters. My father came originally from Könnern, and had married a rich maiden, Marie Leopold, the daughter of a rope-maker. Accordingly I wished as a child to become a rope maker; the quiet handiwork, which then seemed to me so favorable to free thoughts and dreams, pleased me. When I said that my mother was a rich young lady, I should have added that her "great fortune" amounted to just 1500 thalers ($1125). According to the ideas by which things were measured in my native town at that time, this was a considerable amount of wealth, which my mother brought to my father in the form of a house, a barn, and half a dozen acres of ploughed land.

The house and barn lay back of the school-house. My father was Cantor and teacher in the village. He lodged with his superior, the rector Noessel, a little man with a great black peruke, and with the Conrector Reichel, in the school house.

Our dwelling room was warm and comfortable in winter. Under it the second class of boys were warmed by anthracite coal, a heating material not commonly in use at that time, but which was there to be had in abundance, as Löbejüch has large coal mines employing 300 miners.

The peculiar life of these people busied my child. ish fancy in a lively manner. I often stood at the mouth of the shaft, when the men went down; but if one of them proposed to take me down with him, I felt no particular inclination to descend into that dusky world. But my vivid imagination painted before me very clearly what an awful aspect it must have worn down there. My fancy wrought sufficiently to give me a lively picture of that subterranean labor in such close relation with the spirit world; it impressed this very deeply on my soul, and when in later years I composed music to L. Giesebrecht's ballad of "The Miner" (*Der Bergmann*), all these impressions were revived in me and came before me vividly.

In the winter my mother used to get our dinner ready in the great three-windowed sitting-room, and as I was fond of peeping into the pots, I was obliged, as soon as I became a little stronger, to help her in all sorts of ways, as bringing water, going to market, &c. I took delight in working with her.

Early one morning I was sitting at the window, gazing now upon the market place, and now upon the hands of my mother, busy with her household duties, when suddenly the great magisterial usher of the town, Herr Becker, who pleased himself best with the title of *Unter-Offizier*, walked in. The great man closed the door, raised his hand to his cap in military style, and spoke, as well as I could understand, as follows: "His honor the Rath (Mayor) would request the Herr Cantor, with the first class of boys, on the coming in of the New Century, to spring from the tower."—My heart sought vent through a scream of horror; I really thought that my father and the school-boys were to celebrate the great day by pitching themselves headlong from the tower. And not until it was explained to me, that the Herr Unter-Offizier had said not *spring*, but *sing*, were my fears quieted.

And so the good Löbejüchers ushered in the New Century with the beautiful old melody of the Chorale: "*Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund*" (I sing to Thee with heart and mouth).

The mention of this Chorale reminds me of another event, which made some impression on my mind. A married couple in our town about to celebrate their golden wedding, and at that time it was the custom for the school children to sing a Chorale in the house of the jubilee pair. For that service they were richly rewarded with wedding cakes. "Please Papa," I begged, "let me sing with them, the Jänke's have such lovely cakes." "Then art too little now, it would not do," said my father. "But I can sing just as well as the big ones."—"Only see what possesses the child's imagination," said the father turning to the mother. "But he is right, he sings quite as well, and better too." "Then I'll come along!" I cried with new hope. "Then stayest here," decided the father; "such little boys don't go there with the rest. Thou shalt go with me after dinner into our potato field and gather in the potatoes as I take them from the earth."

I fancy I made somewhat of a wry face at such a consolation, in which there was not the slightest allusion to cakes. "Thou dost not like field labors!" said my father with a smile; "I'll tell thee what: Study Latin industriously, then thou need'st not work in the field. To improve the time, we'll take the grammar with us into the field this very day."

The wedding anniversary came, my father took his peruke from the peg, hung his choir mantle over his shoulders, and the happy singers assembled with their little flags before our door; away they went toward the festal, decorated wedding house.—I ran on behind them, heard my father and the children sing the Chorale: "*Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut*" to the melody: "*Es ist das Heil uns kommen her*," but also saw how they consumed the cakes, and tears of bitterest grief ran down my cheeks.

How deeply such impressions fasten themselves in a child's mind! Even at this day, if I play upon my organ in St. James' church the tune: "*Es ist das Heil*," there creeps over me a feeling of sadness, and the choir scholars with the wedding cakes, the little festive house, and the father with his peruke and chorister's mantle, step vividly back before my soul.

The potato task just now alluded to was conscientiously performed upon that wedding day, and I had to stoop industriously for every one of the potatoes. My father took care that I should observe attentively all there was about me, and kept my eye for useful labor always open. While we were on the way, I was to let nothing lie that was worth picking up.

"Why do Cantor Löwe's fruit trees always bear more than our ones?" the Löbejüchers asked each other; that was known only to my father and to me. That industry, which in other places is carried on by so many, was here pursued by us alone. I had to collect with care the horse dung that lay out on the road. For that purpose I took with me a spade and a little bag. The manure thus collected I had to lay into a furrow at the feet of the fruit trees, where it was dissolved by the rain. The road, too, that led past our front garden wall, was made useful to the cultivation of our garden. From there the muddy rainwater ran down into the town. Now in the rainy times we lifted stones out from the wall so that the water might trickle through, and in a trice our garden was watered in the most fruitful manner. As we were accustomed to a useful exercise of our active faculties, so too our powers of observation were awakened. We listened to the birds and watched their goings on. A nut tree stretched its branches over the garden wall; crows one by one bore off the nuts into the neighboring field and buried them. With my sharp eye I saw the tiniest sprout of this bird gardening, and I transplanted it into our garden. With joy I think of that beautiful time of early youth. With what delight I rested during the warm summer nights in the little straw huts in which I had to watch the ripening fruit. On the clean straw one slept not badly; before me burned a cheerful fire, but near me lay an innocent pistol laden with mere powder for effect. But not alone to practical life was my attention turned; the intellectual field too was cultivated with zeal, though partly in an original way enough.

Turk's "60 Hand pieces" were played through assiduously. But the most important note treasure of our house consisted in a corpulent volume which contained the evangelical Chorales, copied in my father's own hand, and provided with signatures. How often did I hear these earnest melodies! Indeed I may say that I owe very much to the simple beauty of this old music; for on the foundation of the Chorale every true musical talent will develop itself happily.

Quite original was the way in which, under my father's leading, on Good Friday, the passion and death of our Saviour were musically represented in the Löbejüchen parish. Every singer had to take the hymn book in his hand, open at the history of the Passion printed in the Appendix, and *himself* set to music the character assigned to him; thus the part that fell to me on my first public appearance was that of the Maid, who says: "Verily thou also art one of them, for thy speech bewrayeth then." To this day I remember how I sang those words. Of course everything had to be conceived in a church-like sense, and the style of expression approximated to that of the Responsoria in the Catholic liturgy.

How deeply must the musical feeling have been rooted in the inmost being of the inhabitants of the Saxon province, where these peculiar Good Friday performances were possible and found acceptance! Here in Pomerania, had I desired such a thing of my scholars, I should not have been understood at all.

(To be Continued.)

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC from "Dr. CARL LOEWE'S Selbstbiographie. Für die Öffentlichkeit bearbeitet von C. H. BITTER. Berlin, 1870."

Digitized by Google

## Concerning Certain Great Pianists.

Than John Baptiste Cramer, the eldest son of William Cramer, a violinist, and native of Mannheim, who took up his residence in England on being nominated chamber-musician to the sovereign, and leader of the King's theatre and the ancient concerts—no one of greater celebrity in his peculiar vocation—that of a pianist—can possibly be named. Brought over to England at a very early age by his father, he may truly be said to have become, in every sense of the word, an English musician. The elder Cramer, being passionately attached to his own instrument, had resolved that his elder as well as his younger son should excel in the same instrument that he himself had. As soon, therefore, as the youthful John Baptiste's hand could grasp the finger-board of a violin, he was put to the practice of that instrument. That the violin was, however, by no means to the boy's taste, may be inferred from the fact that he shirked practice whenever he found an opportunity of doing so, and was invariably found, at the early age even of six years, secretly practising upon an old harpsichord. Although his father—like many other self-willed parents—was most unwilling to give his consent to his son's adoption of that instrument, as the means of his future livelihood, he was at last prevailed upon by numerous friends and acquaintances to permit this mere child to follow the bent of his own inclination. Making the best of the matter, he forthwith apprenticed him to a German professor, named Beaser, from whom he was not long after transferred to Schoter, a celebrated Polish pianist and composer, who, having been brought over from Warsaw, obtained the favor and enjoyed the patronage of the Prince of Wales. With this master the young John Baptiste remained but a single year, being next placed with the justly celebrated Muzio Clementi, who was so great a proficient on the harpsichord that Schoter himself, when asked on his arrival in England whether he could play his (Clementi's) compositions, replied that "they were only to be performed by the author himself, or the devil!" Under this master, John Baptiste Cramer studied with the utmost perseverance till he was thirteen years of age, when, after another year's assiduous practice, he began, for the first time, to play in public. Although somewhat jealous of the growing reputation of his pupil, Clementi was clever enough to perceive that he would not only eclipse himself, but every other competitor—an opinion he, it is said, was at the utmost pains to disseminate. After a brief exercise of his profession in England, the young pianist proceeded to the Continent, where, being only seventeen years of age, he was looked upon and received as a prodigy. In 1791 he came back to England, his reputation having been largely increased by his publication in Paris of several sonatas for his favorite instrument—the piano-forte. There is no reliable information extant to tell us that he now made any great way amongst his own countrymen; the information with reference to that period of his career being so scanty as to make it to be naturally inferred that he had to submit to the mortification of discovering that a "musician" had no more reason than a "prophet" to expect that he would find honor "in his own country, or in his father's house." He, therefore, again started speedily for the Continent, and visited Italy, as well as Vienna. At the latter capital he renewed the friendship he had formed with Haydn, during that master's visit to London, to write the most celebrated series of his symphonies for Salomon—a circumstance which tended very considerably to his (Cramer's) ultimate professional advantage. On his return home he married, and at once settled in London as a professional pianist, composer, and pianoforte teacher, where his fame continued to increase year by year with undiminished rapidity. With respect to his peculiar qualifications as a pianist, brilliancy of touch, genuine taste, and exquisite sensibility may be said to have been marvellously prominent.

Early impressions are invariably the most permanent, and doubtless, from the circumstance of John Baptiste Cramer being the first eminent pianoforte player to whom I was privileged to listen, my "Recollections" of him are the more vivid. At the time I first heard him I had myself become acquainted with his "Exercises," which I still believe to be the very best extant, and by many degrees superior to those of Kalkbrenner or Czerny, by whose Studies Cramer has now been wholly superseded. I was not, however, prepared for such effects as he produced, the charm of which was not so much derived from his brilliant manipulation as from the feeling his exquisite, purely *cantabile* playing produced. In point of taste, expression, and feeling, I believe John Baptiste Cramer to have been unrivalled; for he possessed the power of making the pianoforte "sing," as if it were a human voice, perfectly under control.

At a later period than that to which I am referring, when Hummel was in England, the four greatest pianists of the day met at the house of a mutual friend—an amateur of universally acknowledged celebrity, Mr. Alsager, as I believe—Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, and Cramer. The first having been asked to play, improvised at some length, but by no means with his usual facility of invention or execution. When he had finished Kalkbrenner and Moscheles were requested to give some "touch of their quality." Each having absolutely refused to do so, Cramer was asked to contribute to the gratification of the company. For some time he also declined, but being earnestly pressed by Hummel that he would let him hear what he could do, because of what had been told him as to his reputation, he at length consented. Sitting down to the pianoforte after his usual unpretending manner, he began one of Beethoven's Sonatas, then almost entirely new to English—although by no means so to German ears. In a few minutes the whole audience were literally entranced, and sat breathlessly listening to every note and phrase of the several *motivos*, which seemed to reveal some new inspiration at every turn. When he had concluded, Hummel rushed up to him, seized him in his arms, and kissed him on each cheek, exclaiming, "Never till now have I heard Beethoven!" To their credit, be it said, both Kalkbrenner and Moscheles, although not after quite so demonstrative a manner, echoed Hummel's praise; for, to all intents and purposes, they too had been made to understand—perhaps for the first time—the intention of "the giant of harmony," which they had hitherto failed to comprehend or appreciate to its full extent.

Of Kalkbrenner, there is no need that I should speak at any length. Although he obtained a prominent position about this period, and was much fêted and followed, he never by any chance touched the feelings, or gave an indication of being anything else than a mere brilliant machinist. His execution was indeed prodigious; but he could play scarcely any other compositions than his own with anything like taste or proficiency, and the almost total absence of genuine method or phrasing therein caused a repetition to be both tedious and wearisome. Most of Kalkbrenner's compositions were little less than frivolous *fantasias*, consisting of five or six variations upon some popular Italian (operatic) air, an English ballad, or a vulgar Scotch song, which, being anything but agreeable when even performed by himself, were absolutely intolerable whenever they were attempted by either inferior performers or mere commonplace amateurs.

Incomparably superior to Kalkbrenner in every respect was Cipriani Potter—a really sound musician and a genuine *artiste*, who must always be remembered with gratitude for having at a very early period of his career manifested a decided preference for Beethoven's works, as he has in later years manifestly stood up against unmitigated opposition to those of Schumann. As, in the former instance, he was somewhat ridiculed by older members of the musical profession for his devotion to Beethoven, on the presumption that he was too young to appreciate that composer's peculiar merits, so he has been in later years sneered at for his admiration of Schumann, on the ground that he has become old and infatuated. As, however, Cipriani Potter has lived to witness his own enthusiasm for the older "master" equalled by the whole profession, so is it devoutly to be hoped that he may be spared a few years longer to ascertain that his judgment has been quite as sound with regard to the latter. It has been my privilege to hear Mr. Potter play on numerous occasions, as well as to enjoy the honor of his friendship, and I have no hesitation in saying that, after John Baptiste Cramer, he must be reputed to have been, between the years 1810–22, *nulli secundus*.

Another pianist, of foreign extraction, Pio Cianchettini, made an ephemeral sensation about this time, but failed to secure a permanent position. But for his having come to England in 1809, to act for Mme. Catalani as her pianist and accompanyist, and returning with her for the same purpose in 1822, it is doubtful whether he would ever have obtained the slightest consideration. So far as my memory serves, I should say he was the most flimsy player I ever heard during this or any other time: for both his execution and his compositions were of the most mediocre quality. It was, however, far different with respect to Moscheles, whose command over the keyboard of the piano was truly extraordinary, whether considered in relation to force, delicacy, or rapidity of execution. As Mme. Catalani burst through all the fetters commonly imposed upon other singers, so Moscheles seemed to disdain all technical rules, because of his having been thoroughly acquainted with them. As the opinion of a well instructed critic—whose opinion had great influence about this time—thoroughly coincides with my own, I have the less hesitation in quoting it respecting the talent of this eminent German professor, to whom the Leipsic Conservatoire, in later times, owed so much of its excellence and pre-eminence as the very best modern training school of the Fatherland. This critic says: "Moscheles' wrist, hand, and finger-joints exhibited a variety of position and a pliability that were truly wonderful; yet so nicely did he control his touch that when, from the elevation of his hand, the spectator might have expected its descent in thunder, as it were, the ear was never shocked with the slightest harshness. There was a spring and an elasticity in his fingers when applied to quick *arpeggio* passages, that brought out the most brilliant tones, whilst in those touching movements that constitute generally what is termed expression, his manner was no less effective. But the most extraordinary part of Moscheles' playing was perhaps the velocity and certainty with which he passed from one distant interval to another. His thumbs"—they were very large and thick—"seemed to act as intermediate points, from which his fingers were directed almost to the remote parts of the instrument, over which they flew with a rapidity wholly inconceivable; yet the uniformity of his touch and tone was so strictly observed, that an imperfect note was never, and an unfinished note seldom, heard. Every great player has his *forte*; but in this species of execution Moscheles was unrivalled." With respect to expression Moscheles was, however, considerably inferior to John Baptiste Cramer. Had he possessed this quality in proportion to his other excellences, I should have pronounced him as one of the greatest pianists I ever heard. Failing, however, in this most important feature, it never could be said of him, as of his truly eminent contemporary, that although he

"Could swell the soul to rage,"

it was within his means to

"Kindle soft desire."

—*English Magazine.*

## The Passion Play.

THIS SEASON'S REPRESENTATION AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

(Correspondence of the Tribune.)

A busy place is Ammergau on the day before the play. All during the morning troops of boys are carrying things to the theatre for use on the morrow. The communal council holds an extraordinary sitting; the booth proprietors are erecting their frail

structures, while the hotels are constantly receiving fresh instalments of visitors. Toward evening the crowd in the village increases every few minutes, showing that the friendly invitation issued by the community of Ober Ammergau has been well received. This little invitation document read as follows: "Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria. From the southern border of the German empire we send friendly invitation into all the provinces of the German Fatherland, as far as the shores of the North and East seas, to visit the performance of the Passion Play in Ober Ammergau, interrupted last year by the war, and which will be continued in the present summer. (Then follow the days of performance). May the Passion Play, this heritage from primitive times in Germany, see very many German brothers, from north and south, united in love as members of the newly arisen German empire: The community of Ober Ammergau." Many peasants had walked a distance of over one hundred miles; some hundreds had walked from various parts of the Tyrol; the neighboring mountain villages had furnished a good quota; while the carriages and post wagons brought some few hundreds of English and American tourists. I noticed two eminent German theatre directors among the guests, the one from the Berlin court-theatre, the other from Brunswick. English clergymen, in their church coats, were conspicuous for their numbers; and the cockney dialect and tourist manners were, unfortunately, well represented.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PLAY.

The eve of the festival-day is announced to the stranger in Ober Ammergau by the village music band, headed by the village firemen in state ornaments, passing through the principal street at 7 o'clock, going to the theatre. We were waked up early in the morning by the firing of a cannon, and at 5 o'clock all the bells are rung, and people begin to turn out of their houses to enjoy the fresh air and the novelties of the scene. The play commenced at 8 o'clock, but as early as 6 long rows of peasants were seen before the doorways, patiently waiting to enter. The sky had been overclouded in the early morning, and rain was threatened; but it cleared up as the people began to take their seats in the theatre, continuing very pleasant during the entire performance. At 7 o'clock the theatre was filled (except the reserved seats), and we had time, not only to examine the theatre, but also the surrounding country. To the right rose a lofty mountain, sparsely covered with trees, and dotted here and there with hay huts; to the left was a high range, and between the mountain stretches the valley of the Ammer, with the little village of Unter Ammergau in the distance. Pure mountain breezes passed across our faces, high above us larks were warbling in the air, singing songs of thanks to the warm sunshine. Though the theatre itself has often been described, a brief description of it is necessary, to understand the play. The whole structure reminded us, as we entered, of a traveling theatre, except that it was of larger dimensions and open at the top. The seats, which form rows of benches, rise as we retire from the stage, the box places being in the rear, and covered over by roofing. Thus from every part of the theatre the view upon the stage was unhindered, and hardly a word was missed, even in the extreme corners. There were in all 65 benches, each capable of holding 70 to 80 persons, the last 15 rows alone being under cover. The stage was the most noteworthy part of the structure. Before us, first of all, we saw the proscenium, an open space, 80 feet long, and 15 to 20 feet broad. It is generally occupied by the chorus or for some street scenes, and that of Jesus carrying the cross, in which nearly 500 persons are seen. Back of this the stage proper was erected, bounded on either side by a narrow, two storied building with balconies and folding-doors; the building on the right, as we faced the stage, was the house of the high priest, Annas, that on the left the house of Pilate. Close beside each of the houses, open gateways allowed us to see into the streets of Jerusalem, through which the processions at times came and disappeared. The middle stage had 12 movable scenes, and it was used for the *tableaux vivants*, including some of the principal scenes, the crucifixion, resurrection, etc. The whole theatre seats easily 5000 persons. On the stage 500 persons had ample room. The orchestra was entirely composed of natives of the village, dressed in plain uniforms, with hunters' caps. It was well directed, and the music was very fine. Stringed instruments predominated.

Precisely at 8 o'clock, the second cannon-boom announced that the Passion Play had commenced; the music began, and the chorus, or, as beautifully expressed in German, guardian spirits, entered upon the stage from either side, led by the choragus. They advanced toward the centre, one after the other, met and turned toward the audience, forming a curved line nearly the whole way across the wide proscenium. The spirits had an important part to play during the entire performance, and were at the same time peculiarly attractive in dress, action, and song. The chorus consisted of 20 persons, including the choragus, who occupied the centre of the stage. At his side, on the right and left, were three male spirits, and then on each side of these were six female figures. The tallest stood in the centre, and the figures were so arranged as to gradually diminish in stature on either side. The dresses were peculiarly rich in color, the forms good, the faces generally very attractive. The choragus wore a long alb of cashmere, reaching to the sandaled feet, and bound by a loose golden girdle. A crown of gold bound his hair, which fell upon his shoulders. He had a long, dark beard, and was pronounced one of the most handsome of men. I may add, in passing, that 20 years ago a rich German lady saw him, and was so attracted by his appearance that she offered him her hand and fortune, and they are now living in the handsomest villa in Oberammergau. The other members of the chorus were most effectively arrayed as regards the color of the dresses. The two outside ones were dressed alike. The others were all in different colors; each wore a long, loose-flowing garment of cashmere, ornamented at the bottom with silver or gold, falling to the sandaled feet, over this a kind of short muslin tunic fell nearly to the knees, and over this was a loose-flowing mantle of cashmere, of a color harmonizing with the lower garment, and trimmed with gold or silver, as contrast required. The effect of the distribution of the colors was singularly beautiful at times. After the passion scenes, it was extremely soothing to the spirit. The head was bound with a gold circlet, of patterns slightly differing, below which the hair fell upon the shoulders. One never tires of looking upon this arrangement of the chorus, of listening to the intonation of the choragus, and the singing of the entire corps of guardian spirits.

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

The curtain of the central stage was still down, the chorus was in position, when the deep bass voice of the choragus was heard, urging the human race to bend low before God, to receive grace from Zion, and telling them that God does not desire that sinners die, for He sent his Son for their salvation! The prologue changed into a song taken up by the whole chorus, whereupon the curtain of the central stage rose, exposing to view the first part of the *tableaux vivants*, that were so exceedingly well done that one could only compare them to wax-work figures, so accurate the position, so fixed the limbs; the chorus then retired toward the stage. The first tableau represented Adam and Eve being expelled from paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. The curtain fell, the chorus resumed its semi circular position, sang a song of reconciliation, and then fell back into a position from the outer edges of the stage to the walls of the proscenium. After the chorus sang "Eternal God, O hear thy children's faltering prayer," the curtain rose, revealing a second tableau: A group of children kneeling before a crucifix, the symbol of salvation, while seraphic music was heard proceeding from the stage. The beautiful picture vanished in a few minutes, when the choragus repeated the prologue to the first principal scene. He pointed out the lesson taught by the tableau in deep, well expressed words, and finished by exhorting the audience to follow the Redeemer who, through his blood, obtained for us salvation. While the choragus was still speaking, we heard the shouts of "Hosanna" in the distance, the chorus then disappeared entirely from the stage, when the central curtain was raised, exposing a scene representing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The central stage was opened up to its full extent, and the background was a sunny landscape. Great crowds of children with palm branches came out of one of the side streets; men, women, and children joined them, all with palm branches. In the midst of this crowd of some 300 persons, dressed in variegated costumes, the Saviour was seen sitting upon an ass. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of Christ (Joseph Mayr), a noble figure, and one of the best delineators of the Saviour that Ammergau has ever produced. The acting followed very closely the description given in the Bible. As the procession slowly advanced, having emerged, when about half way down the central stage, into a side street, and thence upon the proscenium, the chorus and the multitude sang, "Hail Thou! Son of David, Hosanna! Blessed is He who cometh to take possession of David's throne," etc. Christ sat with sad face upon the ass; he then descended and imparted his teachings to the people. The effect that this scene produced was remarkable. The Jesus of the people's childhood was there, the veritable Jesus that we have seen in the pictorial Bibles ever since boyhood, and the slight exclamation of surprise and wonder that rose from the people can well be understood. Christ was over six feet in height, well made, but somewhat slender, with black beard and hair, the latter falling in locks far over his shoulders. For the first part of the performance it has been said that his features were too sad, that he did not excite enough sympathy. There is truth in this; his full power, earnestness, and majesty only came fully into play during the representation of the Passion proper.

SCENE IN THE TEMPLE.

The scenes followed each other in rapid succession. While the people were singing hosannas around the Saviour, the curtain of the central stage rose, and displayed the interior of the temple, wherein buying and selling were going on. Buyers and sellers were standing around booths containing doves and other animals. The money-changers, Jews of true Polish type, were there. Christ approached them, and addressed to them the words, "My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves," overturning at the same time one of the money-tables. I shall not attempt to follow the play through the 18 following scenes, nor describe the many beautiful tableaux vivants. From the beginning to the end it was one sublime whole, of which I can only give a slight idea. The second act represented the sitting of the high court of the Sanhedrim; Caiaphas, Annas, priests and counsellors sitting in judgment as to what should be done with Christ. The preceding tableau was that of Jacob's sons keeping their sheep; Joseph, in his flowery garment, advancing toward them, while the brothers were plotting his destruction. The third act, representing the parting in Bethany, was one of the very best of the morning scenes. It is preceded by two significant tableaux—first, the departure of young Tobias from his parents; secondly, the lamenting bride, in the Song of Solomon—both having reference to the parting of Jesus from his mother, the explanation being given in the usual way by the singing chorus. "Where is He gone—where is He gone—the grandest of all people!" said one part of the chorus, as the bride's song of lamentation, to which the other answered, "Dearest soul, be comforted! Thy friend will come once more!" The music and singing were extremely simple and sweet. In the parting scene introduced by these two tableaux we had our first glimpse of Fräulein Franciska Flunger, who personated the Virgin Mary. For the Virgin, great care is taken by the committee to select a girl of the village whose fame is spotless. It is a difficult part, but one which Franciska filled to perfection. She is a charming, sympathetic being, full of tenderness, and neither she nor Christ could control their emotions at the parting scene. The eyes of both were filled with tears. During this scene the delineator of Judas had the first opportunity to exhibit his truly dramatic talent. In contrast with the deep emotion of the Virgin, Judas was lamenting at that useless outlay of 300 denarii for the precious vestment. Franciska's form was hardly so fully developed as we could wish, but her face was extremely expressive. Among the female actors Franciska took the first place; she acted her part with such power and fitness that little room was left to criticize her. Indeed, we doubt if criticism should be admitted in judging of the whole play. That has grown up with the life of the people, and is infinitely above the ordinary run of dramatic acting. The fourth act represented the last journey of Christ to Jerusalem, and is followed by the Last Supper, the betrayer and Jesus at the Mount of Olives, which usually concludes the first half of the performance, when a pause of an hour is made to give the actors and spectators time to partake of some refreshments. It must have been a great relief to the chorus, which had been standing in the hot sun a long time, and not less to the spectators not under cover, since they had not been allowed any shade except their hats. The peasant women were literally burned. The acting in the above scenes was well maintained. The role of Judas became constantly more interesting. The act representing the betrayal was introduced by a tableau, showing Jacob's sons selling their brother Joseph to the Midianitish merchant, the chorus explaining the text in song. Gregor Lechner, who personated Judas, was perhaps the finest actor among the Ammergauers. Throughout his long and arduous role he never became extravagant. It was his desire of gain that obtained the mastery over him, and he retained it until the moment when remorse seized him, as he found that he had betrayed the Master to death. When the blood-money was paid down to him, Judas grasped it and placed it in his money-bag, with an acting that was not to be surpassed. After the play was over, I noticed several parties of both Englishmen and Americans address Judas, and thank him personally for his exquisite

Digitized by Google

performance. He was everywhere acknowledged to be the best actor.

CHRIST BROUGHT BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

When the second part was about to commence, the youths and maidens of the chorus, in gay-colored cloaks, trooped out from right and left, and formed a line in the front of the stage. The deep voice of their leader, the choragus, was heard explaining the tableau about to be shown, and they wheeled back in two lines flanking the approach to the inner theatre just as its curtain rose. We had a scene represented wherein the prophet of God received a blow for speaking the truth to Ahab. This was typical of the treatment of Christ before the high priest. The figures in the tableau remained motionless as rocks for several minutes, until the curtain slowly fell again, and the chorus renewed its line across the front. When the song was over, the singers filed off to either side, and the action of the play was taken up. Jesus was seen dragged as a prisoner before the high priest, taken up into the balcony of his house, and questioned with brutal harshness. Many accusers appeared against the captive, and the rabble clamored against him; but he retained his patient dignity, and answered nothing. He was cuffed on the face by a serving man for refusing to speak, and that sensation of looking on at cruelty which it was intended to foster in this part of the play, began to grow strong with the spectators. Joseph Mayr sustained the lofty character assigned to him with perfect skill. It was impossible to see him brought by degrees to his death without a warmer and warmer sympathy with his terrible position. The spectators dwelt on every detail of this mockery of justice with painful interest. Even the rather lengthy proceedings before Caiaphas were watched unweariedly by an attentive "house," and each step of the visits to Pilate and to Herod was gazed at with eagerness. Pilate was very well rendered by Tobias Flunger, who himself played the principal part in former years. The cold dignity of the Roman noble was fully brought out. His utter disdain of the accusers of Christ could scarcely be concealed, though he ultimately yielded to their clamor. It was a most effective scene—wonderfully effective, considering the circumstances of the play—when Pilate, in the balcony of his house, one of the permanent balconies that flanked the inner theatre, received Jesus for judgment, and was inclined to release him. The Jews cried loudly for blood; the Roman governor, in his purple robe, remained sternly impassive, and the bright equipments of his legionaries glittered in the sunshine. We were all of us so intent on the play that the surroundings of Ober Ammergau seemed quite forgotten. The spectators were carried back to Jerusalem, to the time of the unjust accusation, and of the shouting rabble which demanded that Christ should die. We could almost shudder for them as we heard them exclaim, "Sein Blut komme über uns und unsere Kinder!"

MERITS OF THE PERFORMANCE.

There is one reason why the fact of acting in the open air in broad daylight should help rather than hinder the effect of the scenes. Most of them were supposed to occur in the open air and in broad daylight, and no arrangement of theatrical gas jets could be so much like nature as a glow of real sunshine. It would be different in case of rain. But then, rain would spoil in any case such a meeting as that of Ober Ammergau. We were most fortunate, yesterday, in having all the freshness of the previous night's shower with a blaze of sunshine well suiting the supposed scene of action in Judea. These peasant actors were so little "made up" that they could bear daylight. Their hair and beards were worn according to the requirements of their particular parts, so that no knocking about on the stage could disarrange them. It was a great point to have this natural preparation complete. Another point in favor of the effect of the Passion play, despite its being given in the open air, is the very strong array of secondary characters which the village can produce. I cannot style them "supers" in current stage parlance, for they were as much in earnest, and often as artistic in their way as the principal actors. From the round about chubby little urchins who stood so immovable in the tableaux vivants, to the stalwart men who depicted the Roman soldiers with such brutal simplicity and truthfulness, all did their parts with good effect. The Romans were rigidly drilled. There was no comparing the followers of the high priest with them for a moment. These last had helmets and spears, and a somewhat military look, but the villagers brought out very clearly the fact that the Roman discipline was far superior. It was the bright, strong legionaries, nevertheless, who were shown us in the midst of their odious task of persecuting Christ. They were the blind instruments of the sins of others, and their combination of personal indifference with ferocious ribaldry was very well realized.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

We were also shown a good tableau of the murder of Abel, to introduce us to the scene of the remorse and suicide of Judas. The appearance of the treacherous disciple before the sanhedrim and his passionate appeal to the elders to undo his work, and his flinging back of the blood money amid their sarcastic laughter, was most vividly rendered. There was the same difficulty about its being night time, when the moment of the suicide approached, as there was with the scene on the mount of Olives. But though this difficulty puts the out-door play at a disadvantage, yet, by shading the middle stage from the sun rather more than it was previously shaded, an effect of gloom was certainly produced. The actual suicide was not shown, for the curtain fell just as Judas had attached his girdle to the branch of a tree. It was not intended to lessen the force of the final sacrifice by allowing other scenes of too painful a nature to be witnessed beforehand. Thus, though a little later on Jesus was discovered, when the curtain arose, bound to a pillar, where he had been scourged by the soldiery—we did not actually watch the scourging. The most shocking thing which was seen before the crucifixion, was the pressing on to the head of our Lord of the crown of thorns. This was done with a grim appearance of reality by two soldiers, who crossed their spears over the crown to press it down. But it was done in a moment, and the spectators had but time to give a gasp of horror, when the meek head which had sunk under the pressure was raised again with patient dignity. We were coming to the end of the play—coming slowly but surely, with a fixed and sorrowful interest, which seemed more and more to take hold of every one present. Pilate had brought out Christ and Barabbas, and had set them before the people, and the people had clamored for the release of the murderer. The Roman had washed his hands of the innocent blood which was to be shed, and an officer of his household had read aloud, from the balcony, the warrant for the execution. Then we had the sad procession winding across the outer stage on the way to Calvary, and a most pathetic interlude, when the Virgin Mary, entering the extreme left, heard the murmur of the advancing crowd, and half feared, half wondered what it might be. She caught sight of Jesus, and fell back into the arms of those who were with her, sobbing out, "My son! my son!" It was not until the procession had moved out of sight, after Simon of Cyrene had been compelled to take up the cross, which Jesus could no longer support, that the spectators could breathe freely for a moment. The chorus came upon the outer stage, robed in black. There was no tableau shown, but the tapping of hammers could be heard behind the curtain of the inner theatre, as Jesus was nailed upon the cross. The leader of the chorus sang, or rather recited, in deep melancholy tones, a description of the sacrifice which was to be offered, and all the singers joined in solemnly at the end with these words:—

O bringet dieser Liebe
Nur fromme Herzenstriebe
Am Kreuzaltar
Zum Opfer dar!

CHRIST'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

The chorus wheeled back to either side as the curtain rose, and we saw the cross about to be raised on the middle stage, with its living burden already attached to it. This was the crowning moment of the whole play. The two thieves were discovered crucified to the right and left of the middle stage, and were merely hung the traditional way, with their arms bent over the arms of the cross, not nailed to it. The large cross on which Jesus was nailed was seen slowly rising between the other two, and it was impossible to distinguish how the body was attached, supposing, as we must suppose, that the appearance of being nailed was feigned. Joseph Meyr possessed great physical strength, or he would never bear 20 minutes of this uncomfortable position. He was dressed in flesh-colored tights, with a cloth about his loins, and had the crown of thorns on his head. The pictorial effect was perfect. Like so many other of the scenes in the Passion play, the scene of the crucifixion was modeled on an engraving of Albert Durer, and was modeled to the life. We held our breath. We watched the soldiers and the people passing to and fro before the cross, and saw all the details of the tragedy enacted according to Holy Writ. We could but faintly wonder how the real Bavarian villager, raised aloft before our eyes, was able to endure the severe strain upon his muscles. The executioners squabbled over the clothing of their victim, the priests and elders uttered the bitterest taunts, and those money changers expelled in the opening scene from the temple were present to rejoice at the crucifixion. When all was over there was the stroke with a lance-point in the side of our Lord, and a rush of what looked like blood—so that the spectators shuddered—and the soldiers and the people withdrew from sight, and the descent from the cross was reverently and skilfully managed. The Virgin Mary, John and Mary Magdelene, with Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who had been present all the time, were seen supporting the body of Christ, or lamenting over it. They had to come forward a little too soon as an artistic question, on account of the immense fatigue to the chief actor of every additional minute; but they did their part very well. The curtain fell, and we had a strange feeling of relief that the worst was over. What remained to be seen was less effective, though not less earnestly played. The resurrection of our Lord was given in something between an act and a tableau. He appeared rising from the grave before the astonished soldiers, and passed quickly out of sight. Then, when He had been seen for a moment speaking to Mary Magdalene, we reached the end of the play. The chorus, once more in gay-colored cloaks, sang a joyous song of triumph, and the scene displayed on the middle stage represented Christ in the distance, with the banner of the cross in His hand, and a crowd of people kneeling before him. Unless a play were so quietly and earnestly acted, by men and women who devote themselves to it as almost a religious duty, it would be impossible for any Christian with the ideas of our generation to sit watching it. There was of necessity so near an approach to what would be sheer blasphemy, with with many styles of treatment, that one can well see why Passion plays in other places have been put a stop to. All that can be said is that, where alone it now exists, the old institution is kept up with due reverence, and that it is a most curious sight to see.

## New Oratorios.

(From the London Orchestra.)

The season has passed over without the presentation of a new oratorio, but the Festival Carnival in the country is to be distinguished by the advent of two fresh illustrations of the highest order in musical composition. There is good reason for the quiet of our modern oratorio writer during the great London season. Handel is pre-eminent in Exeter Hall and during this season he has not only been heard in great force in the Strand, but also with the utmost magnificence at the Crystal Palace. Further, his grand contemporary has come in—Sebastian Bach has been heard in his immeasurable work of the "*Passione*," and stands no longer outside. He has entered the charmed circle in his true character, and points to his hundred folios with grave yet benignant aspect, saying, "These are mine, let them be heard in their turn." Whatever may be the immediate effect from hearing the great choral school of composition which marked the art musical world of the middle of the last century we stay not to inquire, but there is one abiding result ever manifest and utterly incontrovertable. However apparent the inadequacy of the means to the end, the sensation of power in this school of composition is of the highest possible kind, it is enormous—perfect—overwhelming; and it completely dwarfs all modern effort and wipes it out of the memory. However cheering and kindly may be the public feeling to the modern oratorio composer, however merciful to his forgetfulness, his inexperience, or even his errors, watching for the good and turning away eyes and ears from the bad, still there is at work an irresistible power which governs and subdues all impulses and imaginings, and compels the hearer of Handel and Bach to the administration of a stern justice and a bowing down to the ever-living truth. The older art—the result of inherent power and prolonged exertion—reigns supreme. The life spent in acquiring a subtlety of expression, a boldness, fearlessness, and swiftness in doing the thing, is victorious and triumphant; and it is felt that modern life cannot realize such results, and hardly indeed enter into its methods and details.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when this state of the public mind and the brush-work of the English painters were at opposite points of the compass. Haydon—the unfortunate—the ill-taught and misguided enthusiast—tells us he accompanied Sir Thomas Lawrence to visit the first display of pictures by the old masters seen in this county, and he describes in his amusing yet caustic way the wrath, petulance, and dismay of the most beloved of fashionable painters. "What do they mean by it?" said Sir Thomas, "this will do us great mischief; it will ruin us." Again, when the great picture by Rubens of the *Chapeau de Paille* was exhibited, Haydon took the then famed Milton-Jerusalem Martin to con it over. "How pure and brilliant, how soft and sil-

very, how wonderful!" said Haydon. "It is fine," rejoined Martin. "Ah!" said Haydon, "how few in these days attain to anything like this; and yet, perhaps, even this may not rank with Titian in all his tremendous effects of golden brilliancy and power of color. It is a perfect lesson to any painter." As a commentary to this, let any of our readers go to the South Kensington Gallery and look over the vaunted contents of the Vernon Collection and the works of the painters in this country of that period and the thirty years preceding it. It will be found that some of the pictures stand forth in imbecility, untruth, and deformity almost as the efforts of maniacs, and that a picture the result of right motive or unjust action is the exception. And then to turn into the next room, and see that "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough, and the specimens of Reynolds who, if here and there wanting the power of the old artists, never failed in conception or the appreciation of grand effect!

The real secret of old art is, that the artist was true to himself, true to his work, and when young labored until imagination, invention, and calculation of result filled his heart and governed his hand. Nothing was done without activity of mind and utility of spirit, and the possession of power to do in the best way whatever was required to be done. It was the union of high thought with consummate knowledge. The large heart and the lofty spirit seems to have departed with Handel. Herein Haydn fails; and, to quote the words of Beethoven, "the *Creation* will die." Again, with the power there must be the opportunity. A great work must be done continuously, and without effort in its mechanism. Look at the oratorios of Spohr, all ground up—one melancholy looking grist—in one Lilliputian mill. He is like the tiniest of Shetland ponies meandering round and round his confined circle, pulverizing grain against which the appetite unceremoniously revolts. Consider again the long, but not large, works of Schubert, a man well competent to do any work that could be finished by dinner-time and bring him the two florins for dinner, wine and tobacco, but utterly unequal, through necessity and position, to think out a long work, [?] and utterly wanting the power to present it in any pleasant or sufferable form.[?] The early thorough training of Handel and his Court pensions gave us the Handel oratorios. The years of solitary labor and the church position have given us the Bach Litanies, Motets, and Passiones. Give an Englishman, of good musical talent and acquirement, the rue of Westminster Abbey, enough to eat and to drink and the wherewithal he can be clothed, we may then perhaps squeeze an oratorio out of him, but oratorios have never yet and never will come out of Ladies' schools, West-end concert rooms, or from men who have to run here, there and every where to give a lesson to young girls at boarding-school or at home, or to some rubicund full-blown amateur too old to work and too idle to remember. How can any one so situate gain any freedom, any power of thought, any certainty in development, any beauty of finish? Art takes its tone from the reiterated action, from the true or false life, from custom, from accident, and in these days the rule is to machine the poor artist into a state bordering on puerility if not tending to palsy. An oratorio when written must be sold, or its composer will die of starvation. If written with solemn purpose to arouse noble emotion—an utter impossibility, however, as things now stand with the English composer—who would purchase it? If written in the old school, who would listen to it? If in the modern, who could bear it? If made up of songs to sell and choruses penned in the school-room years ago as exercises—childish exercises—in single or double counterpoint, what subscriber to Exeter Hall or St. James's would ever put up with it? Unfortunately for the oratorio, Mendelssohn set the fashion of laying out its movements in parcels for sale or applause—a song here, sweet and sugary, a trio or quartet there, a tender bit, and then a fiery rush. No one in these days sends for half a ream of paper, takes the libretto and writes straight on with nothing but the *dramatic* intention to guide him. And yet this did Handel do. And did Handel disdain the works of his predecessors? Quite the contrary; *he looked back*, studied the great thoughts of the dead, and profited by their spirits and mechanisms. Now-a-days every one is filching from his next door neighbor, and taking what is assuredly not worth the stealing. To our young hands at the oratorio we can only say—"Don't go to Paris, there is nothing there; don't go to Modern Germany, there is nothing there; look back, do as Handel did; first learn how to do it, and then consult the works of those that have done it. Leave Mendelssohn and Spohr alone; never touch Schubert or Schumann, avoid Wagner, and go back to the mummy cases that have the spirit-bird fluttering upon them. Catch the bird if you can, and you will not fail in your oratorio."

## Mario's Farewell.

THE GREAT TENOR'S ADIEU TO THE STAGE—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LONDON, July 19, 1871.—Signor Mario, the justly celebrated tenor, has sung his farewell song, and last night bid adieu to the stage. The scene of his last public appearance was Covent Garden, and the opera chosen for the occasion was the well known and much admired "La Favorita." On the appearance of the celebrated singer the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. It proved a demonstration unparalled almost in the history of the lyric stage. The whole audience rose to do honor to the artist, and it was some time ere the performance could proceed. All through the entertainment the emotion of the tenor was noticeable, yet he carried himself bravely through to the end. He felt the influence of the surroundings. Eleven times he was called before the curtain, to receive the homage of royalty itself, associated with the beauty, wit, talent, wealth and elegance of the British metropolis. Showers of laurel wreaths and rare flowers were strewn before the footlights at the feet of the artist. It was amid such a scene as this that the great tenor took his farewell of the stage.

Your readers will no doubt call to mind the immense furor created in New York on the appearance of Signor Mario and Mme. Grisi at Castle Garden in 1854, and as a sketch of the life of this gifted singer may not at this time be inappropriate, the particulars of his extraordinary career, as drawn by himself, will no doubt prove interesting. Thus he tells his story:

A SKETCH OF MARIO BY HIMSELF.

I was born in 1810, on the 18th October, at Cagliari, in Sardinia. My father was the Marchese di Candia. I was sent to the Military Academy, and served in the army seven years, I was aid-de-camp to my father, at Nice, where he had been appointed Governor. At that time the Duchesse de Berri made her expedition to the south of France, and I visited her on board the steamer in which she was concealed. My father being ordered to Genoa, where he also filled the post of Governor, I followed him thither, still in the same capacity. When at Genoa I was suspected of associating with those who were politically opposed to the Government, and was, in consequence, deputed to carry dispatches to Sardinia. This being evidently a pretext to get rid of me, I protested, and was anxious to appeal to the King, Carlo Alberto, against what I considered an indignity put upon me. However, the Marchese Paolucci showed me the general order and the note affixed to it, according to which, if the lieutenant objected to the duty, he was to consider himself at the disposal of the general in command—which, in fact, was equivalent to my being placed under arrest. In spite of the advice of my good friend, the Marquis, I sent in my papers to the authorities and decided to embark for Spain. It being some time before the preparations for my departure could be made, I had to conceal myself in Genoa, which, thanks to the assistance of a young lady to whom I was much attached, I successfully accomplished for a month. At the expiration of that time I took passage on board a boat bound for Marseilles, intending to proceed thence to Spain. On arriving at Marseilles and making myself known to the authorities, I was received with the greatest hospitality and strongly advised not to continue my journey as I intended, but to make my way to Paris, which advice I followed. I remained in Paris but a short time, and was persuaded to join a party going to London.

Being well acquainted with Admiral Fielding's family, through them I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Still anxious to visit Spain, I asked the Duke to give me some facility for so doing. He assured me it was a country in which I should make no progress—that the more energy I displayed the more enemies I should make, and the only thing I could hope for there, with any certainty, was a *coup de fusil*. He concluded his advice by telling me, "*Amusez vous, et je ferai quelque chose pour vous plus tard.*" This counsel I followed to such good purpose that time passed away and with it all my money, until at last I found myself without any means of support. I then resolved to go to America, and secured a cabin on board a sailing vessel, starting from the Thames, having with some difficulty managed to scrape together £40 to pay the passage. A week before the ship was to sail I fell ill. I had to abandon the idea of going to America, and, what was worse, to forfeit the £40. During this illness I experienced the *profondeur* of English hospitality, and was treated like a brother by those with whom I had the good luck to become acquainted. I was urged to go to Paris to consult the doctors, and was taken there by one of my English friends in his travelling carriage.

In Paris I improved in health and made the acquaintance of the Marquis Aguado, then the director of the two theatres—the Opera and the Theatre des Italiens. I was also intimate with the Prince Belgiojoso, with whom I used to sing duets *en amateur*. My financial circumstances, however, became so serious that I made them known to the Prince, who insisted upon my turning my vocal abilities to account. This was at first very obnoxious to me. I had looked forward to a very different career from that of an artist, which I then thought unmanly and unsuited to my tastes. But the Prince would not listen to my objections, assuring me that, were it not for family considerations, he would, in spite of his social position, go himself upon the stage. He spoke to the Marquis Aguado on by behalf, and obtained for me an engagement for three years. For the first year, which was passed in study, I received 14,000 francs, for the second 32,000, and for the third 45,000 francs. For the first six months I was placed under the tuition of Meyerbeer, whom I daily visited. No composer who ever lived took such pains with his work as Meyerbeer—and of this I had frequent opportunities of judging while studying with him.

I made my first appearance in Paris on December 1, 1838, in "Robert le Diable," at the Grand Opera. I sang there two years and a half, and played in the "Comte Ory," "Le Drapier," and other operas. In 1840 Aguado made me sing at the Italiens, where I appeared in "L'Elisire d'Amore." I really forget whether it was in 1839 or 1840 that I came out at Her Majesty's, in "Lucrezia Borgia," with Giulia Grisi, but it was about that time. I was not considered a success at any rate; and, in fact, my career did not begin until 1842, when I sang in Dublin with Tamburini, Grisi and Lablache, and with Benedict as conductor. After that I returned to Paris, and sang the "Rubini Repertoire," in which I was most fortunate. Since then my life has passed but too quickly away in going from Paris to London every season, and meeting always with the greatest kindness everywhere. In the winter of 1849 I went, for the first time, to Russia, and in 1854 to America. London and Paris, however, have been the two cities of which I shall always have the most pleasant recollections, unless it be Dublin, where I first received the greatest encouragement. Strange to say, I have never sung in Italy.

## Mario's Retirement.

COMMENTS OF LONDON JOURNALS.

The *Times* remarks that Signor Mario had before him an admirable exemplar in the late[?] Giulia Grisi, of whom, both in comic and in serious opera, he was frequently a colleague. From Grisi he learnt a vast deal, and to such good purpose that in the course of time he became Grisi's equal, and, further on in the course of time, her superior. It is worth noting that, whereas at Her Majesty's Theatre Signor Mario used to be almost exclusively associated with Italian vocalists *pur sang*, he has, at the Royal Italian Opera, been continually associated with vocalists of other nationalities—German, French, Spanish, American, English, &c. All that was worth learning from the, so to speak, exotic elements by which he has so frequently been surrounded was used for his own peculiar advantage. It was no detriment to him that in the "*Huguenots*" and the "*Prophète*" he should have as his earliest partner an artist of such high intellectuality as Mme. Pauline Viardot Garcia, one of the most distinguished of musical Spaniards. He doubtless caught much from the gifted sister of Malibran, but added a grace of his own which invested with a double charm what he had appropriated. Signor Mario's genius, indeed, from the beginning was appropriative; and it was only as he advanced in years that it assumed an undeniably inventive power—a power to which in Italian Opera we are indebted for his superb impersonation of *Fernando*, in the "*Favorita*," his *Raoul* in the "*Huguenots*," and, perhaps, most striking of all, his *Jean of Leyden* in the "*Prophète*." When he first essayed the operas of Verdi, it was generally thought he would fail. But no. His "*Jacopo Foscari*" was a masterpiece of vocal and dramatic power not easy to forget; while in later characters of the now most popular of Italian composers, and, conspicuous among the rest, the *Duke* (of Mantua) in "*Rigoletto*," and that other *Duke* (of Naples) in "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," to say nothing of *Manrico* in the "*Trovatore*" if the fourth act, the *chef d' œuvre* of Verdi, be the test—he has long shone peerless. Lastly, among French operas in which Signor Mario has earned well-merited distinction may be named, "*Romeo et Giulietta*," which many amateurs are disposed to look upon as the "*capo d'opera*" of M. Gounod, and which at all events has every pretension to rank with the eminent composer's "*Faust*"—and even with his "*Mireille*," on the whole the most original and freshest of his dramatic pieces. None who witnessed Signor Ma-

Digitized by Google

rio's impersonation of the "star crossed lover," associated with the incomparable *Giulietta* of Mme. Adelina Patti, can remember it without deep and abiding interest. *Romeo*, Signor Mario's last new "creation," was in many respects perhaps his very finest.

The *Daily News* wonders how many great singers of the other sex have been rivals and successors, and challenged together, or in turns, the admiration of the world of London, while Mario ruled not merely supreme, but almost alone. Giulia Grisi, with the beauty and symmetry of an antique statue, with her superb voice and the unsurpassed splendor of her dramatic genius; Jenny Lind, the most popular and successful, if not the greatest singer to whom the world ever listened, and who quitted the field magnanimously and wisely while yet in her prime; Viardot, with her thrilling lyric power and passion; Bosio, that bright light of the firmament of song, so prematurely and suddenly extinguished; the bold brilliancy of Cruvelli; the vivid force of Piccolomini; Patti's exquisite purity and sweetness; Lucca's energy of dramatic expression; the noble classic dignity and grandeur of Tietjens; the sympathetic tenderness of Nilsson—these are only some of the names and gifts which will spring at once to every recollection as we think over the years of Mario's career. But during that time how many great tenors have crossed the stage whereon he appeared! On a small scrap of paper one might write down all their names; and it is not too much to say that not one could claim to be, in the union of lyrical and dramatic qualities, the rival of Mario. It is a wise resolve that bids him now to withdraw from the scene of so prolonged and complete a success.

The *Standard* speaks of Signor Mario as indebted to no accident of time, place, or association for the splendid triumphs which he has won. But the highest genius can still profit from a felicitous combination of circumstances, and the circumstances of Signor Mario's entrance to artistic life were felicitous in an eminent degree. The constant colleague of the incomparable Grisi, he was indisputably influenced by the careful study of her performances. And at no time has Signor Mario ceased to derive advantage from the artistic examples of those with whom he has associated. It is not too much to say that there has ever been noticeable in his genius a strong eclectic or appreciative power. He has ever, not indeed imitated, but made indisputably his own, all that careful observation suggested as excellent, or the unerring instinct of art marked out as worthy to be followed. As Signor Mario's triumphs have been exceptionally brilliant, so the *Standard* thinks is the art in whose service these triumphs have been attained beyond all others happy in its nature and fortunate in its opportunities. It is the unique privilege of actor or singer that the fruition of success is almost simultaneous with its achievement.

The *Daily Telegraph* is of opinion that one of the most remarkable characteristics in this hero's remarkable career is its gradual development. When he first tried his powers on the lyric stage in 1838, he was simply a good-looking young nobleman with a pretty voice, ignorant of everything appertaining to the arduous profession on which he had embarked as much, perhaps, from vanity as from hope of reward. When in the succeeding year he made his *debut* in England, it was to introduce to us what was then a character—*Gennaro*, in "*Lucrezia Borgia*,"—for which he was singularly well fitted. Signor Mario, indeed, is one of the few *Gennaros* over whose sleeping form *Lucrezia* could sing "Com' è bello, qual' incanto," without provoking a smile. The handsome appearance of the young tenor struck his hearers much more forcibly than his voice; and while stern critics spoke of his musical acquirements with contempt, he was at once dubbed the "young *Romeo* of the Italian stage." For many years afterwards Mario was but a "*stick*" in acting—a cold emitter of luscious sound. During the early part of his career he had to endure the redoubtable rivalry of the accomplished Rubini, who, with his *larme dans la voix*, awakened the enthusiasm of the established opera-goers. Not till 1843, when Mario created the character of *Ernesto* in "*Don Pasquale*," and witched all hearers in the famous serenade, did he achieve the honor of having an original part composed for him; but then, improving steadily both as singer and actor, he was gladly accepted as the sentimental hero for most of the lighter lyric pieces in the pure Italian school. When in 1847 the famous schism took him, in company with Grisi, to the rival establishment in Covent Garden, he began to extend his *repertoire*; and feeling his way by slow degrees, he developed those high histrionic powers for which he is now justly distinguished. For more than a generation—for full three-and thirty years—Mario has given delight to thousands, meanwhile gradually ripening his powers, even after they had passed their meridian of perfection; atoning in his first years by natural grace for his lack of artistic training, and in his later seasons making up by consummate skill for nature's failure. Mario also has the rare advantage of a generally artistic nature. He is a draughtsman of no mean pretensions, and an archæologist of much research; hence his picturesque costumes, which are invariably not less strictly accurate than they are full of grace. Hence, too, the gestures which are as elegant as they seem unsought—as much in keeping with the character as with the situation. Mario, in fact, is *artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles*. Even strong democrats will feel disposed to attribute something of the eminently gentlemanlike demeanor that invariably and under all circumstances distinguishes the famous tenor, to the *sangre azur* which flows in the Conte di Candia's noble veins.


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 12, 1871.


## What Lack we Yet?

Our city, as we have seen, is well provided, even richly, with permanently organized supplies of great Orchestral music (Symphony Concerts, &c.); of Oratorio, through the Handel and Haydn Society, now drawing to itself the coöperation of the best solo artists from England; and of Chamber Music, at least those forms of it in which the Piano-forte plays the leading or the only part; while for Violin Quartets and Quintets we may count upon the Mendelssohn Quintette Club for a fair modicum, if not for all we want.

We were glad also to copy, in our last, an account of a new organization,—private and social in its purpose, to be sure, but yet such that, if it succeeds as it bids most fair to do, it must have an influence on the musical culture of the community—for the practice of Part-Songs and Choruses by men's voices, on a larger scale than the Chickering Club, or even than the Orpheus (of our German brothers),—of force enough, indeed, to be effective in a large hall. We are requested to correct one item in the statement: The number of active (singing) members is limited to *sixty*, instead of a hundred. Furthermore we are informed that the name of the Club will be "The Apollo." From what we know already of its roll of "actives," it will be composed of more choice singing material than we have ever had united here before, including those excellent voices which it has been a delight to hear in the Chickering and the Parker clubs, with others fit to be combined with them. The Harvard Musical Association is quite well represented in the list. And this suggests to us a new born hope, that through the good genius of "Apollo," possibly, one element which we too long have lacked in our Symphony Concerts, that of the Choral pieces with *Orchestra*, of which Mendelssohn in his "Antigone" and "Œdipus" music, Schubert in choruses with more or less accompaniment of horns, &c., have given us such noble examples, may be occasionally represented. A private choir perhaps can aid, consistently with its ideal, in what is done for culture, and not at all on speculation and for money.

And this reminds us of the next need. One thing more we lack,—at least a further step in this direction. We want a chorus of mixed voices, sopranos and altos as well as tenors and basses, select, well-trained, drawn together by a common liking for what is pure and true in music, and glowing with artistic zeal. A model of that, within too small a compass, we have had for half a dozen years or more in Mr. Parker's Club, and much we grieve to hear that there is any prospect of its dissolution. A *good* thing never should say Die! But Music here in Boston needs just such a choir, only of double the number of voices, for the finer kind of public service. Far more one of from one to two hundred voices, male and female, whose special mission it should be to study and become able to bring out, with orchestra, numerous Cantatas and other compositions, secular and sacred, which do not come within the scope of the Handel and Haydn, or indeed of any Oratorio Society. Works much shorter than the Oratorios, yet of goodly length, say of from half an hour to an hour, or an hour and a half. Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" have already been named in this connection. There are many more, covering a wide range in variety of style and character, which certainly have waited too long for a hearing in so musical a city. For instance: Handel's "Acis and Galatea," "L' Allegro ed Il Pensieroso" (Milton), "Alexander's Feast," and others;—Sebastian Bach's quaint *Dramma per Musica*, "The Singing Contest between Pan and Phœbus" (of which such a Society might have the honor of giving the first performance that we ever heard of!);—the music of Gluck's operas;—Mendelssohn's "Loreley" fragments," "Athalia," &c.; Schumann's wonderful music to Byron's "Manfred," with reading of the connecting passages of the poem; perhaps one or two of his Scenes from Goethe's "Faust"; Gade's "Comala" (in which he has so caught the color and the soul of Ossian), with the orchestral background and environment,—it was charming as we heard it only with pianoforte;—Ferd. Hiller's "Nala and Damayanti," &c., &c. Morever such a Society, or perhaps better, still another one, might charge itself, as a most important speciality, a duty far too long postponed, with the study of some of Sebastian Bach's religious Cantatas, which are almost innumerable (80 of them having been already published in the Bach-Gesellschaft's splendid serial edition of his works, and several of them having been made more practicable for performance by Robert Franz), of convenient length, and great variety, each embracing orchestral Symphonies, Chorales, elaborate Choruses, Recitatives and Arias for every kind of voice. It was through such devotion on the part of a Society, the "Bach-Verein," specially formed for this purpose in Berlin, that the power and depth and beauty of the Cantatas began to reveal itself to our day and generation. And when will any earnest band of singers search out for us the hidden mysteries of Palestrina? or even give us to drink of famous waters we have always heard of, from such springs as Leo and Durante and Marcello? Will no one move, no keen and eager spirit, with a gift for leadership, in the resolute and pious exploitation of some one or several of these rich neglected veins?

We return to the subject of classical Chamber Music. What we have had for some years, what we are likely to have, seems but a meagre and uncertain supply for a city which contains so many persons who take not only an enthusiastic, but an intellectual interest in music, and who desire to know the great composers in all the important forms of composition which their genius has enriched. Why can we not have something approaching, even if at an humble distance, the idea of those admirable "Monday Popular Concerts" of London? There, at very moderate prices, except for a certain section of reserved seats, audiences of six or eight hundred people listen every week, throughout many months, to the best of quartet playing, piano music, and all the various combinations of a few instruments,—a very varied and extensive repertory of nothing but the choicest,—with a few nice songs thrown in,—and for the interpretation of these masterworks the greatest artists who congregate in London, or pass through it, are employed in turn. Such violinists as Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski and Wilhelmi lead sometimes in a Beethoven Quartet; such violoncellists as Piatti take part in it; such pianists as Mme. Schumann, Arabella Goddard, Halle, &c., keep bringing out new treasures from the "Clavier-werke" of Bach and Beetho-

Digitized by Google

ven and Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and maoy more. Now this of course is more than we can do. Great artists are far less available, and Boston is a small town compared with London. But Boston and what lies within an hour's ride of it by rail certainly can furnish music-lovers enough, not to fill a St. James's Hall once (and even twice) a week, but at least to make a goodly show, and a reasonably paying one, in a nice hall, like that of the Mechanics' Association in Bedford Street, holdiog three or four hundred; and we have artists enough among us to fill out a long series of rare programmes, and execute the music well with such inspiring opportunity. The permanent nucleus being formed, and kept in constant use, it would soon become easy to enlist now and then the service in one or more concerts of this or that celebrity who may be visiting our cities. Had we our "Monday Pops," though on a much smaller scale than London, no great violinist, or pianist, or real artist upoo any instrument, who came along, could well escape giving us a taste of his quality in this form.

Then consider what a variety of really classical compositions there are for small groups of instruments, which we never hear; especially for wind instruments, whether by themselves, or with those of the violin tribe, or the piano, or with both. Besides the Septets of Hummel and of Beethoven, which we have sometimes heard, there are the Octet of Schubert; the Octet of Beethoven, purely for wind instruments; a long list of such works by Mozart; Oboe Concertos by Handel and others; the Clarionet Concertos which Mendelssohn wrote for his friend Bärmann of Munich; and no end. It would be a great benefit to our orchestral music, also, could frequent employment in those smaller circles be made not only for our best violinists, 'cellists, &c., but more especially for our best performers on wind instruments, the oboe, clarinet, fagotto, horn, &c. Such employment would be a means of keeping permanently with us the good artists upon instruments otherwise so little in demand, yet most essential to the proper rendering of the Symphonies. Has no one, then, the faith, the enterprise and tact to try the "Monday Pop" experiment in Boston? Verily we need some of these *small* things, much more than we ever did or ever shall the "big things," musical monstrosities and "Jubilees" which give us such a questionable name where the musical devotion is sincere and modest.

## Music Lessons.

I often wonder that there are aoy children left to take them, when I consider what a vast number of teachers we have. But music is so extensively cultivated, that in nearly every house there is a piano, and a teacher employed. In passing some house in a dingy street, suggestive of nothing but poverty and want, I have often been surprised to see through the open door that the room contained a piano, or I have heard its unmistakable tones. The poor washerwoman, who cannot pay money for lessons for her little girl, does washing for the music teacher, in exchange for them; the seamstress makes up for them by sewing. And if you question them as to their intentions, they will tell you that they do not wish their daughters to do hard work for a living, that they are educating them for music teachers. The teacher employed is probably quite ignorant; perhaps she has taken but a few quarters instruction herself. After she has taught her hopeful pupils, as far as her knowledge will allow, they are pronounced perfect, and are then ready to enter the field as teachers themselves, charging very moderate rates at first. Advertisements of lessons for $5.00 a quarter and "use of instrument for practise" are not unfrequent.

An amusing example of the degree of proficiency which some think enough for the profession of teaching music, occurs to me now. In a country town in one of the Central States, noted for its institutions of learning, a lady of doubtful age called upon the best established music teacher of the place, stating her desire to have instruction, in the following manner: "I am tired of my present employment (teaching a new system of dress-cutting) and have concluded to teach music. I will give you $10 if you will teach me *one tune* so that I can play it as well as anybody." Her proposal being indignantly refused by the teacher applied to, she went elsewhere and, on advancing the $10, learned the tone, and finally found much employment as a music teacher in an adjoining village. That parents in country villages, and in towns where there is little culture of any kind, employ such teachers, is not to be wondered at. They do the best they can to procure for their daughters instruction in music; because it is fashionable, or because papa might die, or become involved in his business, and it would be well to have this means of earning a livelihood; and sometimes, because they love it. Not knowing the requisites of a good teacher they are incapable of judging of the merits of one, and are satisfied if the price of tuition be moderate. But it is true that in large cities, where there is every opportunity for cultivating the musical taste by hearing good music both publicly and privately, parents often are equally careless in the choice of a teacher, falling into the common error that a beginner can teach a beginner, that it is not worth while to pay for good instruction at the outset.

This rule does not hold good in other branches of education, why should it in this? Many of our best educated men devote their whole time to the education of the young. In the "Kinder Garten" the learned Professor not only joins in the studies but the games of the little ones, teaching them how to make their own playthings, and, without their knowing it, combines instruction with amusement.

With teachers so ignorant, is it then a wonder that every trace of musical feeling and love for the art is often driven out, when we see the stupid way in which many pupils are taught? When lessons are dull, what must practising be? The pupil watches the clock while she mechanically moves her fingers, anxious that the time at the piano may be got through with; and the minute it is up, away she runs, feeling that she has performed a most disagreeable task, and that she "hates music." Many pupils after taking lessons for several years are ignorant of the simplest rudiments. It is in the last degree painful to hear them play. Often, in all this time, they have only learned to read notes with some facility (generally excepting those on leger lines high above the staff) and to play a few common-place pieces. The lesson amounts to nothing on the teacher's part but pointing, and monotonous counting. The pupil becomes so used to this *one, two, three, four*, that she cannot play without it; if she hesitates, she is told the notes; and if she continues forgetting them, their names are sometimes written above them. As soon as the pupil can play through the piece she has a new one, learning none perfectly. As the teacher does the counting, the pupil often has not even learned what time the piece is written in, and makes a rhythm of her own for each measure. Quick notes are played in the same time as slow ones; groups of thirty-seconds as quarter notes. Easy passages she plays fast, and difficult ones slow; and often she does not know in what key she is playing. As for rhythmical accent, there is none; one monotonous twang continues throughout. The hands are held in as many different positions as it suits the convenience of the learner to put them in; the fingers now extended, then contracted; wrists above and then below the key-board. In this manner the finger exercises from the Instruction book are gone through with, merely as a matter of form; the teacher thinking it her duty to give them, having heard that they are indispensable. At the same time her own knowledge of the fact often is very indistinct and dreamy. Another teacher, thoroughly incompetent, devotes a part of the music lesson to teaching her pupils trashy songs. It pleases papa and mamma so much to have Araminta sing and play for visitors, or at a party. And she is "such a nice teacher," and "Araminta makes such progress with her!" This of course describes the most uneducated class of teachers. We will not speak of the charlatan methods which some teachers do not blush to employ to make themselves notorious.

Still there are many good artists who are equally wanting in ability to teach what they know. Some are too nervous, and start with a thrill of horror at some discordant notes, frightening the pupil so that she cannot play. The dreamy composer, whose thoughts are more in the ideal than the real world, seldom has system. He judges the ability of others by his own, selects a piece altogether too difficult, finds his mistake and substitutes for it one too easy; he is full of contradictions. Between these two extremes there is still another class. Professors of music, who, on the strength of their title and their showy playing, gain a name and much patronage. Such a one, having established a reputation and being much sought after, manages to do as little work as he may for the money paid him for lessons. If the pupil has no great talent, the monotony of her performance puts him into a light slumber; he dozes away the better part of the time; or perhaps he keeps himself awake by drumming on one end of the piano. If this fails, he coolly pulls a newspaper out of his pocket and reads. If his pupil has talent, he uses her as an advertising medium, by teaching her brilliant pieces without any regard to her general musical culture. I knew a girl who was taught to play runs and scales occurring in her pieces *in octaves*, because she had a wonderful talent in that particular, and could not play them well as they were written. Her teacher advised her to make the best of this ability, as it would astonish people.

There are indeed not very many parents whom good, honest music lessons satisfy, at the beginning of instruction at least. They are anxious for pieces; they wish to make much of their children and show them off. This fact, besides the ignorance of many music teachers, is one reason why so few, comparatively, give good, sound, earnest music lessons.

S. M. C.

## Jottings.

Our good old friend the "Diarist" of yore, and most devout biographer of Beethoven, ALEXANDER W. THAYER, is here on a short leave of absence from his Consulate at Trieste. Would that he could remain here! Music and musical literature would find much use for him. But he is completing a great work abroad. Anxious inquirers will be glad to learn that the second volume of his "Beethoven" (the first appeared in 1866) is nearly through the press in Berlin. Of course it is in German, the author having adopted that plan for the present in order to secure the full benefit of the German criticism, and make the work as nearly waterproof as possible before it appears complete in English and in German; for it is the work of a life. This second volume brings Beethoven's career down to the year 1806; it will take still two more volumes to complete the work. It is pure, unmixed biography, the presentation of carefully sifted, amply illustrated facts, with total abstinence from all vague subjective criticism and æsthetic speculation. The book will be a model in its way. Thayer's "troops of friends" (of whom alas! he misses not a few) rejoice to see him looking fresh and bright, and full as ever of enthusiasm, and of what the Germans call *Gemüthlichkeit*, while he is and ever was one of the staunchest and truest of Americans and "Yankees" in the best sense.

CARL ROSA and his wife PAREPA-ROSA arrived in New York on the 5th, and are passing a few weeks at Sharon Springs before entering upon their English Opera season in October in New York.

The new pianist, Fräulein MEHLIG, it appears, is not, after all, to play next season in the Thomas Concerts. Mr. Thomas has engaged Miss MARIE KREBS; and verily he might go farther and fare worse; a rich repertoire travels with that young woman, and her hands are sure and nimble to display all its treasures.

THE COMING SINGERS. The New York *Evening Post* has the following interesting news from "W. F. W." in London:

The metropolis of Great Britain is the metropolis of America, as far as amusements are concerned. It is to London that American managers look for novelties, and it is in London that the arrangements for the campaigns in the United States are generally made. At present, whole flocks of singing birds and troops of actors and actresses are in this great city on the point of starting for America.

Prominent among these are the artists engaged to support Miss Nilsson during her coming season of Italian opera in New York. The tenor,

CAPOUL,

I am convinced, will win a prompt recognition in America. His voice is very rich and well trained.

Digitized by Google

He has an exquisite *sotto voce*, and can send forth prolonged notes in one long line of linked sweetness, the tone dying softly into silence. He is very handsome, parts his hair in the middle, and exactly answers the ideal of a young lady's hero; but his style is not effeminate. This is his first season in London, and it is but very recently that he left the French for the Italian opera. He has made a great sensation here as Faust. In "Rigoletto," which he sang the other night at Drury Lane with De Murska and a new baritone named Mendioroz, his vocalization was perfect, and from the beginning to the end of his part he was unexceptionable. It is to be hoped that the management will produce this opera in New York, so as to let American amateurs hear this delightful artist in one of his best parts. In "Sonnambula," too, he is very effective. This lovely little pastoral of Bellini's has been revived for Mlle. Marimon, the new soprano who is at present attracting so much attention in London.

It would be difficult to find a tenor voice which will blend with Nilsson's more happily than that of Capoul. There is a tender delicacy in Capoul's style which will make the love duets of these two great artists incomparably charming. In fact, now that Mongini has gone away in a huff, and Mario and Tamberlik belong to the past, Capoul gives good promise of becoming the tenor of Europe, as far as the operatic stage is concerned. In going to America this year he goes thither in his early prime, and not when his powers have begun to fade.

Another tenor intended for the Nilsson troupe is Mr. Charles Lyall, who has sung here in Italian opera with good success. Besides being a clever singer, Mr. Lyall is very skilful with his pencil. He has recently made a series of inimitably droll caricatures of all the leading singers of the day, giving their peculiarities of appearance in a pronounced but by no means offensive manner. Patti is taken in her part of Caterina in "L'Etoile du Nord." Lucca is a wonderful success in this series; and Nilsson's sentimentality of style is so humorously exaggerated that its effect is irresistibly comic. Among other notabilities figuring in this collection—which adorns the drawing-room of a well-known London impresario—are Arditi, Costa, Mario, Graziani, Sherrington, Lind, De Murska, Gye, Mapleson, and many, many others well-known in musical circles.

THE DOLBY TROUPE

will leave for America in a few weeks. It has been my good fortune to hear the members of this company at various recent concerts in this city. Their services are in constant demand, and their absence will create a marked vacuum in musical affairs in England. Miss Edith Wynne, the soprano, is a Welsh girl, with an interesting manner and good musical culture. She is well schooled in almost all classes of music, and has met with special success in oratorio and ballad singing. She will introduce into New York many very interesting songs not yet known to your amateurs. Miss Wynne cannot be termed a sensational singer, but in artistic circles here she ranks very high, and the purity of her style will at once be acknowledged by connoisseurs. She sang, a few nights ago, at a state-concert at Buckingham Palace—a distinction only awarded to artists of acknowledged position.

Mrs. Whytock-Patey is the contralto of the troupe, and, since Mme. Sainton-Dolby has retired into private life, is the most eminent of English contraltos. Her style is exquisitely pure and simple, not unlike that of Miss Cary. Her voice is deep and tender, and as an oratorio singer she is unsurpassed. She will not dazzle like the fireworks style of vocalists; but there can be no doubt of her immediate success in New York.

Mr. Cummings, the tenor, is the only singer of his class who shares with Sims Reeves a general popularity in England. His style is pure and delicate, and his voice is a genuine high tenor. Mr Cummings has already made his mark in Boston as an oratorio singer, but is as yet unknown in New York. His repertoire includes all the standard English ballads, the leading oratorios, and a variety of foreign music. He is a "Gentleman of the Royal Chapel of St. James," and his name has been seen in almost every concert programme of prominence during the present London season.

Mr. Santley, the baritone, enjoys a wide reputation in America as well as in England. Hearing him the other day at a concert at St James's Hall, I was obliged to confess that his reputation is fully deserved. Santley sings an immense variety of music. English and Italian opera, oratorios and ballads are all in his line, and he sings all well. I think his ballad singing will make a great impression in New York. Among his selections which will please are the baritone ballad air from Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann" and a delightful love song of his own composition. Mr. Santley is now in Switzerland enjoying a brief respite from his professional duties, and gaining fresh vigor for his American campaign. He will be a very marked feature of the Dolby concerts. Mr. Patey, a fair basso, is also in the troupe. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, the accompanist and solo pianist, is a player of excellent repute here. His style is delicate and graceful, and well suited to the music of Chopin and Heller.

Altogether this troupe is essentially English and will appeal very closely to the more domestic musical tastes of the Americans. The members of the company will speedily become personal favorites. Sensationalism will be avoided; but the good, sterling and attractive music to be produced cannot fail to especially delight the thousands of amateurs in New York who are more interested in English than in Italian compositions. I have seen the repertoire of this troupe and find that it includes the works of many more composers than I had expected. Among them are Bishop, Handel, Wallace, Lover, Pinsuti, Hullah, Shield, Mendelssohn, Benedict, Hatton, Gounod, Schubert, Lortzing, Molloy, Balfe, Claribel, Dibdin, Randegger, Lee, Sullivan, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Arditi, Braham, Beethoven, Hobbs and Prince Poniatowski.

THE PAREPA TROUPE.

After a long nervous illness Parepa-Rosa is herself again, and is looking forward with pleasure to her return to America. She will sail at an early date and will pass part of the summer at Sharon Springs, opening her season of English opera at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 2d of October. Besides the usual repertoire of English operas, Mme. Parepa tells me she hopes to bring out a version of Donizetti's noble work, "Anna Bolena" which is quite unknown in America, and has not been heard in London for over twenty years. It was one of Pasta's great parts and subsequently Grisi made a fine success in it. The tenor part was written for Rubini.

Mme. Rosa does not intend to depend entirely on her own attractions as a prima donna, for she has engaged Mme. Vanzini, and Clara Doria. Vanzini—so well known in New York as Mrs. Van Zandt—has declined a handsome offer from St. Petersburg, to fill her American engagement. She has been singing for four consecutive seasons at the Covent Garden Theatre. Clara Doria is a daughter of the English composer John Barnett. She has been singing in various Italian theatres, and the papers speak well of her; but Italian newspaper criticism does not usually amount to anything.

The new tenor of the Parepa-Rosa troupe is Tom Karl, of whom little is known here. Lately, at Malta, he made a hit in Petrella's opera "I Promessi Sposi" and, like every other opera singer in creation, he has sung at La Scala, Milan. There is a new basso profondo, Ellis by name, and two other singers of good repute, Mr. and Mrs. Cook. Besides these fresh importations, the English opera troupe will include Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Messrs Castle, Campbell, De Solla, Whiffen and others. This will, altogether, be the best English opera troupe ever known in the United States; and the management expects to give the operas in excellent style as regards scenery and accessories.

The whole enterprise is a bold and risky one, especially in view of the great counter-attractions in the United States next fall; but, on the other hand, all the different undertakings are of different characters, and really should not interfere with each other. The Parepa-Rosa Troupe will remain in New York only three weeks.

---

WHAT MIGHT BE!—In a few weeks there will be four singers here, who are looked upon as being at the head of their profession in the musical world at large. Their names are: Parepa-Rosa, Nilsson, Santley and Capoul. We doubt, whether the present operatic stage in Europe can furnish as good a quartet as the above. Mme. Parepa has a grand voice and a grand school. Her intonation is the purest, her enunciation the most distinct on record. What she lacks in emotional powers, she fully makes good by her glorious voice and her grand delivery.—As to Nilsson, we all know her winning ways, her charming appearance, and her Mignon-like voice and art. She was born and educated to be *the* Mignon of the age.—Santley is considered by all whose opinion must be respected, the best baritone of the present time. His voice is superb and he is a thorough artist. Moreover, he is in his prime.—Capoul, the tenor, has been pronounced by good reliable critics to be the tenor *par excellence*, a second Roger.

Thus, in a few weeks we shall have the materials for perhaps the best opera which can now be heard anywhere. What a glorious performance, for instance, of "Don Giovanni," we might have—Santley [*Don Giovanni*], Parepa [*Donna Anna*], *Elvira* [Miss Cary], *Zerlina* [Mlle. Nilsson], *Don Ottavio* [Capoul], and *Leporello* [Carl Formes]. Yet what will be?—Mme. Parepa will sing in English Opera, Mlle. Nilsson and Mons. Capoul will illustrate the music of Ambroise Thomas, and Mr. Santley will go through the land like a modern minstrel and sing ballads. Thus the finest results of musical art are frustrated.—*New York Weekly Review.*


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Bells across the Hudson. 3. A♭ to f. *M. W. Hackleton.* 30

"O'er the bright blue Hudson stealing,
Evening bells are sweetly pealing."

Charming melody, words and accompaniment, all of which must be credited to the gentleman mentioned above.

Miss Bessie Ludlow's Songs. Lithograph title. *W. F. Wellman,* each 40

A Little after Eight. 2. F to f.

Kiss the Little Ones at Home. 3. F to *g*.

Two pleasing songs which must be very acceptable to Miss Ludlow's audiences. The last has a chorus.

A Wife's Letter. 3. C to e. *A. Randegger.* 40

"My own, you won't expect to hear
As you have just departed,
But I'll be better than you fear,
And write as soon as you have started."

A very peculiar but very taking song, sung in recitative. Capable of much expression.

The Happy Days gone by. Quartette for Male Voices. 3. C to *g*. *M. F. H. Smith.* 35

A first-rate quartette, and "Father Gray's Old Folks" who introduced it were happy in their selection.

Yes, He's Coming. 3. C to *g*. *M. W. Hackleton.* 30

"He is coming, yes, he's coming,
See the dewy violets glisten,
See the snow drop and the lily
Bow their dreamy heads to listen."

Bright, quick and pretty.

### Instrumental.

Echoes from the Ball Room. For Violin & Piano.

Festival Waltzes. (Wein, Weib and Gesang.) *Strauss.* 75

Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes. " 75

Well-known favorites. The whole set includes twenty or more pieces, and may be procured by those who wish the best of Dance Music for the two instruments.

Here we go. Galop. 3. A. *H. B. Hart.* 30

One of the kind that, when played, invariably causes the passers by to stop and listen, and to exclaim when it is finished, "I declare! that's pretty!"

Oberon. (Perles Musicales.) 4. C. *Oesten.* 30

Exquisitely neat and graceful. A play on two or three favorite melodies, one of which is something like "Star of the Twilight, Beautiful Star."

Oberon. Fantasie Brillante for 4 hands. 5. D♭. *Leybach.* 1.00

First class music, as the name indicates, and good piece to study for exhibitions.

Bahn Frei. (Clear the Track). Galop. 3. B♭. *E. Strauss.* 30

The name is very suggestive, and aptly indicates the prompt, decided, wide-awake movement of the Galop.

Richlieu Polka. 3. G. *G. McNeill.* 30

Spirited.

### Books.

THE HOUR OF SINGING. By *L. O. Emerson* and *W. S. Tilden.* For High and Normal Schools. 90

High and Normal Schools seem to have been almost forgotten by compilers of School Books; so much so, that teachers in many instances have adopted Common School singing books, Seminary singing books, or Glee books. The present book is ably edited. Mr. Tilden has had valuable experience in High Schools near Boston, and Mr. Emerson has a rare gift in choosing what will please the "public ear."

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 793. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 11.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life.*

[Continued from page 73.]

Thus usefully and productively, on all sides, were the years of my early boyhood spent. Much as music and its practice stepped into the foreground, I still remained entirely aloof from our present virtuosity, so fatal to all genuine creative faculty; indeed it did not prevail so widely then as it does now. My father was no respecter of the theatre; how much less attractive must the rope-dancer arts of music have been to him!

On the contrary it was his constant effort to implant a steadfast moral sentiment in my young soul.—Sometimes a beggar from the neighborhood knocked at our door, and it seemed to me as if he had once seen better days: "Was the man always so poor?" I asked, after I handed him a gift. "No," said my father," this man was once deacon in our church, and he baptized thee in this room. On that occasion he made a beautiful discourse, telling us how we ought to thank God for giving us another boy in our old days, and how we should prize these latter gifts; for he was in his heart convinced that God would wish to see this child nurtured with especial love and trained to good."

"This, and what else the Lord hath laid upon us," continued my father, "we will leave to Him, who gave thee to us. But do thou take an example from this beggar; there was a time when he was a respectable man. Then sin overcame him, he lost his office and will die despised. Promise me that thou wilt never consent to sin!"

I reached him my hand and said: "Papa, I will become no such man as this!" To this very day I feel how my father's remarkably well-formed hand, hardened though it was by labor, grasped my own. I never have forgotten that hour, but I have striven evermore to keep my promise.

Every third Sunday my father directed the church music. The town musician Wieprecht arranged a little orchestra; this man was particularly interesting to me, because he lived so high up in the tower. School children, with some apprentices and journeymen, formed the choir. After I had several times successfully performed the part of the Maid in the Passion narrative, I was soon promoted in these church musical services to the part of solo soprano. I knew by heart the whole year's round of the church music, and I *solfeggioed* with my father all the *primo* and *secondo* violin parts through, upon a wager, carefully observing all the trills, *mordenti* and runs, in which these pieces were not poor.

But with the already mentioned hand-pieces for the piano, by Türk, our note treasury was now exhausted. The chorals I had long been able to sing and play, and the hand-pieces too I sang as fluently as a violin could play them. That came altogether of itself, for while my father instructed me he sang, and I sang with him.

I attended the school now very irregularly, because my father maintained that I could learn nothing more there.—Much surprised was I one evening, after I had played the Chorales as usual, and had given free play to my fancy and in the Pre-and Postludium, to hear my father say to my mother half aloud: "The lad plays already better than I do." While I played in this way in the evening, my father used to go to bed and fall asleep.

As in my music, so too before long in Latin I outstripped my father, he having forgotten a good deal since his youth, when he went as far as the Prima through the Lutheran school at Halle.

So I roved about actively in the garden, in the shafts and quarries of the mines, in the limekilns, on the church tower and under the church roof. Everywhere I felt around me the working and weaving of the forces of Nature. At night I often suffered from the fear of ghosts. In the daytime the wide spaces of the church floor excited my imagination livelily. It had a singular and awful charm for me, to be there alone, or to wander about there. I was happiest in the fields and in the open air. In the neighboring woods I hunted for Maybugs, for which I have still a fondness, plucked fragrant Maybells for my mother, gathered wortleberries in a little pot, picked nuts for myself fresh from the bushes, and then came home, as my father would say, laden with treasures, all of which Nature had poured out for me from her full horn of plenty. But those merry little people, the birds, engaged my attention especially: I had real satisfaction in recognizing every dweller of the branches by his own peculiar song and twitter.

"Come, Härzer," I often said to the husband of my oldest sister Marie, "we'll set springes." And the man, who as miner had to pass so many hours of his life in the gloomy shaft, went gladly in his free hours with the boy out into the green woods, where we set our traps. I liked particularly to set snares for the redbreast; I had springes everywhere, and the haunt of a stag, called the stag's watering place, was not unknown to me. What a vivid recollection I had of this time afterwards, when I composed my "Henry the Fowler!"

But in winter the evening brought me the finest hours. When the mother had toiled indefatigably all day long for us, and the evening began to darken, then I seated myself at the great stove; my place was at her feet and I laid my head upon her lap. Thus we sat half dreaming for a long spell. "Now let me go," she would then say to the father and the brothers and sisters; and then she, whom I loved before all others, would begin to narrate wonderfully beautiful reminiscences of her young days, old long-forgotten histories, which ever stand like strange fairy tales before my soul. But especially, when she had had a beautiful and marvellous dream, she knew how to tell it to me so distinctly, that I seemed to have dreamed it all myself. Often then would my eyes wander through the windows of our sitting room, which looked out upon an old ruined churchyard, away over its crumbling mounds and decaying crosses, and bury themselves in the dark foliage of the old lindens, which wrapped it in so deep a twilight. My mother's dream-forms seemed to come to life in the moonlight on those hillocks. They turned their faces to me, and half anxiously, half longingly, I sought to fix them in my mind.

When the mother had in this way become sil nt at last, and I pressed myself still more closely to her knees, then I used to beg of her: "Mama, now play us something," and smiling she would take the violin, with which my father led the singing in the school, and play on it the sweetest melodies. Ah, how those melodies became alive to me out there in the moonlight! She never had had any instruction in violin playing, and yet her tone sang into my heart so deeply.

My mother was very serious, never gay, but always uniformly amiable and likewise busy. The father on the contrary was often out of tuna and moody, particularly early in the morning. Later and for the rest of the day he grew cheerful, indeed merry. Though I could do nothing to suit him in the morning, though he often overwhelmed me with unjust reproaches, yet he came cheerfully to the table and talked much about his happy domestic state. In the afternoon he went into the field, where, witty and jocose, with might and diligence he labored in the sweat of his brow. But active as he was, in these mechanical labors he never got beyond a certain awkward foresight, which often made me laugh right heartily. But with the evening came the Papa's rosy humor; he told many stories of his youth, never without pointing the moral for our good, thereby unfolding a great worldly prudence. At this time too he used to smoke the only pipe which he allowed himself during the day, and it was my duty at stated intervals to bring him a paper of tobacco from the dealer in the village. When I handed this to him, I never failed to hear the remark "Never form the habit of smoking; it is neither for hunger, nor for thirst." This wish of my father, unfortunately, I have not fulfilled, for, as everybody knows, the youngest "fox" in the University is soon put to the proof ("*probirt*") at least in smoking, and virtuosity is pretty sure to follow all too soon upon this first proof.

Very interesting reading to my father, in the evening, was our only weekly newspaper, and verily in my boyhood the Halle Courier brought news of immense importance. It was remarkable how my father from his hermitage, into which a stranger seldom penetrated, made original and yet just observations on the perplexed and tangled politics of the time. I have still a distinct remembrance of his saying to us one evenlog: "I see it coming, this Buonaparte will rule not only France, but all the world." But when Napoleon stood before Vienna in 1805, he said; "This Cæsar has transplanted the blood bath of the Revolution." But when the Courier was read through to the end, politics was forgotten.

The mother and two sisters used to spin in the

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC from "Dr. CARL LOEWE'S *Selbstbiographie*. Für die Öffentlichkeit bearbeitet von C. H. BITTER. Berlin, 1870."

(He was the uncle of the present General Musical Director of the Prussian Garde-Corps.

Digitized by Google

evening hours. The older one was particularly interesting to me from the fact, that she knew by heart the then brand new Ballads of Bürger. Those poems made a great impression on us all. They were written in the spirit of the people. The popular life had seized upon them and borne them even into our little mountain village. My sister had especially to keep repeating to me "The Pastor of Taubenheim's Daughter;" I was also very fond of Stolberg's "Penitent."

But my sister Marie Härzer, the miner's wife, had a most unique vivacity. The intellectual sphere, in which she moved by virtue of her social position, was naturally a limited one; but our church, which, like its great founder, allows every one to draw out of its spiritual spring, turned also to account the intellectual soul-life of the miner's wife. Both of the ministers of Löbejün were dry and shallow moralists. They lacked a deep religious faith; the spiritual substance of the Christian doctrine had not been unsealed to them. So they preached and labored on in a dull round of routine. That was nothing for a woman of such lively feelings. "The sermon to-day was worth nothing at all," she often used to say: "only let me speak once upon that text!" And then she straightened herself up, like one inspired, and gave us a searching discourse worthy of any religious enthusiast of her sex. These peculiar preachments moved me deeply, coming from so sweet a mouth. For my sister was beautiful. Her blue eyes looked down upon me, as clear and bright as day. And when the discourse was ended and I went softly up to her and said: "That was beautiful, Marie," then she smiled so friendlily and two deep dimples showed themselves upon her rosy cheeks.

My brother Andreas was the ablest of us all. He spoke Latin as fluently as German, but in spite of his successful studies he had not the moral energy to keep himself in any office. He was alike unfortunate in philology and as a theologian. So he became a weight upon my father growing old.

Fritz, on the contrary, the oldest of my brothers, was nothing but a source of joy to him. He was marked by strength of character and earnest moral sentiment. He too studied Theology, and was destined by an accident to be of extraordinary use to me. He had the fortune, as candidate, to become private teacher in Berlin in the house of the famous Capellmeister Righini, and as he was uncommonly musical, he easily appropriated to himself the singing method of the great Italian. Afterwards, when he came as Con-rector to Wettin, on a visit to the paternal house, he often made me sing. That excellent method suited me quite well, and I soon mastered it, on which account I have sometimes playfully called myself Righini's grandson. Through his intimate relations with the first Capellmeister of the Royal Opera, Fritz became a friend of the theatre. One can imagine how little this suited my father. He begged us repeatedly to enter into no alliance with this fantastical world of misrepresentation and vain show, but to build our future on the rock of the church. Such views of life grew out of the conditions of the common town society of those times, and out of the narrow life and office of a little town.

How vividly those words of my father came back to my mind, when I called upon Carl Maria von Weber! I was then a student, and in the course of the conversation Weber said to me: "Never go to a theatre; that is not for a creative talent. When I come home from the rehearsals, with my eyes affected by the perpetual lamp light, and my head full of opera melodies, I am so exhausted, bodily and mentally, that it is impossible for me to compose."

A second time I was reminded of that wish of my father, when I was called to Stettin to a position in the church and school, and the wish was expressed that I might never occupy myself with the theatre. Mindful of this double warning, in the year 1830, I declined a call to the Capellmeister-ship of the Königstädtische Theatre in Berlin. And finally, after all my efforts to bring my operas upon the stage have failed, I have again thought of my father and of the faithful care from which his warning proceeded.

My father was a devout, enthusiastic Christian. He deeply impressed upon my mind the love of Christ and fear of God. By perseverance in praying aloud it was sought to fix in me these sentiments. At times in tranquil seriousness he spoke of his death, which, to the joy of all of us, however, was far distant; he did not die until I had been established for some years in Stettin; but he never alluded to the departure of my mother. He knew that I would not have borne any such remark, but would have interrupted it with loud weeping. My love for my mother became almost morbid.*

Thus I reached my tenth year, with no important circumstances to influence my free, untrammelled life, or bring about decided changes in its course.

*Later, as a man of twenty-four, Löwe wrote from Halle to his betrothed, Julie von Jacob, at Dresden: "You wish to know whether I am like my father. I believe not. My father has more brown hair and a soft, quiet, self-complacent look, but not without vivacity. He has an extraordinary memory, which really deserves admiration, but not much original judgment. My mother is in *her way* a knowing woman; of swift resolution and a quick and lively temperament. In bodily constitution and in the mould of my face, I am, they say, like her altogether."

Löwe's brother said afterwards of him, that he combined the wisdom and vivacity of the mother with the goodness of heart and gentle manliness of the father.

[To be Continued.]

## The London Opera Season.

The opera season of 1871 has proved the most disappointing in our recollection. Never before have there been such terrible shortcomings in the realization of the promises put forth in the prospectuses—those most deceptive of literary productions. "La Donna del Lago," "La Juive," "La Prophète," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Flotow's "L'Ombre,"—all these novelties, besides several important revivals, were promised at one or other of our two opera-houses, and not one of them has been produced. The experience of this season ought to give a death blow to the custom of issuing documents with a string of promises, the fulfilment of which is impracticable, and which in many cases there is not the least intention of attempting to fulfil. Mr. Gye has adhered to his favorite plan of bringing out one novelty so near the end of the season as just to admit of its being played twice. No one who read the prospectus would have guessed that all the other novelties promised would be shelved in favor of Cimarosa's "Astuzie Femminili," but such has been the case. We would not, however, find fault with the selection; for, though the work is rather unsuited to representation in such a large theatre as Covent Garden, it has qualities which may usefully serve as a corrective to some tastes which meet with too much encouragement from opera-goers of the present day. There is nothing sensational or immoral in the story, the music is neither noisy nor elaborately scientific, and there is no scope for spectacular shows or stage-carpentry; but it is rich to overflowing in simple and graceful melodies, and its concerted movements are many of them masterpieces of dramatic propriety and constructive skill. The duet for the two lovers in the first act, and the quartet in which they frighten the two unwelcome suitors in the second act, may serve as specimens. It is curious that though our public will not, as a rule, go to see unknown works, those who happen to be present almost always receive them with kindness, and judge with discrimination. We think more confidence might safely be placed in the willingness of English audiences to learn to love novelty, if the chance were afforded them. The performance of Cimarosa's work was not such as it ought to have been, indeed it can only be described as discreditable to a house which claims to be one of the chief musical theatres in the world. The manager, with an inaccuracy and carelessness characteristic of the whole getting up of the opera, states that it was composed in the year 1784, though the introduction of Russian ballet-music in the finale might serve to show that it must have been written after the composer's return from Russia, in the year 1792. The true date is no doubt 1794, as given by the best authorities. Mdlles. Sessi and Scalchi and Signor Cologni deserve praise; Signor Bettini was not up to his usual mark; and of Signor Ciampi we need only say, that he allowed one of the principal songs in the opera to be executed by the orchestra alone, and that whatever humor there might seem to be in his acting, consisted simply in constantly thumping the boards with his stick. The sensation of the evening was produced by the interpolated air "Non son bella," beautifully sung by Mdlle. Scalchi, who has been making great progress in popular favor this season. So beautiful a voice as hers deserves thorough cultivation. There is little else among the doings at this house that needs particular mention, for we cannot stop to speak at length of the great tenor who has now retired from the stage on which he so long reigned without a rival, and on which he has unfortunately left no tolerable successor. But Mario's unapproached supremacy for so many years need not blind us to the fact that this year (and for some years past) his presence has been injurious to the true interest of musical art. Everything has been sacrificed to the supposed necessity for gratifying the public anxiety (artfully created) to see Mario in his famous *rôles*. We will hope that the manager will now be driven to seek popularity by methods more consistent with the encouragement of musical art. One artist remains, whom it would be grossly unjust to pass over without a word in recognition of his great ability. This is M. Faure, who as a master of all styles of singing has no superior, and who as an actor shines "sicut inter ignes luna minores." His Hamlet is most masterly, particularly in that remarkably dull scene (musically considered) with his mother: he wants only one thing, unfortunately a thing out of his power to acquire, viz. a beautiful quality of voice, to make him one of the most popular singers of the time. The two new singers at this theatre, Madame Fabbri and M. Jourdan, require no special notice. Perhaps, as an indication of public taste, we may mention that the operas most often performed have been "Don Giovanni" (7 times), "Faust" and "Il Barbière" (each 6 times), and "Guillaume Tell," "La Favorita," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "L'Etoile du Nord," (5 times each.)—*Musical Standard.*

## Auber.

[Paris Correspondence of the Athenæum.]

Several funeral orations were poured upon Auber's tomb; they lasted six whole hours. Poor Auber! He was the wittiest, driest, keenest of composers; cynical and tasteful; ironical and good natured; careful of appearances and careless of morals, as to women, at least; with a dandified, coltish, gentle, *Hookish* (Theodore Hook's) manner; an epicurean, never *canaille*, of the Horatio school; a man who knew well how to steer his brilliant bark among the rocks, changing waves and winds of Parisian fickleness; no hypocrite; neither a red Jacobin nor a fawning courtier; with no tint of exaggeration in him; no pretence; no kind of small vanity but a good deal of pride; putting no mask on his little foibles, and delighting to be called *Auber-Pacha* like *Omer-Pacha*; keeping the best society and fond of solitude;—in short, a very curious, complex figure, a puzzle and an enigma,—a very fine one, too. He liked horses, rode well, and was dexterous at fence; but fought no duels, however. He husbanded cleverly his life, spirits, youth, maturity and old age. Even his melodies were put *à interet*. No capitalist managed as well as he did his genial, intellectual, even his bodily resources. Whatever inspiration he had, he improved. He did not set up for a genius, so he escaped a terrible danger,—envy, which, in France, decides all. He had no enemies, and deserved none. He effected no enthusiasm, and inspired none. But he deserved admiration, the stream of his vivid inspiration was Horatian, not Tyrtæan, and it flowed unchecked, unabated, bright, strong, unpolluted, and free, to the very limits of age. His shrewd wit and knowledge

Digitized by Google

of men, such as they are in France, kept his genius in check. He was artificial-natural and natural-artificial;—exactly as a well bred woman, rather coquettish, but not flippant, has no objection to fine ribbons and diamonds, and *bijoux*, and embroideries, and showing a little of the well shaped form, and the well proportioned shoulders and neck.

## Mario.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Some months ago travellers in Italy found themselves amidst the seeming ruins of Signor MARIO's splendid palace in the neighborhood of Florence. "Seeming ruins," we say—for the historic "Villa Salviati, ora di Candia," is in itself as well preserved as any of the mediæval Tuscan palaces, heightened in beauty though they generally are by the tender hand of Time. The Villa Salviata witnessed many a tragedy—the murder of a Bishop among other trifles—during the stormy civil wars of Florence, and the stones of the building could tell many a tale of passion and violence; but the weather-stains on the walls enhance the freshness of the green foliage that mantles them, and the castellated mansion is still strong enough to defy the inroads of many years to come. In its last aspect, it was filled with massive furniture, carefully collected from many a city, and heaped up in most admired disorder. Objects of *virtù* of every imaginable description, from rare old Venetian glass to modern statuettes of *danseuses*, from delicate vinaigrettes to meerschaum cigar-tubes of quaint device, were disposed around on every available table or console. Even personal toys, such as opera-glasses without number—every actor spends his leisure time in looking at his fellows—and painting materials—for Signor MARIO is an artist with the fingers as well as with the voice—lay heaped about. Paintings were there, too, of every degree of mediocrity; originals bought from pity of the artists, many bearing the names of authors who had never even looked upon their assumed handiwork; a fine portrait of GIULIA GRISI, radiant in all her superb beauty, shining out from amongst its poorer companion subjects. Let it not be imagined that those who tell us these facts are revealing the secrets of hospitality; for the occasion which disclosed the interest of the Villa Salviati was, alas! too public. Not even a tenor can be all-perfect; and Signor MARIO's neglect of ordinary business precautions had brought about the seizure and sale of most of his effects. But stone walls can be restored with more ease than the delicate fibres of a human throat. Last night the greatest tenor of his age bade farewell to the stage on which his noblest triumphs have been achieved.

MARIO in ruins, however, is far finer than any other living tenor in his prime. Just as the Colosseum of Rome is at once grander and more beautiful, lovelier and more imposing, than any uninjured building in the world—so MARIO, with all the freshness of his voice worn away, and altogether uncertain whether a single note will ever come at his call, is a finer singer, a fairer interpreter of his composer, a more engaging object, more full of youthful passion, than any among his younger rivals. One of the most remarkable characteristics in this hero's remarkable career is its gradual development. [*Here follows a passage already copied* in our *last*.]

Why make such a fuss, Mr. Gradgrind may ask, about a mere singer? Is it not enough that the earnings of a popular tenor average double the salary of a Prime Minister of England? It may seem very wrong for the gentleman in question that a singer should be paid more than a diplomatist or a statesman; but let us recollect the rare union of many qualities, physical, mental and moral, which go to making up a great lyric actor. The money question, after all, is a mere matter of supply and demand; but the combination of a number of rarely-united qualifications is, from a mere statistical point of view, a phenomenon worth noting. To reckon up the proportion which the possessors of each faculty required bear to the general population, and then to work out the probability that those powers should be found in any individual, would bring forth a total of unexpected magnitude. Let it not be supposed that voice is everything. It is rare indeed to find a natural tenor voice of good compass, without break or flaw, of sympathetic quality, flexible enough to take training, strong enough to bear it. But voice is nothing without the natural gifts of a musician; and, paradoxical as the thing may seem, it is actually true that it is easier to sing without voice than without ear. Indeed, there was once a consummate connoisseur who said that he "hated a good voice, because it was never possessed by a good singer." It is unfortunately too true that the majority of vocalists do not begin to sing well until their natural means begin to fail. Thus a correct ear is above all things essential. Then comes musical sympathy, without which the finest composition in the world is but as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." To all these qualities must be added dramatic feeling—which is by no means to be confounded with musical. Without the faculty of memory it is obviously impossible to get through the smallest part; and without very great application and patience no results can be obtained in music, any more than in mathematics. Then, for the lyric stage, exactly the same physical attributes are needed as for the purely dramatic—but in higher proportion; for the Opera, being far more ideal, requires natural advantages that approach more nearly the pitch of perfection. Histrionic capability is almost as indispensable; and it happens that in this respect the lyric stage has at all times been singularly rich. Nothing more powerful than the acting of Adelina Patti and Mario in last Monday's performance of "Les Huguenots" is to be seen on any theatre in Europe. Indeed, the suggestion recently made, that Mario should now take to the acting drama, has had more than one precedent. Among others we may point to the case of Johanna Wagner—who, her voice having failed in this country, is now the principal actress at the admirably conducted Court Theatre of Berlin. Mario has not only all the qualifications we have suggested, as well as many others which we have not time to enumerate; but he has also the rare advantage of a generally artistic nature. He is a draughtsman of no mean pretensions, and an archæologist of much research; hence his picturesque costumes, which are invariably not less strictly accurate than they are full of grace. Hence, too, the gestures which are as elegant as they seem unsought—as much in keeping with the character as with the situation. Mario, in fact, is *artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles*. Even strong democrats will feel disposed to attribute something of the eminently gentlemanlike demeanor that invariably and under all circumstances distinguishes the famous tenor, to the *sangre azur* which flows in the Conte di Candia's noble veins. And this strange, inexplicable charm is especially useful on the lyric stage, where all is, to a certain extent, ideal. When Mario appears in a peasant's costume, we feel at once that the dress, with its silken ribands and satin hat, is a disguise, and that Nemorino or Elvino is used to a rapier and accustomed to "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." So with the great tenor's Almaviva—we feel instinctively that, though feigning to be drunk, a real nobleman can never even simulate coarseness, and that he must always be "gentle." Of the indefinable quality of "genius" we will not speak; but we have said enough to satisfy even the most captious that the farewell of such a lyric actor as Mario merits a word of public gratitude. With mixed feelings, with much thankfulness, and with great regret, we bid him farewell; live as long as we may, "we shall not look upon his like again."

## Signor Mario's Repertory.

Since his first appearance here on the 6th of June, 1839, the occasion being the benefit of Madame Grisi, Signor Mario has been altogether absent but from one London Opera season—that of 1869—when the rival impresarios, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, rashly combining their forces, deemed they were strong enough to dispense with the services of the eminent tenor. In 1842, however, he sang but three nights, resigning his engagement upon a difference of opinion with his manager, Mr. Lumley; he had been required to play the part of Pollio to another Norma than the Norma of Madame Grisi. With these exceptions, Signor Mario has sung here on an average thirty nights in every opera season since his *début*. He has appeared on 935 occasions. His repertory consists of forty four operas. A list is subjoined of his characters in the order in which they were undertaken by the singer, with the number of times he has played in each in London, these performances being, of course, distributed in the majority of cases over several seasons:—

1839.—As Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia* (Donizetti), he has appeared 91 times; Nemorino, in *L'Elisir d' Amore* (Donizetti), 21 times; Pollio, in *Norma* (Bellini), 14 times.

1840.—Rodrigo, in *La Donna del Lago* (Rossini), 3 times.

1841.—Orazio, in *Gli Orazi e Curiazi* (Cimarosa). 3 times; Arturo, in *La Straniera* (Bellini), twice; Crispus, in *Fausta* (Donizetti), twice; Almaviva, in *Il Barbiere* (Rossini), 102 times; Un Gondoliere, in *Marina Faliero* (Donizetti), 4 times.

1843.—Elvino, in *La Sonnambula* (Bellini), 17 times; Ottavio, in *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), 47 times; Giannetto, in *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini), 13 times; Arturo, in *I Puritani* (Bellini), 44 times; Carlo in *Linda di Chamouni* (Donizetti), 6 times; Ernesto, in *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti), 32 times; Don Ramiro, in "*La Cenerentola* (Rossini), 3 times.

1844.—Paolino, in *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa), 9 times; Edgardo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti), 9 times; Don Carlos, in *Don Carlos* (Costa), 5 times; Otello, in *Otello* (Rossini), 5 times; Roggero, in *Corrado d'Altamura* (Ricci), once.

1845.—Gualtiero, in *Il Pirata* (Bellini), 5 times; Ferrando, in *Cosi fan Tutte* (Mozart), twice.

1846.—Oronte, in *I Lombardi* (Verdi), 11 times; Percy, in *Anna Bolena* (Donizetti), 9 times; Enrico, in *Don Gregorio* (Donizetti), twice.

1847.—Jacopo Foscari, in *I due Foscari* (Verdi), 3 times; Uberto, in *La Donna del Lago* (Rossini, 17 times.

1848.—Fernando, in *La Favorita* (Donizetti), 49 times; Raoul, in *Les Huguenots* (Meyerbeer), 119 times.

1849.—Masaniello, in *Masaniello* (Auber), 12 times; Jean, in *Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), 45 times.

1850.—Rambaldo, in *Roberto il Diavolo* (Meyerbeer), 6 times; Lazaro, in *La Juive* (Halévy), 4 times.

1851.—Tamino, in *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart), 8 times.

1853.—Il Duca, in *Rigoletto* (Verdi), 32 times.

1856.—Manrico, in *Il Trovatore* (Verdi), 28 times.

1857. Alfredo, in *La Traviata*, (Verdi), 9 times.

1858.—Lionello, in *Marta* (Flotow, 30 times; Don Giovanni, in *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), 11 times.

1859.—Viscardo, in *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante), once.

1861.—Il Duca, in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi), 29 times.

1864.—Faust, in *Faust* (Gounod,) 59 times.

1867.—Romeo, in *Romeo e Giulietta* (Gounod), 11 times.

These 935 performances have been thus divided among the fourteen composers:—In operas by Donizetti, Signor Mario has sung 225 times; Meyerbeer, 170; Rossini, 143; Verdi, 112; Bellini, 82; Gounod, 70; Mozart, 68; Flotow, 30; Cimarosa, 12; Auber, 12; Costa, 5; Halévy, 4; Ricci, 1; and Mercadante, 1. It may be noted that on forty-one occasions, not included in the above reckoning, the singer has appeared in fragments of operas. But two new impersonations were attempted under these conditions. In 1843, he three times appeared as Arnoldo in the second act of Rossini's *Guglielmo Tell*, and once as Lindoro in a selection from *L'Italiano in Algieri*, by the same composer. Tenor parts almost invariably demand of their impersonators youthful looks, graceful presence, and gallant bearing. How completely Signor Mario, after the decline of his vocal gifts, met these requirements, there is no need again to record. There is perhaps but one tenor part of importance in the whole operatic repertory, the adequate pourtrayal of which exacts of the singer an appearance of age and infirmity. This is Lazaro—Eleazar he is named in the original—the chief character in Halévy's *La Juive*, and especially devised for M. Duprez. As Lazaro, Signor Mario was required for the first time in his life to whiten his locks, line his face, and present himself as the father of the heroine. The opera has not been repeated since its first production in Italian in 1850. A revival of the work was promised in the prospectus of Covent Garden of this season, with a view to Signor Mongini's attempting the great part indeed of Lazaro, and the appearance of Mdlle. Lucca in the character of Rachel. But the plans and pledges of impresarios seem to be rather designed to entertain the credulous than to serve any really useful purpose. Halévy's music has at no time obtained favor here commensurate with its popularity on the Continent. Some day or other, however, *La Juive* may be worth reproducing in London, if only on the ground of its being the one opera in which Signor Mario consented to look otherwise than young, winsom and chivalrous.

## Farewell Benefit of Signor Mario.

19TH JULY, 1871,

WHEN HE PLAYED FERNANDO, AS HE ALONE CAN PLAY IT, IN "LA FAVORITA," FOR THE LAST TIME IN LONDON.

("*From Punch.*")

House densely crowded. Enthusiasm from the commencement shown in fitful flashes throughout the opera. Whenever Signor Mario is recalled, he gracefully leads on Mademoiselle Scalchi, the Leonora of the evening. But, at last, the opera over, enthusiasm bursts out ablaze, and demands no longer *La Favorita*, but *The* Favorite of the music-loving public for the last thirty years.

With this slight prologue we are now in the Stalls. "*Valete*," Signor Mario is saying: it is quite necessary to add "*et plaudite.*" *Allons donc!*

Shouts of "*Bravo*, MARIO!" *gradually swelling into a deafening roar as* MARIO *appears in front of the curtain. Boquets* in *showers.*

Digitized by Google

WELL INFORMED PERSON (*to* FRIEND). Mario's a—bravo!—Count in his own right. *Bravo! Hurrah!*

HIS FRIEND (*applauding*). No; he's a—bravo! —Marquis—(*afraid of having, in his enthusiasm, contradicted too peremptorily—Exit* MARIO, *first time*)—at least, so I think. (*Immense applause. Re-appearance of* MARIO). Here he comes again. Bravo! Bravo!

(*Three dozen bouquets, and several wreaths thrown on the stage.* Signor MARIO *picks them all up.*)

OLD GENTLEMAN (*sympathetically*). Hope he won't suffer from lumbago to-morrow. Bravo!

(*More tumult, cheering, hurrahing.* Signor MARIO *bows right and left.*)

ELDERLY LADY (*feelingly*). He's very nervous.

YOUNGER LADY (*rather hysterical*). He's very pale. [*Applauds, and feels she could almost cry.*

HER BROTHER (*who is an Amateur Singer at Private Operetta parties, and of course knows all about it*). Pale! Booh! that's 'cos he hasn't washed the paint off. (*His sister thinks this very unkind. Tears. Cheers.*)

(*More cheers—people rising tumultuously—bouquets—wreaths!!*)

FRIEND OF WELL-INFORMED PERSON (*renewing the discussion*). He is a Marquis, because Princess Mary bowed to him.

(*Immense applause, consequent upon the ever popular* PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, *as she will always be in our memory, throwing a wreath to* Signor MARIO. *The* DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE *throws another, which* Signor MARIO *catches. Immense applause.*)

A PUBLIC SCHOOL DUKE (*in private box, jocularly*). Well fielded. Bravo! [*Exit* MARIO *backwards, gradually bowing himself out.*

WELL-INFORMED PERSON (*determined to argue with Friend*). That doesn't prove he's a Marquis. He was a great friend of Princess Mary's. (*More cheering. Everybody stands up. Evidently they will have him on again.*)

FAMILIAR PERSON (*next to Well-Informed Person.*) The Tecks have sent him a handsome dinner service, gold.

[*Bravo! Cheers. Exit* MARIO, *backwards again, probably backing on to the prompter's toes.*

WELL INFORMED PERSON (*not to be outdone*). No, silver.

[*Bravissimo! Cheerissimo! Re-enter* MARIO.

OLD HABITUE (*generally languid*). No—never—gad. (*Becomes languidly interested.*) Bravo! (*Taps two fingers of right hand against three of his left, and is rather ashamed of himself for such a show of weakness.*)

(MARIO *collects a few hundred bouquets, bows a few hundred times, and then disappears, sideways this time.*)

EVERYBODY (*including the languid enthusiasts, who begin to think that if they must applaud, they'll take off their gloves*). Bravo, Mario!

(*Re-enter* Mario, *evidently having commenced taking off part of his monk's costume. More bouquets, more flowers, more wreaths. People in side boxes nod at him encouragingly, as if he was a young beginner, then smile at one another, as much as to say, "There—we did it that time." Royal Box enthusiastic.*)

DISCONTENTED PERSON (*who can't have enough for his money*). Wish he'd speak.

ENTHUSIAST (*excitedly*). He—bravo!—will. (*Hurrah! Bravo!*

ENTHUSIAST No. 2 (*more excitedly*). No, he—bravo!—won't: he can't.

THIRD ENTHUSIAST (*almost angrily*). What!—bravo!—hurrah!—not speak English?

ENTHUSIASTIC LADY. Yes, he's going to——

[*Waves pockethandkerchief.*

PERFECT STRANGER (*to her. Enthusiasm being one of Nature's touches, makes everybody kin for the moment*). I'm afraid he won't——

[*Tries to get a speech out of* MARIO *by shouting "Bravo!" several times.*

ONE VOICE FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE. Speak! EVERYONE (*drowning the little Voice.*) Hurrah! Bravo!

[*Handkerchiefs, bouquets, &c., &c., ad. lib.*

UNBELIEVING WORLDLING. Wonder if it's—bravo!—his last appearance?

*At last* MARIO *makes his exit, beginning sideways, then disappearing backwards, for the fifth time. Lights begin to be extinguished. Enthusiasm subsides, and everybody leaves solemnly, as if coming out of church. Enthusiasm outside.* MARIO *cheered to his carriage.*)

YOUNG HABITUE (*loudly to a Friend in the Hall, so as to be heard by Admiring Crowd*). I went to say good bye to the old boy. Very much affected. (*He probably went round to the Stage Door to see* MARIO *come out.*)

OLD HABITUE (*also loudly.*) I remember Mario when, &c., &c.

[*The usual thing about his first appearance, with additions about* RUBINI, PERSIANI, *and* GRISI'S *début.*

*Carriages gradually receive the enthusiasts, and by half past twelve Covent Garden is still and dark, for* MARIO *has gone, and so has everyone else.*)

MR. PUNCH. Fare Thee Well! and if forever—then for ever—Mario, Prince of Lyric Artists, fare thee well!

(*Bids* SIGNOR MARIO *adieu, and adds when he is gone.*)

Though lost to ear,
To memory dear,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.

## Musical Influences in England.

The *Quarterly Review* for July, in an article on "Music, its Origin and Influence," says:

"It is difficult either to estimate or to over estimate the influence of Mr. John Hullah on music and musical taste in England, which we have the more pleasure in recording, as many persons seem now to forget the services he has rendered. In 1840, under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education, Mr. Hullah brought over from Paris the French system of Wilhelm, and singing schools soon sprang up throughout the country. Exeter Hall was the scene of the first great Hullah Concerts, and in 1853 St. Martin's Hall was built and fitted up by Mr. Hullah's own exertions. Here was performed every then existing work of importance, many for the first time. He brought out a large number of the best living singers—Madame Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, Thomas, Cummings; and many of our best instrumentalists made their first *débûts* under him. He also inaugurated the class-teaching in schools under his charge, and a large number of the students in the training schools who have shown special talent for music have become choirmasters and organizing masters in different parts of the country, and real centres of civilization. Mr. Hullah is the author of several operas which were produced with success in their day; he has also written songs and part-songs, besides numerous exercises and vocal studies of all kinds for the instruction of his classes.

"It is impossible not to mention here the name of the Rev. John Curwen, who within the last few years has introduced the Tonic Sol-fa system into this country. The notation he employs is a letter notation, and the prominent tonal difference between the Hullah and the Sol-fa methods turns on this one important fact that *Do* is a fixed sound in Hullah's system, but *Do* stands for the keynote of any key whatever with the solfeists. Thus Mr. Curwen's method is based on the principle of key relationship, which regards tones not as high or low but as grouped about the governing or keynote. The rapid spread of this system in schools, factories, and the rural districts seems to indicate that it is especially well adapted for teaching the more ignorant masses the elements of music. But upon this subject there is a great difference of opinion amongst good musicians. However, the Committee of Council on education announced in 1869 their resolution to accept 'the Tonic Sol-fa method and the Tonic Sol-fa notation upon the same terms as should from time to time be applicable to the ordinary method and notation.' In connection with the progress of singing in England, it must be noted for the honor of our country that Mr. Henry Leslie has produced out of English voices and English enthusiasm a choir so perfect that we may doubt whether anywhere in the world there exists or ever has existed such a body of trained voices both male and female. To hear Bach's motet, 'The Spirit also helpeth,' Mendelssohn's 43d Psalm, or Schubert's 23d Psalm, by this choir, is to listen to a delicacy of execution which has probably reached the limits of choral perfection. Mr. Leslie is also known as the author of a fine oratorio, 'Immanuel,' and numerous songs and part songs.

"Jullien (Louis Antoine) was too popular for his own fame—a scornful smile is apt to pass over the sound musician's face at the very mention of it—yet no man did more than Jullien to kindle the love of music, good, bad and indifferent, throughout the length and breadth of England. Let us be pardoned if we pause to pay a passing tribute to one who has been a little underrated. Jullien arrived here in 1838, with a prodigious reputation as a popular *chef 'd orchestre*, and his promenade concerts soon became the rage. The music played was at times extravagant; pistols, crackers, and even blue and red fires and musketry, were employed to enhance the powers of the orchestra and astound the audience. A new polka by Jullien was an event—for no mortal could tell what would take place before the end of it. But Jullien was also a lover of good music; he knew his public, and stooped to it, but he also to some extent trained it. At his concerts thousands heard for the first time in their lives, for the small sum of one shilling, some of the finest overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn, and parts of the immortal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. But these classical pills were so excessively gilded in every programme with sensation dance music, that poor M. Jullien to this day passes with many as a mere charlatan. In justice to him we ought at least to remember that he secured for popular hearing almost every great soloist of his day, and that such men as Vieuxtemps, Sainton, and Sivori were to be found amongst the violins of his band. This band, with their *mises en scène* and voluminous *impedimenta*, were as ubiquitous as a corps of Garibaldians in the great days of Garibaldi—they overran the kingdom—they were often announced at one time for a dozen different concerts in different parts of the world—they even went bodily to America, and were back again before they began to be missed here. M. Jullien had many followers but no rivals. After running through several large fortunes, and making many disastrous speculations, he at last went mad, and cut his throat at Paris, in 1860, at the age of forty-eight.

"For many years the influence of Mendelssohn, which at one time threatened to extinguish even that of Spohr or Weber, kept the works of many excellent composers in the background. Chopin and Thalberg succeeded in establishing a speciality for the piano, and in these last years the merits of Schubert, Schumann, and let us hope we may soon be able to add Richard Wagner, have been amply acknowledged. If in this place we do not refer at length to the labors of Cipriani Potter, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Moscheles, Sir Michael Costa, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Sir J. Benedict, Sir M. Balfe, Mr. Henry Leslie, the brothers Macfarren, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and a few other important names, it is not from any want of respect, but simply from want of space. Most of them Englishmen, they have all worked for and in England. The immense progress of music, owing to the above-mentioned causes, will be realized by these two facts—that in London alone there exist at the present time no less than 104 well-established musical societies, and 2,150 resident musical professors; and London supports at least eight musical journals. The most powerful and accomplished orchestras are those of the Crystal Palace (conductor Mr. Manns); the best quartet concerts are the Monday Popular, the Musical Union concerts at St. James's Hall, and Mr. Holmes's Musical Evenings at St. George's Hall. For refined choral singing there is no choir equal to Mr. H. Leslie's. The Sacred Harmonic under Sir M. Costa and Mr. Barnby's Choir give annual splendid performances of the principal oratorios at St. James's and Exeter Hall; and the Albert Hall promises to be a formidable rival to the Crystal Palace as a new and magnificent centre for giant concerts of all kinds. The late Handel Festival has been a great pecuniary and choral success above its predecessors, but the superiority of the Albert Hall for the execution of solos was never more apparent. We may also well ask why the seats in the arena blocks are always the highest in price, as they are undoubtedly the worst for hearing. Being so much below the level of any part of the orchestra, the sound floats over the listener's head. The Birmingham Festivals and the Cathedral Festivals at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, have done an incalculable amount of good to the cause of music in the English provinces; and musical societies abound all over the country. England, therefore, at this moment is rich in the most splendid raw material for a great national organization for the promotion of the musical art. There is plenty of private enterprise, but there is great want of union, of system, of organization, and we must add of generosity and good-will."

## Gilmore's Next Strike for Glory.

(From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 14).

Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, having successfully launched on the public his book containing the autobiographical account of the Boston peace jubilee, on Saturday launched himself on the briny deep in his Alexandrian search for new worlds to conquer. He goes with credentials from President Grant, commending him and his scheme to our representatives abroad, and with a serene confidence in his ability to impress the potentates of Europe with the importance of both. This scheme is for a "World's Peace Jubilee, an International Musical Festival, a Union of all Nations in Harmony," all of which is to take place at the Hub of the Universe in June and July, 1872, beginning on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill and closing on that of the Declaration of Independence. Whether the selection of these dates will be construed as an insult to Great Britain, and cause a discord in the "international harmony," remains to be seen; but Gilmore flatters himself that he can cajole England as well as the

Digitized by Google

other European powers into sending their finest musical organizations here at government expense. And he promises to bring together a chorus of 20,000 voices and an orchestra of 2000 instruments, or twice as many singers and instrumentalists as participated in the first "jubilo." There will, of course, have to be another "coliseum," in which 100,000 are to be provided for.

The scheme is one of those "stunning" ones, which start hard, but, when once in motion, roll on to success, almost by their own momentum. It is well calculated to stir up enthusiasm alike among singers and public, and when advertised and pushed as Gilmore, with the true Barnum instinct, will advertise and push it, it will sweep everything before it. Whatever Gilmore's success in Europe may be, there is little doubt that with proper effort he can raise his immense musical forces in this country alone, although the presence of some of the splendid military bands of the old world would of course give the jubilee special eclat.

So the festival is pretty sure to be a tremendous popular success; but Mr. Gilmore must have been a poor student of the results of his first attempts to suppose that it will be in any adequate sense a musical success. While the jubilee of 1869 demonstrated that thousands of voices can be trained to sing not too rapid music in unity, it also demonstrated that there is a thus-far-and-no-farther point which voices, no matter how many, will not pass—a point (not so distant, either, as one might suppose) where the volume, mighty though it be, sinks into feebleness and ineffectiveness. Does any one suppose that a united shout from a hundred voices can be heard twice as far as a similar shout from fifty, or the shout of twenty thousand twice as far as that of ten thousand? It has been remarked many times and is doubtless true, that the Boston Handel and Haydn society is more effective with its 700 voices in the Music hall than Gilmore's 10,000 were in the Coliseum; yet now Gilmore proposes to erect a building twice as large as the latter structure, and expects voices to penetrate its immense distances. He is not such a dullard as not to know, after his experience, that it is simply an impossibility to mass 100,000 persons so that a chorus, of whatever magnitude, will be effectively heard by all or even half of them. This is not a matter of theory, merely; it is an inevitable deduction from the experiment of 1869. And inasmuch as a smaller chorus in a smaller place is unsurpassably more effective as to volume, and, further, inasmuch as the larger a chorus is the more unwieldy and hard to manage it of necessity becomes,—we are forced to the conclusion that if Mr. Gilmore wants to foster and encourage art, he can safely adopt humbler and less extravagant and sensational means. But such would not glorify Gilmore.

---

(From the New York Sun.)

Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the inventor of Boston Peace Jubilees, has acquired, among his other musical accomplishments, none more thoroughly in all respects than that of blowing his own trumpet. Whatever may be said as to his qualifications as a musical artist and manager of concerts, there is no doubt that for producing a loud, continuous Jericho blast in his own behalf, Mr. Gilmore need apprehend no rival on the American continent or elsewhere. The prospectus which the renowned conductor has issued for his proposed World's Peace Jubilee is in itself a wonderful work of art. If the Jubilee itself is half as sonorous, it cannot fail of success. The document is an extended one, and begins by saying that two years ago the great volume of song from the original Peace Jubilee held the nation spell-bound(!)by the sublimity of its music, filling every Christian heart with glad tidings of great joy; but that the proposed festival is to be of double the interest and magnitude. Mr. Gilmore speaks of the great war that has just terminated in Europe, and is evidently of the opinion that in the order of human events it occurred principally for the purpose of giving him an opportunity to celebrate its close by a jubilee. He accordingly proposes to collect a chorus of twenty thousand singers, with an orchestra of two thousand instruments gathered from all nations; and very modestly remarks that it is necessary that each nation of the earth shall be represented by a magnificent band in its full national costume or uniform, and adds that the nations of the earth through their several governments are expected to pay all the expenses of these different bands in return for the honor of being represented in his big show. It is possible, however, that he may be disappointed in this regard, and that the kings and potentates of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea may not look upon the affair in quite so favorable a light as he does. If they should, however, it will be all the better for him.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser and the Chicago Tribune.)

Chicago believes in Gilmore and the Peace Jubilee. That is to say, she has faith in him and it to the fullest extent consistent with the maintenance of the glory of Chicago. The cardinal points in her belief and declaration are that the chief end of man is to glorify Chicago and speculate in grain; that elevators are absolutely necessary to the elevation of the standard of the human race and mercantile mortals, and that railways are the true ways of pleasantness. In the proud self-consciousness that the whole world (excepting St. Louis)coincides in her views in regard to her own illustrious individuality, she is willing to recognize in a pleasant way the efforts of less favored cities to obtain an occasional hearing in behalf of private projects of business or pleasure, feeling herself assured that in time all such loitering by the way will be given over, and the inhabitants of the whole world will find their destiny in Chicago. Of the "World's Peace Jubilee," the *Chicago Tribune* discourses thus:—

Patrick S. Gilmore has at last published the prospectus of the World's Peace Jubilee, which will commence at Boston, next year, on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and conclude on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence. Gilmore, in New England, is known as the leader of Gilmore's Band, and Gilmore's Band is to New England what the American eagle is to the country at large. It is a condition of marital prosperity that Gilmore's Band shall play at the wedding of every Boston maiden; and your true New Englander would die contented if he could be assured that Gilmore's Band would play at the funeral. Outside of New England Gilmore is known as the projector of the Peace Jubilee two years ago. That jubilee was a colossal affair, as every one knows, but the prospectus before us is more colossal even than that. It is provokingly silent as to details, but in the midst of the glittering generalities with which it abounds, we gather that there will be a grand chorus of twenty thousand voices, an orchestra of two thousand instrumentalists, representatives from all governments, bands from all nations, a coliseum capable of seating a hundred thousand people, decorated within with the emblems of peace and harmony, and without with the flags of all countries; floating over all and above all the broad banner of universal peace. Gilmore is already on the broad Atlantic, on the way to Europe, to interview Victoria, Wilhelm, the Czar, the Sultan, the Pope, the Khedive, the Khan, and the head man of France, all of whom he will bring over with him as invited guests. He will also, if possible, bring the Bal Mabille, Cremorne, the *cafés chantans*, Coleridge's Damsel with a dulcimer, the harp that once thro' Tara's halls, the guitar that the Troubadour touched so gaily, the harp that Uhland's Minnesinger broke, the Nautch girls from Egypt, and the dancing Dervishes, to add to this exposition of Universal Peace. It is not impossible, indeed, that he will extend his colossal idea into zoölogy, and place on exhibition in the Boston public gardens, the American Eagle, the British Lion, the Gallic Cock, the German two headed Eagle, the Belgian Lion, the Russian Monstrocity, the Chinese Dragon, the Egyptian Sacred Cat, all in peace with each other—a grand happy family, out-Barnuming Barnum. This week, piping time of peace will be immortalized, and the shades of Balfe, and Wallace, and Auber, and Offenbach and Bellini, and Beethoven, and Bach, and Gluck, and Mozart, and Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn will hover over the coliseum for three weeks in an ecstatic apotheosis.

We have faith that Patrick S. Gilmore will crown his undertakings with success, and that the bloated aristocracies and *effete* monarchies of the Old World will at once accept the proposition of the New World, and come over here and give the United States the benefit of one long, loud and lusty "barbaric yawp."

It then proceeds to give a very entertaining account of the attractions of Chicago, the slight spice of sarcasm with which it is mingled serving to season the dish and give it a relish which will be fully appreciated. The article concludes as follows:—

Chicago should take a direct personal interest in this affair. All of these people have heard of Chicago, and, if they come to this country at all, will do so with the primary object of seeing Chicago, visiting the tunnels and crib, betting on the White Stockings, and investing in Boulevard lots. They will take in Boston on the way, but their main object will be to see our sights and learn the art of statesmanship and parliamentary science from our common council, and, with this end in view, we indorse Patrick S. Gilmore's gigantic singing school, and we repeat his magnificent invitation:

"From both hemispheres and every nation let them come—from classic Greece and the Holy Land, from Turkey, China and Japan, from the Nile and the Ganges, the Alps and the Andes—aye, let not the continents alone, but the isles of the sea contribute, and with all their varied instruments of music swell the glad chorus of universal rejoicing, that shall fill not only every heart but the whole world with divine harmony.'

Chicago alone is capable of receiving and fraternizing with this crowd. Chicago is cosmopolitan. The classic Greeks will find plenty of Greeks here as classic as they. The Holy Land will be at home in our churches, and Y. M. C. A. and board of trade. Turkey will find her own coffee and chiboques here. The heathen Chinee can roam our streets without fear of injury to his pigtail, and the Children of the Sun will find bootblacks who can give them a Japanese polish. The muddy Nile and turbulent Ganges will be at home on the banks of the crystal Chicago and pellucid Healy Slough, and the Alps and the Andes can refresh themselves by way of contrast, and shout to each other across our magnificent prairie distances; while the isles of the sea will not be obliged to give up their favorite menus, but will find plenty of people patriotic enough to devote themselves to the gridiron and skillet.

Therefore, once more in the eloquent words of P. S. G.:—

"Come ye representatives of every court and cabinet of Europe, the New World [*i. e.* Gilmore] invites you to join in the feast she [*he*] is preparing; come in your ships, not with implements of war to make war, but with instruments of harmony to inaugurate the new era of perpetual peace among the nations; come in the name of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and let the voice of all nations go up in multitudinous chorus for [Gilmore] peace on earth."

Come one, come all, and after you have sung your little piece, come to Chicago and see our sights, hear Montgomery's eloquence, drink our beer, and buy up the few lots Nilsson has left unpurchased. Then you can return to your respective families on the Alps, the Andes, the isles of the sea, etc., impressed with the idea that there is no Arcadia in this world, and that it is located in Chicago. We can feed you from our stock-yards, we can water you from our lake. We can supply your spiritual wants, whatever they are, from our five hundred churches. After three weeks in the pent up Utica" and narrow streets of Boston, we can give you space to breathe. And, after being once imbued with our virtue, and goodness, and happiness, and smartness, you will know how it is yourself.

## Music Abroad.

BONN. The great centennial Beethoven Festival, postponed from last year by the war, was to take place in this the master's birth place on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of this month. The programme is as follows:— On the 20th August, *Missa solennis;* Symphony, No. 5, C minor. On the 21st August, Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3; Air from *Fidelio; Sinfonia Eroica;* March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen;* Concerto for Violin; Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus and Orchestra. On the 22nd August, Overture to *Coriolan;* "Elegischer Gesang" for four solo voices; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major; Air: "Ah, Perfido"; Overture to *Egmont;* and Ninth Symphony, with final chorus.

Additional interest will be conferred on this approaching Festival by the presence of distinguished living musicians and composers. Among the celebrities who have already accepted the invitations sent them by the Committee, are Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, London; M. Niels W. Gade, Copenhagen; MM. Verhulst and Holl, Holland; M. Benoit, Antwerp; and Mdme. Schumann.

---

CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON. Last Saturday week one of those agreeable afternoon entertainments was given, which, for want of some more distinctive title, are called "Opera Concerts." The artists who appeared included Mdlle. Leon-Duval, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and the well-known and popular singers, Signori Vizzani, Bentham, Mendioroz, Rocca, and Foli. The list was headed by Madame Alboni, who, although she does not belong to Her Majesty's Opera, has on more than one occasion appeared in conjunction with the artists of that establishment. The pro-

Digitized by Google

gramme contained one classical piece which could not fail to please even those who admire Italian music in preference to German. Beethoven's music to the *Ruins of Athens* formed, in fact, a very attractive as well as effective number. The singing of Madame Alboni was magnificent. She selected for her first song Rossini's "O salutaris," from the *Messe Solennelle*; her second was the favorite "Ah quel giorno," embellished with some remarkable *fioriture*, whilst for a concerted piece she introduced "Bella immago," and, in conjunction with Signor Foli, had to reappear to acknowledge the enthusiastic applause with which it was received. Mdlle. Bauermeister's singing of a valse, entitled "Tutto sorride," gained for her a fair share of applause. Signor Vizzani, in Donizetti's "Alma soave," was still more fortunate, and was called upon to repeat it. Mdlle. Leon-Duval's rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria," with organ accompaniment by Mr. J. Coward, found numerous admirers, as also did Signor Foli's singing of "O Lieti di," from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Mr. Bentham's expressive vocalization of Sir Jules Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen." The romance from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, entitled "Alla vita che t'arride," was finely sung by Signor Mendioroz. The overture to *William Tell* formed the introductory piece, and the march from *La Reine de Saba* brought the selection to a conclusion. Mr. A. Manns conducted.

The series of concerts which thus terminated was in some respects more attractive than its predecessor, the experiment having been made of giving classical operas as concert music, thus avoiding the usual *potpourri* of isolated tunes. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze di Figaro* were the operas chosen, and, as regards their universal popularity, well chosen; but, in our opinion, the *repertoire* of such recitals should be confined to works in which the dramatic interest is not paramount, as it undoubtedly is in the greater part of *Fidelio*, say the whole of the prison scene, and in not a small portion of both *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Works like Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Gluck's *Paris and Helen*, either of his *Ifigenies*, or any of Handel's operas, which are intrinsically valuable as works of music, and do not imperatively demand representation on the stage to bring out all their beauties, would answer the purpose better; but it may be doubted whether they would have drawn sufficiently numerous audiences.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The operas given this year, taking them, as well as we can remember, in the order of succession, have been *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Traviata*, *Guillaume Tell*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Giovanni*, the *Favorita*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, the *Flauto Magico*, the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, *Rigoletto*, *Otello*, *Fra Diavolo*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, the *Africaine*, *Martha*, the *Etoile du Nord*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Esmeralda*, *Il Trovatore*, *Hamlet*, *Le Astuzie Femminili*, and two acts of *Masaniello*—25 in all, together with fragments from an opera, the *Astuzie Femminili* of Cimarosa being the only instance in which the desire to offer a new attraction to the public was evinced. *La Donna del Lago*, *La Juive*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Le Prophète*, *Der Freischütz*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, with the tempting distribution of the *dramatis personæ* laid down in the prospectus, were none of them forthcoming. However, we may look forward to these as treats in store for the future.

Some recent letters in the *Guardian* have brought to light a curious piece of apparatus used in village psalmody of the olden days. This is a gigantic tin singing trumpet, of which several specimens still exist. One at East Leake, Notts, was in use within the last twenty years for the bass singer to sing through. It measures, when drawn out (it has a slide like a telescope) 7ft. 6in., with a bell mouth of 1ft. 9in. in diameter. As to one at Thorney, Notts, the old clerk's story was that it was used to call people to church *before bells were invented!* Another at Braybrooke, North Hants, is in good condition, with a stand about 5ft. high to rest it on. The possessor "has heard the voice through it, and it is rendered very powerful in singing. They say in the village that it was used for leading the singing within memory. The effect is rather like that of the Ophecleides one hears abroad, and they suit Gregorians capitally." It seems quite clear that these instruments were used in order to make the most of the voice of the principal village vocalist, whether in leading generally by singing the melody, or in leading the basses.

List of Sir Michael Costa's orchestras at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane (1871):—

1st *Violins.*—P. Sainton (*Principal*), Amor, Buziau, Deardin, Hoeg, H. W. Hill, Kettinus, Loades, Rendell, Ries, Risegari, Wiener. 2nd *Violins.*— J. Willy (*Principal*), Clementi, Diehl, Easton, Morley, Newsham Nicholson, Snewing, Villin, Wilkins. *Violoncellos.*—Lasserre (*Principal*), Daubert, Lutgen, Petit, Van Bienne, Vieoxtemps, Woolhouse. *Double Basses.*—A. C. White (*Principal*), Durier, Edgar, Neuwirth, Pratten, Wand, Winterbottom. *Tenors.*—Waefelghen (*Principal*), Beetons, Bernhardt, Colchester, Mapleson, Reynolds, Schreors, Zerbini. *Harp.*—Mdlle. Jensen. *Flutes.*—Swendsen, Brossa. *Oboes.*—Dubrucq, Engel. *Clarinets.*—Lazarus, Snelling. *Bassoons.*—Watton, Haveron. *Horns.*—Paquis, Handley, Keevil, Waterson. *Trumpets.*—Reynolds, Newzerling. *Trombones.*—Webster, Tull, Bartlett. *Ophicleide.*—Phasey. *Drums.*—J. W. Hornton. *Side Drum and Triangle.*—Owen. *Bass Drum.*—Middleditch. Composer, director of the music, and conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

LEIPZIG. The projected "model performances" of Mozart's operas at Leipzig, which were to have been given during the present month, have all ended in smoke. The "stars" who were to sing in these performances, or, at any rate, an inconveniently large majority of those stars, instead of coming themselves have forwarded medical certificates, to the effect that the state of their health imperiously demands their abstention from all professional exertion, and their immediate presence at some watering-place.

VIENNA. The new season will shortly commence at the Royal Operahouse. In the way of novelty the management is hesitating between *Don Carlos* and *Hamlet*. The choice will, most probably, fall on *Don Carlos*, because, in the first place, the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas, without Mdlle. Nilsson, is the *Hamlet* of Shakspere without Hamlet; because, in the second, Mdlle. Nilsson is not in Europe; and because, in the third, Herr Herbeck would not be able to pay her terms if she were.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 26, 1871.

## Death of Carl Tausig.

Carl Tausig, of whom we have all heard so much for several years as one of the three or four most remarkable of all living virtuoso pianists—Liszt, and his other two distinguished pupils, von Bülow and Rubinstein, being the peers with whom he has been usually named—died on the 17th of July, of typhus fever, at Leipsic, at the early age of 31. Prodigious exercise of brain and nerve had worn him to a shadow, so they say who have seen him within a year. And physically he was small and always delicate. Liszt is reported to have said of him: "If he lives he will make me forgotten." His main, almost his sole, distinction seems to have been in the line of an executive, interpretative artist. As a composer so far he had made no mark. His intellectual eagerness and enterprise in many directions was decided, and he appears to have been fond of grappling with the profoundest problems, and familiar with the writings of deep thinkers.

A friend has sent us several numbers of the Berlin *National Zeitung*, from which we translate a few paragraphs, relating to the man and to his funeral.

"Tausig's prominent importance as a musician, his unexampled genial virtuosity in the faithful reproduction of masterworks of all times on the piano, will undoubtedly receive full appreciation from competent judges. An enemy to all *réclame*; incapable of making the least concession, to persons or to interests, for the sake of his own profit; an impassioned partisan for that much assaulted tendency in art, in which he found the fulfilment of his own ideals, during his whole career Tausig had his full share of mortifying opposition and hard conflict. But the self-forgetting devotion to Art, the indefatigable zeal with which he never ceased to labor energetically at at his own development, won for him more and more the entire respect even of his adversaries, while his ever more perfected playing finally compelled the unanimous admiration even of the most reluctant.

"Comparatively few persons knew of Tausig's various, comprehensive knowledge, of his rich culture in other fields than music. With a great natural gift for mathematics and the natural sciences, he had in the latter years of his life resumed his ever favorite studies, and with a penetrating understanding devoted a great part of his leisure to the works of Mayer, of Tyndall, and of Helmholz, whom he admired above all; he was a reader of Darwin and of Huxley; while on the other hand he was never weary of returning to the greatest of all German thinkers, Kant, to whom he had already been brought near through Schopenhauer. Among his favorite plans, at times, was that of sooner or later devoting himself entirely to the sciences.

"In ordinary life Tausig was often shy and retiring, rather difficult of approach. Only in smaller friendly circles could all his devoted amiability unfold itself; for those of whom he had once become fond he possessed a rare capacity of self sacrifice. He was slow to form attachments; but toward those who had won his confidence he was full of the most open, naïve trustfulness, while the sensitiveness of his character and the experience of many a bitter illusion could easily render him suspicious toward others.

"In view of this sad close of a life so short and yet so full of significance, we cannot help recalling words which were spoken of another who was snatched from us at the same age of fruit bearing activity with Tausig:

"'Whether more would have come of him, had a friendly fate from the beginning smoothed the way for his exertions, who can say? It was a nature that needed light and air for its development. In the midst of his power and his unfolding he has been broken; he had yet a future. And yet to how many he had become endeared,—this energetic, highly gifted, but at the same time so often sensitive and undecided man!'"

The same journal, (July 20) speaks of the funeral honors paid to Tausig:

"This forenoon, at eleven o'clock, a not large circle of mourners assembled at the cemetery of the Jerusalem and Neuen Kirche in the Belle Alliance street, to follow the earthly remains of Carl Tausig to their last resting place. The coryphaeuses of Art were wanting, most of them being on their summer vacation journeys. It was rather the narrower circle of friends and relations, besides a number who appeared from general sympathy, that stood around the richly decorated coffin. Amid the sounds of the Chorale: "*Jesus, meine Zuversicht,*" performed by a corps of wind instruments, the mournful escort moved toward the open grave. Immediately after the coffin followed the nearest relations with the clergyman, as well as the bearers of two splendid palms, whose stems were wound with laurel, probably the offerings of some societies. A great many forget-me-not bouquets and wreaths of roses also had been sent. The grave was bordered with blossoms and green branches. At it stood the Berlin Symphony Orchestra (*Kapelle*) ready with their instruments to send a last musical greeting after the master of tones. The preacher Thomas, of the Nicolai Kirche, pronounced the memorial discourse at the open grave. The clergyman left to other voices the appreciation of the artist, who, while yet so young, stood at a lonely height of the hitherto unattained among his striving fellows. He dwelt upon the universal human lesson to be drawn from the completed life-career of the departed. This life, too, had unfolded itself out of the two fundamental conditions of every existence, the gifts which God had lent him, and his own voluntary

Digitized by Google

effort. Gloomy impressions very early fell upon this life, and it was just these that ever prompted him anew to bury himself in the consoling realm of tones. The sweet enjoyments of family life were denied to him; his reverence for God was of that cosmical character which satisfies the keen understanding, without having penetrated into the deep essence of Christ's doctrine: God is Love. Nevertheless he served his God in the full earnestness of his creative life and effort, and stood upon that height of moral purity and cleanliness, which comprehends as duty, what others call the worship of God. He had, like all of us, his weaknesses. He frequently met men with caution, even with mistrust; so much the more devoted and amiable was he in the trusted friendly circle. With deep earnestness, not for vain display, he buried himself in the philosophy of Kant, especially in that sharp logic which distinguished the German master above all philosophers, and in his worship of the Creator in his own infinite creation. Far from him was the pursuit of wealth or purchased approbation. Modest in self esteem, he could not satisfy himself, but strove continually for higher goals in his art.

"A terrible thunder storm prevented the carrying out of the funeral programme. Amid torrents from the clouds, the distant roll of thunder, and the roar of cannon firing a salute, the grave closed over the master of the peaceful art of music."

The Boston *Transcript* has the following brief sketch of Tausig's life, translated from Schuberth's Biographical Lexicon:

Carl Tausig was born Nov. 4, 1841, near Warsaw. He was son of Aloys Tausig, and his pupil till his fourteenth year. He finally became a pupil of Liszt; and as regards piano technic, was without a rival. He was perhaps the only one who played by heart all the works of any value, from Bach to Liszt, not excepting the most prominent compositions in the chamber music of such as Beethoven, Mozart, Hummel, Raff, Schumann, and Rubenstein. Tausig knew no difficulties on the piano, and was at home in all modern and classical compositions; so that he took every composer to his heart; and no one better knew how to render them. Liszt's prophecy, "He will sometime make me be forgotten as a piano-player," seemed likely to be realized, since Tausig's wonderful performances had already given it probability.

In 1859 and 1860, he lived in Dresden, and the two following years in Vienna, where he made a great sensation as director, by the style in which he brought out the most difficult work of Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz. In 1865, induced by his friend Bülow, he went to Berlin, and was soon appointed Court pianist. His institute for piano virtuosos stood unrivalled. But as it interfered with his desire for travel, he gave it up in the fall of 1870. It remains to be seen whether he will take rank as a composer, as no great works of his have as yet appeared. It is known, however, that he has left a large quantity of manuscripts, among which are mentioned a piano forte concerto, an orchestral arrangement of Schumann's Opus 110 and some Elaborations of Classical Etudes for Technic, and Discipline of Hand. Among his published works are the "Soirées de Vienne," "Caprices on Themes from Strauss," three numbers and a few Transcriptions. He has often been pressed by the publishers for manuscript, but has always coolly replied, "I as yet publish nothing."

Tausig's imputed habit of changing standard works, such as the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, and others no less endeared to the lovers of classical music, apparently to display his enormous powers of execution, deserves rebuke. It is like the elocutionist, who, for purposes of mere show, would attempt to remould the immortal thoughts of Shakespeare or Milton.

## The Musical Department of the Boston Public Library.

Probably most of our citizens are not aware that this admirable institution includes in its large and generous plan a representation of the history of music, so far as possible, by the collection of musical scores and all the important literature of the art. The following statement of the strength and the deficiencies of this department of the Library has been contributed by Mr. John K. Paine, of Harvard University, to the last Quarterly Bulletin.

"The Library received, in 1858, as a part of the gift of Mr. Bates, a collection of about 600 works relating to the history, science and art of music, which was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of Mr. A. W. Thayer, the distinguished musical writer. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Koudelka, of which it was well said, that 'any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, will be surprised at the richness of the collection.' To the Koudelka Library, Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes. The theoretical writings of Aaron, Artusi, Bononcini, Bontempi, Coclius, Doni, Gafori, Galilei, Glareanus, Heyden, Kircher, Ornithoparchus, Prætorius, Zarlino, and other learned mediæval authorities are embraced in this collection. It has, besides these, many works of noted excellence by later writers in musical science, history and biography; namely, Albrechtsberger, Adlung, C. P. E. Bach, Burney, Fas, Gerber, Gerbert, Forkel, Jones, J. A. Hiller, Hawkins, Laborde, J. G. L. Mozart, North, Quanz, Martini, Rousseau, Scheibe, Schubart, Tartini, Ambros, Bellermann, Brendel, Coussemaker, Chrysander, Dehn, Drieberg, Fétis, Hauptmann, Hand, Helmholtz, Jahn, Kiesewetter, Lobe, Marx, Riehl, Rochlitz, Reissmann, Schumann, Winterfeld, Wagner, and others. Mention should also be made of twenty-eight quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library, at Berlin. This selection was made from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including the works of Anerio, Caldara, Cherubini, Clari, Colonna, Gabrieli, Hasse, Hammerschmidt, Lasso, Leo, Lotti, Jomelli, Marcello, Palestrina, Scarlatti, Porta, Pergolese, Schütz, and other masters. During the last twelve years, books have constantly been added to the collection, and it is now comparatively rich in works relating to the history, biography,, theory, and criticism of music.

The collection, however, is almost wholly deficient in the following branches.

1. The works of the English madrigalists of the sixteenth century,—Tallis, Byrd, Dowland, Bull, Bennet, and others.

2. The German sacred music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries

3. The operas of the Neapolitan, French, German, and English masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It is also desirable that the Library should possess,—

The *complete* works of the so called classical masters, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven.

2. The principal vocal and instrumental compositions of the later German school of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and others

3. The most noted operas of the German, Italian, and French composers of the nineteenth century.

These important additions would place the Musical Department of the Library in advance of any other collection in the United States.

No more practical step could be taken towards the advancement of musical knowledge and taste among us, than the formation of such a museum of musical art. With the scores of all great masters, of every epoch and school, at hand, it would be comparatively easy to bring their works to publication and performance, and many treasures, now wholly neglected by the Public, in this country, would ultimately find appreciation and use, and thus lead to a more enlightened and catholic taste.

It is to be hoped that friends of the Library will assist in making this department complete.

## "Light" and "Heavy" Music.

"Too much heavy music." "Too little variety." "Selections not popular enough."

This is the usual talk after an unsuccessful concert; and even the givers of successful concerts are sometimes frightened and "demoralized" just at the height of their success, by sceptical complaints and croakings about their music being too *good* for the many, and above the comprehension of some flirting youths and misses in the audience, whom it would seem of more importance to conciliate than all the rest. But let us see.

Is *heavy* music identical always with the highest kind of music? Cannot a composition be as superficial and full of clap trap as you please, and in the popular form of polka, potpourri, French overture, or what not, and still be heavy, dull and unenjoyable? Do you mean to say, that a greater sense of heaviness does not oppress one after sitting through a miscellaneous hodge-podge of virtuoso solos, variations, waltzes, operatic arrangements laden with stunning brass, &c., &c., with all the senseless *encores* thereunto pertaining, than after hearing a good symphony, which, if it somewhat tax the intellectual attention, yield for that reason more excitement and refreshments, instead of the listless passivity with which you endure the former? Considering how many times, for years past, the music-loving part of our society have heard the symphonies of Beethoven, is it too much to say that most of them do really find the "Pastoral Symphony" refreshing after a melange of Verdi, Gungl, Donizetti, Flotow, Jullien, &c., served up in the most fantastical shapes?

Again, what if an audience do *not* perfectly comprehend the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn? Is perfect comprehension by any means indispensable to great and profitable enjoyment of them? We know many cases of persons merely having a general susceptibility to the beautiful, the elevating and the spiritual, who know not perhaps the first A B C of musical science, who yet are among the most deeply interested, the most enthusiastic and devout listeners to these great works. Must one understand the wonderful art with which the four themed fugue finale of the "Jupiter" is worked up, before he can feel and be uplifted by its beauty and its grandeur? Then should we all be writers of symphonies, rather than listeners. As well say, go not to the picture galleries to admire the works of Raphael and Reubens, until you are able to tell how they were painted. Knowledge of course enhances the enjoyment, provided there be inspiration enough in the composition to keep it from being hackneyed before you have half analyzed it. But the beauty, the effect, may be, and should be simple, though the art concealed in that effect be infinitely complex. Is it not so in every beautiful product of Nature?

It is true that most persons do not listen to a composition on account of the science and learning displayed in it. But it is not true, therefore, that they listen merely for the charm of the *melody*. Divest the melody of all the wonderful complexity of harmony, and counterpoint, and instrumentation, into which it is inwoven, and see if the charm remain. This complexity none but the taught musician mechanically understands; but the susceptible, poetic soul can feel the beauty, can experience the spiritual effect, can recognize the end of which all this art is but the means, sometimes with a livelier zest than the technical musician himself. And therein *musicians* very often miss it in supposing that the public cannot appreciate their best music, because it cannot apprehend it technically, as they themselves do. Do painters paint only for painters, or doctors preach only to doctors, or musicians make music only for musicians?

But you say no audience is "equal" to a whole symphony a week. Then what in the world *are* we equal to? Or when shall we *ever* be equal to so much, if thirty years or more of pretty frequent exposure to nearly all the symphonies of Beethoven, have not yet brought a Boston public any nearer to the point? Not *equal* to listening half an hour in a whole week to a fine work, with which we have grown somewhat familiar, and which, by the universal testimony of all musical persons, only grows more beautiful by repetition!

As to the policy of beginning with light music and elevating our audiences gradually to the power of appreciating better, we would suggest two things. 1. This is just what we have been doing now for forty years; and now that we can at last congratulate ourselves that we have nearly reached the point (as seen by the attendance upon classical concerts,) must we go down into the lowest forms and begin the long, slow schooling over again! There will always be the same necessity, if we admit it to exist now. 2. But is it so clear that the hearing of light music prepares one for the understanding of higher music? We believe this notion is a fatal mistake. How many waltzes, polkas, "American Quadrilles," variation pieces, and brass band arrangements must one hear, to lift him to the level of enjoying Beethoven? How long must the musical stomach fortify itself upon candy and whip syllabubs and spices, before it shall have strength enough to like and to digest Beethoven? How long a course of sentimental, blood and thunder novels, of clap-trap melodramas, and of popular weeklies with pictorial fronts bristling with American patriotism, does it take to nurse up a true appetite for Chaucer, Shakspeare and Milton? No, this is not the way. This will but make sickly babies of us all,—that is to say, of all who have not already had the good fortune of a better sort of training.

It is true that each year's audiences are swelled by new recruits, by the incoming of a new generation of listeners. All the more therefore should we see to it that the taste of the young should have a chance to form itself from the outset upon the best models. Not that we should deny them the mere amusement of light, gay, brilliant music; but at the same time we should take them up with us, as far as possible, at that point of culture, which we ourselves through greater disadvantages have painfully and slowly reached. It is a fatal policy to set the standard of our concerts mainly to the level of the lowest comprehension, to make the programme for the idlest and and the youngest portion of the crowd. So surely as we do that, will the *real* music-lovers, and all earnest persons, seeking higher culture, cease to go at all, and then the need for a good orchestra will die out; all artists who have self respect, will one by one forsake a sphere where there is no call made upon their *best* powers, and the concert-room will sink to an arena of mere physical amusement, where the violin may as well give way at once to the old country fiddle, and all idea of music as an Art be set at rest!

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK. The musical prospects for the coming season are summed up in the *Sunday Herald*; among them these:

The New York musical and dramatic season is pretty well mapped out. One of the most important events will be the advent of Mlle Nilsson in opera. Mlle Nilsson will be supported in a style fully worthy of her vast reputation. Her manager has been successful in securing as tenor Mr. Capoul, a singer for whom Auber and Offenbach have written several of their best operas of recent date. Capoul has been singing in London, at the Drury Lane, this season, for the first time in Italian opera, and he has suddenly won a position as the leading tenor of the day. He is a Frenchman and a blonde—quite different in appearance from the average run of stage tenors, who are invariably given over to black hair and fierce moustaches. Capoul wears a slight blonde beard, has curly hair and is generally considered very handsome. It has been decided to open the season October 23, with Verdi's "Traviata," in which Nilsson and Capoul will both appear. This work will be followed by the "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas, in both of which Nilsson has made very great successes. There has, also, been secured the music of Flotow's new opera, "L'Ombre," a work for four voices, without chorus. As far as is known now the troupe consists of the following artists: Mlle Christine Nilsson and Mme. Mouthel, prima donnas soprani; Miss Annie Louise Cary, prima donna contralto; Capoul, Brignoli, Lyall, tenors di grazia, and Jamet, baritone. A tenor di forza, has not come out the present day, and a second baritone are now required. Thirty-six good singers have been selected in New York for the chorus and the rest come from Europe. There will be nightly in the orchestra at the concerts which precede the season of opera and fifty on opera nights. A number of the best orchestral soloists from Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Paris have been engaged.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa has already arrived in the Scotia. The arrangements for her coming season of English opera in America are completed. She will open at the Academy of Music on the 2nd of October, with a troupe undoubtedly better than any which has hitherto given English opera in the United States. Of course she herself will be the primary attraction, but Mme Vestali (Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt) will also share public attention with her. Clara Dora is also in the Parepa troupe. Despite her forlorn aristocratic name she is an English girl—a daughter of Mr. Barnett, the composer, and granddaughter of Robert Lindley, the once famous violoncellist. She is a florid singer, and has been successful (in Italy) in "Lucia," "Sonnambula," "Maria Padilla," "Maria di Rohan" and other operas. It is understood that she will make her Academy debut in the "Bohemian Girl." The troupe will also include Tom Karl, a new tenor; Mr. Ellis, a new basso profondo; Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Charles Campbell, Gustavus Hall and other well-known singers; in fact it will be a double company throughout, and will be capable of giving opera both in English and Italian. This troupe will open in Boston January 8, 1872, for three weeks.

The Vienna Lady Orchestra, under the management of Mr. Fred. Rullman, will appear, for the first time in America, at Steinway Hall, on Monday, September 11. Mr. Rullman is now in Europe completing arrangements for the season. The orchestra will consist of twenty-six young ladies, under the leadership of Mlle. Josephine Weinlich. We may state here, *en passant*, that these young ladies are all under twenty-one years of age and all of them handsome to an eminent degree. They are praised by the unanimous voice of the German and Austrian press, and their *repertoire* is very extensive.

Theodore Thomas has reorganized and enlarged his orchestra. The proportions of the orchestra are as follows: Sixteen violins, led by Bernhard Listemann; five violas, four violoncellos, four double basses, one harp, one piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, one cornо anglais, two clarionets, two bassoons, four French horns, two trumpets, three trombones, one tuba, kettle drums, side drums, bass drum, etc. In addition to the orchestra several celebrated soloists have been engaged and negotiations are pending for others. Mlle. Marie Krebs will exclusively perform at these concerts during the fall and winter season.

Wagner has addressed the following circular to the "friends of his art" with respect to the performance of his "Ring der Nibelungen" at Bayreuth:—

"The festival stage-play, "Der Ring der Nibelungen," shall be completely performed, under my special direction, on three principal evenings, immediately succeeding each other, and on a preliminary evening, and similarly repeated twice in the two next weeks. Bayreuth is selected as the place of performance, and one of the summer months of 1873 as the time. A special theatre will be erected for the purpose. The internal arrangements of this theatre will be perfectly adapted to my peculiar aims, while its external ornamentation and solidity will correspond with the means placed at my disposal. For the erection, as well as for the scenic arrangements of the theatre to suit the experiments of the performance of my festival stage-play, I devote the time from the autumn of this year, 1871, to the spring of 1873. The singers and musicians, who shall have been selected by me during the interval, as the best, will then assemble at Bayreuth, for the purpose of exercising themselves in the parts of the festival play. Fifteen hundred convenient seats shall be placed at my disposal for the accomplishment of my undertaking, who, by means of an association of friends, in whose hands I place the sole management of this branch of the measures to be taken, shall have collected money enough for carrying out my plan. These well-wishers will receive the name and the rights of patrons of the festival stage-play at Bayreuth, while the carrying out of the enterprise itself will be left exclusively to my knowledge and my exertions. The real estate arising from this concerted undertaking shall be considered placed at my disposal, and subject to such future arrangements as I shall consider most appropriately serviceable to my aims and the ideal character of the undertaking. The details of realization connected with the work of procuring the necessary pecuniary means I leave entirely to those near friends, who will consent to take that trouble on themselves, and whose existence I thankfully greet both as a satisfactory proof of their active zeal in the cause of German art, and of the universal confidence reposed in myself.

"(12th May, 1871. RICHARD WAGNER."

The total cost of the production of the piece is calculated at 300,000 thalers. A single seat for all the performances will cost 300 thalers.

After a performance of "Le Domino Noir" at the Opera Comique, Paris, an ode in praise of Auber was read by one of the singers; during the delivery of this, the band played softly choruses of the various operas of the deceased maestro. The French report says state that a great ovation was produced, and describes the effect of this odd combination as grand and impressive.

M. Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous "Watch on the Rhine," has received a most flattering letter from Prince Bismark. Recognizing the important part this song has played in binding the Germans together, the Prince, as chancellor of the new empire, has sent the composer a present of a thousand thalers; and adds that he hopes to be able to allot him annually a similar sum of money.

*La Liberté* states that a musical composer who lived at St. Cloud was suddenly compelled to shandon his house on account of an unexpected attack, leaving behind him an unfinished score of a grand opera in which he was engaged. On the conclusion of peace he returned to his domicile, but it was utterly destroyed. A placard attached to a portion of the ruins informed him that his score was safe, and directed him where to find it. On opening the work he was astonished to find it completed, and on the last page were those words, in German:—"My dear colleague, pray accept my congratulations; if my music should chance to please you, here is my address. Place Gouthe 104, Francfort sur le Main. KNYVE-HAWN, Bandmaster of the 22nd Regiment of the Line."

The directors of the Philharmonic Society in the possession of the gold medal struck in commemoration of the Beethoven Centenary, have wisely resolved to honor the representatives of each branch of the art, composers, conductors, vocalists and instrumentalists. The recipients of this distinction are confined to those musicians who have rendered service to the society, including Mdms. Arabella Goddard, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sir W. S. Bennett, Mr. Cusins and Mr. Sautley. The foreigners to whom the medal is to be presented are Mdlle. Limbauer, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Titiens, Herr Joachim, and M. Gounod. Casts of the bust of the great composer, presented to the society by Mdlle. Limbauer, are to be supplied to the University of Cambridge, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Academy of Music, the Crystal Palace, and Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons.


## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Deserted. 3. E♭ to c. *D. C. Addison.* 30
Expressive, and good for Alto voice.

The Irishman's Wooing. Song and Chorus. 3. D♭ to d. *W. A. Smith.* 30
"Will you give a kiss now my Rosabel?"
Not a comic song, as one might guess by the title, but a sweet Irish ballad with a few melody.

Think to-day, and Speak to-morrow. 3. E♭ to e. *E. S. Hime.* 30
Good harmony and wholesome moral.

There's One that I love dearly. (Swiss People's Song.) 4. C to g. Quartett. *Kücken.* 30
In the first part this seems to be a German Fourpart Song, with the usual fine elaboration of harmony; but, on the last page, it suddenly changes to the cry of the Swiss mountaineer. The change and combination are very attractive.

The Scout. A Trooper's Ditty. 3. C to e. *Campana.* 50
"Come hear, your 'poti blues'
I war not, friend, with you,
'Twas for this can a bold Dhian
Hit bottle dow."
A hearty Dhian song, with a dash of sentiment in it. One (rhoice) note runs to g for the benefit of a tenor, if he sings the song.

Nell the Village Pride. Song and Chorus. 3. A to f. *G. F. Morris.* 40
Lithograph title. Popular ballad and pretty melody.

The Buccaneer. 3. F to f. *Berthold Tours.* 35
A very gay and festive Buccaneer. A bright, merry sea-song.

Ten Vocal Duets. *Franz Abt.* each 30

No. 1. Greetings. (Grüsse.) 3. B♭ to g.
"When I watch the star's bright ray,
Soft and low they seem to say,
Greetings fond they would convey."
Beautiful "greetings."

No. 2. Gladness. (Frohsinn.) 3. G to g.
As "glad" as it can be.

No. 3. The Return of Spring. (Frühlings Wiederkehr.) Duet. 3. C to g.
A very fine and live-drop, and Bird-carol of a sweet little Spring Duet.
"Soft it whispers where the Tulips blow,
Gently murmurs where the Dahlias grow."
The whole set are well worth possessing.

Instrumental.

Fair Morgana. Polka Mzr. 3. B♭. *Strauss.* 35
Has a little of the "mysterious" in its character, and is, with this exception, in the usual Strauss-like vein.

Joys of Youth. Three Easy Pieces for Little Hands. *L. Strasbourg.* each 25

No. 1. Marche Triumphale. 2. C.

No. 2. Tarantelle Bigunenne. 3. C minor.

No. 3. Pas Redoublé. 2. G.
"Little Hands" in plenty will step in applause of Herr Strasbourg, who succeeds to a remarkable degree in combining beauty with simplicity.
The Tarantelle is good exercise of velocity.

Golden Echoes. *E. Mack.* each 30

No. 7. Come back to Erin. 3. F.

No. 8. Take back the Heart. 2. D.

No. 9. I cannot Sing the Old Songs. Galop. 2. G.

No. 10. Les Roses. Grand Waltz. 3. C.

No. 11. Castles in the Air. Galop. 3. C.
Well-known airs prettily and simply arranged for learners.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, if flat, as A. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if in the staff, as c; the letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 794. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 12.

(For Dwight's Journal of Music.)

## The Morning Glory.

The Glory of the Morning! who shall say
Whence first thy tender flowerets took their hue,
What pencil touched those petals gemmed with dew,
And spread their splendors to the opening day?
No chemist e'er with curious art has caught
From Nature's secrets such a glorious prize;
No painter, from full palette rich with dyes,
Such lovely forms and tints on canvass wrought.
Did Adam e'er to Eve bring gifts so fair
As when he, hastening through the charmed air,
Twined with thy purple bells her golden hair?
When the first morning broke in Paradise,
And all Creation woke in glad surprise,
Thou gav'st the Morn new glory to his eyes.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life.*

[Continued from page 32.]

II. KÖTHEN.

It was in October 1806, when suddenly a great excitement seized upon the dwellers of the little town. They hastened to the churchyard and, laying their ears to the graves, could hear distinctly the thunder of the cannons from Jena. I looked on with astonishment and remained quietly standing, for my well trained ear even in that position clearly heard the thunder of the ill-boding battle.

A few days later French troops, whose exterior made an extremely repulsive impression on me, marched through our village. This bad impression may well have sprung from my love for the Fatherland, which, fostered from the cradle, lived in the soul of the German boy. Rage and grief took possession of the inhabitants of Löbejün. All were indignant at the idea of recognizing such highway robbers for their masters. For like a horde of robbers looked the so-called *Löffelhunde* who formed Napoleon's advance guard. On a long train of wagons were borne the contributions they had levied on the town. Upon my father alone, with his small income, came 200 thalers.

When a victorious and insulting foe stands in the land, and every individual begins to feel the calamity of war with all its bitter burdens, then, both for the country and the individual, it is a hard fate to bear. He alone can measure it, who has been obliged to live through it. But the feeling of bitterness and rage is aggravated, when the lord of the land stands unfortunate, depressed and crushed before his people.

An indescribable sense of gloom and agitation spreads around. Imagination seeks for help and for deliverance in regions where the call of the voice, the cry of despair does not penetrate. From such a feeling sprang at that time the song;

"Fred'rich, rise forth out thy grave!
Lead again thy nation on,
Crown and goods and honor save,
Save them from Napoleon."

The Löbejünere used to call the invincible conqueror of 1806, "*Bonebart*," and his generals "*Mordtkier*," and "*Bärthier*" (Murder-beast and Bear-beast). A second popular song, which they used to sing just after the heroic death of Prince Louis Ferdinand, begins:

"Kingt Preussen, auch er ist gefallen,"
(Mourn, Prussians, for he too is fallen.)

As I sang this song then, with my boyish voice, I did not dream how I should one day prize the truly regal compositions of that Prince.

The turmoil of the war receded further and further from us, and the depressed people bore their burden in nawilling helplessness. But I was thinking more and more about how much longer I should still stay in our little village; for I felt that here there was nothing more for me to learn. The ropemaker's trade I had renounced entirely. But my father did not make himself anxious about me; he trusted in my musical talent and let my fate draw near. So came the year 1807.

Then one day there came three large choir students to our house. I was the more startled by this sudden visit, since my father seldom saw a stranger at his house; our domestic life was very uniform and quiet, without change or excitement, and one day had the same aspect as another. But those three scholars had actually important business with us. They stepped before my father and said: We come from Köthen. Our Cantor has heard that your son is a good reader [literally "hitter," *Treffer*] in singing. If he should pass a good examination, we should like to take him into our choir."

My father called me. "That we can do, I guess," thought I to myself, and I sang to them at sight whatever they laid before me. I was in fact a good "hitter," and I cannot remember that I ever had to learn a piece of music or an interval beforehand.

But my soprano voice was by no means particularly euphonious; it had rather a screaming tone. Now although the three choir students after this trial regretted that my voice had not a pleasanter sound, they made me an offer at once to go with them to Köthen, where I was to receive free instruction in the art of singing, besides free lodging, with lights, wood, board and schooling.

My father consented to these proposals. For us, in our narrow circumstances, they certainly were not to be rejected. And from this time I, a ten-year old boy, needed only the blessing of my parents, before setting out upon my independent journey through the world.

The separation from my mother, I confess, came hard to me. Thus far, whatever had appeared to me as noble, beautiful and worthy to be loved, had been for me combined in her. But Löbejün was only three leagues from Köthen, and the holidays gave frequent opportunity of seeing the dear ones again.

So off I started with the choirboys, who seemed to me like man of high importance, quite consoled on reaching the ducal *Residenz* and the blue-formed church.

Köthen, where once Sebastian Bach had passed his happiest years under an Art-loving prince whose friend he was, is a lovely, garden-like place, of idyllic beauty, where a multitude of pleasure parks, pheasant preserves, graceful masses of trees, with a luxuriant vegetation and the ornament of variegated meadows and fields, delight the eye.

At that time there were two schools there, one Lutheran, and one Reformed; as I was of the Lutheran Confession, I attended the school to which I belonged. It had four classes, and each class had its teacher: the *Prima* had the Rector, the *Secunda* the *Conrector*, the *Tertia* the Cantor, and the *Quarta* the Organist. Whatever just objections may be brought against a class system, in which one teacher has to teach in all the different branches that may come along, there is no denying this advantage, that the scholars become very clever in particular branches.

As I already possessed some preparatory knowledge, I went into the second class. The Conrector, Franke, was a severe man, who swung a thick leather strap quite vigorously; he seated me upon the Latin form. Not through my industry, but through my previous knowledge, I came through pretty fortunately and soon rose to the second place. The son of a court tailor, Fritz Asch, took the first place; he took to me with especial love, and during the week I got some nice meals at his parents' house, which I liked very much. The fare at the severe old Cantor Lehmann's was tolerable, to be sure, but it tormented me that he would insist on teaching me to eat with knife and fork, a knack to which I had not been trained, and which was hard enough for me to acquire. In the paternal house my mother had always relieved me of the task of cutting up.

Our choir consisted of sixteen scholars, four of them singing on each part. This choir had to earn its living by singing three times in the streets before the doors of the more well-to-do inhabitants. The singers were very adventurously clad, and the old traditional official costume was never to be left off either on these circuits or during divine service; it consisted of a three-cornered hat and a long black mantle; but from the back of the head there hung a venerable cue, which testified that this costume belonged to the preceding century. I had come from Löbejün, according to the newest fashion, with a "Swedish-head" so-called; that is, my light blond hair was cropped short. As I possessed none of the conditions for my appearance in the official dress, I had recourse to a second-hand clothing store. Here I found a worthy three-cornered hat, a mantle of the prescribed length, and finally I looked about after some elegantly hung cues. To my joy, these cues were very cheap, but unluckily there was not a single blond one to be found among them. So I saw myself reduced to the unpleasant necessity of buying one of a black-brown color. To secure this treasure more completely, it was fastened to my "three-master," where it did duty during the hours of service. To be sure, it was an awkward thing, whenever I met in the street

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC from "Dr. Carl Loewe's *Selbst-biographie*. Für die Öffentlichkeit bearbeitet von C. H. Bitter. Berlin, 1870."

Digitized by Google

one of my superiors or some respected personage of Köthen; there was nothing left for me but to take the cue off with the hat. But I soon got accustomed to it; I was glad to possess my official costume in all its dignity. So all went well, so long as the service rendered ordar and strictness necessary. When that was over and I was on the way home with my comrades, new embarrassments began. My school f·llows, those who did not belong to the choir, took a particular satisfaction in pulling and snatching at my sombre cue. A lively, wild youth as I was, I could not put up with such an insult to my pride of office. The cue was torn from the hat and vigorously plied as a defensive and offensive weapon.

The musical life of Köthen was in the hands of these sixteen cue-wearing heroes. The little Residenz possessed neither a theatre, nor an orchestra, so Dessau did; indeed there was not even a military band. Consequently no concert could take place. But the selections of church music which we performed, and which were accompanied by the organ and a pair of violins, were sometimes of a very pretty pattern. Among other things we sang the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese, a work whose pious melody has not remained without impression on me. At leisure times we received permission to arrange little performances on our own book in the houses of the wealthy inhabitants.

One half of us understood how to perform a Quartet, and so in the evening, besides more serious pieces, we brought out single numbers from the operas. For our reward we got an excellent supper, which at that early time of life, when one is used to meagre fare, is apt to be a very welcome gift. But we received money also, for which we could buy clothes and other useful articles. Among the houses in which we sang was the palace of an old princess of the line of Köthen. Here we commonly received money for our artistic efforts; but at Christmas a basket full of very small buttered rolls was sent to us. This "first feast," as we called the little biscuits, put the crown on all that was vouchsafed to us the whole year round. Even to this day I grieve to think that the biscuits were so small and the preparation of them so fine.

I also received subsidies and proofs of love from other inhabitants. Of free meals there was no lack. But I received also books and clothes, and what not; particularly kind towards me was a merchant by the name of Eisenhut. How many persons look upon such circumstances with commiseration! We were by no means to be pitied. The people prized and loved us in that little Köthen, just as to-day they prize the artists of a theatre or a Kapelle in great cities. We were to them the representatives of Art; we were the ones who made the divine service beautiful to them, who adorned it in a noble manner. Small burgher families esteemed it an honor to have the choir perform a chorale or a sacred aria in their house. Moreover we all felt the poverty of our condition the less, that some of the older singers were far beyond our own age; the Præfectus was certainly some thirty years old.

After I had been half a year in Köthen, I came one day to Löbejün and told with not a little pride that I had been promoted into the first class. My father laughed out loud, as much as to say: "A pretty *Primaner* thou, indeed!"—And my father was too nearly right, for I soon felt, in spite of my youthful age, that this *Prima* could not be much of a stepping stone of culture for me. The Rector had no real calling for the school life; he was a lazy man, who did not lack in knowledge, but in all method for teaching. So little love had he for his vocation, that every one perceived his joy when he could dismiss the school on pleasant days.

For two long years my father saw this idleness in silence; but then he spoke out of his own accord and said, how necessary it was that I should go to another school. But that was easier thought than done; I was a useful singer to the choir. Moreover they liked to fill the posts of Canter, organist and clerk in the little region with the grown-up singers of the choir. To be sure they carried into their office no more thorough culture then they could acquire in the town school of Köthen. But my father had more far-reaching plans with regard to my scientific education. I understood his purposes quite well, though only thirteen years old, and I busied myself with them in more ways than one.

One afternoon, when school was over, I set out, of course on foot, on the way to Löbejün. I thought to myself: "Now thou wilt not come back to Köthen. The father was contented, had my clothes brought from the Residenz, dissolved my connection with the choir, and took me, to my great joy, to Halle.

### III. Halle.

Who does not know the busy, productive, vaporous, sparkling salt works? Far and wide the salt is diffused into the viands and the veins of men. But farther than its salt, the scientific, spiritual life of Halle is diffused. Important men have here lived and taught and worked. A great artist, of whom the world has known few equals, (Handel) was born here; other tone-masters have here served their art, and with it their God.

I approached the old University town with a certain awe and shyness. Already from afar the salty vapor floated towards us. The first huts, or entering the town, had a peculiar aspect, decayed and wretched as they were, evidently belonging to the deepest poverty. The whole country appeared to me dreary and poverty-stricken. Those heights, on which no cattle grazed, those gardens, in which only tall grass and some crippled fruit trees grew, whose spare growth too was choked by hop vines,—all formed a melancholy contrast to the beautiful and smiling Köthen, which I had just left. With other eyes my father looked upon the town and its surroundings; he trod here a home-like soil, and through his soul passed cheerfuller thoughts than through mine. To him lived in those smoky walls the golden recollections of his youth once more. He had made his studies in the old, now forsaken Dominican cloister, in which there was a Lutheran school in those days. Now indeed the rooms were empty, and the *porta Lutherica* was no longer open to the eager young candidates for knowledge.

Our first walk was to this old cloister. We wandered through the cross passages and visited every class room, in which many a great teacher and school-lad taught and learned; for instance, von Jacob, known through his philosophical works and his lectures on political science; also Voigtel, the historian, and Schmieder, the author of the atlas of the ancient world.

As we passed through the dreary cells, formerly inhabited by the choir scholars, we found in a window niche, engraved upon the stone moulding: "Andreas Loewe," and above this name countless others, which came down from the monks. This had always been the Præfect's cell, and it had a lovely outlook upon the cloister garden. Here too had my father dwelt. From the cross passages of the cells we went into the church. The old empty spaces looked so strangely down upon me! The resounding echo of our steps incited me to sing the scale; the only living thing I heard here was this sound. After a few years the old church disappeared; and on this spot was built a theatre, which was inaugurated by the famous Weimar troupe. The old cloister walls were torn down.

My father now gave in my name for the Lutheran school incorporated by Chancellor Niemeyer into the Franke foundation. One gained admission after passing the musical examination for the choir by Türk. This distinguished man in many ways had already in the year 1810, when I came to Halle, established his musical empire in a very aristocratic manner. He possessed a large house in the Steinstrasse, playfully called the "Türkei" (Turkey). He had formerly been Cantor and schoolfellow at the Lutheran school in the old Dominican cloister before mentioned. The Franke foundation had adopted this school, and, as they were glad to keep Türke in Halle, they appointed him with the title of City and University Musical Director. Soon afterwards he took a degree and became Doctor of philosophy and Professor *liberarum artium*. My father spoke with him of my musical talent, and Türk began the examination. I sang with ease all that he put before me. But my soprano voice, in spite of the practice of *solfeggi*, had not lost its old quacking tone. With such a voice I could make no parade. But my musical ear was now to be put to the extremest test. Türk gave me the names of tones, which I was to sound without seeing the keys. With my father I could always do that easily, but, strange to say, this time I constantly gave the fourth below the tone. Türk quietly proceeded a few moments more with his examination; then he said to my father: "Herr Cantor, your piano must stand a fourth below pitch, the boy persists in giving the tones a fourth below." "That is just what I have thought," said my father. Now the riddle was solved; Türk saw that I had a thoroughly true ear, and with a card from the Professor's own hand to the Rector, Dick, I was received into the Waisenhaus (orphan house).

When you step out from the Raischenstrasse in front of the Waisenhaus, you see two black eagles flying into the bright sun; beneath stands:

"illo splendenta levabor"

(under his splendor I shall soar aloft.)

Ascending the outer steps, you see in golden letters the following words:

"Fremdling, was Du erblickst, hat
Glaube und Liebe vollendet,
Ehre des Stiftenden Geist, glaubend
und liebend, wie er."

Under the splendor of the spiritual sun of this house was I too, the poor choir scholar, destined to lift myself aloft.

[To be Continued.]

## The Quarterly Review on "Music: its Origin and Influence."

....Regarding all deliberate attempts to express emotion through sound as so many rough elements of music—we may fairly affirm that the art of producing musical sounds is the most ancient,

Digitized by Google

because, according to Mr. Darwin, it is a quality common to the animal creation as well as to the earliest races of mankind; and it is the most universal, because we can find no race, ancient or modern, which has been entirely without it.

Hitherto we have spoken of all kinds of sounds as musical; but it would be more correct to say that most of the sounds found in nature, or used by savages, are the mere rough materials out of which musical notes have to be manufactured. It is true that any noise acts, in some way or other, upon the emotions by setting the auditory nerves in vibration; but for the purpose of musical art we must select only those kinds of sound, those forms of vibration, which possess certain properties of pitch, intensity, and quality.

First, then, what constitutes Pitch? When we speak of the pitch of a note, we mean that the sonorous body or instrument from which it comes is vibrating so many times a second. These vibratory movements are communicated to the air, and the air communicates them, through the elastic pressure of its waves, to the complex system of fibres stretched upon the drum of the ear, which collects them for transmission, through a winding labyrinth, to the auditory nerve, from which they are passed on to the brain. But the perceptive powers of the human ear are limited. No sound can be heard if the vibrations are too slow, or less than four or five (or, according to M. Savart, six or seven) to the second; or too quick, that is to say, more than 67,000 to the second. Shrill sounds of 30,000 are very unpleasant; but cats and other animals, whose ears are in some respects more highly organized than ours, can hear many sounds inaudible to human beings. As to pitch, then, the limits of musical sound will be within about six octaves.

Secondly, what constitutes Intensity? As pitch is regulated by the number, so intensity is regulated by the force of the vibrations. This force is communicated to the air, and the air waves produce, in proportion to their force, a greater or less degree of tension in the membrane of the tympanum. A very feeble sound is not sufficient to make the tympanum vibrate at all, and a very violent one—such as the explosion of a cannon—sometimes cracks it; and thus it is no mere metaphor to speak of the drum of the ear being broken. The intensity of *musical* sound will, therefore, be found to lie in the mean between the too feeble and the too forcible.

Thirdly, what constitutes Quality? The quality or *timbre* of a sound, *i.e.*, the quality which makes the difference between the same note played on a flute or violin, depends neither upon the force nor on the rapidity of the vibrations in the instrument—in the air—in the ear. Upon what, then, does this all-important attribute of sound depend? We must try and imagine a vibrating body, such as the back of a violin or the tube of a diapason, to consist (as is actually the case) of a vast number of lines distributed in a vast number of different layers of matter. All bodies are composed of such countless different molecules, arranged in layers, and packed in different degrees of density. When we set our board violin, or organ-pipe in vibration, these molecules begin to move; some vibrate feebly, some strongly, whilst certain others remain at rest. By strewing sand on the back of a violin whilst in vibration, or affixing a pencil to an organ-pipe, the form of the vibrations representing the disturbance of the molecules may in either case be obtained in lines. These lines then indicate the different arrangements of the molecules of matter in violin wood, or organ-pipe, which yield a different order of molecular vibration, and transmit to the air differently formed waves, and consequently a different stroke and quality of sound to the ear.

We have now refined our rough element of sound by determining its pitch, its intensity, and pointing to the existence of various qualities or *timbres*; but we have yet to distinguish properly between musical sound and noise.

M. Beauquier gives the following explanation of the difference between noise and musical sound.

A true note, or musical sound, contains in itself a third, a fifth, and an octave. In addition to the fundamental note, a cultivated ear will be able, under certain experimental conditions, to recognise these other three, like faint musical emanations. These three are called the fundamental harmonics of a note, and every sound is thus complex, just as white light is complex, containing within itself what may be called the three harmonical colors, blue, red, and yellow. Now, when the ear receives one distinct sound, and the accessory harmonics are at the same time of very faint intensity and very high in pitch, then we have a pure or clear musical sound called a note; but when the accessory or harmonical sounds are so loud, confused, and so near to the fundamental note that we have difficulty in separating between them and the note itself, then we have the negation of musical sound—that is to say, noise. The Chinese gong is an admirable example of unmusical sound, or noise, and a well tuned kettle-drum is almost as good an example of a true musical note.

But when we have thus manufactured our materials we have not arranged them. We have got the threads, but we have not woven them into any fabric—we have not invented any pattern—we have not given them any form—we have not created any work of art. We might as well give a man a bundle of colored threads, and expect him without machine or instruction to produce an Indian shawl, as give him musical notes without teaching him the secret of the scale, or of symmetrical arrangement, and expect him to produce melody and harmony. We are still a long way off from what we call music.

Now, before we enter upon any further account of the rise and progress of the musical art, the question naturally arises, What claims has it upon our attention? What wants does it meet? Why is it worth studying?

We might point to the fact that people nowadays spend much time and money upon music. But why do they do so? Because it gives them very keen enjoyment. Why does it give them enjoyment? what is the enjoyment worth? Is it pleasure and nothing more, or is it pleasure and something besides? What right have we to speak of Beethoven in the same breath with Goethe? In what sense is the musical composer a teacher or an intellectual and moral benefactor? All such questions, and many more like them, which are asked more frequently than they are answered, may be summed up in a single sentence,—What is the dignity of the musical art? To this question we hope to give some definite reply.

Speaking generally, all the arts may be said to have arisen out of a certain instinct, which impels us to make an appeal to the senses, by expressing our thoughts and emotions in some external form. When a man is haunted by the beauty of the outer world, when he has been for a time purely receptive, watching the light upon summer fields or through netted branches, or at evening the floods of liquid fire that come rolling towards him upon the bosom of the sea, at last before his closed eyes in the dreams of the night there arises within him the vision of an earth, and sky, and sea even more fair than these; and seizing his palette and canvas in the morning, he endeavors to fix the impalpable images which have almost pained his heart with their oppressive loveliness. Who can look at some of Turner's pictures, and see there "the sunshine of sunshine and the gloom of gloom," without feeling that the picture stands for the deliverance of a soul's burden? It is its own justification. No one asks first why it gives us joy, or why it is so good; that questioning may come afterwards, and may have to be answered, but our uppermost thoughts are such as these:—"I, too, have had such visions, but never till now have they lived and moved before me; henceforth their life is doubled because revealed; their beauty is painless because possessed: now that I have prisoned this fleeting memory, it is mine forever — κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί. In freeing his own soul the painter, the orator, the poet has freed mine; I shall not suffer in this direction from the void and the agony of the unattained, for it is there worked out for me and for all men to rejoice in and to love." Therefore the great justification of all art is simply this—that all life tends to outward expression, and becomes rich in proportion to the degree and perfection with which it is mastered inwardly and realized outwardly.

It is evident that the artistic instinct is involved in the constitution of our nature, and only waits for the peculiar times and seasons favorable to each of its several developments. Hence in all sorts of ages and countries we find traces of the arts, but only in certain countries and at certain epochs the full development of any. The seed of a political system, of a religious creed, or of a new art, may lie long in the fallow ground of history, waiting for the mysterious and happy combination of circumstances necessary to its special development. By and by this nation will be ready for such a government; and that form of government, which may have tried in vain to spring up before, will then rise. Such has been the history of representative government in England. By and by a nation will feel the need of a new intellectual form for its religion; and not before, will the new system prevail. Such has been the history of the Protestant Reformation. By and by the æsthetic and imaginative impulses of a people will demand a certain appropriate channel of expression; and then the art which can best express the imperative mood of the popular life is certain to spring up. That is the history of all Literatures, and also of the directly sensuous arts of Sculpture in Greece, of Gothic Architecture in modern Europe, of Painting in Italy, and, finally, of Modern Music in Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, and England. Each art has been strikingly appropriate to its own age, and each art has more or less exhausted the impulses which it was destined to express. We will now endeavor to show the real position and speciality of music amongst the arts, by a general glance at some of the art developments of the past.

No doubt the art of sculpture existed in a rude form amongst those Eastern nations from which Greece derived the germs of all that she ever possessed. Yet we do not admit any high development of sculpture to have taken place before the period of Grecian art, or about B.C. 500; nor do we venture to say that the works of Phidias and Praxiteles have ever been surpassed. The fact is, that sculpture was the art which rendered concrete, or gave outward expression to, the Greek's highest idea of what was desirable and excellent in life. He was passionately enamored of the external world. Beauty had no hidden meaning for him; the incompleteness or insufficiency of life never occurred to him; there seemed no moral, no aspiration written upon the face of man or nature: hence he loved outline better than color, and cared more for form than for expression. His life was exceedingly simple; his intellect remarkably clear and active and subtle; he lived much out in the open air, gossiping incessantly, learned a little Homer and a few lyrics, sometimes peeped into a work of Anaxagoras or Zeno, at other times amused himself with the disputations of the Sophists, or listened to the orators in the Agora. But whatever else he did, his body was his first care. The staple of his education consisted in gymnastic exercises and the cultivation of rhythm as applied to motion. His greatest admiration was lavished upon a beautiful human body, and in Greece there was never the slightest difficulty in studying the human form divine. What every one was proud of, every one was prone to exhibit; and what was universally exhibited and admired naturally became the object of the most elaborate and successful cultivation. Hence Greece, in her eager simplicity, her exquisite perception, her naive enjoyment of life, and her material prosperity, found no appropriate expression for her ideal in the art of Sculpture.

If we glance at Rome in her best days, we shall hardly be surprised to find that she had no original leanings in the direction of the sensuous arts. The art expression, if such it can be called, of her ideal is to be found in the Justinian code. Her notion of life was not beauty, but law, in its most prosaic aspects: stern patriotism, regulated by military despotism; stern justice, regulated by civil law. She had no time to design her own public buildings; she borrowed the designs from Greece. Her statues and her ornaments, when not actually made by degenerate Athenians, were but the cold parodies of Grecian art. It was not until centuries later, when the old Empire had been split up into a thousand fragments, that a new and genuine art began to arise in Italy,—but an art responsive to a new age, and to an utterly changed state of political life and religious feeling. We allude, of course, to the art of painting, which culminated in the sixteenth century in the schools of Padua, Venice, Umbria, Verona, Bologna, Sienna, Florence and Rome.

But there is one growing characteristic of the art of the new world after Christ, as contrasted with the art of the old world before Christ, which it is highly important for our present purpose to notice. That characteristic is its ever-increasing tendency to express *complex emotion*. The Greek schools which succeeded Phidias indeed supply numerous expressions of suffering, such as the Laocoon; action, such as the Discobolos; and occasionally some simple and strong emotion, such as the Niobe.

But even in the post-Phidian, when emotion is expressed at all, it is usually of a simple and direct kind; the fever of the new world had not yet set in. Upon the religions of the past the accumulated moral influences and religious feelings which we are in the habit of expressing by the one word Christianity, broke like a second flood, submerging the old philosophies and the old faiths. The rise of that tide was irresistible, and it brought with it the elements of a new ideal life, in violent antagonism to the traditions of many an earlier civilization. Thanks to this antagonism, which drew hard and fast the line between the Church and the world, the emotional life of the early Christians was also simple and strong. Missionary work afforded an ample and sufficient outlet for feeling; there was little time for anything else. The New Church shrank from Heathen art, as the Jews had shrunk from Egyptian images; and although a reformed Orpheus cropped up later in the character of the Good Shepherd, preference was given to mere symbols, and only a few coarse representations of Christ, His apostles or His miracles, were allowed to grace a religion which was intended to appeal to the spirit more than to the senses. Then,

Digitized by Google

when the Christian seed had been sown throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, the beginning of the end drew nigh; and we have heard to satiety how the Gothic hordes came down from the Northern Alps upon the plains of Italy, and how the worn-out organization of the Empire fell like an avalanche before the breath of spring. But the imperial sceptre had only passed from the Emperor to the Bishop of Rome, and it was under the timidly admitted presidency of the Pope that the Christian Church first stepped forward as the inspired guide, ready to reduce to order the confused life and weld together in new combinations the heterogeneous elements of the old and the new worlds.

The rise of the Roman Church and the rise of the nations of modern Europe after the death of Charlemagne (814) gave birth to what we call the modern spirit, which is emphatically the spirit of a complex emotional life. In Italy, after the close of the ninth century, the stiff forms of Byzantine art had entirely ceased to have any charm for a nation distracted with wars, and in the eleventh century Italian art had reached its lowest condition.

But another art had already begun to assert itself in France, in Germany, and in England—an art which, taking its rise amongst the masonic guilds, found its perfection in the cloister, yet mingled freely with the world, and became in a remarkable degree the monumental expression of its "lights and shadows, all the wealth and all the woe." Gothic architecture received some of its finest developments at the hands of priests, but the Gothic temples were the darlings of the people and became the models of popular architecture for the nation. Into them, as we can see to this day, were woven the miseries and the joys, the wild fancies, the morbid tendencies, and the confused aspirations of a spiritual faith, struggling with new and untried aspects of social and political life. It is unnecessary to describe all that the Gothic architecture of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries strove to express. How highly emotional it became they know who have marked the faces that peep out between the network of leaves or clustering fruit in florid architrave and capital. When the art began to lose all temperance, and assumed wild and flamboyant forms, it was simply because the artist was in despair at not being able to transcend the plastic limits of his material—to express the varied emotions which were daily becoming more numerous and more oppressive, and which neither stone-carving nor any other known medium could suffice to express. But a more highly emotional art was already preparing to take its place—the art of Italian painting—which, beginning with Cimabue (born 1240), gradually rose along with the decline of Gothic art until, with the successors of Titian and Tintoret, that too had exhausted its emotional functions and began to decline along with the rise and sudden ascendency of the latest and most perfect art-medium of emotion, MODERN MUSIC.

There never was a time in the history of the world when life was so rapid and human emotion so complex as it has become during the last three centuries. The printing press, the discovery of America, the increase of commerce, the general circulation of thought, have given rise to abnormal combinations and changes of which the old world never dreamed. This has generated a peculiarly restless and feverish temperament of life. Can we wonder that art should try to keep pace with these developments—that in its own region, that of the emotions, it should twist stone into every conceivable shape, and then cast it aside as inadequate; then seize upon color, and after depicting through its aid every possible scene capable of exciting the imagination, still pine for some more complete expressional medium? And now what more could be done by art than Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, had accomplished? What still cried out for direct expression which they had not been able directly to express? Something there was in those independent states of consciousness generated within the mind—something there was, in what we call emotion, and especially complex emotion—which called for direct expression, and which found it not in carved stone or limited canvas. What was that something? In a word it was *movement* or *velocity*. That is a fundamental property of all emotion. There was no direct expression for that in sculpture, or architecture, or painting; the stone did not move; the scene on canvas, however excited, required an effort of the imagination before it became a thing of motion; the battle raging on canvas was an æsthetic fiction—it acted upon that inner movement of the mind, which is so fundamental a property of emotion, not directly but only through the imagination; the colors did not change; the canvas was as still as the stone. For a perfect emotional art actual velocity was indispensable, and it is the addition of this one property which the art of music alone possesses in combination with all the other properties of emotion that makes music the supreme art-medium of emotion.

One thoughtful glance is sufficient to show us that the rough elements of emotion and the rough elements of musical sound have all the common properties which fit them for meeting upon a common ground and for acting upon each other.

Emotion is never long at the same level; it has its *elations* and *depressions*. Sound, as manipulated by the art of music, has its *elations* and *depressions*—musical notes go up and down in the scale.

Emotion has various *intensities*. Musical notes, as has been seen, directly communicate various *intensities* of sound to the drum of the ear; music has its *ff* and *pp*, its *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, its loud and soft combinations of instruments.

The progressive steps in a continued state of emotion have something like *form*; they can be arranged; they have a beginning, a development, an end, or, at all events, somewhere a transition to a different region of feeling altogether. Music has a *form*, obvious even to the eye; the notes indicate a theme or subject which is developed and brought to a close; the words *unity*, *proportion*, *development*, are sufficiently familiar to all readers in connexion with music.

The meeting of two or more emotions—such, for instance, as is the case when we pass out of a dark room into the light, or when we hear a sudden burst of laughter in the midst of intense grief—these are simple enough forms of complex emotion; but in all complex emotion we get simultaneous *variety*. Need we say how wonderfully harmony in music, even a simple chord, possesses the property of such simultaneous *variety*?

And lastly, the progress of emotion is fast or slow; at all events, it is incessantly beating out time with every pulse and throb of the blood; in other words, it has its *velocity*: and this is the important quality which makes the "Sound Art," of all arts hitherto discovered, the great medium for the expression and for the generation of emotion, simple or complex. No outward presentation of scene or action is needed, as in the drama—no aid from imagination, as in painting or sculpture—in order to supply velocity or movement. The sound vibrates directly upon the drum of the ear; the auditory nerve receives pulse after pulse, and transmits it to the emotional region of the brain. Emotions, simple or complex, are thus generated directly and physically by the power of sound, without the aid of imagery or thought; and, again, emotions already working in the brain find relief in the sort of outward and concrete expression which the art of music procures for them.

If, then, at this stage of our disquisition it be asked what is the use of music, we ask in reply, What is the use of stimulating, regulating, and disciplining the emotions? What is the use of providing for them a psycho-physical outlet, when they are excited or roused? Music excites, expresses, regulates, and relieves the life of emotion. These are its functions and these are its uses. Life is rich almost in proportion to the fulness of its emotional activity. As a physical fact, music recreates exhausted emotion by nerve currents generated through direct vibration of the nervous tissues, and by the same means music arouses and cultivates emotion into its highest activity. Again, life is noble, almost in proportion to the strength and balance of emotion. Control of emotional activity is as essential to worthy life as the abundance of emotion. Noble music possesses this power of controlling and disciplining emotion to a consummate degree. The notion that music is only intended to please and tickle the ear is a notion worthy of a savage. To listen to a symphony of Beethoven is not at all amusement. The emotions aroused are steadily put through definite stages, just as definite and just as salutary to the realm of feeling, just as well calculated to bring it into discipline and obedience as the athlete's progressive exercises are calculated to strengthen and discipline the muscles of the body. The emotions are not allowed to run wild. The music, if we put ourselves to the strain of following it, checks them here, rouses them there, holds them as it were in suspension, gives them a fair vent at times, shows them the way out of unrest into rest, and out of varied and apparently inconsistent states of discord to harmonious development and unity. The mere intellectual task of appreciating the technical form and excellence of a truly great musical work or tone poem is no light one, but it is a highly refining one. Nevertheless, the intellect in music must be held subordinate to the plain purpose of elaborating schemes of complex and simple emotions; it is this power which raises music, through, but beyond, connection with the senses, into a moral agent.

That all music is not of this kind, is not calculated to stimulate and arrange the emotions beneficially, may be taken to be a self-evident fact. Much of Italian and French music is so wedded to languishing sentiment or absolute frivolity that the best-disposed musician cannot treat it *au sérieux*, as the presentation of emotion in any salutary or re-creative order. Place any Italian love song by the side of one of Schubert's romances, and the emotional difference will be apparent to any one at all capable of enjoying music. The Italian view of love, and the German view of love, are well represented in the different emotional atmospheres of Italian and German songs. The music of Italy expresses passion without restraint; and then follows of necessity sentiment vamped up with artificial shocks and thrills to supply the place of exhausted passion. That, with all its exquisite gift of melody, with all its cunning appropriation of melting, though limited, harmonies, is the morale of modern Italian music—of course we do not allude to the great schools of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But when we pass to Germany, we have come to the "true and tender North." Life is there no dream on a Venetian balcony, love is there no short-lived rapture of summer days and starry nights; but "life is real, life is earnest," and love is of such fabric as will last out a lifetime and be true to the end; and, therefore, there must be restraint and economy of passion, there must be the middle tints as well as the glowing lights, there must be midnight watches as well as noonday dreams. Parting must be real pain, and meeting must be real rapture; the fount is so full, there is no need of pumping-up sentiment; the life is a life within as well as a life without; and hence the German music is not dependent upon external scenes or exciting stories: it can be cast in the mould of opera, but it can also do without it; above all, it can play upon the whole key-board of existence, instead of confining itself to a few tragic octaves of passion; it can carry out symphonies as well as operas, and can make songs for every event, and preludes and sonatas for every phase of feeling—from its most glacial intensities to its most glowing heats—and for every gradation of delicate emotion which may lie between the two.

Much more might be advanced in support of the moral and emotional functions of music, but we trust enough has been suggested to vindicate the almost passionate conviction of thoughtful musicians, that music is more than a pastime; that it holds a distinct, a legitimate, and clearly defined position amongst the arts; and that it is capable of exercising the most powerful and beneficial, as well as the most delightful, influences upon the cultured few, and upon the uncultured many.

## A Parisian Institution.

[From the Musical World.]

A change had come over the theatrical world when Napoleon I. ascended the throne. There were eleven theatres in Paris, and the *claque* was a recognized institution, working for public order in general and the Prefecture of Police in particular. The Emperor did not like civil turmoil, and a riot in a theatre or in the streets was put down at once. If a man was caught hissing, the least that could happen to him was to go before the *Commissaire de Police*, show his passport, state who he was, and what were his means of living. During the Restoration it was worse; party spirit between Royalists and Bonapartists ran so high from 1815 to 1830 that a piece applauded by one party was cried down by the other. Had it not been for the *claqueurs* half the play-houses would have been converted into battle-fields; as it was, the *claqueurs* had more than enough to do in stifling the groans of the Quartier Latin students, who went *en masse* to "first performances" at the Theatre Français and Odéon and howled hideously when any anti-liberal sentiment was uttered.

Up to 1820 it was usual for managers to covenant with a *chef de claque*, and give him so much a year to bring five and thirty or forty *claqueurs* every night. One day it was discovered that this arrangement was not a paying one. The only thriving man was the *chef de claque*, who made his fortune at the end of a few years and retired, while the manager often ended his career in bankruptcy. The *chef de claque* had several ways of making money. Besides his fixed salary he received so much a year from actors and actresses, especially those who had no talent, and frequently sold at a high rate the forty seats he received gratis. Nowadays this is changed. Instead of the manager paying the *chef de claque*, it is the latter who pays the manager. Three or four years ago, when a cabal was organized by the Quartier Latin against the "Henriette Maréchal" of the Brothers Goncourt, the *chef de claque* of the Théâtre Français, on the second and third nights, brought five hundred *claqueurs* to the rescue. The uproar in the theatre was terrific; the *claqueurs* raved, the students shrieked, but in the end got the best of it. They had stronger lungs than

Digitized by Google

the mercenaries, and after the third performance, the piece was withdrawn. It is curious to see a *chef de claque* recruiting his troupe. Within a few doors of every French theatre is a *café*, where the chief *claqueur* establishes headquarters. Towards five or six o'clock he puts in an appearance, and is mobbed by the forty or fifty anxious to be enrolled for the evening. As a rule, the first thing the *chef de claque* looks at is the dress of the candidates. He accepts no blouses and no slovens. If he sees a man well arrayed, hearty-looking and florid of countenance, endowed with broad shoulders and big hands, he enlists him at once. The terms of admission vary. Sometimes (especially in summer) if there is a dull piece, it is difficult to find *claqueurs*, and the *chef* presses every one he can get, accepting eight sous, six sous, and even as little as four sous from each of his troupe. Should the piece be so dull or the weather so hot that no one will volunteer to pay even two pence, the *chef* must then have recourse to such ragamuffins as he can find, and pay, instead of being paid. When there is a popular piece the *chef de claque* has several hundred candidates to choose from, and he can make his own terms. On the nights of a first performance of Augier, Sardou, or Alexander Dumas *fils*, the seats in the *claque* fetch five or ten francs apiece. If a row is expected, as at the revival of *Ernani* and *Lucretia Borgia*, the places fetch fancy prices.

In addition to the income derived from selling seats at a profit, the contractor of the *claque* makes a bonus by levying a tribute upon actors and actresses. It is easy for a spectator to guess which of the performers pays the *claque* and which not. No matter how slight the part an actor has to play, he is sure of warm applause if the *chef de claque* has been paid. For a *debutant* to refuse would be folly. Some of the more popular dramatists, Alexander Dumas among them, have, at different times, endeavored to abolish the *claque* in so far as their own works were concerned, but the attempt has always failed. As under Napoleon I. and the Restoration, the *claque* is in too good odor with the police to be now superseded. Before the noisy bands of applauders can be safely dispensed with, French playgoers must become different. So long as the French mind evinces a sly relish for furtive hisses, and takes overt pleasure in dramatic rows, so long will the *chef de claque* be at his post, crying in a stage whisper to his honorable troop, "*Allons, mes enfans, tous ensemble; chaudement et à bas la cabale!*"

## The Oratorio Question in New York.

This is the view taken of it by the *Herald*, (August 10):

For years and years our city Choral societies have been in a state of almost hopeless demoralization. Various coteries of vocalists—and their name is Legion in this city—have been devoting themselves to the formation of small knots of singers, each one possessing a strong desire to be more individual in character than great and noble in connection with a large combination. Their design has appeared to be the cultivation of separate interests and personal prejudices, the institution and promotion of petty officers and offices. It has not been so much their object to study the great masters' compositions as it has been their desire each one, to stand alone and to look down with contempt upon its neighbor, and if possible to paralyze, by various means, the efforts of the one or the other in any temporary success. The oratorio, then, one of the highest intellectual and artistic efforts to which the minds of some of our greatest composers have been addressed, has not as yet received the interpretation, by means of numbers in orchestra and chorus, it deserves, nor have the people been taught to appreciate a class of compositions, the sublimity of which, in such works as the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Maccabeus," by Handel; "Elijah" and "St. Paul," by Mendelssohn; "The Creation," and "Seasons" by Haydn, is without a a parallel in the wide domain of music, not to mention other oratorios as yet untouched here, such as "The Last Judgment," "The Fall of Babylon," &c., making in all a list of works the study and performance of which might, with advantage to the community for the next ten years, occupy the time and attention of all our petty societies, not individually, but as one concentrated body, by which power and majesty of performance might be made to keep pace with the dignity and grandeur of thought contained in such glorious works.

In the midst, then, of all this unfortunate diversity of thought and action it is not surprising that sooner or later some powerful and wealthy organisation should arise. Such a body has appeared and has established itself with extraordinary success. In the past two seasons the Church Music Association, with the *élite* of singers and audiences to be found in this city, has pursued its course regardless of trouble or expense. The orchestra has been the largest and the chorus the most select. These, under the direction of a reliable and talented musician, Dr. James Pech, have given performances in this city in completeness of *ensemble* and detail far outstripping any previous attempt.

It was not, however, to be expected that all the choral bodies would tamely rest as mere spectators of the progress of a young rival society drawing every man of vitality out of their disordered ranks. The first, then, to show renewed vigor was the New York Harmonic Society. This, the oldest choral society in the city, and the oldest but one in the country, gathered up its strength, and at the recent annual election of officers for the nineteenth season, made a determined effort to enlist within its ranks new blood, money, ability and energy. In all this they have so far succeeded. There has been no want of money promised by our citizens, and the new President, Mr. Thomas J. Hall (of the firm of William Hall & Sons), we may safely state, will not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He is a thorough man of business, shrewd, energetic and determined in character, while the election of Dr. James Pech as musical director and conductor has brought to the society ability which argues well for the future welfare and usefulness of the society.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to point out as fully as we desire the pertinence of the oratorio as a social question or in a musical point of view, or to dwell sufficiently long on the true place which should be assigned to the greatest professions of the human intellect; but as a sign of the times the influence which music, and especially sacred music, is exercising on the present generation is not to be mistaken. Fast men and *fast* people, almost always uninformed and contumacious, are disposed to regard serious thought in any branch of study with shyness and indifference. Oratorios, as well as other sacred compositions, and indeed, even operatic works, when out of the region of simple and common—as, for instance, "Don Giovanni," "Guillaume Tell," "Fidelio," &c.—have been stigmatized by silly revilers with the title of "slow," and those who love and admire them considered "pretenders." It is gratifying, however, to know that art in its grandest manifestation is making rapid progress, and that fashion and prejudice, formerly twin antagonists to all advancement, are no longer to be feared. The people are gradually growing more general in feeling, and it will not be long before they will learn to listen with equal (!) pleasure to an opera by Verdi, Gounod and Meyerbeer and an oratorio by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn; can be amused with one of Wallace's melodious operas at the Academy of Music, or entertained with a miscellaneous concert in Steinway Hall. It is not to be denied that oratorios must always reign triumphant as a motive power to the highest intellectual feast. If a grand musical festival is to be given here or in the country, the oratorio is indispensable. It is only with the breath of life, in the native tongue of our common land, that we can completely address our praise and acclamations to an all-beneficent God. Wood and brass instruments may assist, but cannot lead the way; it is by large masses of human voices that music becomes that kind of pleasure on earth we know we shall hereafter enjoy in heaven. These are facts not to be disputed, and are worth a cargo of theories. The study and cultivation of oratorios then, must, eventually, become a necessity in the recreation of our people.

## Concerto Organ Playing at the Royal Albert Hall.

Now that the great organ in the Royal Albert Hall has been completed and certificated, it is put into daily requisition, and at the performances thereupon at twelve and three o'clock the people leave off sightseeing and go into the Hall to be regaled with the results of Mr. Willis's skill in organ building. The advertisement of the Royal Commissioners, offering a fee of fifty pounds to any foreign organist of mark and merit for eight days' performance, has secured us an exhibition of the talents of Herr Heintze, from the Conservatorium of Stockholm, Herr Johann Lohr, of Pesth, Herr Anton Bruckner, Court-Organist at Vienna, and M. Mailly, from Belgium.

The German organist is by birth and education a pedal organist, although in Germany until these recent times the playing of Sebastian Bach's pedal compositions for the organ was a rarity. In the early part of this century the only man famous for the Bach pedal playing was John Schneider of Dresden, and had John Schneider visited England in 1820, his performances would have been looked upon as next to impossible. But the simple-minded artist was told there were no pedal organs in England—a fact which could not be denied—and he remained in Dresden, happy in his beautiful organ by Silbermann, and contented with the approbation of all Germany. But when the Exeter Hall organ was fashioned into the the large thing that it is, and the late Mr. Stammers became a speculator in the chances of the celebrated "Wednesday Evening Concerts" in that place, seeing the organ silent and useless he seized the idea of importing John Schneider and sitting him down at the Exeter Hall organ, to give all London an opportunity of hearing the eminent German organist and the way in which Bach's pedal music ought to be played. John Schneider of course, knew nothing of England, nothing of the Exeter Hall organ, and nothing of the tastes of the public. He was great in what was then called "extemporaneous performance," but in these days we say "improvisation." John sat himself down before the organ duly to improve the occasion, and the organists in London were gathered together to take the lesson. John's preludium was of no ordinary length, his theme was unobtrusive and rather common-place—a matter of no consequence to John, because he could talk musically upon any subject—and he found so much to say upon his well-worn text, that ten minutes passed and there seemed no prospect of the appearance of the Fugue. The audience got restless. There was a murmured buzz and suppressed chatter on all sides, and John was told he should play his Fugue and use as much counterpoint in as short a time as possible. John shook his head, and said, "These things must not be hurried." Five minutes elapsed and John entered upon his Fugue, a short, stern, solid theme, one which would evidently be supported by two, if not three counter-subjects, and would travel up and down, inverse and reverse, in quarter-time, half-time, in double and double-double time. Five minutes more, when John, who had been doing the playful in the diminishing and augmenting business, began the more solid stuff of the counter-themes. John took up a splendid roll upon the pedals and displayed his skill in the embroidery of suspensions. It was no dapper inter-twiddling, after the fashion of the late Thomas Adams, but a thing of length and breadth, and requiring time on the part of the organist, and patience on the part of the audience. But the audience had already exhausted their stock of the latter article, and there were cries on all sides, "Enough," "Leave off," "That will do," "Cut it short." But John kept true to his text, himself, and his country. The greater the noise, the more persistently did John trample on the pedals, as though he thus, there and then trampled on his enemies. Now there was a general cry for "Mr. Stammers," and Mr. Stammers came forward with his interpreter, and bowing his best to the great organist, "hoped he would defer to the strongly expressed wishes of the audience, and conclude as quickly as possible." John replied, "I have just begun the third subject, and then there is the *stretto*, and I may have a *coda*." Mr. Stammers, prudently blinking the entrance of the third subject, announced that all would shortly be over, for there were only the *stretto* and the *coda* remaining. Then came a universal shout of laughter and a little patience, or rather a lull, which lasted but for a minute. Now followed cries for the "*coda*," but John was in all the throes of his *stretto*, and heard nothing else: his eyes and his ears were lost to the outer world, and in vain did Mr. Stammers entreat and gesticulate. At last one of the committee, more practical and less polite than the impresario, reached up and seized the coat-tails of John. Had they not been stitched on by some honest German tailor they had certainly given way. All to no purpose, for by this time John had got to the *coda*, and a terrific *coda* it was. It was hailstones and rain, with "fire mingled with the hail." The organ shivered and quivered, and bellowed and groaned. One half of the audience were shouting with laughter, and the other screaming their topmost, crying "Seize his hands! Hold his legs! Off with his boots! Off with his head! Stop him! stop him!" Hereupon the wretch who had pulled his coat-tails seized a foot, Mr. Stammers caught at one arm, an assisting friend took possession of the other, and the three fairly lifted John from his seat. The audience, having gained their end, for very shame gave forth the most extraordinary burst of applause ever heard. John was cheered till the roof rang again, he bowing the while with all the complacency of one fully satisfied with himself and all the world.

The only person not altogether pleased was Mr. Stammers, who had engaged Herr Schneider for a series of performances for which he paid. But they never took place. The sensational pedal playing of the Chevalier Neukomm, and the neat, classical, and marvellous pedal playing of Felix Mendelssohn, had destroyed all interest in the quiet, unobtrusive method of John Schneider.

Since the episode of Schneider, many well-known organ players have visited London and given the connoisseurs a taste of their quality, among whom was the well-known Hesse; but these performances

Digitized by Google

have ever been comparatively secret or unknown, from the want of a large pedal organ located any where but in a church. Now, however, we have the organ, and it would seem we are to hear the foreign organists. The first who has played was Herr Heintze of Stockholm, a young man still *in statu pupillari*. He executed some of the master-pieces of Sebastian Bach, and some of the sonatas by Mendelssohn, some fugues and fantasias by Töpfer, Merkel, Hesse, Köhler, Kuhmstedt, Markul, and others of the modern German school. His performances were marked by much truth and considerable precision; but he failed in that iron, *staccato* touch which is essential for clear part-playing in the Albert Hall. Mendelssohn could make every note of the Grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor, by Bach, thoroughly intelligible on the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral—a bad organ, and utterly unequal to the proper rendering of such a composition; but Mendelssohn did this. It was all weak and puny, because the organ was weak and puny; but it was plain and all to be understood.

Now the echo in the Royal Albert Hall is mere nothing to the echo in St. Paul's Cathedral, and no more than is proper to a building of its size. There is no reason why every note played upon the organ in the Hall should not be as transparent as light. If it is not so, the fault lies with the player and not in the place. Of course, any organist, however celebrated, is heard with great disadvantage to himself at a strange organ; and the faults of Herr Heintze must be attributed to his inexperience and his want of familiarity with the details of so large an organ.

In Herr Johann Lohr, of Pesth, we meet with a good musician and a player of considerable power. He is a combination of the new and the old schools. He gave us extracts from the symphonies of Liszt, marches by Chopin, songs by Schubert, pieces by Gottschalk, Markul, Pitsch, and many others, interspersed with compositions by Beethoven and Mozart, together with the more distinctive organ music of Handel and Bach. Herr Lohr has great executive capabilities, and his ambitious attacks on the sonatas of Beethoven, and more especially on the monstrous vagaries of the Abbé Liszt, proved in the end, more astonishing than pleasing. He suffered from the same disadvantages as Herr Heintze, and certainly did not meet the requirements of the Hall, nor those of the instrument. There was much good playing, but nothing perfect. The only way to play a great organ is to play just so much of it as the player has been accustomed to handle. A man accustomed to manage fifty stops must not plunge at once into the *mêlée* of a hundred; he must select the fifty with which he is familiar, and increase his catalogue by degrees. But he must first use his fifty in accordance with the exigencies of the place: the Royal Chapel at Dresden is not the Royal Hall at Kensington, nor is the Royal Hall at Kensington our Cathedral at St. Paul's. Each place requires its own treatment, its own peculiar mode of playing.

The Court Organist of Vienna, Anton Brückner, was third at the organ, and announced specially, as great in "extemporaneous performances." We were told that Herr Brückner's strong points are classical improvisations on the works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn." He has given us a grand extempore Fantasia which although not very original in thought or design, was clever, remarkable for its canonic counterpoint, and for the surmounting of much difficulty in the pedal passages. There can be nothing said extemporaneously upon the National Anthem of Austria, and still less upon the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel; nor do we think any improvisation with any effect can be given upon the *toccatas* of Bach or the Sonatas of Mendelssohn. Great composers exhaust their themes. Nothing can be added to the Hallelujah Chorus, nothing to a *toccata* of Sebastian Bach.

Mr. Best has been playing three times a week, and is so to do until the close of the exhibition. In the making up of his programme, he has been gradually paying more attention to the wishes of the public, and he now gives his audience operatic overtures, operatic selections, some of the French Offertoire music, and the Handel Organ Concerto. These selections are more satisfying to English ears, and Mr. Best commonly retains an audience. The French Offertoire music, although an abomination in a church, is good to play in the Royal Albert Hall. As an artistic construction it is new and curious, and one to which the German organists seem quite unfamiliar; but it is the one "great fact" that has grown out of the new organ invented by Cavaillè Coll of Paris, and well deserves repeated hearings from the new organ.

We presume that when the foreign organists have been heard, the way may be opened to English talent. There are in England many good organ players, and there are some few pre-eminent among the foremost in Europe. There is in this metropolis a young lad who, to use the Duke of Wellington's opinion of his army, can (on the organ) "go anywhere, and do anything." There is also an older and more experienced head who, we believe, would be listened to on the part of all foreign organists with wonder and astonishment. But he won't play.—*London Orchestra.*


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 9, 1871.


THE SOUL OF THE ORCHESTRA. Great means are only justified by great ends. A fine and perfect organism implies a fine and noble purpose. Truly considered, it is an organized aspiration and outfit for some high and pure ideal to be realized. Take this most perfect, infinitely curious and complex of all organisms, "the human form divine:"—for what was it contrived, for what has it grown up, through all the pre-Adamite æons, out of all the co-working elements of nature, into this crowning flow er of perfect form, unless it be for the fulfilment of a higher, even an altogether holy, divine life? And just so surely as it becomes oblivious of that true end of its existence, just in proportion as it falls away from that prime motive and becomes willing (for content it never can become) to live for idler, meaner ends, does it not begin to degenerate into a lower type?

So too it is with Art, and with the organized means of Art; especially with Music, which aims to give expression to the motive principles, the vital tendencies and passions, yearnings, aspirations,—what the writer in the *Quarterly Review* well calls the "complex emotions," of the human soul. This art principle in Music has created for itself organs, organisms, more and more complex and complete, until it has reached the culmination in the modern Orchestra. And what delicious, earnest, heavenly music has been written for it! Hardly do all our orchestral opportunities taken together suffice to keep up the desirable acquaintance with only what the masters, not only of the orchestra, but of great *orchestral music*, have created. And yet on what a mass of mere ephemeral triviality and trash, on what strained, wilful manifestations of a false and spurious art, ambitious strivings for "effect," are not these glorious means continually wasted, prostituted! Not that there should be no "light" music; not that there should be no music that is "free," or even now and then extravagant. There is a time for all things, a time to laugh, a time to weep. The *earnest* life knows all these moods, but seeks *first* that which is above all and best.

Have you ever considered how vital to the existence of a true orchestra is the music of the great masters! The symphonies and overtures of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., are the very life-blood of a fine orchestra, or rather the pure and heavenly air that vitalizes the blood of the whole system. Without it the blood grows corrupt and thickens, and the organization dies. What motive can there be, what inspiration, to real artists to band themselves together in so rare and precious a society as a true orchestra, if they are to play only the music that will tickle the vulgar and the thoughtless, if the real treasures of the *Art* of music are to be as much let alone as if they had never been created, and there were no Art! It is an indignity to an orchestra like that of our Symphony Concerts, or of the Philharmonic Society in New York, or of Theodore Thomas, as well as a monstrous over-proportion of means to end, to keep them playing trivial music as the rule, with only now and then a fragment of the better kind as the exception.

The same thought is applicable to the Opera, which, under most impresario managements, is equally unfaithful to its high end as a great form of Art. We have copied on our last page some remarks from a London paper, which chime with what we have been saying of the Orchestra, and which are as true, alas! of operatic matters in this country as in England. "CAN THE OPERA BE DISSOCIATED FROM ART?" we have made the heading of the extract.

## Boston Singers Abroad.

MME. ADELINE DE LA MOTTE (well known in our Boston concert rooms some years ago as Miss Washburn), after studying in Italy and England, and singing as a prima donna in various theatres, has been attracting favorable attention by her appearance in several miscellaneous concerts in London during the summer. A "Recital" which she gave, with other artists and a chorus, of the music of Gluck's "Orpheus," was certainly creditable to her artistic taste in the selection, and the performance seems to have won good opinions from the critics. The *Evening Standard*, of Aug. 3, says of it:

Madame Adeline De la Motte, from the theatres of America and Italy, gave an interesting recital in St. George's Hall last Saturday, which fully established her claim to be considered an *artiste* of the first rank. The performance of an opera designed for the stage is not generally effective in the concert-room, unless the music is sufficiently dramatic to render scenery, action, and *mise en scene* superfluous. Amongst modern operas it would be difficult to name one which would bear the ordeal of a performance sustained simply by voices and instruments, so that hitherto all attempts to render the music of some of the most popular operas without stage accessories have proved failures. Madame De la Motte was well advised in fixing upon one of Gluck's operas for her recital. Like several of Mozart's grandest works first brought on the stage, Gluck's operas are so full of dramatic fire and expression that they require no elucidation, no appeal to the eye, to excite emotional feelings in the listener. In *Orpheus* the music nearly always suggests the scene, and no finer dramatic effects can be desired than those resulting from the performance of the air and chorus, "Che mai Erebo," which describe the visit of Orpheus to the furies in search of his lost Eurydice. On Saturday, this air and chorus, as well as the other numbers in the opera, were sung to English words, but the music lost none of its effect by the translation, and Madame De la Motte threw into her solos so much feeling and expression that nothing was wanting except a larger choir to render the performance worthy of the composer. Madame De la Motte's full-toned and pleasing voice was also heard to advantage in the romance, "Dearest, untimely gone," whilst the florid air, "O love with hope," showed how admirably she has been trained to execute with ease the most difficult *fioriture*. Madame De la Motte was assisted at her recital by the clever *artistes*, Miss Banks, Miss Drummond, and Signor Uria. Signor Viotti was the accompanist.

The *Telegraph*, after regretting the choice of so unfortunate a time for a debut (the last week of July), remarks:

The object sought by the concert was the introduction of Madame De la Motte to an English audience, and it will suffice if we say that her rendering of the airs in "Orfeo" fully proved such reputation as the lady enjoys elsewhere to be well founded. Madame De la Motte—who was formerly known in the States as Miss Washburn—has a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power and capacity of expression. She sings with earnestness and intelligence, moreover; while her appearance and bearing are such as encourage a belief that she would prove acceptable on the lyric stage. The verdict of the scanty audience was highly encouraging; and, seeing that empty benches are notoriously the most affective dampers of enthusiasm, Madame De la Motte had good reason to be satisfied with the applause she elicited. The lady must make herself heard again by English ears—but not in the last week of July.

---

Our excellent basso, of the Oratorios, Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, is in London, where he is to join

Digitized by Google

Madame Rudersdorff, with Miss Drasdil, the contralto, Mr. Arthur Byron, the tenor, and Mr. Oscar Beringer as pianist, on a concert tour through England during the months of October and November. Mr. Whitney is announced as "The celebrated Basso from the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, America." We have before us the programmes of the concert tour, which in their way are rich and somewhat unique. The repertoire is divided into Oratorio (she solo parts, of course), "Opera Recitals" and Ballad Concerts. Under the first head are named solos from Handel's "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Solomon," "Jephtha," "Joshua," "Alexander's Feast," and "Ode to St. Cecilia"; Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "St. Paul," Hymn of Praise," "As the hart pants"; Mozart's Requiem and Masses; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Sir Michael Costa's "Eli" and "Naaman"; Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria". Two selections of Sacred Music, "suitable for the *first part* of programmes," are offered as follows:

No. 1.

Solo, American Organ, March "Athalie"....Mendelssohn.
Quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord"
Mme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, Mr. Arthur Byron and Mr. Whitney
Song, "How willing my paternal love".....Handel.
Mr. Whitney.
Prayer, "To thee, O Lord".....F. Hiller.
Mlle. Drasdil.
Solo, American Organ
Mr. Oscar Beringer.
Song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth".....Handel.
Mme Rudersdorff.
Song, "If with all your hearts".....Mendelssohn.
Mr. Arthur Byron.
Song, "Father of Heav'n".....Handel.
Mlle. Drasdil.
Quartet, "God is a Spirit".....Sir S. Bennett.

No. 2.

Solo, American Organ, March "Eli"....Costa.
Mr. Oscar Beringer.
Trio, "Thou shalt love the Lord".....Sir M. Costa.
Mme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Arthur Byron.
Song, "It is enough".....Mendelssohn.
Mr. Whitney.
Song, "Bow down thine ear".....A. Randegger.
Mme. Rudersdorff.
Solo, American Organ
Mr. Oscar Beringer.
Song, "Sound an alarm".....Handel.
Mr. Arthur Byron.
Song, "Oh rest in the Lord".....Mendelssohn.
Mlle Drasdil.
Song, "From mighty Kings".....Handel.
Mme. Rudersdorff.
Quartet, "Oh then the true and only".....Mendelssohn.

And here is one of the miscellaneous programmes "adapted for second parts" of concerts:

No. 1.

Comic Trio, from the Operetta "Creatures of Impulse"
A Randegger.
Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Arthur Byron.
Song, "Star of hope".....Hope Douglas.
Mr. Whitney.
New Song "To-morrow".....A. Randegger.
(Written expressly for this concert, and sung by)
Mdme. Rudersdorff.
Pianoforte Solo, "Faust Valse".....Liszt.
Mr. Oscar Beringer.
Duet, "La ci darem".....Mozart.
Mdme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Whitney.
Song, "A little while".....F. A. Marshall.
Mr. Arthur Byron.
Song,
Mdme. Rudersdorff.
Quartet, "Tous heurs and the sweet spray".....Osborne.
Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, Mr. Arthur Byron, and Mr. Whitney.

Four "Opera Recitals," good either for the first parts before second parts of lighter miscellany, or for second parts after second music, are to consist of Airs, Duets, Trios, &c. on one evening from *Semiramide*, on another from *Il Trovatore*; again from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and from *Oberon*.

There are also set down in the prospectus one programme wholly miscellaneous, and one entirely of the Ballad character. Finally a list of songs, &c., which the artists are prepared to sing only in concerts where there will be a band, which is as follows:

Mdme. Rudersdorff.

Scena ed Aria, ("MEDEA").....A. Randegger.
(As sung by her at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concert; the great Musical Festival, Boston, America; and the Crystal Palace & Philharmonic Concerts.)
Scena ed Aria, ("Andromeda").....C. Mozart.
(As sung by her at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concert; the great Musical Festival, Boston, etc.)
Aria, "Porta".....Mozart.
Aria, "Perfido".....Beethoven.
Song, "Im gleichen Herz".....J. S. Bach.
Cradle Song, "Peacefully Slumber".....A. Randegger.
Finale, "Leonora".....Mendelssohn.
Mlle Drasdil.
Scena e Preghiera, "La mia preca".....Meyerbeer.
Song, "In quest tomba".....Beethoven.
Arioso, "Oh, Fatima".....Weber.
Spirit Song.....Haydn.
Mr. Arthur Byron.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro".....Mozart.
Aria, "Spirto gentil".....Donizetti.
Mr. Whitney.
Aria, "Non più andrai".....Mozart.
Song, Over a green hill".....Gounod.
Mr. Oscar Beringer.
Concerto.....Schumann.
Concerto.....Beethoven.

It is more than probable that Mr. Whitney will be heard in some of the Oratorios, at Exeter Hall, &c, during the winter.

## The Opening of the Season.

Like the prelude before the fugue, or the fantasia before the Sonata, skirmishers and forerunners will occupy the field here for a few weeks before the solid Season of Symphony and Oratorio and Chamber music, in regular supplies, sets in. Various popular attractions will appeals will take their turn first, before the permanent local organizations which are supposed to have Art, rather than personal eclat or money for their motive. Uncommonly good things of this kind are promised us.

First in order of time, we believe, will come the three admirable concerts which Mme. PAREPA ROSA will give in the Boston Music Hall on the 20th, 22d and 23rd of this month. Partial as the Rosa are to Boston, they will thus make this their point of departure for their winter's cruise. No doubt we shall then have a first taste of the new artists enrolled for their opera season, which will begin soon afterward in New York, and will give us a visit in January. The troupe will be by far the best and most complete combination for presenting Operas in English that we ever had. Carl Rosa, the conductor, knows the importance of possessing a full proportion of the highest kind of operatic music. Besides the "Marriage of Figaro," "Oberon," &c., which he gave last year, he also hopes to give us an opportunity of hearing, for the first time in America, the famous *Postwagen* ("Water Carrier"), or as it is called in France, "*La Laitière de Lodoiska*" by Cherubini. We hear that Rosa is negotiating for the great German tenor, WACHTEL, who has arrived almost unheralded in New York. (It is also surmised, and very naturally, that some combination for German Opera, of which Wachtel will be a member, is in process of formation).

2. Next comes Mr. PEZ, our enterprising Superintendent of the Music Hall, with the first two of his long promised Popular Subscription Concerts, namely on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, September 27 and 28. For these he has secured the services of Ole Bull; Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, soprano; Mrs. C. A. Barry, contralto; Mr. F. C. Packard, tenor; Mr. Edward Hermanson, a basso of good voice, (who has made careful study of such music as the bass airs in Elijah and the Passion Music); Mr. Charles Allen, violinist; Mr. Gustav H. Dow, and Mr. Carl Zerrahn (Orchestra and ?), he will have Miss Kellog; and on the 27th and 28th of that month, Miss Adelaide Phillipps.

3. On the 3rd of October Mlle. Christine Nilsson will make her first appearance in Italian Opera in this country. The enterprise is under the management of Messrs. Maurice and Max Strakosch, who propose to give at that time a series of ten nights and two matinees at the Music Hall, Boston Theatre. The list of new artists engaged includes: Mdlle. Marie Leon Duval, prima donna soprano from Her Majesty's Opera, London; M. Victor Capoul, the famous Parisian tenor; Mr. Lyall, "primo tenore comico"; M. Armand Barre, first baritone, from the Grand Opera, Paris; and M. Jamet, prima basso from the same. Besides these there will be the old favorites, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Sig. Brignoli and Signor Randolphi (baritone). The musical department will be under the direction of Max Maretzek, with Signor Bosoni as conductor. Much is promised in the way of chorus, orchestra and "new and splendid wardrobe." The piece for the opening night in Boston will be Gounod's *Faust*, and everybody will be curious to see and hear the fair Swede in the part of Marguerite. What operas will follow we are not informed precisely; but naturally they will be those in which she won her name in Paris and in London: Adelpha Adam's "Mignon" and "Hamlet," Doniletti's "Lucia" and "Lucrezia Borgia." As we trust, however, that Miss Nilsson will not be discouraged in her worthy purpose of studying and producing, some time in the winter, Beethoven's "Fidelio." Great artists now-a-days must be interpreters of great Art.

Some terrible man of figures is guilty of the following statistical curiosities in England:

Recent inquiries into the education of girls have established the following facts with regard to music. The acquirement of music on the part of the young lady seems to be the one absorbing responsibility of her school existence. Its study occupies one entire fourth part of the educational year. Upon an average every school girl spends 5,350 hours on music during her sojourn at the seminary, and allowing two hours a day, and forty-six weeks for the school year, the parent has to pay for ten years' instruction in music, and to expend on this branch of tuition alone, a sum not much short of two hundred pounds. Whilst the young lady receives 5,350 hours' teaching in music, she devotes 640 to arithmetic, and about the same time to the other branches of education. In fact music, as to time engaged upon it, is as thirteen to one with regard to history, geography, astronomy and arithmetic.—*Tonic Sol-fa Reporter.*

## A Title Page.

DEAR DWIGHT,

Turning over a portfolio of fine prints belonging to the noble Library of Alexander Farnum, at Providence, the other day, I came upon an engraved title page, well worth of a note.

The upper half of the page is an engraving of an ancient prophet kneeling at the sea-shore.

"B. WEST, INV., 1775. F. BARTOLOZZI, Scalp."

Then follows the title:

JONAH AN ORATORIO,
DISPOSED FOR A VOICE AND HARPSHORD,
CONSISTING OF
SAMUEL FELSTED,
*Organist of St. Andrew's, Jamaica.*

LONDON: Printed for the Author by Messrs. LONGMAN, LUCKEY and BRODRIP, No. 25 Cheapside, 1775.

If you will turn to the last number of your Journal for May, 1857, you will find in Mr. Winthrop's address, at the opening of the Handel and Haydn Festival of that year, that the oratorio of Jonah "complete" was sung in Boston in the presence of the President of the United States—Washington—in 1789—if my memory serves. A. W. T.

Our readers will be glad to receive trustworthy information as to the state of the famous organ in Strasburg Cathedral, and we therefore quote the following note on the subject from the *Builder*:—A horrible 'echo' came crashing through the place, few across the nave of the cathedral, sod smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself; here, wonderful to tell, it remained without exploding! Had it burst, of course annihilation of not only the beautiful organ, but also of great part of the cathedral itself, must have been the consequence. The residue of the tower has had the dreadful missile mounted on a face of marble, and on it is fixed a brass plate telling the day, or rather the night, month, and year, when this fearful hail of iron and fire fell on the devoted town. The organ pipes have not yet been replaced, but white linen blinds are drawn down over the cruel gaps. More than half of the organ is so covered, thus showing the extent of the damage done. The marvellous mechanical clock is apparently uninjured.

ECHO IN MUSIC.—Any one who had anything that could be called musical experience or knowledge could not but be aware that, of all qualities in a music-room, a decided and perceptible echo is one of the most injurious to the effect of music. Of course, in a building with a prolonged echo, certain very fine effects may incidentally be obtained, such as the reverberation and prolongation of the sound of the organ in some of our large cathedrals; but that is not music,—it is simply a fine effect of sound, which

Digitized by Google

affects our senses just in the same way as thunder and other impressive sounds. But as "music" consists not in mere noise, but in an appeal to our mind and feelings through the medium of a language formed by the union and sequence of sounds regulated in pitch and duration by fixed laws, it must be obvious that everything which tends to interfere with and confuse the original rythmic and harmonic proportions of such sounds must be inimical to their effect. Some persons, of course, (children especially), find more pleasure in listening to an echo than in attending to music, just as others like to look at an ivy-covered wall rather than at an architectural detail; but to imagine that echo has anything to do with music, because it occasionally accompanies and obscures it, is just as rational as to say that ivy is an essential element of architectural design, because it often grows over buildings.

The object, in a large concert-room, is, or should be, to have such materials as will not swallow up or imbibe too much of the sound (though to have it strongly reflected is seldom desirable), but to arrange roof and walls in such a manner that the reflection of the sound shall be broken and dispersed, and not collected and localized in any one focus; which would cause to a certain portion of the audience a disagreeable and concentrated echo. For this reason, I should look on a semicircular or domical roof as one of the worst forms for a very large music room, as it is sure to concentrate the echo, and make it disagreeably prominent at one point or another. Behind the performers let there be anything that can reflect the sound forward; and here a semicircular wall at the back may have a very good effect; but in the auditorium there should be nothing that can tend to concentrate the sound reflected from the wall on to any one point. That seems to be the common sense of the matter; not very scientifically expressed, certainly. It should be observed that the echo difficulty only applies to large halls; in smaller-sized rooms it may be left out of the question, as the echo has not space to develop itself so as to be heard at an appreciable interval after the sound. Architects who are building concert-rooms would probably get more valuable hints from practical musicians than from acoustic theorists, who are not musicians, and who indulge in the wildest statements.—*Builder*.

---

Can the Opera be dissociated from Art? And, if it can, is the separation lawful? These two questions go to the very root of the matter; and, by way of propounding a clearly defined thesis, we answer the first in the affirmative, the second in the negative. With regard to the first point, careful observers do not require to be told that the tendency of all operatic management, when left to itself, is to disparage the claims of Art. So distinctly is this tendency recognized where subventions are in fashion, that securities are taken against it; and the *impresario* cannot, if he would, give the rein to his inclinations. Thus one advantage, at all events, arises from State aid and consequent State control—an advantage which, in this country, we do not, and probably never shall, enjoy. Unlike many of their Continental brethren, English managers are free men. They follow what is right in their own eyes, and may bend to the public humor, no matter how acute the angle of inclination. That they sometimes descend from a high standard is but a natural result; for the *impresario*, whom an idealist might picture as the missionary, and, at need, even the martyr of Art, is really a man of business. But while admitting thus much, it is impossible not to regret the consequences of a state of things by no means conducive to the highest interests of opera. Every one who looks beneath the superficial brilliancy of the season now ended will conclude that at the council table of management it must have been said: "Let us get together many famous artists; let our representations be called 'appearances;' and, for the rest, let it look to itself." Thus all interest was made to centre in the personality of distinguished performers, for whom well-worn operas were brought out repeatedly, and to suit whom work after work was put upon the stage at a rate which made a perfect musical *ensemble* absolutely impossible. This state of things obtained at Covent Garden; but Drury Lane supplied an even more noteworthy illustration. Everybody knows that, with Mademoiselle Tietjens at the head of a good working company, and Sir Michael Costa at the head of an admirable orchestra, Mademoiselle Marimon was really the be all and end all of the campaign; and when she could appear, it was considered quite enough to play *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia* turn about. We can, however, imagine circumstances under which even such a state of matters would be both intelligible and unassailable. When, for example, the avowed purpose is an exhibition of personal charms or personal acquirements, no objection can be raised; nor is there much ground for complaint in the absence of pretensions to anything higher. But the managers of our lyric theatre close against themselves this possible haven of refuge, by offering ostentatious homage—in print—to the claims of Art. Year by year they engage to extend the public knowledge of operatic works, and to be instructors as well as entertainers; but year by year the self incurred obligation is altogether evaded, or grudgingly discharged. Take the season of 1871 as a conspicuous example. Mr. Gye absolutely promised *La Donna del Lago*, *La Juive*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Le Astuzie Femminili*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*; while Mr. Mapleson was not far behind in bidding us to look for *Anna Bolena*, *L'Ombra*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Need we say what came of all these grand prospects? At Covent Garden, Cimarosa's little farce was played by a second-rate cast in the last few days of the season; and, in the last few days of the season also, *Anna Bolena* appeared on the boards of Drury Lane. We do not, of course, lay all the blame of non-performance at the managerial doors, so long as an indifferent public deserves its share; but we would suggest that the habit of exuberant promise had better cease. If our opera houses really exist for the sake of the artiste who appear at them, let us all agree not to pretend any longer that they fulfil a higher mission. Thus will an end be put to a system which excites hope only to produce disappointment.

Not a word need be said in proof of the fact that opera, carried on with no consideration for art, is a spurious thing; but the question how to amend the practice opens a wide field of discussion. Here it becomes necessary to guard against the Utopian ideas of those radical reformers who, taking counsel of strong classical leanings, would force an entirely different system upon the public. When enthusiasts of this stamp can persuade Mr. Lowe to set down Italian opera for a handsome sum in the Estimates, they may hope to work out their theory; but not before. Practical minds will take things as they are, and try what can be done with their existing materials; first of all recognizing the cardinal truth, that our operatic establishments are just what our opera going public makes them. It is of no use—nay, it is positively unjust—to rail at managers for consulting the taste of their patrons. That, if the managers were so disposed, they could do more towards improving public taste, may be true; but when Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson points to the empty benches of a "revival" night, or to the unprofitable, if enthusiastic, house which welcomes a classic opera, it is hard to deny the cogency of the argument. The remedy, then, lies not with the managers, but with the public itself, and must be found in the ability to look at opera from a different standpoint to that now generally occupied. There is no hope of such a result while a performance of *Don Giovanni*, for example, is spoken of as a "Patti night," or the title of *Le Nozze di Figaro* appears in smaller letters than the name of Madame Lucca. Under any circumstances, a great artist enjoys honor, and nobody desires to subtract from it one iota; but in proportion to the greatness of the artist must be his knowledge that he is a means to an end, not the end itself. Precisely this fact—neither more nor less—is what we wish to have established as a guiding principle. Looking at the apparently slow progress of real musical taste, some may bid us absolutely despair of such a consummation. But without yielding to optimism, we indulge a belief that in society there is sufficient love of good music to work a mighty change, if permitted to exercise its legitimate influence. With the submission of Englishmen to that which is, the operatic public accepts, year after year, a system of management based upon the theory that the singer is greater than the song, and the composer second to his exponents. Even while submitting, however, not a few chafe under the yoke, and need all their reverence for custom to put up with repetitions of *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, and other old acquaintances, as a substitute for things of greater worth which never get a hearing. Let these genuine amateurs speak out in protest, and there would be little difficulty with the liberal *impresario*, who is naturally ready to follow the preponderance of opinion, provided he clearly sees which way it tends. In a recent "Communication to my Friends," after a bitter sneer at those operas which become a "diverting entertainment" only through an interest more or less *purely* personal, Richard Wagner observes:—

"The production of old and, as they are called, classical works, is never an act proceeding from the convictions of the theatrical managers, but only the result of a laborious demand of our æsthetic criticism."

[This is absolute truth; the lovers of art must decide whether truth it shall remain.]—*London Musical World*.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My Sweetheart when a Boy. 3. C to e. *W. Morgan* 40

A pretty reminiscence of boyhood.

Old Forest Home. Song and Chorus. 3. B♭ to e. *C. A. Fuller*. 35

Effective song and good chorus.

Sighing for Thee. 4. A♭ to e. *J. Benedict*. 40

Well fitted for the concert room. Full of expression.

They are Sleeping, Sweetly Sleeping. Song and Chorus. 3. E♭ to f. *C. A. White*. 30

A tribute to our fallen heroes, and is beautifully in keeping with tender and patriotic thoughts.

O Sing to me the Auld Scotch Songs. 3. E♭ to f. *J. F. Leeson*. 40

Containing a fine Scotch air, and introducing others very neatly in the interludes. The words are by Rev. Dr. Bethune.

Ship boys Letter. 3. C to e. *V. Gabriel*. 40

Capital. Very good for a school concert or exhibition.

All will yet be Well. 2. C to d. *B. Covert*. 30

Mary Darling, Mary Dear. 2. B♭ to d. " 30

Two excellent new songs by the veteran ballad singer, now near his threescore and tenth year, but as healthy, rosy and full of life as ever. His ringing voice will advertise these melodies to thousands.

The Spot where I was born. 3. D to f. *J. H. Wood*. 40

A fine ballad.

The Iron Blacksmith. 3. D to f. *J. L. Hatton*. 40

The Jolly Smiths. 3. B♭ to f. *J. C. Chamberlain*. 35

The Forging of the Anchor. 3. B♭ to f. *J. Benedict*. 60

Come see the Dolphin's Anchor forged.
'Tis at a white heat now!

Three songs of the same sentiment, with not much to choose in goodness, as all are effective. The second is the jolliest, and has a picture title, while the third is the longest and most difficult. All are fine Blacksmith songs.

Birdie, have you told my Secret? 2. G to E. *W. A. Smith*. 30

A sweet little chat with a bird, with a nice chorus.

### Instrumental.

Gaieté de Coeur. 4 Hands. 4. G♭. *Sydney Smith*. 1.00

Very brilliant and effective for exhibitions.

Robert le Diable. Fantasie Dramatique. 6. *S. Smith*. 75

A powerful piece, varying skillfully the favorite airs of the great opera.

Barcarolle. 5. B. *S. Smith*.

The leading melody is very graceful, and the piece well wrought.

Sons Joyeux. Valse de Salon. 4. E. *E L Hime*. 60

A brilliant waltz.

The Blooming Rose. Mazurka. 5. D♭. *E. Hoffman*. 60

Very melodious. Generally soft and sweet.

Air Tyrolien. Piano and Guitar. 4. A. *W. Neuland*. 75

The air is "When the day with rosy light," and is very prettily varied.

Cupid's Chase. Valse Brilliante. 3. G. *C. M. B.* 30

A very delicate waltz, worthy of the name.

Twinkling Stars. Waltz. 3. G. *J. H. Wood*. 40

Very neat and spirited.

---

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 795. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Regrets.

Sunny sail, that nothing brought,
That nothing bore away,
That passed my isle, a moment's thought,
A gleam of fancy's play.

A flash upon the morning's glow,
Bright vision or surmise,
Forgotten when the noonday sun
Attained the noonday skies;—

I seek thee o'er the darkening sea
With ever-longing eye,
For nothing now seems real to me
Save thy swift passing by.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life.*

[Continued from page 90.]

All the other singers of the choir lived, as I did, in the house of Türk. It gave us the advantage of a familiarity at first hand with our master's restless musical devotion.

Our choir formed the basis of his musical activity. Türk brought out the church music and all the public concerts, of which he gave twelve in the winter, almost solely with the aid of this choir. For these performances and concerts severe rehearsals were required. But in Halle it was the custom, as in Köthen, for us scholars to sing in the streets, before the doors of the wealthier inhabitants; nor could we fail to be on hand at marriages and funerals. Türk received the tenth part of our earnings. Halle had as yet no public art institutions, and Türk's concerts were all of art that there was offered for the city.

In them the public had a chance to hear a large selection of musical pieces; and even to-day I cannot help admiring the geniality of the Director, who always knew how to bring forward something new and good; for how small, often, were the means that stood at his command! Even the solo parts were in a great degree taken by scholars, though we were admirably supported by a certain Mlle. Weimann and her brother, a bassist.

We performed all the Mozart and the other operas then modern, of which I will name only Naumann's "Cora." Türk gave the operas of Naumann with especial partiality, since the composer had been his teacher. The operas of Himmel and of Reichardt also occupied us. Of oratorio composers, Handel, Haydn, Graun, Schuster and Winter were most kept in practice.

Here too, as in Löbejün, we were accompanied by the orchestra of the *Stadtmusikus*; but he had other and better forces at his command than Wipprecht had. The Halle orchestra played Symphonies with tolerable precision.

In the third of the subscription concerts, which I attended that first winter, and which was considered as the symphony concert *par excellence*, the then young Beethoven was not overlooked. Türk had crossed out the droll ("*schnackische*") introduction of the violins to the finale of the Symphony in C (No. 1), because he was afraid the public would laugh so loudly at it as to make the orchestra ashamed.

In those Symphony concerts the pianofirte concertos of Mozart were played, with orchestral accompaniments, by a sister of Mlle. Weimann, the singer above mentioned.—Türk held an important position as a composer, particularly for the church. His admirably elaborated chorals are worthy of especial mention. In the church concerts we sang, besides Sebastian Bach, Emanuel Bach, Doles and Hiller, also twenty cantatas by our master. One of his Oratorios, of which the poem was by Ramler, "The Shepherds at the Manger in Bethlehem," was for years performed on Christmas eve by Zelter in the Singacademie at Berlin.

Türk had a remarkably fine ear, and a great gift and authority for conducting; he conducted, though not without vehemence, with great circumspection. The rehearsals were hurried through; commonly one rehearsal had to suffice for each performance. Often enough it seemed more than rash to go before the public so imperfectly prepared; but he who ventures, wins. Then, to be sure, director and performers had to gather up all their presence of mind, to have the performance go without mistakes and with the necessary fire. But this very process gave us a sure oversight and kept our souls fresh for our dear Musica, for in this way all sense of satiety was impossible. I have myself, in my own sphere of operations, frequently arranged more than one rehearsal for a performance; yet I never loved much studying and practising; for the performance is like like milder on the blooming plant of a work of art; and the impression, the effect upon the hearers is essentially dependent on the fervor, the enthusiasm which this awakens in the soul of the performer. It often happened during the performance that Türk in his zeal struck with his baton into the chandelier that hung above him, so that its glass pendants fell down with a jingle; or that he helped out the chorus with his strong and clear bass in a way that made the pillars tremble. The public did not take it ill, for they were already accustomed to the singularities of the old master and knew that such passages were particularly difficult; they smiled and enjoyed what went well all the more gratefully.

Türk had in his Market Church an excellent organ with three ranks of keys and some sixty stops, some of them beautiful, which in his time had been tried and approved by Sebastian Bach, and upon which Friedmann Bach, alike in his artistic greatness and in his wilful falling off, had played so long, now to the edification and now to the scandal of the congregation. As an organist my master was distinguished. His playing was as full of feeling as it was intellectual; in the church song he was always thoroughly penetrated by the character of the hymn, and never played without giving strict attention to the text. Therefore he was always in unity with the congregation. He was beloved by them, and his playing was preferred to that of any other.*

His labors as Professor too were not without success. His lectures on the history of music were gladly heard, especially because our choir performed the historically remarkable works, thus combining an artistic enjoyment with the scientific investigations. The hearers were put in a condition to judge from their own knowledge and observation. The Professor's delivery was free, animated and genial.

In piano playing he was useful to the scholars chiefly through his excellent system of fingering and his expressive rendering. But he could not persuade himself to exchange the soft old clavichord for the louder Forte-piano which first became known through Mozart. The scholar had to draw out the tone by an elastic touch, and flatter the gentle instrument, but not strike out the sounds, as is now alas! so frequently the way. The music of the Bachs, Mozart and Haydn, indeed, were well suited for this gentle style of playing.—Türk was excelled in piano playing by his amiable and unpretending daughter Nantchen.

From the foregoing one may see what manifold nourishment my musical talent received in that house. Above all I went through with Türk a thorough elementary course in singing, in which he emphasized reading (or the sure hitting of the notes), enunciation and the formation of the voice as the main branches. And now at last, through this judicious training, my soprano voice began to develop an uncommon charm. I soon belonged to the best singers of the choir, and while Mlle. Weimann had the first parts, the second fell to me. One of my favorite rôles was the Queen of the Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute," which in spite of its great difficulties I was able to sing well.

I have never received any instruction in piano playing from Türk or from any other teacher; Türk thought I could learn that alone. He lent me for study above all things Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord." Of course after this I mastered all the more easily the more modern things for the piano, particularly those by Clementi, Haydn, Mozart and the young Beethoven.

But while my musical culture was so well provided for, it was questionable about my intellectual and scientific progress. Türk kept me at school just long enough to barely reach the fourth class of that time; he thought that I had got enough of learning, and that I might gradually leave it off entirely. When I reflect now on this advice, which he thought suited to a boy of fourteen, I can only excuse it by supposing Türk afraid that my physical powers would not hold out for the development of my really conspicuous musical talent along with the study of the sciences.

My father, although he made no objection to my musical accomplishments, listened very un-

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC from "Dr. CARL LOEWE'S *Selbst-biographie. Für die Oeffentlichkeit bearbeitet* von C. H. BITTER. Berlin, 1870."

*Compare his book on "The most important duties of an Organist."

Digitized by Google

willingly to such advice, and sought to make it clear to me that I should achieve nothing clever in the world out of mere music; but that, if I would only follow theological studies, a good position in the pulpit, honor and esteem awaited me; he knew well enough that I was by no means wanting in the capacity for science. He usually wound up his disquisitions with the words: "Thou knowest enough of music, but in the sciences thou art still a beginner; one must learn that which he cannot do, not that which he can." I admitted that he was right and went with zeal to school, where I read Cornelius Nepos, Phædrus and Eutropius.

But the distractions which the practice of music carried with it were too many, and my time would not always hold out. So I often fell short of my good resolutions. In fact, on the flowery ways of art I found praise, flattery, almost admiration; at school on the contrary I had to toil to learn. Here the praises were only to be won by diligence and pains.

I visited my father only in the few free hours, which allowed me to make the long walk from Halle to Löbejün. And so in this important epoch of my life there was really no one to interest himself in my poor youth. A friendly guide was what I needed. I was a wavering reed; was I to follow my father or Türk? My musical talent had led me into the most different social circles. In families whose life was penetrated by the breath of Christianity, they wished me well, they prized me. But gentle as the Muses are, our choir adorned also the social hours of quite another kind of company. To this day I must ask myself, how it was possible for me, so young, and so surrounded with temptation, to keep aloof from all coarse sins. But our choir also had its service in the church, and the church was and remained the fountain, out of which the germs of piety and Christian purity of morals, which my brave father had implanted in my soul in earliest childhood, were continually watered and renewed in strength.

And so the time arrived, when I was to be received into the Christian communion. *Consistorialrath* Dr. Wagnitz initiated me. This took place, according to the custom of that time, in the confirmation chamber at the same time with other boys.

On the following Sunday, in Türk's Market-Church, I partook for the first time of the holy supper.—The sister of Secretary Wiese, at whose table I was a free guest, had dressed me up for the consecration. Through her kindness I could go neat and clean to the holy ceremony, and stand before the Consistorial-Rath. Even now I feel how he laid his revered hand on my head, to announce to me the blessing of the Lord for the long life road that lay before me.

Our winter concerts came too soon to an end. Weimar, then at its full height of bloom, was the cause of it. In the summer season the theatrical troop from there came into our city, and the public could hear the same operas, which had become well known favorites in our concerts, presented now dramatically and much better. The crowd therefore was immense, and the Opera, represented by its best solo talent and the choicer portion of its own orchestra, earned in Halle alone enough to cover its expenses in Weimar through the winter. Frau von Heigendorf (née Jagemann), Mme. Eberwein, Herr Moltke as tenor, and Strohmeier as basso, were indeed singers such as the other capitals of Germany could not show. In tragedy there were the Wolffs (husband and wife), and also Haydn, Denis, Oels, and others. The comic muse was represented by Unselmann and Lortzing (father of the composer). As the opera had brought no chorus with it to Halle, the thought occurred to the talented director, Eberhard Müller (composer of the *Caprices*) to engage Türk's choir for the opera evenings. This required the permission of the greatest pedagogue whom the Orphan-House then possessed, and who, it may be well said, was one of the greatest in Germany, Chancellor Niemeyer. How easily he might have refused it! He was unprejudiced enough not to withhold his assent from what was for the good of Art.

Of course we were only to sing behind the scenes and without costume. For our cooperation we received, besides some money, leave to attend the play in the parterre. These fortunate circumstances gave me the opportunity of cultivating my talent for music and my judgment for dramatic works, more than would ever have been possible to me otherwise. I must gratefully confess, that these representations had a beneficial influence upon my intellectual and moral development. With raptnre and with shudders I beheld the first performances of Schiller's "Robbers." I clearly felt the moral and the high poetic ground, on which this mighty youthful work of the great poet, as well as his own and Goethe's later works, had grown up. If in the course of my artistic career I have been credited with a happy choice of texts for my own compositions, I surely owe this certainty of judgment to the impressions which those perfect presentations of the great master works had made upon me. I felt that my soul was purified by those impressions; they seem to have protected me throughout my after years, from all confusion and depravity of judgment. Thus through several summers I was, both in the theatre and the performance, by the side of the most excellent artists, whose personalities and whose whole effort were worthy of so great a school. And therefore, too, the most respectable inhabitants of our city esteemed it an honor to receive these great impersonators, to whom they owed such high enjoyment, into their family circle.

So passed in study and in toil, as well as in enjoyment, a considerable period of my youthful life. With simple wants and modest claims, I really had no cares.

Our choir, to the joy of the whole city, stood in the most flourishing condition; Chancellor Niemeyer especially was proud of his singers, who all belonged to the Orphan House. He took delight in letting us be heard before any important personage who chanced to visit Halle.

One day he commanded us before the Crown Prince hotel. When we had sung to an end, he beckoned to me to follow him. We went up one flight of stairs and entered a saloon, in which we found a lady who came forward to me in a friendly manner and accosted me in French. Luckily the lady talked herself with too much animation, to cause me much embarrassment about having to reply to her. So much I could translate out of her extremely rapid speech: that she had been pleased with my singing, and that she wished me further success in my artistic career. I stood there reverently; but now the Chancellor said to me in German: "Do not forget this hour, my son, but think of it, that you have stood before Madame de Staël."—At the same time this lady pressed an eight-groschen piece into my hand.—To my shame I must confess, that the silver piece, which at that time was like a little treasure to me, made more impression on me than the famous giver.—I had not troubled myself about a kingdom overthrown, nor about Minister Necker and his daughter; and while Schiller a short time before had sighed under the sparkling conversation of this Madame de Staël, I, thanks to my youth, came off happily enough with a short speech and an eight-groschen piece.

(To be Continued.)

## The Beethoven Centenary Festival at Bonn.

A correspondent of the *London Daily News* has given an interesting account of the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, which commenced on Sunday, Aug. 30, from which we extract the following notes:

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Twenty-six years have now elapsed since the first great public recognition of the immortal composer, who has largely added to the artistic renown of Germany—before pre-eminent in music by the production of such men as Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart—and who has conferred a fame on Bonn of which the tranquil old Rhenish town is naturally proud. Born in this place on December 17th, 1770, Ludwig van Beethoven passed the earlier portion only of his life here; and in November, 1792, removed permanently to Vienna, where he died, March 26, 1827. As his great artistic career, and nearly the whole of his grand productions were associated with the Austrian capital—which, with the exception of a visit to Berlin and suburban excursions, he never quitted during the period just named—he was so thoroughly identified therewith, that his claims of his birth-place became overlooked until that noble enthusiast, Franz Liszt, originated the project for the erection of a statue of the composer in the Münster Platz of Bonn. For several years the great pianist pursued this purpose, which he brought to a successful termination at the inaugural Festival, conducted by himself, held here on the 10th, 11th and 12th of August, 1845; the closing day being the date that of the unveiling of the fine bronze statue, the work of Herr Hahnel, of Dresden.

A MEMORIAL FOR THE COMPOSER.

Among preliminary efforts in this direction, may be mentioned the concert given at Drury-lane Theatre, on July 18th, 1837, at the instance of the citizens of Bonn, who addressed Lord Burghersh, by whom an appeal was made to the principal musical institutions of London—the Philharmonic Society, represented by Sir George Smart and Mr. Moscheles; the Italian Opera (Her Majesty's Theatre), by Mr. Mori and Sir M. Costa (then Signor) Costa; the Ancients Concerts, by Mr. Knyvett and Mr. Cramer; and the Royal Academy of Music by Mr. Cipriani Potter and Mr. Charles Lucas. The only survivors of these are Sir M. Costa and Mr. Potter. The solo singers on the occasion referred to were Mdmes. Schröder Devrient, Bishop, and Knyvett, Messrs. Birch and Wyndham, Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Balfe, Seguin, and H. Phillips. Sir G. Smart, Mr. Moscheles, and Mr. Knyvett were the conductors, and the selection comprised the oratorio, the *Mount of Olives*, the choral symphony, the pianoforte concerto in E-flat (played by Mr. Moscheles), and Leonora's great scena, and the finale from *Fidelio*. It was at this concert that the *Mount of Olives* was given for the first time entire to England. The profits, including donations, only amounted to about £100. Other concerts were given in various towns of Germany, among them having been one by Thalberg and de Beriot, at Bonn. Besides his personal exertions in promoting the erection of the statue, Liszt, at an early stage of the proceedings, gave ten thousand francs.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL OF 1845.

The Festival of 1845 was rendered memorable, apart from its great purpose, by the presence of many of the noblest and most eminent personages of the day. Associated with Liszt in the direction of the performances was Spohr; among the visitors from Paris was Hector Berlioz; from Berlin, Meyerbeer; Moscheles was here; and other distinguished musicians of that day might be mentioned who were pres-

Digitized by Google

ent, and have since been removed by death—the greatest composer of the period, Mendelssohn, having been unaccountably absent. The occasion referred to also included the attendance of Royalty in the persons of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, the King and Queen of Prussia, &c.

The programme of the performances in 1845 included most of the important pieces comprised in the selection for the festival, representing works, indeed, without which any such tribute to the composer would be incomplete—such as the Symphony in C minor, the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (played by Liszt), the *Missa Solemnis*, and the Choral Symphony —productions which mark important phases in the progress and development of Beethoven's genius, and will ever rank among the grandest of his many sublime creations.

FRANZ LISZT AND THE FEST-HALLE.

The generous enthusiasm of Franz Liszt, often as it has been evidenced in various ways, was never more notably displayed than in reference to the erection of a concert-room for the Festival of 1845. But a few weeks before the time appointed it was found that there was no secular building in Bonn of sufficient capacity for performances on so large a scale and addressed to such numerous audiences. The hesitation at incurring a possible large money loss by the erection of a hall for the purpose, was met by Liszt's engagement to sustain the consequences in the event of the proceeds of the Festival not meeting the expenses. With this guaranty, and the ready professional skill of the late Herr Zwirner, the architect of Cologne Cathedral, a *Fest Halle* was reared in an incredibly short space of time; but as this building was entirely of wood, and its proximity to the Library endangered the safety of the latter in case of fire, the hall was pulled down, and a permanent structure was erected (in the Viereckplatz), for the Centenary Beethoven Festival, which would have been duly held last autumn but for the war. This new building is oblong in shape, nearly twice the length of its width—about 135 feet by 70. It has galleries on each side and at one end; the opposite end being appropriated to a new organ, built by Herr Adolph Ibach, of Bonn. Amateurs of the instrument may like to know that it has two manual claviers, and contains in all 25 stops; six of which belong to the pedals, three being what are classed as 16-feet stops. Having touched it for a short time, I can speak favorably of its qualities of tone. This, however, is but an incidental feature in the arrangements—the organ being designed merely for the support of the choral voices. The hall is calculated to seat comfortably about 1,600 persons, and the facilities for complete ventilation are unusually great.

THE PERFORMERS AT THE PRESENT FESTIVAL.

The solo vocalists engaged are Frauen Otto Alvensleben (soprano, from Dresden), and Amalie Joachim (alto, of Berlin), Fräulein Franziska (alto, of Bonn), Herren Vogel (tenor, of Munich), and Schultze (bass, of Hamburg). The solo instrumentalists will be Herr Joachim, from Berlin (violin), and Mr. Charles Hallé, of London (pianoforte)—both well known to English readers. Herr Franz Weber, organist of Cologne Cathedral, presides at the organ. The principal director and conductor is Herr Capellmeister Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, with whom is associated Herr von Wasielewski, of Bonn. The orchestra, consisting of 111 performers, including the organist, comprises 36 violins, 14 violas, as many violoncellos, and 12 double basses. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets are doubled; there are 3 bassoons, as many trumpets and trombones, 6 horns, 1 contrafagotto (double bassoon), and the usual instruments of percussion. The chorus comprises 373 voices, thus classified:—106 sopranos, 92 altos, 79 tenors, and 96 basses. Unlike the Festival of 1845, when a portion of the performances took place in the Cathedral, the present celebration is held entirely in the Fest-Halle already described. The monument is twenty-five feet high; the statue itself being ten feet, and the pedestal fifteen feet. Beethoven is represented with an upward look in the moment of creative thought, the right hand lifted as if to note down his imaginings on the tablet held in his left hand. The front relief represents imagination, with flowing robe, seated on a Sphinx. The opposite side shows a female figure supposed to represent Instrumental Music, the four genii who surround her being typical of the four movements into which the orchestral symphony is usually divided. The first holds a sword, the second a serpent and a torch reversed, the third a thyrsus and castanets, and the fourth a triangle. The other reliefs represent each a female figure, one playing the organ as symbolical of Church music; the other, with two masks, being representative of dramatic music. The present surroundings of the statue—booths for the sale of gingerbread, toys, clothes, and the pastime of *tir-au pistolet* (*Schiessen Hallen*)—are but the remains of a popular annual fair, and will have disappeared before the commencement of the Festival.

THE HOUSE WHERE BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

Much misconception has prevailed as to the house in which Beethoven was born, No. 934 in the Rhein Gasse having long been erroneously stated to have been the dwelling in which the event took place; whereas it was only occupied by the family some years afterwards. The exact spot is a small garret at the top of the house, No. 515, in the Bonn Gasse, close to the market. The shop is occupied by a vendor of ready-made clothes, who attended me up stairs and duly received the stipulated fee of fifteen silber groschen. On the house front a tablet has been placed with this inscription:—"In diesem Hause wurde Ludwig van Beethoven geboren am 17ten Dezember, 1780."

FIRST DAY OF THE FESTIVAL (SUNDAY.)

In the selection of the works for performance at the Festival, order of date has not been observed. Thus the most imposing and appropriate effect possible was obtained for the opening by the choice of the grandest piece of Church music in existence—the *Missa Solemnis*—the cherished and highly elaborated production of Beethoven's later period. The present celebration partakes largely of the character of a solemn recognition of a composer, whose works are without parallel for their reflection and suggestion of all that is purest and most sublime within the range of musical thought; and, the inauguration having occurred on a Sunday, the Mass gave an appropriate tone of religious feeling to the commencement of the Festival, while its close on Tuesday evening, with the ninth symphony (Wednesday's matinée of chamber music may be considered as a supplemental performance), will confer an effect of unity on the whole, as both belong to the closing period of Beethoven's career, and exhibit his genius and power in their highest development, the works given intermediately illustrating other phases thereof.

The performance of the Mass displayed the good qualities of orchestra, chorus, and solo singers, in the execution of the most difficult and trying music ever written for instruments and voices. The band is well porportioned and balanced in numbers and effect. The tone, of both wind and string, is resonant, without ever being harsh; ample support to harmonic combinations being afforded by the twelve double basses, all instruments with four strings, according to the German custom, whereby a deeper range of compass is obtained than in English orchestras. The careful and elaborate rehearsals that have been held, some directed by Dr. Hiller and others by Herr Wasielewski, have resulted in an excellent realization of the most delicate gradations of sound, from the extremest pianissimo to the grandest fortissimo, while the rich and elaborate details of the instrumentation, so often obscured, were brought out with due prominence. Similiarity of bowing, too, gave to the violin passages a unity of effect that is rarely obtained from many executants.

The chorus, consisting of amateurs who give their services from enthusiasm in the cause which brings them together, is characterized by a purity and sympathetic quality of tone, and a general refinement, such as were long exclusively associated with German chorus-singing. Of late years the chorus of Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Joseph Barnby have proved that London can successfully emulate these merits; and have, moreover, manifested that it is chiefly from the amateur class that such results can be best obtained.

The solo soprano, Madame Otto Alvsleben, is a dramatic singer of much celebrity from the Dresden Opera; the principal contralto, Madame Joachim, wife of the great violinist, is well known to London audiences by her refined singing there in past seasons; Herr Vogl has acquired a prominent position as a tenor singer at the Munich Opera, especially in the works of Richard Wagner; and Herr Schulze, the bass, comes with good report from Hamburg.

The enormous difficulties of the Mass—especially in the vocal portion, choral and solo—were surmounted with rare success. The frequent strain on the extreme high notes of the sopranos (A and B above the lines), and the intricacy of many of the passages —especially in the "Et vitam"—were encountered by the choristers with every sign of thorough and careful preparation, in addition to a genuine perception of the importance of their mission in the interpretation of such music. Similar praise is due to the solo singers, whose task was of course more arduous, as involving separate individual responsibility. The steadiness with which the members of the solo quartet (already named) gave the numerous important passages assigned to them (the "Pleni sunt," among many others) is worthy of all praise. Each portion of the Mass produced a profound impression, which was manifested by enthusiastic applause, especially after the opening "Kyrie" and the "Benedictus;" a large portion of the demonstration in the latter instance having been in recognition of Herr Strauss's excellent performance of the exquisite violin obbligato, which pours a continuous stream of lovely melody throughout the movement.

The execution of the Fifth Symphony (which, like the Mass, was conducted by Dr. Hiller), was admirable in every respect. Delicacy without affectation, power without effort, alternate subordination and prominence in the different divisions of the orchestar, according to the temporary comparative importance of each, and a clear and distinct enunciation of the smallest details—such were the technical merits of the performance; in addition to which must be recognized a certain traditional spirit and sentiment which rendered it agreeably evident that one was listening to grand German music worthily performed by Germans in their native land. In his direction of the Mass and the Symphony, Dr. Hiller took the *tempo* of most of the movements somewhat slower than is usually the case in English performances, to the great advantage of the effect. The English tendency to haste in all the transactions of life has had its effect even on musical performances; and it is a common thing in London concerts to hear an Adagio turned into an Andante, and an Allegro into a Presto, with other such changes as are attended with disadvantage to the effect. Here, fortunately, this kind of fever does not prevail, and its absence is a welcome feature in other respects besides that now specially referred to.

The success of the inaugural performance has been complete. Magnificent weather prevails, and the town is crowded with visitors. All the tickets for each of the three evening performances were sold many days before the commencement of the Festival, and several hundreds more could have been disposed of had the hall been larger.

SECOND DAY (MONDAY.)

The second concert, last night, fully maintained the interest of the occasion, and was attended with as great success as that obtained by the opening performances. The grandest of all dramatic preludes, the third of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his one opera *Fidelio*, formed an impressive and fitting introduction to the remainder of the programme. The overture was followed by the beautiful march and chorus from the music to Kotzebue's *Ruins of Athens*, "Schmückt die Altäre" ("Twine ye garlands," in the English version.)

The next piece in the programme was the concerto for violin—the one work of the kind produced by Beethoven. How magnificently Herr Joachim plays this great work with what facility he surmounts its mechanical difficulties, and how admirably he interprets the distinctive character of each movement, neither English nor German readers require now to be told, his many performances of the concerto (including his own effective cadenzas) having rendered it familiar to all frequenters of concerts in both countries. At the conclusion of the concerto a perfect storm of applause burst forth from all parts of the hall; and an impromptu flourish of drums and trumpets from the orchestra greeted the great violinist on his return to the platform in acknowledgement of his reception. Another performance familiar to Londoners, although not so here, was Mr. Charles Hallé's execution of the pianoforte part of the Choral Fantasia. This composition (written in 1808) may have had some influence in suggesting to Beethoven the similar proceeding, adopted in his long subsequent Ninth Symphony, of supplementing an instrumental piece by a movement for chorus and solo voices. Some slight analogy, too, may be found between certain vocal phrases in the later and grander work, and passages in that which preceded it. Notwithstanding the well-known careful execution of Mr. Hallé, and the co-operation of the excellent band and chorus assembled, the fantasia scarcely produced the effect which usually attends its performance. The pianist had the advantage of playing on one of Messrs. Broadwood's magnificent "concert grand" pianos, sent over from the manufactory in London specially for the occasion. The solo vocal passages in the fantasia were assigned to Madame Otto Alvsleben, Mdlles. Buschgens and Schreck, and Herren Vogl, Schneider, and Schulze.

The concert closed with the finest performance we have ever yet heard of the "Eroica" symphony. The performance of this grand work was of special excellence; it was indeed the realization of the highest ideal that could be formed of its capabilities, and produced a display of enthusiasm at the end of each movement, and especially at the close of the whole, such as was justly due to the occasion. The heroic grandeur of the first Allegro; the deep solemnity and devotional sublimity of the funeral march; the won-

38823

drous life and vigor of the Scherzo; and the mingled beauty and science of the finale, with its almost identical treatment of the same subject, as in the variations for pianoforte, op. 35—all were given with a perfection that can only be attained by such a combination of executive skill, sentiment and enthusiasm, and deliberate and careful preparation, as has reigned in the arrangements for this great Festival. Again, in the "Eroica" symphony were apparent a nicely adjusted balance of power between the different divisions of the orchestra, and an alternation of prominence and abnegation, which gave clearness to the minutest details, and brought out delicate tints and shades of the great picture that are too often obscured.

The symphony, the fantasia, and the overture were conducted by Dr. Hiller, who again evidenced his skill and power of control in the direction of an orchestra, and his admirable perception of the true spirit and tempo of the compositions. The other pieces in the programme were ably directed by Herr Wasielewski.

### THIRD DAY.

The third concert, although offering some few points in performance that fell short of perfection, was remarkable for the splendor of its chief and culminating portion. The selection commenced with the overture to *Coriolan*.

It was followed by an "Elegiac Song" for four solo voices, "Sanft wie du lebtest, hast du vollendet" ("Gently as thou hast lived, so hast thou ended")—composed by Beethoven in 1814 in memory of the wife of his friend Pasqualati. This was worthily sung by Mesdames Otto-Alvsleben and Joachim, and Herren Vogl and Schulze.

The noblest of all pianoforte Concertos, even among the five by Beethoven—that in E flat, now as universally entitled the "Emperor," as Mozart's great symphony is styled "Jupiter"—was executed by Mr. Charles Hallé with the same careful manipulation as in innumerable performances in England, and the pianist was greeted with loud applause at its close. Here, as elsewhere, it was very noticeable that the audience reserved such manifestations for the end of each movement—never, even in the case of their great favorite, Herr Joachim, interrupting the progress of the composition by recognizing the merit and skill of the solo player the moment that he ceased, and the orchestral *tutti* began. Their invariable and utter silence too while the music was proceeding, was a feature at these concerts which might be imitated with great advantage elsewhere.

The fine scena, "Ah, Perfido," was declaimed with great effect by Madame Joachim. This beautiful piece involved a retrograde movement in date, having been composed in 1796, when Beethoven was still under the influence of Mozart, as several phrases testify. At the close of her performance, Madame Joachim was greeted with a perfect ovation and reiterated showers of bouquets. With the noble overture which—with incidental music—Beethoven composed for Goethe's drama *Egmont*, the miscellaneous portion of Tuesday's concert terminated; and the real climax of the Festival was attained by the grandest and most finished performance I have ever heard of the *magnum opus* of symphonic art; the Ninth Symphony, with the finale including a setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." Many times have I been present when this work has been given in England with various degrees of efficiency, and directed by conductors—some removed by death, as Berlioz, Lindpaintner, Moscheles, &c.—of more or less eminence—but such a realization of its sublimity and beauty as that attained here on Tuesday evening was beyond what I had ever hoped to hear. It has long been the practice with a limited, and now decreasing, number of critics, to point out not only the defects (!) of this gigantic symphony, but also the (alleged) impossibility of any satisfactory execution of its admitted difficulties. Of the work itself it is unnecessary now to repeat opinions and admiration that have been frequently expressed in this paper. Completed in 1823, the year after the *Missa Solemnis*, the Mass and the Symphony both belong to the period of the highest development of Beethoven's genius and powers; and the commencement of the Festival with the former, and its (virtual) termination with the latter, gave, as previously said, impressiveness and unity to the celebration. The vast grandeur and sublimity of both works remove them beyond the pale of criticism—they are to be received with reverent admiration, not analyzed in a spirit of technical realism. In his direction of the symphony, Dr. Hiller evinced a true appreciation of its high idealism, as also of the tempo of each movement. The first Allegro was taken somewhat slower than is the custom in England, greatly to the advantage of distinctness in performance, as particularly evidenced in the several rapid scale passages for violins. This movement produced a profound impression, especially at that wondrous point where the basses reiterate a chromatic phrase that has all the mysterious sublimity of the ocean groaning under the influence of a coming storm. The marvellous vigor of the Scherzo, with the contrasted heavenly calm of its Trio, found also admirable interpretation, as did the exquisite Adagio, with its prolonged stream of lovely melody, enhanced by the most delicate tracery and fanciful embroidery. All these portions of the symphony were splendidly given, but the triumph was in the finale, including the Ode of Schiller. Here, indeed,

> The force of energy is found,
> And the sense rises on the wings of sound.

Never have I heard the recitative passages for the basses given with such fusion of tone and clearness of bowing as on this occasion. It was more like the effect of one gigantic instrument than that usually obtained by the co-operation of many; and this was likewise the case in the unison passages for the same instruments, in which the leading theme of the finale is first announced. In both instances the rich quality of the German four-stringed double-basses and the merits of the players were especially evidenced. The enormous difficulties of the vocal solo passages and the choral writing were surmounted with a success that only high training, long preparation, and earnest enthusiasm can attain. The four solo singers—Madames Otto-Alvsleben and Joachim, and Herren Vogl and Schulze—gave the trying incidental passages with an unflagging energy and hearty good will that deserve special recognition; while the choristers distinguished themselves even more than in the performance of the equally difficult *Missa Solemnis* on the opening evening. The enormous strain on the extreme high notes of the soprano register; the frequent long-sustained A above the lines, and the recurrence of essential and unavoidable B's, were met with unfailing readiness and unfaltering intonation, while in several difficult points of "attack" the decision and certainty of the choristers were most admirable. A special instance of this was afforded at the commencement of the "Allegro energico," in six-four time, where the altos lead at the words "Seid umschlungen," followed immediately by the sopranos, "Freude, schöner Götterfunken." Apart from the excellence of the whole performance, the symphony had the advantage of the ode having been sung to the original German words, any adaptation of which must, as in all similar cases, be attended with more or less injury to the rhythm of the music and the spirit of the whole. The conclusion of the symphony called forth one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations I have ever seen displayed by a concert audience. Calls for Dr. Hiller brought the excellent Capellmeister forward amid a shower of bouquets and a complimentary flourish of drums and trumpets from the orchestra. The worthy conductor spoke a few words in acknowledgement, and attributed much of the success of the performances to the earnest co-operation of the artist with whom he had been associated. Besides the symphony, Dr. Hiller conducted the overture to *Coriolan*, the elegiac song, and the scena; the other pieces having been directed by Herr Wasielewski.

### PUBLIC RECEPTION OF VISITORS.

A very pleasant feature of the Festival arrangements has been the throwing open to visitors the reading room, club, and Assembly-rooms of Bonn. Here, after each evening's concert, many of the most notable people attending the Festival were to be found. On Tuesday night special ovations were there rendered to Dr. Hiller and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. Healths were proposed and acknowledged, among other toasts given having been the "English Press," responded to in German by Mr. W. B. Kingston.

### THE CHAMBER CONCERT.

The supplemental proceedings of Wednesday formed an agreeable close to the Festival celebration. A Matinée, which commenced in the Fest-Halle soon after eleven, comprised performances of the following selection from Beethoven's chamber music:—Quartet in F minor, Op. 95, Cantata, "Adelaide," Op. 46; Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, Op. 69; Lieder, "Wonne der Wehmuth," and "Kennst du das Land;" Quartet in C, No. 3, Op. 59.

The quartets were finely played—the first violin by Herr Joachim and the viola by Herr Straus, who have often been heard in similar association at the Monday Popular Concerts—the second violin by Herr von Königslöw, and the violoncello by Herr F. Grützmacher. Herr Vogl gave the cantata with true German sentiment and earnestness, and the Lieder were sung with great expression by Madame Joachim. In the sonata Dr. Hiller proved himself to be still one of the best interpreters of classical pianoforte music. In touch, tone and style, his performance was alike admirable, and it found worthy co-operation in Herr Grützmacher. Dr. Hiller also accompanied the vocal music. The pianoforte was the same as at the concerts of Monday and Tuesday—a Broadwood "grand," sent especially from London.

### A RHINE EXCURSION.

The Matinée was followed by a steamboat excursion on the Rhine. The starting from the Rhein-Thor was preceded and accompanied by reiterated firing of cannon; the balconies and gardens of hotels and villas on each bank of the river were filled with spectators, waving flags, scarfs, and handkerchiefs; even the boys bathing took special "headers" in the contagion of the general elation. Many went down very deep—I trust they all came up again safely, but cannot speak to the fact, as at the moment of their disappearance an excellent banquet was served in the saloon of the steamer Humboldt, as we ploughed our watery way to Rolandseck. In the course of the dinner various set toasts were proposed by Herr Kaufmann (Burgomaster of Bonn), Professor Heimsoeth, Herr Roland, Dr. Breuning, and Herr Sebes; and speeches were made (also in German) by Dr. Hiller, Herr Gade, Herr Joachim, and Herr Wasielewski. The Burgomaster having suggested that Mr. C. L. Gruneisen should propose a toast in French, that gentleman made some very appropriate remarks, choosing his native English as the medium, because of the large and early interest taken in the music of Beethoven by England; the speaker claiming a double interest in the celebration from his German descent and British birth.

### COMPLIMENT TO MME. SCHUMANN.

On arrival at Rolandseck, at the suggestion of Dr. Gehring, a telegram was despatched to Madame Clara Schumann, at Baden-Baden, conveying the hearty salutations of the committee and the guests to one who, with her late husband, Robert Schumann, has contributed so largely to the recognition of Beethoven's greatness.

### POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.

At Rolandseck the company divided into groups, mostly occupied with conversation, tea, coffee, or other refreshments, in the gardens by the river-side. My return was made on board the Schiller; the home voyage having been accompanied by renewed signs of rejoicing on each side of the Rhine. Houses were profusely illuminated; different colored fires cast their various hues on the water in contrast to the pale light of the moon. Rockets and other fireworks shot up into the air, and the arrival in Bonn, and the progress to the Münster-Platz, showed the town in a state of general illumination, and a universal condition of rational rejoicing, that had none of the coarse and vulgar features usual on like occasions in some other lands that might be mentioned. The weather had cleared up, after a smart shower, just before the commencement of the matinée, and the day altogether was one of such high enjoyment and delightful surroundings as to stamp it with the brightest colors in the memory of a life. Referring to the procession to the Munster Platz, Professor Oakeley says:—"Those musicians and amateurs who had energy left to accompany this expedition, and were not deterred by the presence of rather a large crowd, were rewarded by hearing—as a faint reflex of the festival music—if not exactly a moonlight sonata, at all events a serenade *au clair de la lune*. The last strains heard at this nocturnal ramble were those of 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' which was performed to a motley audience under the shadow of the three-spired minster of S. Helena, and hard by the bronze statue of the great composer, who, with his pen in hand, seemed to look down with somewhat offended majesty on the disturbers at that time of night of his profound meditations: to whom, however, a more glorious monument *ære perennius* had been raised that week by the splendid performances in the hall in the Viereckplatz which bears his name, with which performances his compatriots of the Rhineland, in the presence of his ardent disciples from all parts of musical Europe, had commemorated the centenary of his birth."

### THE VISITORS TO THE FESTIVAL.

The Festival, continues the writer in the *Daily News*, has succeeded beyond expectation or hope. Many visitors have been attracted from various quarters. The London press has been well represented, and newspapers from many other parts of the world, including America, have sent representatives. Besides the eminent musicians already mentioned as having been invited (nearly all of whom were present), many well known in association with London music were to be seen at the concerts—among others, Mr. J. Barnby, Signor Bevignani; M. Gevaert, M. Vieuxtemps, M. Jules de Glimes, and M. Kufferath (all four from Brussels), Mr. George Grove, of the Crystal Palace, Signor Li Calsi, Dr. Oakeley (professor of music at the University of Edinburgh), Mr. W. Ganz; Signor Randegger, the Hon. Colonel Lake, &c.

Digitized by Google

THE CONDUCTOR.

I have scarcely laid sufficient stress on the important influence exercised by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller on the efficiency of the performances. The calm power, earnest enthusiasm, and consummate skill of this great and accomplished musician were such as belong only to artists of the highest order. The grand old master has his due position in Germany, as was frequently proved by various ovations paid to him.

---

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## A Biographical Sketch of Carl Reinecke.

CARL REINECKE was born in Altona, on the 23rd of June, 1824. His father, who was an excellent musician, determined to rear his son in the same profession; and so the little Carl received his first lessons in music, when only five years of age. His progress was astonishing. Composition, the violin and the piano were studied with great enthusiasm for one so young, and with such surprising success, that at the early age of seven years he composed a number of little pieces, which were played with delight in the home circle. At eleven years of age he gave a very successful concert in his native city, in which he made his debut as a piano player with marked promise. After a short time he went to Leipsig, where he pursued his studies with great assiduity, his only teacher being his father.

Musical circles, such as only Leipsig could at that time boast of, were frequented by Reinecke, who always proved a valuable acquisition. The privilege of hearing so much good music was very beneficial to the young student, who, with his great natural endowments, needed but a congenial musical influence to develope his talents. When this was supplied he seemed to grasp intuitively all the mysteries of his art, and with indomitable perseverance surmount the most trying difficulties. Thus, with great natural gifts and the "genius of work," was the student being rapidly merged into the accomplished artist. In the early part of the year 1843 Reinecke undertook a "*Kunstreise*" to Copenhagen, stopping on the way to give concerts in Kiel, Lübeck, and Eutin, being everywhere greeted with enthusiasm. He was recognized as a pianist of great ability. In many places he created a *furore* by his finished performances. In Kiel he had the good fortune to play in the same concert with the celebrated violinist, Ernst, who was greatly pleased with the promising young musician; he took a lively interest in the welfare of Reinecke, providing him with letters of introduction to the most influential people in Copenhagen, and was in many ways a very valuable friend to the young artist. Reinecke's autograph album has a very pleasing and happy tribute of Ernst's affection for him. In Copenhagen he met with brilliant success. The praises of the young virtuoso's attainments soon reached the court of that art-loving king, Christian VIII, before whom he was summoned to play. At court Reinecke was received with especial favor, his performances eliciting the highest commendations of his noble and refined audience. The king was so much pleased that he rewarded the artist with a pension.

Still greater triumphs were in store for Reinecke in Copenhagen, who returned there a few years later, and added new lustre to his rapidly growing fame. From Copenhagen he concertized through Sweden and Norway, finally ending at Stockholm. In October, 1843, he returned to Leipzig, and for three years devoted himself to his studies with the greatest diligence. Although nominally a student, he was frequently invited to play in the "Gewandhaus" concerts, acquitting himself with honor at every performance. It was a very pleasant incident that brought Joachim, the great violinist, and Reinecke, together. These young musicians, maturing so fast into ripe artists, had the pleasure of making their debut in the "Gewandhaus" concerts on the same evening. Leipzig was then in the zenith of its glory, and Reinecke had the inestimable privilege of mingling freely with Mendelssohn and Schumann, both of whom spoke of the talented young artist in the highest terms of praise, predicting great things for him. Mendelssohn and Schumann both recognized in Reinecke a rich and rapidly developing talent; they gave him their advice on many occasions, and he was received by them with the "right hand of fellowship" as a brother artist. If we examine impartially the life of Carl Reinecke; if we consider his great native talent, cultivated by the most laborious study, dedicated at the early age of eleven years to the advancement, and still grander development of music; if we review the productions of his fertile brain, and rich imagination, embracing the whole field of musical literature from Symphony to a simple German ballad, we can but think that his name deserves to be as it were a "household word" in musical circles. Nor is it alone his genius as a composer, his talent as a pianist, his power as a conductor, that makes him so beloved by those who have had the good fortune to be numbered among his pupils and friends. It is equally his gentle, kind, endearing manners, courteous and affable to all. The reputation of the artist is not greater than that of the gentleman. Look at him as he stands at the head of the Gewandhaus orchestra during a rehearsal; when a mistake is made, his courteous request: "If you please, gentlemen, we will try that passage once more":—then either by voice or at the piano he explains how it is to be rendered. At his left stands the fiery David, whose method of explanation is somewhat different; rushing at a poor fellow who has made a mistake, with violin in one hand, bow in the other, he shakes them over the head of the frightened musician, until his "wrath is appeased," then pointing out the right way. Such outbreaks are of frequent occurrence. Meanwhile the affability of Reinecke is not disturbed, but he waits patiently until all is quiet, then calmly commences once more. In this way peace and harmony are maintained.

Probably two men never lived who had the interest of their orchestra more at heart than Reinecke and David; yet how different the manifestation! Undoubtedly two-thirds of the success and perfection of this celebrated orchestra are due to David, who has been "*Concertmeister*" for upwards of forty years. The string department is wholly under his charge, and they play with wonderful precision and fire.

The interval from 1843 to 1846, spent by Reinecke in Leipzig, was of the most happy description; the various musical "*Abendunterhaltungen*" held at the Conservatory and at the houses of the many lovers of music, together with the Gewandhaus, Quartet and miscellaneous concerts, created a musical atmosphere which the rapidly developing young artist drank in with pleasure and with profit. At this period Reinecke entered into a contract with the celebrated Leipsig music firms—Breitkopf and Härtel, Kistner, and Hofmeister,—for the publishing of many of his compositions. These firms still hold a number of choice manuscripts of Reinecke's which have never been given to the public; probably at some future day these works will be added to the musical repertoire of the world, so much enriched already by his genius.

At the beginning of the year 1846, another concert tour was undertaken. Reinecke's companion was the violinist Wasielewski, who later in life wrote a fine Biography of Robert Schumann. The cities of Danzig, Königsberg and Riga were visited with great success. At Riga Reinecke received an invitation from the King of Denmark to visit Copenhagen, where he was appointed court-pianist. Chamber music was but little known in the Danish capital at that time, and many series of delightful chamber concerts were given with great success. These classical soirées were patronized by the *élite* in taste and culture of the city, who in every way manifested their keen appreciation of Reinecke as an artist of the first rank. Although a young man, his position in the Art circles of Copenhagen was one of great preeminence. Two years were spent with honor and profit in this interesting old city.

At the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein trouble in 1848, Reinecke went again to Leipsig, where he received a hearty welcome from his old friends and admirers. Liepsig seemed more like home to him than any other city; a greater portion of his life has thus far been spent there—some of the happiest periods, and some of the saddest, in his life. He was repeatedly invited to play in the Gewandhaus, also in all of the subscription concerts of the neighboring cities.

In 1849, Reinecke selected Bremen for his residence. Here, as at Copenhagen, he found a great field for his talents: chamber music being entirely unknown. Many fine concerts were given, and attended with great success. At first they were experiments; but with the rich conceptions, and superb execution of Reinecke, they triumphed brilliantly. In one of these concerts Franz Liszt assisted, and in another Jenny Lind. Both of these world-renowned artists took a great interest in Reinecke, who possesses several very pleasant souvenirs of their esteem and friendship. For two years he led a busy life in Bremen. Aside from his labors in that city, many excursions were made to the neighboring cities, concerts given and directed. His whole time was devoted to the art he loved; and with untiring energy he worked for its advancement. Still greater honors were in store for him. Experience was gradually ripening him into a thorough and refined musician. His fame was extending; already it had spread throughout all Germany. In every concert where he played, he was received with enthusiasm; while his compositions were acknowledged as works of rare beauty and originality. Reinecke imitates no model, but draws from his own rich resources. No spirit of the "vagrant poetic" inspires him either in his compositions or performances; the beautiful ideas are clearly and exquisitely developed in the one, while in the other, a finished technique and most beautiful touch combine to give his conceptions at the piano a rare elegance and charm. Not a "moody" pianist,—who can at one time electrify his audience, and at another time make them shudder at his indifferent performance—he comes before his audience and does his best; consequently he has never taken a backward step. At different periods he has been assailed by frosty criticisms; but these have always melted into enthusiastic praises.

At the commencement of 1851, Reinecke went to Paris, where he appeared as a piano player with immense success. Berlioz's concerts were at that time "all the rage," and Reinecke played in them often. The Parisians were captivated by his simple, unaffected style; he could touch their hearts with a simple Mozart melody, and affect them more than the most accomplished technician could, with his "tricks and fancies." It has been accorded by the most eminent critics, that there is no living pianist who can render Mozart's music in a more perfect manner than Reinecke. To hear him play the simple "Larghetto" from the D-major Concerto, by Mozart, is a pleasure never to be forgotten; it leaves a deep and lasting impression on the mind; *technique* is all lost in expression.

Reinecke, unlike most of the *virtuosi* of the present day, can play something besides his own compositions; in fact, he confines himself chiefly to the works of the old masters, in whom he delights. In Paris his greatest successes were achieved in his delicious rendering of Mozart and the other great masters. A few compositions were published by several of the most celebrated music firms in Paris, and several months were very happily spent, by the then quite famous young artist, in the society of the great art circles of the metropolis.

Digitized by Google

He retraced his steps to the "Vaterland," at the request of Ferdinand Hiller, who offered him a position as teacher in the "Rheinische Musikschule," where he worked until the year 1854. In 1852 Reinecke was married to a lady from Holstein, with whom he lived very happily seven years. From Cologne, where the music school was, Reinecke made many "*Kunstausflüge*" along the Rhine border. Although a teacher in a music school where his duties were many, he found time to visit Düsseldorf,—where he had a very pleasant interview with Robert Schumann, —Bonn, Crefield, Barmen, Frankfort and Bremen, in each city giving one or more concerts with well-paying success. In Cologne Reinecke won a prize offered for composition, with his well known song: "*Sie war die Schönste von Allen.*" Also later still another prize for the much sung song for "Männerchor:" "*Nun brechen aller Enden.*" Many choice compositions date from his sojourn in Cologne, also one of the brightest and pleasantest eras of his life. From here he was married, and in the society of that eminent artist, Ferdinand Hiller, time wore pleasantly away. During the year 1854, Reinecke was called to Barmen, to assume the position of Music-director. Here he composed many of his best works. In Barmen there was a small, but very select musical circle, and the talent of Reinecke received new impetus with each fresh composition. The overture to "Dame Kobold" was composed and brought out here, and was greeted with great enthusiasm by the public and his many friends. This favorite work has since had hundreds of performances from St. Petersburg to New York, and is a standard work in the repertoire of the Gewandhaus concerts. The operetta, "*Der vierjahrige Posten,*" also produced in Barmen, for the first time, was received with great favor; it has been performed throughout Germany with the most genuine success. At this period appeared Variations on a theme of Bach's, Op 53, of which many thousand copies have been sold already and the demand is still large; the variations being worked up with great skill and ingenuity. The "Four-hand piano pieces," Op. 54, a work almost invaluable to the repertoire of the teacher, also date from this period, together with many other works. Many concerts were given in Barmen, also in many other cities, including Leipzig, Bremen, Bonn and Düsseldorf. He seemed almost indefatigable, so constant were his labors. In every city he was recognized as a man of decided genius, with but few equals. His fame at this period assumed a more definite shape; his compositions proved that he was not exclusively devoted to so one-sided an art as that of the pianist, but that his talent grasped a larger and higher field of action. While still a resident of Barmen, a journey to Italy was taken. This excursion was more in the light of a tourist than an artist. Naples, and all of the beautiful cities of sunny Italy, were visited with great enjoyment. While in Rome, Reinecke played often before a large circle of artists and connoisseurs. As a reminiscence of his sojourn in Italy, he composed "*Bilder aus Süden,*" four charming morceaux, Op. 86.

In the year 1859, Reinecke was called to Breslau, where he succeeded Mosewius. In the fall of that year he had the misfortune to lose his wife; this event seemed to draw a cloud over his happiness in Breslau, and in the year 1860 he went to Leipzig, where he was offered the position of "Capellmeister" of the Gewandhaus concerts, and teacher of composition and "*des höhern Clavierspiels*" in the Conservatory. He accepted, and now for nearly twelve years he has held that high and honorable place. The successor of such men as Mendelssohn, Hiller, Gade and Rietz, he has acceptably and gracefully filled a position which few men can. The name and fame of the Gewandhaus concerts have "gone out through all lands," and the greatest musicians of the age have been at its head as Capellmeister; is not the record of Carl Reinecke a bright one among them? He and his many friends can justly point with pride to the past twelve years of his life; we will not limit it to *twelve* years, as his whole life has been one noble and successful effort in behalf of music. It is since his appointment to the position of Capellmeister of the Gewandhaus, that his life has been more fruitful than ever for the musical world, and his reward more flattering and gratifying to himself and friends. In the Conservatory he now fills the place vacated by the death of that illustrious teacher, Moscheles, who without doubt accomplished a great work long before he died; but whose eccentricities ought to have placed him on the "retired list" long before. We can but think, that with such an accomplished musician and gentleman at the head of the Leipzig Conservatory, it will regain all of its old glory.

During the past few years Reinecke has added greatly to the musical literature of the world; his *opus* number reaching 120,—embracing all forms: Symphony, Overture, Opera, Concerto, solos and Ballads, in each branch equally successful. His style is solid, substantial, classical; rich in melody and masterly treatment of harmonies. We think his works are destined to live, for they bear the stamp of a master, catering only to the pure and the true in Art. In one year from his acceptance of the directorship of the Gewandhaus, he married a celebrated concert singer,—Carlotta Scharnke—a lady of rare attainments. This wife also lived but seven years—seven bright and happy years for Reinecke. The news of her illness reached him while on a concert tour; hurrying home with all speed, he reached her bedside just as she breathed her last. To this day there lies on his desk a small vignette of his wife, and every day it is decorated with a fresh green leaf, while in his "*Wohnzimmer*" a larger picture is decked with a wreath of green leaves. During these last few years very many "*Kunstreisen*" have been taken, both to give and direct concerts, and his fame extends "over the length and breadth of the land." The cities of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Stuttgart, Cologne, Hamburg and many others have each been visited many times with the greatest success. For three years past, every spring regularly, he has visited England, where he has been received with the highest honors they accord to any artist, his performances creating a furore at every concert, and his compositions being received with great favor by both press and public. Such men as Sir Wm. St. Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, Charles Hallé, and others, have vied with each other in their efforts to honor and entertain the celebrated Leipsig Capellmeister. His orchestral works, given under his own direction, created a profound impression wherever performed. Now his works are studied and performed in England, with as much delight as they are in his own "Vaterland." Among his greatest works may be mentioned the Oratorio of "Belsazar;" the grand five-act Opera "King Manfred;" the operetta, "Der vierjahrige Posten," "Das Liederspiel, Kathleen and Charlie," a symphony, two piano concertos, complete music to Schiller's "Tell," a violoncello concerto, two masses, overtures to "Dame Kobold," "Aladdin', and "Friedensfeier;" a Piano quintet; a piano quartet, piano trio, Sonatas and numerous other works. The opera of "King Manfred" has had great success. The first nights of its performance in Leipzig, the theatre was crowded full, and Reinecke received each night a regular ovation. The overture, ballet music, and the "*Vorspiel*" to the last act are gems of rare beauty and finish. The text of the opera is extremely hard to set to music; still it abounds in the choicest melodies, while the orchestration is simply masterly throughout. This great work has been given with fine success at Wiesbaden, while the overture, ballet music, and prelude to the last act have been performed in all the large cities of Europe and America. His "celebration of Peace," festival overture, dedicated to the newly made emperor William I, created a profound sensation in all the musical circles of Germany. The emperor honored the composer with the "Order of the crown." Aside from his original productions, he has arranged, reviewed and revised very many works. All of Beethoven's symphonies and the Septet, he has arranged for two and four hands. The three symphonies, the piano quartet and the overture to "Manfred" by Schumann he has arranged for piano, also many works of Schubert, including the C-Major symphony. Many of Schumann's songs he has arranged as very effective piano solos. The entire Breitkopf and Härtel edition of Beethoven's works have been revised by Reinecke, and to three of the concertos beautiful and effective cadenzas added. A charming edition of Mozart's Concertos has been edited by Reinecke, and several brilliant cadenzas written for them; also one for the Weber concerto in E flat All of Bach's works for piano, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, have been revised and fingered by Reinecke.

The clearest and most beautiful edition published, of the well known "*Le Clavecin bien tempéré* is edited by Reinecke. The piano compositions of Handel are soon to follow. Thus it will be seen that the work performed by Reinecke, aside from his duties as teacher in the Conservatory, Capellmeister, and concert soloist, is simply prodigious. Every day a certain time is set apart for composition, and we are having constant evidence that his resources are far from decreasing. The work of composing and arranging goes steadily on, and it can be truly said that few musicians of the age have exerted such a great and good influence on music as Carl Reinecke. His list of arrangements is very long, embracing nearly all of the orchestral works of the masters, placing them within the reach of all piano-players.

In Leipzig Reinecke is beloved by a large and musically-inclined community; still the "river of life" does not run altogether smoothly with him. Like all other great artists he has to stand up against the cabals and jealousies of a few pigmies, who think they can stem the tide of popularity, by setting their faces against the production of new works, or drown the applause by their feeble attempts at criticism. But neither cabals nor jealousies can tarnish the brilliant record that Carl Reinecke has worked out for himself. The honors conferred on him are numerous: from the Emperor William of Germany, he has received the "Order of the Crown"; from the Duke of Sachsen-Meiningen, the "Hause-order"; from the Prince of Schwerzburg, "Cross of Honor"; from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Duke of Sachsen Coburg-Gotha each the "Hause-order" and a medal for Art and Science. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Wüttemberg, the Empress Augusta of Germany and the King of Hannover have each presented him with a gold medal for eminence in Art and Science. In the following societies Reinecke is honorary member: "des holländischen Gesellschaft zur Beforderung der Zonkunst," "Des Vereins zur Beforderung der Musik in Böhmen," "des Mozarteum in Salzburg." Also the singing societies of Cologne,—the "Arion" of Bielsfeld, "Arion" and "Paulus" of Leipsig, "Sängerbund" of Breslau, the "Sänger-Verein" of Königsberg and the "Liedertafel" of Basel. Robert Schumann, Ferdinand Hiller, E. F. Richter, Franz Lachner, Max Bruck, Deprosse, Köhler and many other of the most eminent musicians of Europe have dedicated some of their most important works to Reinecke, who may well be proud and happy to receive the homage of royalty, the admiration of the public and the love and esteem of his brother artists.—Words are inadequate to convey a fitting tribute to the character of this estimable gentleman. Should you look into his study early in the day, you would find him at his desk, busy with some new composition, while on each knee would be sitting one of his "little ones," with with their arms locked around their father's neck. Should you visit him in the evening, you would find him engaged playing with his children, seven happy children, who are a source of great comfort and joy to their loving father. Over his household presides gracefully his sister-in-law. At his hospitable house can be met the greatest artists of the day, who, passing through Leipzig, call to pay their respects to Reinecke. His noble and aspiring nature makes him admired and honored, while an irresistible

Digitized by Google

charm and grace pervades his manners and "draws all men unto him." Everybody that meets him admires him as much for his refinement and culture, as for his genius as a musician. His works bear the impress of his cultured mind; full of elegance and purity, they stand as a monumental tribute to his genius and as an index to his noble character.

Edwin J. Butler.



# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 23, 1871.


## Bands, Martial and Civic.

Brass bands have their uses and their excellencies. We have frequently had occasion to remark the beautiful harmony and richness and precision of some one of them. But one grows weary of their incessant loud appeal; one hears so much of it, that the state of mind induced is anything but musical; it becomes a part of the general din and rumble which one hears and heeds not, nerves permitting. Brass bands are splendid in the right time and quantity. But they should be kept to characteristic uses. No doubt they are good for military street parades; they reach the ears of rank and file more readily in noisy streets. Their sound is military. Its suggestion is of stir and action, of war and triumph, of physical energy, of material mass in motion; of soldiers on the march, or of political electioneering tramps and triumphs. It has a natural affinity with the hoarse shouts of party; and not indiscriminately there; it is most in character with the more border-ruffian, barbaric, filibustering, might-makes-right kind of politics, than with that which goes for peace, for freedom, and for civilization. It is a kind of sound too apt to terrify or stun the gentler instincts. We had rather leave it, for the most part, to the enemy, and cultivate a gentler music.

Brass bands, then, are essentially military bands. They mean war, brute force, threats, defiance. Not that they may not be employed to better ends sometimes. But we are speaking of this universal overdoing of the fashion. It is the military employment which creates and supports all our bands. When music for non-military purposes is wanted, as for a civic procession, a serenade, a concert on the Common, the same bands are called upon. All the instruments are brass, all made for war; or if subdued to smoothness by the use of valves, *à la Sax*, it is with an awkward grace, a quality of tone resulting which is ambiguous, emasculated, at once loud and characterless. Yet the temptation is quite natural to a skilful player to try other music than plain marches, to imitate the orchestra, the opera singers, and make mere brass astonish you by showing itself so marvellously at home outside of its own element. And we have often had to compliment the brass bands on the degree of expression with which they have contrived to render music thus appropriated. Still it ceases not to be true that, compared with orchestras, or bands not altogether brass, such renderings are and must be inexpressive.

Why can we not then, (to repeat what we have often urged,) why can we not have organized a civic or non-military band, expressly and primarily adapted to these gentler purposes, of music for the people in in the summer evenings, and of inspiring accompaniment to civic festivals, processions, anniversaries, where the end is to humanize, refine and elevate? Give us at least one large band, composed as bands were wont to be before this filibustering age of brass, with plenty of reeds, clarionets, bassoons, &c., with the mellow and all blending French horns; not without necessary brass—trumpets that *are* trumpets, and not sophisticated into vain resemblance of less fiery natures—with the old forest bugle, so long banished, &c., &c.;—a band numerous enough to tell as widely as our bands of brass. Give us this, O City Fathers, if you would realize the full intention of the good resolution which has prompted public music on the Common. Is it not practicable? Would it cost too much? Consider the value of innocent amusements for the people, and that all such outlay is for constructive and not destructive ends. Consider particularly the refining, harmonizing, law-and-order-inspiring influences of music. Then consider how many thousands of dollars worth of patriotic gunpowder, such as you blaze away in senseless fireworks in a single hour, some Fourth of July night, would give good music every pleasant evening through the summer to the crowds that would seek fresh air and comfort on our Common.

## Modesty in Musicians.

Of "native compositions" and "composers," in one sense, we have no lack. The country swarms with enterprising fellows who can *put together* notes and *make up* little pieces, that will sell. Inquire at the mills where all this grist is ground, inquire of the publishers who snow "sheet music" over all the land, as fast as it melts away, and they will tell you that the native crop is quite a vast affair, and pays the better as it is the more ephemeral. But these people would not be considered as *composers* in any other country; and why should they here? To have made or arranged psalm tunes; to have drummed out a pretty waltz or polka in one's own way, (which is only a feeble following of Strauss's or Labitsky's) while yet under the tingling influence of some Jullien or Thomas orchestra; to have tortured airs from *Norma* into a flashy set of finger variations for the piano, according to some hackneyed Thalberg or De Meyer formula; least of all, to have clothed some common-place feeling in a sentimental, namby-pamby little song, (which may have no fault but that it is like a thousand others, and that there was no sort of need for its existence);—such songs, for instance, as sentimental young men sing about their old arm chairs, or dedicate to their mothers, with a portrait of *the author* on the title page, perusing, with sad or sparkling face, a letter from the dear old lady:—these things, we apprehend, and far better things than these, do not in any artistic sense, entitle a person to the name of composer.

That amid all this superficial productivity there has been much that is good and useful, educationally, in the way of furnishing "milk for babes" in music, we have no disposition to deny. Moreover we can well imagine, and indeed we know, that among so many young Americans as have devoted themselves of late years to music, there is now and then produced a clever song, or four-part glee, or anthem, or something like a *notturno* or "Song without Words" for the piano. Mendelssohn wrote little pieces too; but whether any of their little pieces are likely to survive and become classical like his,—the treasured lyrics of the land and of the age,—is certainly a question that can hardly yet be settled in the affirmative. Creditable efforts, too, in higher forms and more elaborate, might be named with praise.

But "taking them for all in all," has there been aught among them yet to "give the world assurance of a *Man*" in music? Can we point to an instance of unquestionable musical *genius* of the creative kind! to any name that bids fair to be classed with the great names of the composers? Who can point us to one American composition, great or small, with much assurance that it is destined to become classical and to be treasured in the world's musical repertory? Granting that creditable works have been produced, sometimes in difficult and lofty forms, yet which of them is or is likely to be held of much account, say in the musical countries of Europe, supposing the work to stand simply on its own merits and not claim hospitable regard as the firstling of a beginner from a new country on the map of music! Which of them can the world not perfectly well afford to do without, and feel that, even on the score of novelty, its programmes do not need it? Of course the question is not put to Yankee Doodle patriotism;—that will answer glibly enough and place you a Jubal Smith, a Handel Corydon Stebbins or some other heaven-scaling native Titan alongside of every Mozart and Beethoven that the old world boasts. Indeed the very man has had us by the button, who (live Yankee that he was) has "mastered all of Handel's methods," and with his own hand has scored original oratorios as many and as grand as Handel's!

We are beginning to have our music makers and our music interpreters, who woo Music as an Art; with what depth of passion, or what genuine fire of genius, time alone can fully show. It is only when individuals of either class assume the attitude of musical Shakspeares, or of musical Siddonses and Garricks, that we find it so hard to suppress the smile of incredulity, even if a certain sort of sympathetic sense of what is due to our dear country's modesty does not cry out "For shame!"

There are two ways of regarding the achievements of our countrymen in the field musical. One is the boastful, shallow patriotic, "manifest destiny," all-the-world annexing, Yankee Doodle way, which keeps proclaiming our's the greatest country in the world; believes that Americans can do everything that any other people have done, only a great deal better; that the whole world—of Art, as of all other spheres—is our inheritance, and that we are the most capable of entering and occupying it, as we are the most capable of governing ourselves, brow-beating our neighbors, bullying the world, &c. This boastful, bloated, vulgar parody of the American idea is not confined to politics: its contagion operates even in the peaceful sphere of Art and Music. It mistakes enterprise for genius; the large scale on which things are attempted, for sublimity; familiarity with means, tools, mechanisms and forms, for Art; new combinations, for original ideas; and, in a word, bold "go-ahead itativeness" for inspiration armed with divine right to conquer and to charm the world.

The other way is more modest and reasonable. It leaves the patriotic rant to filibustering demagogues, and looks at music musically and not as one more peacock's feather in the tail of strutting patriotism. It is not ashamed to see ourselves just where we are in music, a nation of beginners, who have had heretofore but little time for Art, and who are not sprung from a particularly musical race. And it allows us to take just pride and pleasure in considering how much these few last years have done to develop in our people an appreciation of the musical Art and artists of the old world, as well as to tempt forth native efforts, in many cases quite successful, to acquire the art of writing and interpreting (with voice or fingers) musical works in many of the higher forms.

Miss Anna Mehlig writes us that she has finally decided to return to America in the latter part of November, and will play in a Harvard Symphony Concert in December.

☞ The absence of all notice of the Concerts of this week is due to a few days' illness of the Editor.

## A Few Notes From Bonn.

Bonn, August 25, 1871.

The excitement and harmony evoked by the Beethoven Centennial is over, and the artistic tribute to the memory of the sublime genius of Germany's greatest modern composer, is but a recollection of the past. With the agreeable sensations that it called forth have also passed away the unpleasant ones—the recollection of the intense heat which made Bonn so uncomfortable; of the extortions of landlords and lodging-house keepers who sent everybody home penniless, heaping execrations on the very name of the inhospitable town; of the petty jealousies that became apparent to any one who conversed with the many musicians present. All these are over: and may we all live to write and read about the next centennial anniversary! If it prove, after all, as good as this one, it will be worth attending even if we are a hundred, and I won't say how many odd, years old.

There were one or two musical characters of Boston at the Bonn festival, and, assuming that they have forwarded to *Dwight's Journal* critical notices of the performances, it is only worth my while to jot down a few random notes. The programmes—four in number, performed on as many separate days—included probably the best of Beethoven's works and no better school could have been offered to the young—no greater pleasure to the experienced musician—than to have enjoyed the rare treat presented in the performance of the works selected. The Mass in D is a composition which one very seldom has an opportunity of hearing; and as this was the first time that I had enjoyed this privilege it is impossible for me to make comparisons. The English musicians claimed that the Mass was comparatively familiar with the music-lovers of London, but the Germans freely confessed that it had not often been heard by them. The performance seemed to me to be superlatively fine. The chorus was certainly effective, though not particularly well balanced, for it needed a heavier substratum of basses, and in the altos I missed the clear, cutting quality in which this voice in America so generally excels; but the tenors were magnificent and the sopranos absolutely beyond all

praise. Everybody in the chorus seemed to sing. There was very little of that leaning on your next neighbor, which is so common in American choruses, and the result was that a comparatively small body of singers made a greater effect than would have been supposed possible from their numbers. It was positively glorious to observe how promptly and vigorously the sopranos took up their parts, and how readily all the voices marched into the fugue movements without fear or hesitation.

The soloists were also admirable. Madame Alvsleben, the soprano, who came from Dresden, where she is the leading prime donna, has a full, high voice trained in a good school. Madame Joachim, the contralto, and the wife of the violinist, sings like an artist, though why she should attempt the "Ah! perfida" transposed to a lower key, it is difficult to say. She also sang—at the matinée—"Kennst du das Land" and another song, while her part in the Mass was admirably rendered throughout. Herr Vogl, the tenor, is a modest singer, but of decided ability and skill, and with a voice not brilliant but always agreeable. Herr Schnitze the basso from Hamburg, belongs to the accepted type of German bassos, being tall, slim, bearded, and spectacled, and having some very deep notes, which he cherishes with fondest care.

The orchestra was led by Ferdinand Hiller, supplemented at times by Wasielewski, a local conductor and the musical professor of Bonn. Hiller is a short, portly gentleman, with hair and whiskers of whitish grey. His mode of conducting is rather peculiar, but not affected, his earnestness proving that his whole soul is in what he does. He has the one stand placed to the left and is so familiar with the score that often he does not look at it for several pages; and in such cases he turns to the orchestra and beats the time with both of his hands and arms. The members of the orchestra appear to have unbounded confidence in him, and his popularity with German audiences is also very great. I should hardly call him a man of genius, but of his masterly ability as a composer as well as a conductor there can be no doubt.

The audience was in some respects quite a study. The ladies all attended in full dress, though this rule was not generally observed by the gentlemen. During the music the strictest attention was paid to every note, and after each piece there was a generous burst of friendly applause, which in the case of Joachim's violin solo amounted to absolute enthusiasm. During the half hours' intermission, the concert hall presented a most social appearance, for everybody seemed to know everybody else, and visits were exchanged, while the conductors themselves—those august monarchs of the scene—deigned to come down into the body of the house, and mingle with ordinary mortals. It was like the descent of a pair of Jovs. Many persons went into the garden adjoining the hall, and partook of refreshments; but all under any circumstances were ready for the next piece of music, and a few taps from the baton of the conductor were effectual in securing speedy silence.

During the festival I saw quite a number of men who are of world-wide reputation in musical circles. Sterndale Bennett, the English composer, with a business like aspect; Niels Gade, of Copenhagen, with a picturesque leonine head which would make an excellent bust; Carl Reinecke of Leipzig with rather a Hibernian than a Teutonic cast of features; and Vieuxtemps with his cheerful, pleasant cordiality of demeanor, were all there. Raff, whose endless symphony produced at New York a few seasons ago the most sonnifirous effect; Brahms, a composer by no means unknown in America; Max Bruch, who is well spoken of here; Raudegger, a successful song writer, and Barely, the versatile English composer, were also among the audience at this Beethoven Festival. Whatever differences of opinion they may have had on other points, they agreed in a favorable verdict as to the rendering of the Mass.

The German press was fairly represented at the Festival; and of the English critics, Davison of the *Times*, Grueneisen of the *Athenæum*, Lincoln of the *News* and Borrett of the *Telegraph* were present. The New York *Evening Post* had a representative.

It does not appear that any of the American or South German musicians were at the Festival, while Wagner, Liszt, Bülow, Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, who are all great musicians, and Germans too, were conspicuous by their absence. It is said that Liszt was invited but sent no reply to the invitation. There is a feeling among musicians here that he ought to have been asked to conduct at least one day's performance, and thus the whole affair would have been less local and would have certainly attracted larger crowds; though it is certain that no more could have gained access to the hall, which was filled to repletion at every performance.

Altogether the Beethoven Festival, though not enlisting the sympathies of the Germans to the extent that was expected, and not being in any proper sense a national demonstration, was a notable and enjoyable musical triumph, and it may be doubted whether a more satisfactory rendering of the principal selections has ever been given before or will ever be given again. Those therefore who were present, may well congratulate themselves on the fact. TROVATOR.

THE VIENNA LADY ORCHESTRA, imported by Mr. Pullman, gave concerts every evening last week in New York. Of the opening one Mr. Bowman writes in the *Sun*:

We hardly know how to adjust the critical lens to so local a constellation of bright stars. It seems ungracious to judge so fair a body of pretty women by the exacting rules that would be applied to an orchestra of men. As they grouped themselves on the stage in their snowy white dresses, each with a white flower in her hair, they formed so graceful and sweet a picture as the eye could wish to rest upon. But they did not seem to be judged by their picturesque effects, but by their artistic attainments; and concerning them the fairest way both to them and to the public is to state the literal facts. The orchestra turns out to be only half an orchestra. It lacks some of the most important element. There are neither horns, trumpets, trombones, clarionets-oboes, nor bassoons, and yet all of these are indispensable instruments. It was hardly to be expected that women could master the brass instruments, but the reeds need not have presented insuperable difficulties.

Then the orchestra had no foundation. There was but one double bass, and both that and the violoncellos were of reduced size, and consequently lacked power. The deficiency was very inadequately supplied by a piano and cabinet organ, both of which instruments are out of place in an orchestra.

It was not in the nature of things that a band so constituted should play satisfactorily; and the instruments were skillfully handled, which in this instance was not the case. Among the twenty young ladies there certainly were few if any who would be thought competent to fill a place in any orchestra having a high standard. Their tone was thin, they stumbled at the hard passages, their time was not good, and in fact, they played the scherzos and not at all like artists. Between the first and third parts of the programme the young ladies changed their costumes, a bit of harlequinade for which there was not the least occasion, especially as they renounced very pretty white dresses for their very ugly green and purple ones.

There is this to be said for the orchestral performance—they played quite as well as any one could reasonably have expected. The violin and violoncello are instruments of the highest difficulty, requiring longer years of constant discipline than those who would master them, and nothing short of a miracle could produce an orchestra of girls under twenty who could play these instruments well.

Besides the orchestral performer there were two soloists. Mr. Müller and Miss Anna Bisar. The latter was announced as a soprano of twelve years of age. Her voice was a contralto, and she seemed some years older. Certainly, if she is but twelve, she is the most wonderful child we have ever had in our concert rooms. Her style is as mature and her voice as rich and mellow as that of a woman of fifty. She sings with admirable precision and execution, and her phrasing was something wonderful. We are not at all partial to infant musical phenomena, but this young lady is entitled to the highest praise upon her own merits, judged not as a child, but as an artist. The effect of youth, however, hardly needs to be curtailed by the affectation of running off the stage. That piece of by-play suggests trickery rather than artlessness. Mr. Müller has a noble baritone voice, larger and fuller than one often hears at Steinway's, or indeed at any other hall. He does not use it however, to the best advantage by reason of conspicuous faults of method.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Ah! Do I love Thee. 4. F to g. *A. Blumenstengel* 30

Full of fire and passion. First-rate, if properly sung.

Dost thou love me, Sister Ruth? 2. E♭ to g. *J. Perry.* 30

Well-known comic duet. Very amusing.

The Heart's Offering. 3. F to f. *W. A. Smith.* 30

A free moral song with Chorus *ad libitum*.

Lillie Bray. Song and Chorus. 2. F to f. *W. A. Smith.* 30

Ruby Spray. Song and Chorus. 3. A♭ to e. *M. Loeck.* 30

Two ballads in popular style, both pretty, and either may have a "good run."

Ten Vocal Duetts. *Franz Abt.* 30

No. 4. The Day is slowly ending. (Der Tag geht nao zu ende.) 3. D to f.

No. 5. The Free Open Air. (Hinaus ins Freie.) 3. F to g.

No. 6. May Song. (Mailied.) 3. A to g.

It would be difficult to find a better collection of easy duets than the above "Ten Vocal Duets." The music is condensed so that the expense is much diminished, and one may easily afford to place the whole upon the piano, thus affording charming material for "sings."

**Instrumental.**

The Emerald Pool. Nocturne. 2. F. *J. M. Turner.* 30

Who can make a Nocturne if not Mr. Turner? At any rate this is unusually easy, and good for beginners.

L'Irresistable. Galop Bravoura. 5. A♭. *F. E. Banks.* 75

Played with spirit is sure to bring applause.

Charivari Quadrille. 3. *Ch. Fradin.* 40

A mixture of opera and other airs, well combined. An entertaining piece.

Golden Echoes. Easy Pieces. *E. Mack.* 30

No. 12. Maggie's Secret. Waltz. 2. F.

No. 13. Away, away. Mazurka. 2. G.

No. 14. The Starry Night. 3. E♭.

No. 15. Joy, joy! Free Jom to day! 3. E♭.

No. 16. Robin Adair. Var. and Waltz. 2. C.

No. 17. Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz. 2. D.

No. 18. Moet and Chandon Waltz. 2. C.

No. 19. Whippoorwill Waltz. 2. E♭. *Leybach.* 30

Foamy Wave Waltz. 2. C. *J. M. Turner.* 30

Good instructive waltz, with a "glissando," and one or two runs in octaves.

Salvia. Valse Brilliant. (Œuvres Celebres.) 4. C. *Leybach.* 60

Very neat and brilliant. Easier than most of Leybach's pieces recently noticed.

Magic Bells. (Zauberglöckchen.) 4. G. *A. Jungman.* 50

Many composers have of late rung the changes of the chimes, but this is a new set of bells, and rung as never before. In Jungman's characteristic graceful style.

**Books.**

EMERSON'S SINGING SCHOOL. *L. O. Emerson.* 75

$7.50 per dozen.

This excellent and popular work may well give a new impetus to singing-school teaching in this country. We have, by the new method of teaching which we can dispense with such schools and here is an abundance of useful material, ready for the hands of any teacher.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

---

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 796. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Tears.

There's a tear in the eye, all unbidden it comes
In response to quick sympathy's call;
O check not the gushing drop at its source,
Let it flow for the sorrows of all.

There's a tear in the voice that words cannot express,
Which moves feelings beyond our control,
And the sweetest of singers without it, alas!
Cannot touch the deep springs of the soul.

There's a tear in the heart, which a sorrow reveals
That is born with as never to die;
'Tis a grief which will haunt us in happiest hours:
With unsatisfied longings we sigh.

Yet although we can find no pure joy upon earth,
And all pleasures are kindred to pain,
We know that deep longings bring deepest delights,
We aspire, though we may not attain.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life*

[Continued from page 98.]

Halle belonged about that time to the so-called Kingdom of Westphalia, and stood, like Cassel, under French dominion. King Jerome, Napoleon's brother, played the part of sovereign prince. Now, much as all good Saxons sighed under his foreign rule, to me it proved a blessing. In the year 1810 the king came to Halle, and lodged with the Prefect of the Saale department, Herr von Gossler, in the Mäckel house, on the great Berliner Platz.

On this occasion also was our choir brought into requisition. The king made known his satisfaction to me through Herr von Gossler. We had frequent occasion during this time, at the supper table of Chancellor Niemeyer, to sing before the Prefect. This truly musical man, therefore, became more nearly acquainted with me and with my accomplishments. He was pleased particularly with my person, praised my intonation, my expression in the delivery of solo pieces, and allowed me frequently to visit him. Türk put him up to the idea of granting me, out of the means of the State, the for that time extraordinary sum of three hundred thalers per year for the completion of my musical education. This seemed to me a finger point from heaven. I was now fifteen years old and believed it my duty to hold fast to my good fortune; particularly when I learned that the Prefect, not content with the yearly subsidy of three hundred thalers, had resolved to send me afterwards for some time to Italy, so that he might then prepare a surprise for the king, and in a certain manner make him a present of me as a complete, developed artist. All this achieved, I was then to become Kapellmeister in Cassel.

With such prospects I could finally give in to Türk's wish, and leave the gymnasium. Even my father, in the face of such prospects, had to renounce his darling wish to see me in the pulpit.

I now received a chamber to myself and thus became, to a certain degree, separated from the choir while I remained in Türk's house. In my room I found a piano, a violin, and the necessary books for theoretic study.

On the same floor with me there lived an original couple, at an extraordinarily cheap rent, a Herr and Frau von Pastineller. Herr von P. had served as lieutenant in the Prussian army in the year 1806; but the whistling of the cannon balls had affected him so unpleasantly that he preferred to betake himself in haste from Jena to Halle. His wife here shared with the quondam warrior the most modest of all human lots.

On the days on which I had no invitation out, I deemed it best to provide for my bodily well-being, at my stove, with my own hands. I found in Frau von Pastineller an example worthy of imitation. After greeting each other in the morning, in our common entry, I used to ask: "And what do you cook for dinner to-day, my *gnädige Frau?*" Whereat she replied: "Potatoes, dear Monsieur Löwe."—Now had the gracious lady occasionally thought a change necessary in her bill of fare, I too perhaps should have been led into lighter ideas in this direction. But I believed that I could not do better than by strictly following the experienced lady in this point.

So the singular pair lived on in quiet, and apparently without any further aspirations. He went out to walk, and when she was not cooking potatoes, she accompanied him. But deep in his heroic breast von Pastineller must have cherished greater projects and ideas; for one day, through the mediation of a relation, he was suddenly promoted to the captainship of the Westphalian Invalid company. But the Herr Captain and his lady with in nothing changed their way of living; probably they both were penetrated with too lively a feeling of the fickleness of their fate, and feared a sudden change.

Thus emulating my *Frau Nachbarin* in making the care of my bodily nourishment very easy, I could spend all the more time on my musical studies, and I devoted myself to them with my whole soul. In the two years now following (from 1811 till near the end of 1813) Türk gave me every day several lessons, both in theory and composition. His lesson in the Thorough Bass was according to the old method; i. e. it required the chord to be formed from every single tone, whereas the same results are more conveniently reached in recent times, namely through Logier's and my own method*.

Besides his own instruction book, Türk also used Kirnberger's "*Kunst des reinen Satzes*" (Art of pure Composition). For the Fugue, Marpurg was made the foundation; for the history of music, Forkel; for the calculation of the Temperament, again his own work and that of Chladni. Of other teachers I learned Italian and French; only in piano-playing did Halle offer me no teacher.

The compositions of my student period are all lost. I had given them away as mementoes to my good friends.

At once, at the very beginning of my lessons, Türk set me for a task to write a grand concert aria for a soprano voice. My friend Carl Pfug, then *studiosus theologiæ*, had to furnish me with the text. He chose an antique subject: "*Didone abandonata.*" The words had the real opera libretto ring:

"Der Treor hat mein Herz
bezwungen,
Erloschen ist des Gatten Bild,
Tief ist der Pfeil in's Herz
gedrungen,
Die Liebesflamme lodert wild!"

I composed the aria in a lively tempo: it started in D minor, and was very short, with a great deal of ecstacy; but without any repetition of the text or music; it did not seem to me natural for a desperate woman, on the point of hurling herself into the flames, to repeat her words. And so I went with my Aria to Türk. He examined the notes and smiled: "What there is here is right good; but now the Aria must begin to proceed." I shook my head. "Yes, yes!" said the master, "that is good music, but no Aria." Then I will write another," said I, "but this must remain as it is." Türk yielded, for he knew that in what concerned my own labors I, in spite of all my childish inexperience, could give in only to a certain point.

Türk's instruction was anything but pedantic; on the contrary he often seized the subject by the hair. Here is a little example.

As the clock struck for the hour of the lesson, I knocked at his door. He called out with his sonorous bass voice: "Come in?"—I entered the room with a respectful compliment. One could catch him here in the most different situations. Often he had covered the whole table with numbers in chalk, and said: "I am making here a computation of the Temperament according to Chladni; come, help reckon; the tone *D sharp* must come out, how does *D sharp* sound?" I thought to myself, *D sharp* sounds like *E flat*; so in my thoughts I sounded the minor third in the key of *C minor*, named it *D sharp*, and sang it. Türk went to the piano, gave *D sharp*, and nodded with his head, on which a great *veraette of* powdered hair formed a wreath about the fine brow. The work, for which I found him calculating, was his before mentioned "*Temperatur-Berechnung*," which in after years I made those of my own scholars study, who had any head and inclination for mathematics.

Another time I found Türk at the piano. I was obliged to tell him which of two songs, which he had before him, was the best. The text was by Cramer: "Klopfe nicht so bange," &c. Without knowing by whom the compositions were, I decided for the one which was by Louise Reichardt. Türk himself had composed the melody of the second song, and it had decided declamatory excellencies. Another time he set me to playing perhaps some of the larger compositions of Mo-

*Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from Dr. Carl Loewe's *Selbst-biography*. *Für die Deutsche Musikbibliothek* bearbeitet von C. H. Bitter. Berlin, 1870.

*See Loewe's "Klavier und Generalbass-Schule."

Digitized by Google

zart, as well as those which had just then appeared by Beethoven. Nevertheless the old master insisted on it, that for a solal foundation of study it was better to toil through the scores of Bach and Handel. Those piano works of modern masters were good, he said, to play for my own enjoyment.*

I never liked to make alterations in my works. Much remained in them to be desired; but as the manuscript once ran, so had it to remain; I was never in a condition to change a single note.

I have preserved only two works out of my student period, and that because they were at once printed. The first was a Romance by Kind: "Clothar;" the other was a setting of the words pronounced by Christ at the institution of the Holy Supper, with the Lord's Prayer, in liturgical style. So far as I remember, these two pieces were performed in the Moritz-Kirche at Halle, by the superintendent Goerke, with soft organ accompaniment, in a truly edifying manner. These compositions, to my no small pride, appeared under the *opus* numbers 1 and 2. But as this first period of my artistic activity occurred during the war storm of 1813, and any immediate continuance of such occupation was for a long time impossible, I made a new beginning with the *opus* numbers.

[To be Continued.]

*That first Aria of mine has often come into my mind since then. My wife, who always criticised my things very severely, has often said to me: "You do not write your Arias so long and so grateful for the singers, as Handel, for example; in yours there is always a certain brevity, which takes from their full effect when they are torn from their connection with the entire Oratorio or Opera."

## The Gloucester Festival.

(From the Orchestra, Sept. 3.)

The 148th Anniversary of the Festival of the Three Choirs this year falls to the turn of Gloucester to celebrate. That busy cathedral-town, so unlike most of its compeers in the extent and development of its commercial life, always finds itself many times busier at the advent of "the Music Meeting," as it is locally called. This year has formed no exception to the rule of activity and pleased anticipation. Gloucester has been very full and very busy, and has tried hard to keep up its spirits against malign influences of the weather. The doubts uttered after the last festival in this city as to the continuation of these meetings had disappeared; and though the Cathedral was in the normal condition of cathedrals—namely, undergoing repairs—the fact was not suffered to stand in the way of anticipating a thoroughly good celebration.

We regret to have to add that expectations so sanguine have not been realized; that the carefulness of the local preparation has not been proportionate to the enthusiasm of the visitors. Incompleteness of rehearsal marred many a fair effect; and several blemishes appeared which, if allowed to repeat themselves on future occasions, will end by bringing about the discontinuance of these festivals. The knowledge of music is much more generally spread now than it was in former years; railways and metropolitan performances on a large scale have familiarized the people of the country with what can be attained towards accuracy and perfection; and they know the difference between a careful and a careless execution. If these festivals are to maintain their hold on the faith of their supporters, they must be kept up to the mark at the cost of hard work and steady drill and application. There is no lounging way of organizing a sacred performance, if it is to be worth anything. Perhaps the short comings observable on the first day of the present festival may do good by calling attention to the necessity of maintaining tireless training and strict discipline in future.

The principal singers engaged for this year's meeting, which opened on Monday with a rehearsal of Mr. Cusins' "*Gideon*," Bach's "*Passion*" and the "*Israel in Egypt*" were Mdlle. Tietjens (soprano), Mdme. Patey (contralto), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), Mr. Lewis Thomas and Signor Foli (basses)—besides Mdme. Cora de Wilhorst, Misses H. R. Harrison and Martell, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Bentham (from Her Majesty's Opera), and Brandon. The leading violins were M. Sainton and Mr. Carrodus, and the chorus was made up in the usual manner from the three choirs with a London contingent, Dr. Wesley having command of the orchestral forces. A deviation was made on the usual practice of having all the evening miscellaneous concerts in the Shire Hall. Two performances, morning and evening, in the Cathedral were substituted; and only a couple of Shire Hall concerts were retained.

The festival proper opened on Tuesday with the overture to "*Esther*," "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and "*Jephtha*," of Handel (the last with the additional accompaniments of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan), besides Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my prayer;" in the evening the program comprised a selection from Haydn's "*Creation*" and Handel's "*Israel in Egypt*." The first performance was ushered in with the usual full service, the music being by Orlando Gibbons; the anthem was Dr. Boyce's "Oh, where shall wisdom be found?" Prayers were intoned by the Rev. Mr. Bowman; the first Lesson was read by the Rev. Canon Lysons, and the second by the Rev. Canon Harvey. The sermon preached by the Rev. Canon E. D. Tinling, was to a text from *Malachi*, chap. 3. part of verse 1—"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple." The effect of this sermon was rather startling, for it embodied what was in effect a protest against the performances in the cathedral. The attitude of the preacher provoked strong comment on the taste which had led him, while responding to a solicitation to plead for the charity, to attack the means by which the charity was benefited. The revered gentleman was compared inversely to Balaam, called to bless an undertaking and replying with a curse. Canon Tinling appears, on the most favorable construction, hardly to have kept faith. He was expected to urge the claims of the music meeting: if he could not conscientiously do this, he should have declined the office altogether. After service a voluntary was played in the shape of J. S. Bach's grand and elaborate fugue in B minor—one of the finest of the series to which it belongs; the performer was Mr J. K. Pyne, a pupil of Dr. Wesley's. The attendance at the opening performance was scanty and not encouraging; nor did the mode in which the *Dettingen Te Deum* and "*Jephtha*" were presented brighten matters. It is reported that neither of these works had been rehearsed; and the execution bore out the rumor. Censure is all the more deserved as the executants did not fail in natural ability, and the shortcomings must be ascribed to carelessness alone. There were, however, points happily rendered; thus the solo "Thou art the King of glory," sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas, produced an admirable effect, so did also Mr. Lloyd's singing in the solo: "When Thou tookest upon Thee;" and Miss Martell made a successful début. Mr. Harper's trumpet obbligato was also brought in with good results, and there was everything to show that with normal care and rehearsal the performance would have been entirely satisfactory. Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" showed yet more vividly the necessity of discipline. Conductor, chorus, and band were at cross purposes, and Mdme. Cora de Wilhorst, as soloist, found it uphill work. In "*Jephtha*" the vocalists were Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. To the first lady fell the well known numbers, "The smiling dawn," "Tune the soft melodious lute," "Welcome as the cheerful light," "Happy they," and "Farewell, ye limpid springs." Mdme. Patey declaimed with great effect the dramatic air, "Scenes of horror, scenes of woe." Mr. Vernon Rigby achieved his usual success in the recitative and airs, "Deeper and deeper still," "Open thy marble jaws," and "Waft her, angels." Signor Foli sang exceedingly well and with much taste. The choruses were marred by being hurried. We must not omit the services of Miss Martell and Miss H. R. Harrison, in the auxiliary parts. The latter is a *débutante*, we believe, and sang in very nice style the recitative of the Angel, "Rise, Jepthe." Dr. Wesley conducted, and Mr. Townsend Smith presided at the organ.

In the evening the Cathedral was lighted up, and presented an imposing appearance. The attendance, however, was far from as favorable as could be wished. The first part of the programme comprised a selection from Haydn's "*Creation*," commencing with the orchestral prelude, *Representation of Chaos*, and terminating with the jubilant "Achieved is the glorious work." The second part was devoted to a selection from "*Israel in Egypt*," in which the chorus had the greater part of the work. The choral effects in the first part ran more smoothly than those at the morning performance; but in the second part there was again a falling off. The conducting was at sea; the bâton impetuously urged its followers to greater and greater velocity, until the pace became more like *sauve qui peut* than a sacred performance. Neither in execution nor patronage did the results of Tuesday as a whole afford room for congratulation.

On Wednesday morning a drizzling rain set in, and kept on with remarkable pertinacity; notwithstanding which the attendance at the Cathedral was far better and more cheerful than the day before. The work was "*Elijah*," and herein lay the attraction which tempted the country folks to defy the wet. The growing popularity of this oratorio is an incontestable fact: with frequency of hearing it bears increase. "*Elijah*" was first heard in Glocester at the meeting of 1847, the year after its production at the memorable Festival in Birmingham, and has since been repeatedly given here, with what results it is unnecessary to state. On Wednesday the Cathedral was crowded in every part: nave, gallery, aisles, and transepts were full, apparently, to their utmost capacity. The performance went much better than *Jephtha*," though there had been no rehearsal: the reason being that its music was much more familiar. The soprano music was divided between Mdme. Cora de Wilhorst and Mdlle. Tietjens according to the respective parts; the contralto music in the first part was chiefly assigned to Miss Martell, and in the second to Madame Patey; the chief tenor in Part 1, was Mr. Bentham, and in Part II. Mr. Vernon Rigby; and Signor Foli took the whole of the music of the Prophet, according to general custom. Miss H. B. Harrison, and Messrs. Brandon and Hunt (both of Gloucester Cathedral) assisted in the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge." The general effect of this performance left little to be desired. Principals worked with a will; choruses were well taken; and time was accurately kept. On the whole a good rendering is to be recorded, though the hearers in the Cathedral, with a taste worthy a British audience, ran away to lunch in the midst of the final chorus, as the rain outside was illustrating the effect of "*Elijah's*" prayer.

The down pour continued all day, and in the evening a dank assemblage gathered to the Shire Hall. "*Acis and Galatea*," with Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, opened a miscellaneous programme. It was followed by M. Sainton's "Fantasie sur Faust," a brilliant violin solo with orchestral accompaniment; need we add as brilliantly played? The first part of the programme ended with the second finale to Spohr's "*Azor and Zemira*," after which came a selection from "*Preciosa*," and a few miscellaneous pieces, interpreted variously by Mdme. de Wilhorst, Miss Harrison, Miss Martell, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. Bentham, Lloyd, and Foli.

On Thursday the attendance in the Cathedral was exceedingly good, as might have been expected from the attraction offered by Bach's *Passion Music*, Mr. Cusins' new oratorio "*Gideon*," and a copious selection from Spohr's "*Calvary*." The great work of Bach had been heard but once before in an English Church in England, namely, in Westminster Abbey on last Maundy Thursday evening; and this was without the concert room adjuncts which somewhat mar the devotional effect of music in a Cathedral Festival. But at Gloucester the impression was powerfully felt, and it is evident that the more familiar the work becomes—both to the performers and their audiences—the greater will be the admiration and reverence for it and its author. On the whole the performance was exceedingly good—the rehearsals having been numerous and careful. One or two of the choruses went unsteadily, and in a single instance confusion seemed almost irremediable, though matters mended before the close. Mdme. Cora de Wilhorst was most efficient in her solos; and much praise is due to the other soloists, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr. Brandon. We believe it is already determined that the *Passion* shall be repeated at Worcester and Hereford.

Mr. Cusins' "*Gideon*" followed, the work having been composed expressly for this festival. Mr. Cusins occupies the front rank among English musicians, and his future career is full of promise. His position as conductor of the Philharmonic Society is calculated to make him careful in execution, and the necessary study in detail of the works of the greatest composers cannot be without influence on his own writings. The star of English musicians generally culminates early, and after a certain degree of eminence has been attained, a repetition of pet ideas and mannerisms show that the soul of the artist is allowed to slumber, and facility in production of stale "novelties" often contents the composer and his clique of admirers. We trust that Mr. Cusins may make "Excelsior" his permanent rule; and certainly "*Gideon*" gives earnest that he will do so.

The words of "*Gideon*" are selected by the Rev. F. T. Cusins chiefly from the Psalms and 6th and 7th chapters of Judges. The story refers to the interposition of the Lord in favor of His chosen people, and the miraculous overthrow of the Midianites by the son of Joash. The petitions of the Israelites in their distress, the conference of the Angel of the

Digitized by Google

Lord with Gideon, the miraculous means suggested by the Angel to enable Gideon to discomfort the enemy, the battle in which Gideon with his 300 men destroys the armies of the Midianites, with the subsequent triumph and thanksgivings, are the leading incidents. The personages are five—the Angel, Mdlle. Titiens ; an Israelitish woman, Mdme. Patey ; an Israelite, Mr. E. Lloyd ; *Gideon*, Mr. Lewis Thomas ; and a Prophet, Mr. Brandon.

An instrumental introduction leads to a chorus of the People of Israel : "Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry ?" followed by a tenor air: "O remember not," the chorus resuming : "Help us, O God," very carefully written and very attractive. A short choral recitative and a recitative for the *Prophet*: "Thus saith the Lord" introduce a contralto air, "The eyes of the Lord," admirably sung by Mdme. Patey. A long scene for *Gideon* and *The Angel* succeeds, admirably rendered. A quartet of angels, and recitative and chorus intervene between this scene and *Gideon's* air: "Though I sometimes am afraid :" which Mr. Lewis Thomas gave with great effect. A spirited chorus: "Through God will we do great acts," written with no little contrapuntal skill, is as effective in execution as it is meritorious in design and construction. A Recitative and Air for the *Angel*, "The Lord, He it is," was capitally rendered by Mdlle. Tietjens. A telling Battle Chorus, and a characteristic Air, "O sing unto the Lord," well given by Mr. Rigby ; a Triumphal March with Chorus, an unaccompanied Quartet, "Ascribe ye the power," are the chief pieces introducing the concluding Chorus, "O God, wonderful art Thou." Mr. Cusins conducted his own work, and it was by far the best performance at the festival. We need only further remark that the Oratorio was entirely successful, and will no doubt be speedily and frequently heard in London and elsewhere. The selection from "*Calvary*" might as well have been omitted, for there was little interest after the conclusion of "*Gideon*." It included the overture, the choruses "Gentle Night" and "Beloved Lord," the soprano air by Mdlle. Tietjens, with chorus "Through all thy friends"—and the trio "Jesus, Heavenly Master"—by Mdlle Tietjens, Miss Martell, and Mdme. Patey.

We take up our record from Thursday evening, when a miscellaneous concert was given in the Shire Hall—the second devoted to that locality. The first part of the programme was made up of a selection from "*Figaro's Hochzeit*," including the opening duet by Miss Harrison and Signor Foli ; Cherubino's aria, "Non so più," and canzone "Voi che sapete," by Mme. Cora de Wilhorst ; the *Countess's* cavatina, "Porgi amor," and scena including the air, "Dove sono," by Mlle. Tietjens ; the duettino for *Susanna* and the *Countess*, "Sull' aria," by the two ladies just named ; *Figaro's* martial song, "Non più andrai," by Signor Foli ; and the sestet, "Sola, sola," from "*Don Giovanni*," by the singers already mentioned, reinforced by Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The overture to the opera was also given. After Mozart in opera came Mozart in symphony—the "Jupiter" being given with excellent effect. Then a tolerable rendering of "Adelaida" by Mr. Vernon Rigby ; a ballad by Pontett, sung by Mlle. Tietjens ; the buffo duet, "Con pazienza," from Mayer's "*Il Fanatico*," by the same vocalist and Signor Foli ; Wallace's song, "Sweet and low," by Mme. Patey (the second verse repeated), Sir J. Benedict's ballad, "Rock me to sleep," by Miss Harrison, accompanied by Dr. Wesley ; Figaro's air, "Largo al factotum," by Mr. Lewis Thomas ; and "God save the Queen" as a wind-up.

On Friday, as usual, the Music Meeting closed with a performance of the "*Messiah*," which, according to invariable practice, drew the largest audience of the week, every available place being occupied in the Cathedral. Mlle. Tietjens and Mme. Cora de Wilhorst were the soprani : "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" falling to the one, and "How beautiful are the feet" to the other. Mme. Patey never sang better than in the solo with chorus "O thou that tellest," and "He shall feed his flock ;" Mr. Rigby's powerful voice was displayed in "Thou shalt dash them" ; and Mr. Lewis Thomas and Sig Foli were impressive in their parts. Familiar as the "*Messiah*" is, it was to be expected that its performance would present fewer obstacles than "*Jephtha*" to a choral force unprepared especially by rehearsal. As a matter of fact it did go much better than the oratorios of the preceding days ; though Dr. Wesley maintained his own theories with regard to the use of the baton, and galloped the chorus through "For unto us a child is born," as though altos and tenors had been handicapped against each other, and the conductor's duty was to see the race fairly run.

The full-dress ball at the Shire Hall was a decided success. It was fully and fashionably attended, though some of the chief "Lady Patronesses" merely lent their names to the ceremony. There was a very efficient band, under the direction of that experienced conductor, Mr. E. Stanton Jones, whose selection of music was well varied and effective.

The following are the statistics of the attendance and collections at this year's meeting, compared with the two preceding Gloucester festivals :

ATTENDANCE AT THE ORATORIOS.

| | 1865. | 1868. | 1871. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tuesday | 1,000 | 800 | 600 |
| Tuesday evening | — | — | 900 |
| Wednesday | 1,700 | 2,000 | 1,800 |
| Thursday | 2,000 | 1,900 | 1,400 |
| Friday | 2,960 | 3,000 | 2,400 |

ATTENDANCE AT THE CONCERTS.

| | 1865. | 1868. | 1871. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday | 630 | 400 | 550 |
| Thursday | 600 | 600 | 639 |

## Handel or Erba.

Every grand performance of Handel's works revives the consideration of which is Handel, and what, not. It is said that old Dragonetti—the famous double-bass player—born, with Mozart, close upon the death of Handel—was accustomed to say to Robert Lindley, when the two were playing Handel's music together, "Oh ! the robber," "Ah ! what a robber." "Il Drago" knew the music of Handel's day, and the generation before Handel as well as Handel did, and fingers are quicker than ears in tracing resemblances in composition. That Handel made it a practice to write upon the thoughts of others no one can for a moment dispute. The facts are too overwhelming. And that he used up entire compositions cannot be questioned. He may be said in some cases to have taken the pebble and produced the diamond —to have seized the jewel in its old case, and reset it with a wreath of art and exuberance of fancy. Such was the fact in regard to the *Te Deum Laudamus* of Uria, and the cantata by Stradella. The first portion of the "*Israel in Egypt*" contains the ideas of the Stradella cantata, and the Stradella chorus, "He spake the word." The second portion contains the *Magnificat*—a composition which is alleged by some to be an early work by Handel, and written in Rome, 1707. Others declare it is not Handel's composition —not in his style—utterly opposed to all the other admitted music he wrote then, and that it is from the pen of an unknown musician named Erba.

The copy in Handel's own hand, now in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, is imperfect. The two last pages have been torn away. This is significant. The other psalms composed at Rome are all signed, perfect, and dated. But copies were made of this manuscript, and also of the Stradella cantata, by Smith, Handel's copyist, and it is believed there are three, if not four, in existence. One is in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society and in every way complete. This copy does not bear Handel's name. On the contrary it is called the composition of Sy, or Dy, Erba—Dionysios Erba. Now Smith could not have invented this himself : Erba was never in England, the copy was made in England, written on English paper, and by the man who had access to the original in Handel's writing. No doubt Smith copied what he saw.

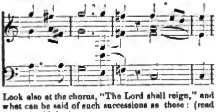
Again, in the copy of the "*Israel*," used by Handel in conducting, he has placed the word "Mag" against the movements he had taken from this psalm or canticle. It is true he did not do this in the case of the Stradella, used up in the first part of the "*Israel*," but with the exception of the chorus "He spake the word" nothing is taken bodily and literally from Stradella. He is simply despoiled of his ideas. Copies of the *Magnificat* had gone out—this Handel knew—and he may have written the word "Mag." to denote his obligation to the head and hand of another. If his own writing, why refer to it ? He does not do this kind of thing when transferring his own music. There is nothing to mark that the chorus "Blest be the hand" in "*Theodora*" was taken from "Immortal Lord" in "*Hercules*." Nor does he do so when adding to his "*Athaliah*" the movements from "*Parnasso*." Of what use could the memento be to Handel himself ? Of what concern to others if Handel's own music ? Why seek to identify what was known to himself, and, if his own composition, of no importance to others ? This memorandum, coupled with the absence of the last pages of the copy brought from Rome, is at least remarkable.

Further, Handel when copying writes in a perfectly different way from Handel when composing. There is no score at all like that of the "*Israel*." Portions of it are as shapely and seemly written as if transferred from print. There is none of the hot haste of the hurrying hand as in the "*Messiah*" and other of his oratorios. That the "He spake the word" is copy is as plain as the sun in noonday ; for Handel had not allowed room for his buzzing fly accompaniments, and was compelled to squeeze in the semiquavers in the most awkward, and occasionally, ludicrous way. The "*Israel*" as a whole is, in MS., a foregone conclusion ; a fair, clear, and premeditated piece of writing—a MS. not like any other by this great composer.

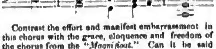
Now as to the *internal* evidence. This *Magnificat* is not like Handel's music as boy, student, conductor of the opera at Hamburg traveller in Italy, chapelmaster at Cannons, opera composer at the Haymarket, oratorio composer at Oxford ; it is not like what he was, whether young or old. Every bar of his signed music written at Rome is like his music written for the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. It is the Germanized form of the school of Colonna, Stradella, Leo, and the men of Handel's day, and those just preceding him. The Erba music is the "too stiff" style as Handel called it, and the counterpoint is that of a composer accustomed to write for voices in church singing without orchestral accompaniments.

Handel was a big man and wrote in a large form. He took time to develop his ideas—his stride is enormous, his gait a huge roll. Not so the composer of the *Magnificat*. There is no stride, no roll, no time ; all is sharp, terse, and condensed.

We would almost rest the case upon the two movements "Moses and the Children of Israel," and the chorus "He is my God"—one undoubtedly by Handel, the second must undeniably by some one else. It is the opening chorus of the *Magnificat*. We must remember that the second part of the "*Israel*" was written before the first part, and in this view it is Handel sitting down to do what he never had done, an entire cantata in eight parts with orchestral accompaniment. He commences with his own themes, "Moses and the Children of Israel," and in the next chorus, "the Horse and his Rider," he flies to Krieger for subjects and counterpoint. We have the book in England, and there can be no question about the fact. The succeeding chorus is "He is my God"—the "*Magnificat anima mea*." Now let us look at the counterpoint of this short Latin chorus. It is superb, magnificent. A stream, without stay or hindrance. The voices never break together, their movements are marvellously varied, their progressions as free as air, and as pure as sunlight, the idea perfect, the rhythm perfect. Nothing more classical, more true, more exquisite can be found in the whole course of Handel's career. Compare the counterpoint with that of "Moses, and the Children of Israel." Here is "Moses"—



Look also at the chorus, "The Lord shall reign," and what can be said of such successions as these : (read an octave higher)—



Contrast the effort and manifest embarrassment in this chorus with the grace, eloquence and freedom of the chorus from the "*Magnificat*." Can it be said that the grists are the same, or that they come from the same mill ? This was the argument of Lotti when Bononcini stole his madrigal, and what better can be used ? Where in all Handel's volumes is there anything like Kerl's chorus, "Egypt was glad," or like these choruses of Erba : "The earth swallowed them up," and "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath !" Of course Handel could not write the Kerl chorus ; at least he never attempted to do anything like it ; and these two choruses from the *Magnificat* are equally foreign to his head and hand. His common-place book, dated 1698, filled with music he heard when first at Berlin, contained compositions by Erba, by Kerl, and by Krieger. If he, as he did, took Kerl and Krieger, why not Erba also ? We suspect Froberger supplied the first chorus of the "*Israel*," and Alberti, whose music was in this volume, the "Let all the angels" in the "*Messiah*."

Handel had not written any alla cappella choruses strictly so called. There are none in "*Esther*," none in "*Deborah*," none in the "*Acis*," or the "*Alexander's Feast*," none in "*Athalia*." "Our fainting courage" in "*Saul*" is not his, nor is "O fatal consequence of rage," also in the same oratorio. His canonic alla capella in "*Solomon*" is Cesti and Kalvisius; in "*Samson*" it is Carissimi ; in the "*Te Deum*" it is Carissimi and Uria. Think of that little chapel at Cannons, scarcely larger than a good-sized drawing-room, a small hall, and then of Handel composing

his largely-planned movements in the Chandos Anthems for such a confined, insignificant *locale*. If he could write the close vocal counterpoint—such as that in the *Magnificat*—if he was such a superb adept in short movements of rare, pure vocal part-writing, was not the chapel at Cannons the very best of all places on earth for its exhibition? Such music as Erba's was wanted at Cannons, and if Handel was up in the school and style why did he not write it?

The fact that the *Magnificat* is in Handel's handwriting is of no importance. The chorus "Awake the ardor of thy breast," in the oratorio of "*Deborah*" is in MS. in Handel's own hand, but it is not his composition.

It may be remarked, "But would Handel condescend to take the thoughts of other people?" In those days there was not a little of this kind of practice. Very little music was printed in comparison with the quantity that was composed, and "conveying," as Sir Walter Scott called it, was the order of the day. And so it is now; the new thought is re-written before the man's ink is dry from whose brain it came. Everybody borrowed and stole, and no man could afford to do this sort of thing better than Handel. He always apologizes for it—puts something alongside of the borrowed thought that almost blinds the auditor by its transcendent originality and immeasurable strength. He laughs in your face—"What you heard just now was not mine; take this, and when you are sufficiently recovered we will go on." It is a sad thing that his commonplace book is lost, his entries of the queer, grand, outside things he heard and saw in his travels. It is worth its weight in gold. Lady Rivers, *née* Coxe—whose mother Smith married—had this book, but it was gone when her Handelian MSS. were sold. Mainwaring says it was full of pieces by Kerl, Krieger, Ebner, and others. Here, then, is the man: for Ebner, read Erba. In those days of trained thought and subtle treatment of a theme, it was of no avail to steal scraps as Meyerbeer did: the all must be conveyed or none. We may be sure Handel only copied what was worth copying, and never copied what he could get without copying. All he copied was very far from ordinary composition.

A word in regard to the æsthetic and classical view. The "*Israel*" is not like the "*Messiah*." Jennens, Handel's patron, who set him to work on these compositions, never complained of the "*Israel*," as being too light or irreverent. Contrast the opening of the "*Israel*," with that of the "*Messiah*." The two works are complete opposites; and it must be recollected that the "*Israel*" formerly began with the "Lamentations of the Israelites for the death of Joseph"—an application of that magnificent anthem, "The ways of Sion do mourn," composed the year before for the funeral of Queen Charlotte. This anthem begins in the grandest form—a kind of choral for the *Canto fermo*—but it is Handel from the first note to the last, very different from the chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed." *Israel*" was composed in 1738, and the year before Handel had failed with the public in all he did. His operas, "*Arminius*," "*Justin*," "*Berenice*," had all proved discomfitures; he had added fireworks and all sorts of odd things to increase the attractions of "*Atalanta*." His Lent oratorios were *fiascos*—the public declined to listen to "*The Triumph of Truth*," "*Esther*," "*Deborah*," "*Dido*," or "*Alexander's Feast*." His great singers Farinelli and Senesino had run away, disgusted with singing to empty houses. The town was thoroughly tired of Handel, and at this time so far from there being any fanaticism for the special style of his writing, the facts demonstrate he had used up his material and wearied his audiences. In writing the Funeral Anthem he had defied the public, he had pleased himself and the King. Now comes the "*Israel*." Here he defies the public, and clearly writes without a thought of popular feeling. Nor had he the Lent Oratorio in his head when he first begins. He writes the second part first, then adds the first part, and when afterwards determining on public performance adds again the introduction of the "Lamentations," in fact his new Funeral Anthem. Whom did he seek to please by all this? Who was to pay him, for he was approaching bankruptcy with rapid stride? Mr. Jennens did pay him, and gave him a thousand pounds, and another oratorio to set to music. Something was to be done in hot haste, for ruin was imminent, and Charles Jennens would not pay for opera, or monsters, or fireworks, or any rubbish of this kind. We know how he set to work when pressed; his *Te Deum* for Dettingen is an ensample—if not wholesale robbery—borrowing on the hugest scale. It seems therefore almost certain that Handel had received his commission from Jennens to set the "Song of Moses" in a large, solemn, church-like way of style, and the case being pressing the composer did, as was his practice, avail himself of the thoughts of others. Hence the interest of the "*Israel*" is the variation of its style, its short forms, its long forms, its bright melodies, its massive harmonies, its quaint counterpoints. It is a cheque from Charles Jennens, and not a draft on the public. Handel ignored the public in this "Song of Moses." When he afterwards laid it before the sagacious public and brought in his Italian singers, he cut out the Funeral Anthem and introduced between the acts a lot of Italian songs.

Who was Erba? There were, it appears, three musicians of this name; one tolerably known, we incline to think of a later period than 1706 8, and not the composer of the *Magnificat*. We take this man to have been a priest—an outside, unknown person, of some small chapelry or church, writing like hundreds of his class for his own needs and his own choir, and perfectly careless as to the results of his works or the opinion of the musical world at large, with which he had no concern and no interest. At all events it is easier to believe that there was a priest called Erba—Dionysius Erba—capable of writing the *Magnificat*, than that Handel should have gone out of his way, his habit, his train of thought, his process of school, to have made an exception to all his work at Rome, and then to have torn his name away from the manuscript in England, some thirty years afterwards; or that he should have taken the trouble to indicate his comparatively juvenile effort in the score from which he conducted so many years in public. He pointed out "the conveyance" himself, for he well knew that some day it would be well ventilated, and satisfactorily established. The two suppositions are somewhat contradictory, but there might have come over him a change of mind, and had any one stolen the last page for his autograph, it would have turned up long ago. To sum up the point: Mainwaring says Handel's commonplace book had pieces in it by Ebner, plainly Erba; Smith says the *Magnificat* is by Erba; and Handel writes "Mag." at the head of his "conveyances." What more can be required?—*London Orchestra.*

## The Naples Conservatory.

THE INTEREST OF THE NEAPOLITANS IN MUSIC—VERDI'S REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CONSERVATORY—WISE RECOMMENDATIONS—THE ADVANTAGES OF NAPLES TO THE STUDENT.

(Correspondence of the Daily Advertiser.)

NAPLES, SEPT., 1871.

I have just succeeded in obtaining a copy of the report made by a commission directed by Verdi to the minister of public instruction, in regard to the state of the musical educational institutions of Italy, and especially of the College of Music in Naples. It is now some months since this report was rendered, and a considerable time has elapsed since it was put in type by the government printers; but very few copies have been distributed, and even in musical circles comparatively little is known as to its purport and effect.

In most respects the Neapolitans are indifferent to the censure which justly falls upon their city for its failure to advance with advancing civilization, and are content to sigh for the old Bourbon days when, if they did lack quays and open streets, light, air and water, sewerage and sanitary regulations, economy, sense and system, at least nobody bothered them about it, and no little group of comparatively enlightened citizens tried to afflict their brethren with rival candidates for municipal offices, and with schemes for improvement. Public neglect, and public affront alike disturb them little, and flagrant abuses meet no other notice than a half protest in the corner of an insignificant newspaper. Their port may remain but a roadstead; their great (and only) avenue to the southward be closed for a year to an almost incalculable travel, which must struggle tediously through tortuous by-streets, where but one line of vehicles can pass; their sewers may pile up refuse on the sands below their only garden of recreation; their streets may be dim and precarious by night; the coroner and his court may be unknown, and the sudden dead may lie for hours where he fell until some commissary of police can be found to take a *procès verbal* on the spot; these, and a thousand other things, which prevent their city from being as delightful as its site is gracious, are all *roba di poco* trifles.

But on one point are they still sensitive and alert—the art of music; and they can ill brook that the old glories of San Carlo have faded, and that although still their *massimo*, it is no longer likewise the greatest of the world. The civic improvements and embellishments of Florence, the activity of Milan, the commercial progress of Genoa and Leghorn, they do not begrudge; but they cannot bear to think that the Italian should resort to Bologna, or the foreigner pause almost on the frontier in Milan, to acquire that education and finish in music, particularly in vocal music, which it has been, and still should be, the prerogative of Naples to impart. Therefore the gradual decadence of the Royal College of Music has been an affliction to bear and a problem to solve. And it may well be mortifying to think that their city where the opera was born, as one may say, where so many grand masters were trained and in their turn taught, where the chief artists of the world came for a seal of approval that could not be questioned, where the great writers came to present their compositions, sacred as well as secular, for criticism, and where even a popular judgment was almost sure to be correct, must lose not only the prestige of its opera-house,—a question now-a-days rather of money than of merit—but also see the school which for centuries had been the nucleus of all these splendors fade and lose its influence abroad and its impress at home.

Since the fall of the Bourbons the Conservatory has lived as it best could, the government having done nothing but assure it a revenue and a roof and never having even provided it with a new set of by-laws and internal ordinances. Excellent masters have not lacked, nor yet talented pupils. But the director has been a nullity. Never by any means so great as his reputation, Mercadante was not the man to be chief of such an institution. In a merely musical light he may be well regarded, and as a principal professor of composition he could never have been out of place. Himself a writer of little variety and much manner, his prolific hand traced few scores that can live except as curiosities or elements of biography and musical history, and the representations which his operas obtained were due rather to his friendly relations with singers than to the merits of the works themselves. But he knew thoroughly the laws of counterpoint and the value of orchestral instruments, and was thus a living source of useful information. Administrative capacity he had not, and during the last decade, when family griefs and his own blindness had affected his disposition and impaired his powers, he was but a name and a shadow of a director. To reform the Conservatory he must be removed; respect for his age, his fame and his genius, forbade his removal. In the mean time the diligent pursued their studies amid all the positive advantages which San Pietro a Maiella can offer, and the idle sauntered about the cloisters, shirked their exercises with small fear of supervision or discipline, and cast discredit then and afterward upon the college.

At last Mercadante died and was buried with a ceremony and a following rare indeed in this careless city. Flowers almost hid the pall, bands of music played dirges, distinguished citizens walked beside the bier, and hundreds of musicians and music-lovers came behind, while scores of aristocratic families sent their carriages to close the funeral in elegant procession. But even in that throng, as everywhere, the question of a successor to the *maestro*, not yet two days dead, was actively discussed, and a wide range of names, from Verdi to Petrella, was canvassed by jealous partisans, who were fain ultimately, to content themselves with their ignorance of even the possibilities of ministerial predilection.

For a wonder, the present ministry has shown not only coherence but capacity, albeit the question of finance is no less vexed in Italy than elsewhere. Signor Correnti, who holds the portfolio of public instruction, is energetic and active; if one hears of him to-day in north Italy inspecting a lyceum, a little later he will be in the south reviewing the clinical schools of a hospital, and anon at a cabinet council in the capital. He had had before him the whole field of musical culture for survey, and the then crisis gave the needed opportunity for initiating a reform, or rather a regeneration, in the Neapolitan college. Certain special questions were therefore incorporated in the charge to the commission, which consisted of Verdi, as president, Serrao, an eminent orchestral master of Naples, Casamorata and Mazzucato, representing other sections of the country—an indisputable able body.

From their report, an octavo pamphlet of about fifty pages, I shall cite a few points to indicate its scope; the whole is very interesting and very sensible, but it is impossible to make any extended extracts in the limits of this letter. Taking as a text, "the restoration to its glorious traditions of the College of Naples," the commission lay down as the prime essentials:—

I. A firm and decided character in the directory and professors. II. Their determination that all laws and rules shall be implicitly obeyed. III. The intrinsic excellence of such regulations,—which should, be it well understood, be uniform for all the similar institutions in Italy, except in those minor particulars which the nature of each locality dictates. The report explains its meaning of "glorious traditions" to be "those grand successes obtained in the last century particularly, by the dramatic and eccles-

Digitized by Google

lastical works written by pupils of the college," and, while regretting the present dearth of such works, passes to remark that elsewhere in Italy, as also out of it, the musical field yields likewise a comparatively unremunerative harvest.

After treating the subject of discipline and the necessity for full powers, administrative as well as instructive, to be vested in the directors, supported and advised by a council on the part of the crown, the commission proceeds to present as follows its views of the actual state of the Italian schools: "1st., the school of wind and key-board instruments is in a satisfactory condition, especially in its mechanical part; 2d., with the exception of a few eminent instances, the school of stringed instruments is generally much less satisfactory, and does not correspond to the needs of art; 3d., the vocal art may be said to be confined to a very few notable artists, who are by no means equal in number even to the wants of the theatre, now becoming constantly more numerous; 4th., the same must be said of the creative art, in respect of new composers; for if these do not absolutely lack, they are certainly far from fulfilling, either by the number or the quality of their works, the exigencies of a really flourishing Italian school."

Lamenting the decline of vocal art, which the report remarks once stood alone in Italy, giving the law to all the world of song, the commission finds one grand cause in the declamatory style of singing, "which dates from the time of Bellini," and which, by forcing the voice out of its natural mode of action, displaced it, injured its *tessitura*, and in many cases positively ruined it. [This I find to be the only unwise point in the report; if voices have been strained and displaced, it would seem that Verdi might blame himself quite as much as Bellini; he has changed his methods in *Don Carlos*, to be sure, but a little verbal confession, or at least modification, would do a deal of good.] Declamation should go hand in hand with melodic delivery, it is granted, but the old ways of study must be brought back, and a natural development attained by skill and patience; masters must be steady and pupils modest.

The deficiencies of composition are attributed to various sources: the fact that young writers can only obtain a hearing at a good theatre by purchase, in spite of any merit their writing may have, the tendency to imitate the harmonic extravagances of an "ultramontane school"—evidently that of Wagner is meant—and to copy the characteristics of any modern writer who happens to arrive at popularity, in the hope of thus getting a hearing themselves. To counterbalance these difficulties the commission would have a periodical opportunity afforded by the government for the public essay of works approved by the college directions, and would prohibit the study of contemporary authors by the pupils. Believing that all necessary models can be found in greater purity among the older writers, the epoch beginning and ending respectively with Palestrina and Rossini is that assigned for study in the Italian school, the German masters being placed under no limit except so far as they may be obnoxious to the criticisms quoted above.

By way of giving clearer form to the principles assumed, the commission devote the larger portion of their report to an ample and minute system of organisation for the several musical colleges, which is in many respects the same as that in accordance with which the conservatory of Milan was remodelled in 1864, and is now conducted. One main point of difference is that at Milan there are no commons, an out-door boarding allowance being made to the free pupils, while the new regulation proposes to preserve the old plan of domiciling pupils within the college walls, but admits a limited number of day scholars. No point of general interest seems to have been passed over, and a truly wise judgment has apparently dictated each article. The pupils must study not only music, but language and literature,—including French and the elements of Latin,—history, geography, musical and dramatic history, penmanship, arithmetic and declamation. There will be adjunct schools for gesture, fencing and the dance. The proportion of scholars for each hundred for the voice, and for each orchestral instrument, is prescribed, and the number of pupils to be received by each master of music is limited narrowly; for instance, the vocal and contrapuntal teachers may not exceed six pupils, the piano and organ teachers seven, those of stringed instruments six, nor those of harmony ten. Some courses of study may reach eight years, and for most six or seven are allowed. The composition of the trial orchestras of fifty members in the colleges, and of eighty eight in San Carlo or La Scala, is defined, and the balance of voices for the corresponding choruses; the educational rehearsals are to be limited to music of the period named above, and to be approved compositions of the older pupils. Inspection, discipline and an arbitrary ranking of the various professors and officials by which any conflict of authority is avoided, make up the balance of the provisions.

The adoption of this report, and the translation of it into action, should really recreate the Neapolitan Conservatory, which although long neglected and devoid of energy and power, is far from dead. Its atmosphere has ever been favorable to labor and to production, and its present dullness and oppression can be but temporary. Indeed the reaction has already begun, and the new director has this week assumed his chair,—not Serrao, whose name is attached to the report, and whose solid merits as a musician gave his fellow-townsmen hopes of his nomination, but Lauro Rossi, until now director of the College of Milan, a man who is said to unite to technical learning the clear head and the steady hand of the Piedmontese. From all that I hear of him, I should judge him to be an admirable choice, although advanced in years,—and I hope he may prove so, for if the old conservatory springs up again into vigor under his direction, the whole Neapolitan school, naturally so original, so rich and so admirable, will revive too: and the vocal school, at least, of the whole world reap in time a benefit.

For my own part, if we Americans were not so much like the English in sheepishly following some leader to a mountain, a hotel, a shop-keeper or a master, I could find it in my heart to wonder why dozens of American singers go to Milan to study instead of coming to Naples. But as two or three have been pleased with Milan, have got their names perhaps into a paper there (and most Italian papers are only too glad to get something to put in), all the others follow suit without reflection or investigation. After considering the subject thoroughly and long, I am compelled to the conclusion that every real advantage for the student is with Naples. Life is cheaper, and it is easier, for the climate is far more equable than that of Milan—a grave matter to the young singer; the traditions are clearer and better for the intending operatic artist, and the acquaintance with rarely sung and studied music wider. Above all, the school in general is better; not so much perhaps in point of style,—for any little city in Italy can furnish a little master, whose sense of musical taste and fitness is delicacy itself,—but in respect of development and delivery of voice, which is the greatest of all. The greatest name Milan has known is Lamberti, but he is of the past; Sangiovanni deserves the reputation of a great operatic teacher, but he is not a "voice-builder"; and of Lamberti's pupils there are many who have been forced to acknowledge faults in emission of voice when brought in comparison with the pupils of the Neapolitan Scafati, and defects of style beside the polished pupils of Florimo. Here are still the men who learned to sing by the genuine method of Busti the wise teacher, and of Lablache the great artist, and who know why those famous front benches of San Carlo applauded one note and hissed another. Here still—though the devotees of the German school may look incredulous—Beethoven is studied by many masters, who write ponderous fugues for their own pleasure, while living on walses and *canzonette*; and here *Don Giovanni* has filled the *Teatro del Fondo* night after night of this very season. If I were to advise a young singer, bent on study in Italy, for *improvement first and notoriety afterward*, I should earnestly recommend Naples as the school, and either Scafati or Cirello as the master. The former is difficult to obtain, for his time is mostly occupied by artists, but the latter is scarcely his inferior save in years. Of the former's success I can only speak generally; but I have myself watched the vocal development of some of the latter's pupils—who had nothing remarkable to commend them at first—with little less than amazement, and I can wish no better fortune (for singer and for hearer) to our American school than to have some really capable young singers pass a year or two under his serious, conscientious teaching.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 7, 1871.

## The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.

It is well known that Robert Franz, the most original of all the recent song composers, a thorough musician in the best sense, and capable no doubt of noble compositions in the larger forms, has chosen rather to devote himself for some years past to a great work of piety and love toward those older masters whose priceless scores as they have left them need "arrangement," additional accompaniments, or "*Bearbeitung*" (as the Germans have it, which means literally elaboration, working over), to bring out fully their intention and beauty in performance now. The *Messiah*, we know, is always given with Mozart's additional accompaniments; yet there are some numbers in it which he has neglected, and which sound therefore very thin, while others, like: "Behold, darkness," he has brought out with wonderfully sympathetic power. "Acis and Galatea" is given in England with Mendelssohn's arrangement. And most of the Oratorios, Cantatas, Masses, Passions, &c., of Bach and Handel require some such treatment. Not alteration, not the addition of another man's thought, but the art, which very few possess—perhaps no one in so high a degree as Franz—of divining as it were the real, full intention of the composer, of reading it between the lines of the mere sketch which he has often left us in his written score, where whole arias, for instance, are set down with no accompaniment beyond a figured *basso continuo*, not even the string quartet being written out. The composer in these cases had the whole thing in his mind, and played it all in person at the organ as he sat presiding.

The question how these scores are to be filled out and prepared for modern performances, how the great vocal works of Bach and Handel are to be made truly available and their full sense brought home to us, is certainly a most important one for art,—a "burning" question is the intense term which Franz applies to it, he who has faced this problem so much more earnestly than anybody, and has solved it so successfully: witness what he has done for the orchestral portion of Bach's Passion music, and the wonderful art with which he has furnished so many arias of Bach and Handel with a piano-forte accompaniment conceived in the very style and spirit of the master, and of which he has drawn the elements from his profound study of the intentions frequently concealed in the mysterious figures over that bare *basso continuo*. Yet these admirable labors of Franz have met with criticism and with opposition on the part of certain literal adherents to the old scores as they stand, who have authority in Germany. With singular modesty and candor, and yet with great earnestness and force and clearness, Franz has recently replied to their objections, relating the history of his experience in these labors, and unfolding the whole *rationale* of his method, in a pamphlet which lies before us, which takes the form of an "Open Letter" (*Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick, über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke, namentlich Bach'scher und Händel'scher Vocalmusik.*" Of this we propose to give the substance, translating for the most part as closely as we may be able.

After a few introductory remarks on the importance of the question, (alluding by the way to the friendly interest which the Vienna critic, Hanslick, has shown in his labors), and asking indulgence for adopting a narrative form as giving him greater freedom, he proceeds:

"Inclination, perhaps also natural disposition, drew me years ago to Bach's and Handel's music. My modest sphere of action in Halle was not entirely unfavorable to such pursuits; they soon became the central point of the Singakademie which I conducted. At that time (I speak of the years 1841, &c.,) one was obliged to try to help himself, as matters then stood. Handel's Oratorios were limited for us to those which had been arranged (elaborated, provided with additional accompaniments) by Mozart and by Mosel; Bach's Cantatas and Masses, to the editions provided by Marx. We performed these things as they were laid before us, and quite naively took it for granted that the full meaning of these works of Art was thus exhausted. To be sure, the public sometimes opened its eyes very wide, when in a Bach

Cantata a singular dialogue occurred between the flute and the double-bass, or when the *Basso continuo* actually treated us to a long, dreary monologue. But we did not quarrel with it; we set it all down to the account of the good old time, which we believed it our duty to accept precisely as it was.

"Into the midst of this youthful activity suddenly fell the complete editions, first of Bach's, and afterwards of Handel's works, offering for performance a fulness of new material in well authenticated forms. Then indeed the Bach Cantatas began to look quite differently from what they did with Marx: everywhere you found richly figured basses, which could not have been put there without a purpose, and which enabled us to draw some definite inferences concerning an earlier Art *praxis* once in vogue. Still my doubts about the practicability of those old arrangements did not go deep enough to withhold me from the study and rehearsal of one or another work in those forms. The choruses, inasmuch as their composition is pretty conclusively determined, offered no serious hindrance; all the more difficult was it dealing with the solo numbers, by reason of their many defective passages.

"In the beginning I resorted to a desperate means, which is even now employed in many ways:—I cut away and struck out vigorously, and used at the utmost only the pieces for which Bach had in some sense provided the accompaniment. But that could not go on forever; the connection of the whole was often too seriously imperilled; and then again some single arias stood there in such splendid outlines, that one could not pass them over without ceremony;—in short I resolved to make the attempt to work out an accompaniment. At first I tried it with mere chord accompaniments, but I soon perceived that there was no getting through in this way: the harmonies fell with leaden heaviness into the Bach *parts* and no where found firm footing in the flexible *continuo*;—instead of supporting, such additions only encumbered the progress of the music. For a considerable time I held it utterly impossible to set a thing according to my wish, and I keenly regretted the necessity of renouncing many a finely sketched aria.

"One day, though, I went to work again; this time with the purpose of trying to solve the problem, for the sake of change, with the polyphonic style of writing. And lo! to my joyful surprise, all suddenly became alive, the *parts* seemed only to have waited for some one to write them down, and evidently had been premeditated. I quickly comprehended that the sketches were by no means hasty outlines, but fully as complete and definite as the rest of the composition which was actually carried out. While the old masters jotted them down, they at the same time created in their minds the web of parts which is yet wanting, and they could the better trust themselves to find it again, that they took care in person for the execution of the accompaniment. It must therefore be the chief task of the arranger (*Bearbeiter*) to come behind the peculiar purposes of the authors and keep in close relation with them; if for obvious reasons the reconstruction always remains problematical for us, still in very many cases a result may be obtained which will not differ too much from the intentions of the master. Bach's figuration is often carried into the smallest detail—it needs only a sharp eye and a skilful hand to hit with confidence upon the last decisions. Nevertheless the labor does not everywhere go on so easily; many a fine time have I sat all day at a loss before a couple of measures, and I know pieces, for the satisfactory solution of which the present technics of our Art would hardly be sufficient.

"Having arrived at this conviction, that the polyphonic style throughout was here premeditated, the next thing was to submit it to the most various tests: if one trial failed, I took the thing up in another way, and never rested until profitable results were reached. Gradually in this way a method was developed, which, based on the material of the sketches, and using just the elements which these afforded, mastered the problem of a true and satisfactory rendering. As well in the structure of the bass, as in the figuration of the *cantilena*, moments presented themselves well suited to the shaping of *motives*, and which could be worked up;—these once discovered, the further progress of the piece unfolded of itself. Clearly enough: the style of the old masters sprang from the simplest and most elementary laws—at the foundation of their Art-forms lies a principle entirely similar to that according to which plants, flowers and fruits spring out of *one germ*." [Doubtless it was this passage which led our great naturalist, Prof. Agassiz, the other day, on happening to take up this pamphlet of Franz, to read it through with eager interest, struck by such beautiful confirmation of the unitary processes of science in the laws of this profound, true school of Art.]

"But even the greatest dexterity in form would have furnished no pledge of any sure success, if it had been applied without a constant reference to the indwelling mood or spirit of the sketch: the two had to go hand in hand and mutually support each other.

"And so as to the accompaniment of the solo passages, I had become tolerably clear, and now proceeded to investigate the choruses. Not to waste words: the accompaniment had almost everywhere to coöperate with the voice parts, for really in it lay properly the centre of gravity of this sort of music. Whether the person entrusted with it performed his function at the organ, or at the *cembalo*, he was the nerve of the whole, in him were all the threads united."

—So much for the present; but we propose to go on and give our readers the entire substance of the Letter, partly by direct translation, partly in the form of abstract.

## Symphony Concerts.

The committee of the Harvard Musical Association have nearly completed the arrangements for the seventh season of these well established feasts of great Orchestral music. Such concerts,—in the midst of all the distracting temptations from abroad, the excited expectations artfully worked up by enterprising impresarios who use Art mainly as a means of business, and in spite of strong personal interest so naturally taken in each new famous prima donna or instrumental virtuoso—have in a certain sense a first claim on the affections of our real music-lovers, not only for their intrinsic excellence (at least of programmes) and their single, pure artistic motive, but also because they are our own; they represent the aspiration of our own community to realize something ideal and unfailing, year by year, in a sincere and high direction of Art. The time, we think, has come, when what we do for ourselves, in any well organized way, from genuine Art motives, is of far more importance to our musical character and progress, than all the speculative flying visitations of transitory stars, however brilliant, from whatever spheres remote. Hospitable as we may and should be, and appreciative, to the good things from abroad, our home supplies always (of course in proportion to their purity of motive, their earnestness) are worthy to be cherished with our fondest love. It was precisely this conviction that led to the formation of our Oratorio, and particularly our Symphony Concerts; it was that we might be sure every year of something good without being dependent on the chances of foreign arrivals and the schemes of speculators.

The Symphony Concerts will again be *ten* in number, beginning on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9, and continued once a fortnight as the rule, with two or three exceptions caused by the engagement of the Music Hall for Fairs. It is, as it is well known, a speciality of the plan, to which their marked success has been in a great measure owing from the first, that they aim to preserve a certain identity of sympathetic audience, as well as a certain standard of musical selection and interpretation. The members of the Association, who guaranty the concerts, first dispose of tickets among their friends (and others who apply to them) to an amount sufficient to virtually secure the enterprise; these have the first choice of seats, and very justly, for the reason that those persons who approve themselves year after year the sure, reliable supporters of such music have thereby earned a certain title to consideration in the competition for the opportunity to hear. Were the whole thing thrown open to the usual scramble at a ticket office, the chances would be that not a few of the most real, loyal audience might find themselves excluded. After the private choice of seats, however, there always remains a good third part, or one half of the Hall open to all who care to purchase tickets. Moreover, any person, who will give his order to any member of the Association (and they are many and well known) will be counted in for the private drawing of seats, provided he apply on or before the 13th inst. The price of season tickets this year has been fixed at $8.00 (instead of $10.00 as last year).

Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct the concerts, and Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG will no doubt be welcomed back as the leader of the violins (or what the Germans call the *Concertmeister*). The orchestra has been made more select, partly by a slight reduction of numbers where it could be done without real loss of power, and with increase of unity and accuracy.

Several of our best musicians have forsaken Boston; but in most instances their places have been fully made good. Mr. HARTDEGEN, last year leading violoncellist in Thomas's Orchestra, is now with us, and we have gained an excellent first Oboe in Mr. KUTZLEB, who has been engaged expressly from Leipzig. The concerts will open with at least 10 good violins, 8 second, 5 or 6 cellos, 7 double basses, and the full complement of wood and brass, never more select than now.

The ten programmes are determined in nearly all the essential features, leaving room for alteration in a few numbers only as specified below. It will be understood that the pieces marked * are given for the first time in these concerts; those marked **, for the first time in Boston, while *** means first time in this country. And it will be seen that the proportion of new music is very large.

*First Concert, Nov. 9.*

1. Overture to "The Water Carrier,"............ *Cherubini.*
2. ** Concert Aria: "Ch'io mi scordi," with Piano and Orchestral accompaniment.................. *Mozart.*
   Mrs. C. A. BARRY.
3. Short Entr'acte from "Manfred," (second time)........................................ *Schumann.*
4. *** Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella."........ *Schubert.*

—

1. *** Songs with Pianoforte:
   a. "Con rauco mormorio," from "Rodelinda." . *Handel*
   b. "Aprillaunen" (April humors),................ *Franz.*
2. Pastoral Symphony.......................... *Beethoven.*

*Second Concert, Nov. 23.*

1. Overture to "Leonore," No. 1. (second time).. *Beethoven.*
2. ** Concerto for Violoncello.................. *Goltermann.*
   ADOLPH HARTDEGEN.
3. ** Symphony, No. 6, in C.......................... *Mozart.*

—

1. ** Concerto for the Oboe........................ *Handel.*
   AUGUST KUTZLEB.
2. Overture to "Leonore," No. 3................... *Beethoven.*

*Third Concert, Dec. 7.*

1. Overture to "Faniska," (second time)........ *Cherubini.*
2. ** Symphony, No 3, in E flat...................... *Haydn.*

—

1. Piano Concerto.................. *Beethoven, or Chopin.*
   Miss ANNA MEHLIG.
2. Concert ("Fest") Overture........................ *Rietz.*

*Fourth Concert, Dec. 28.*

1. Overture: "In the Highlands".................. *Gade.*
2. Piano Concerto, in F sharp minor (second time)................................ *Norb. Burgmüller.*
   E. PERABO.

—

1. Symphony, No. 4, in B flat................... *Beethoven.*
2. * Overture to "The Ruler of the Spirits" ("Rubezahl.").......................................... *Weber.*

Digitized by Google

*Fifth Concert, Jan. 4, 1872.*

1. Overture, "The Fair Melusina."............*Mendelssohn.*
2. *** Symphony in C (Grand Duo for Pianoforte, op. 140, instrumented for Orchestra by JOSEPH JOACHIM.—Copied expressly from MS. in Vienna) ............................*Schubert.*

—

1. Adagio and Andante from "Prometheus." Ballet.......................................*Beethoven.*
2. ** Concerto for the Clarionet.

MR. WEBER.

3. Overture to "Genaveva."......................*Schumann.*

*Sixth Concert, Jan. 18.*

1. Organ Toccata in F, arranged for Orchestra by Esser.......................................*Bach.*
2. *** Symphony, No. 3, in A minor. ...............*Gade.*

—

1. Piano Concerto, in D minor......................*Mozart.*

RICHARD HOFFMAN, of New York.

2. Aria. (?)
3. Overture to "Fierabras."......................*Schubert.*

*Seventh Concert, Feb. 1.*

1. Overture to "Coriolan."......................*Beethoven.*
2. ** Piano Concerto.............................*Bennett (?)*

B J. LANG.

3. * "Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo"......................*Liszt.*

—

1. ** "Oxford" Symphony, in G......................*Haydn.*
2. *** Overture für Harmonie-Musik (Wind Instruments), in C......................*Mendelssohn.*

*Eighth Concert, Feb. 23, (Friday).*

1. *** Concert Overture. in C..........................*Gade.*
2. Aria.
3. ** Symphony, No. 2, op. 140, in C..................*Raff.*

—

1. Piano Concerto, No. 3, in C minor............*Beethoven.*

J C. D. PARKER.

2. Songs with Pianoforte.
3. Scherzo, from op. 52 (second time)............*Schumann.*

*Ninth Concert, Mar. 7.*

1. Symphony, No. 2, in C.......................*Schumann.*
2. *** Overture: "Tausend und Eine Nacht" (Arabian Nights' Tales)......................*Taubert.*

—

1. ** Piano Concerto, No. 7, in C minor............*Mozart.*

HUGO LEONHARD.

2. ** Overture to Racine's "Athalie."..........*Mendelssohn.*

*Tenth Concert, March 21.*

1. * Overture to "Lodoiska."......................*Cherubini.*
2. (?) ** Choruses for Male Voices:
   a. Part-Song: "Nachtgesang im Walde," with accompaniment of four horns..........................*Schubert.*
   b. Foresters' Chorus, from "Pilgrimage of the Rose" (with horns)....*Schumann.*
3. ** Concerto for two Violins......................*Spohr.*

—

1. Heroic Symphony, No 3.......................*Beethoven.*
2. (?) Double Chorus from "Antigone": "Hear us, Bacchus."......................*Mendelssohn.*

## Concert Review.

Illness deprived us of MME. PAREPA-ROSA's three concerts, in which we learn that the great singer displayed some of her best power, especially in Beethoven's "Ah! perfido."

The first pair of MR. PECK's Popular Concerts (Sept. 27 and 28, were very successful. The selections, miscellaneous of course, were mainly good, the artists excellent. The feature of most novelty and interest was the performance of the blind violinist, Mr. JOSEPH HEINE, who indeed shows a remarkable mastery of his instrument and is perfectly at home in all the virtuoso arts His tone is fine, his *cantabile* full of feeling and of breadth, and there is real nerve and vigor in his bravura execution. He played operatic fantasias by Ernst, Vieuxtemps, &c., and was well accompanied on the piano by his wife. The singing of Mrs. WEST and Mrs. BARRY, Mr. FESSENDEN (a very sweet light tenor), and Mr. BARNABEE, both in songs, duets, and quartets, was highly acceptable.—Two more of these concerts were set down for last evening and this afternoon.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gave a concert in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, which was a remarkably good one of its kind. A small but quite efficient orchestra performed the overtures to *Yelva* (Reissiger) and *Egmont* Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, in excellent voice and style, sang "*Vieni la mia vendetta*" from *Lucrezia Borgia*; and then appeared Miss Phillipps and her protegée,—for whose introduction, as we understand, the gave the concert—Miss CORNELIA STETSON, a young lady who went from this vicinity a few years since to study with Garcia in London, and who recently returned with Miss Phillipps. The Duet from *Semiramide* "Ebben a te ferisce," served to show not only a pure soprano voice of great sweetness, flexibility and evenness throughout a large compass, but sound method and good style, and great fluency and grace of florid execution. Her appearance, too, was pleasing, and her manner altogether natural and modest. There was no particular intensity of expression, nor was that required. In "Qui la voce" from the *Puritani* she won still more upon an appreciative audience. It was an auspicious debut.

Miss Phillipps herself sang in her very best style, both in the Duet, and in the Page's song: Nobil Signor," from the *Huguenots*, and was of course obliged to answer the enthusiastic recalls with some ballads.

Another admirable violinist made his first appearance here that night, in the person of Signor SARASATE, an Italian of refined appearance and a most finished, refined style of playing. His own fantasia on themes from *Martha* was cleverly constructed and displayed a wonderful perfection in all the technical points of modern violin playing. The Andante and Finale of Mendelssohn's Concerto were also very artistically rendered; the Andante with hardly breadth and largeness enough, but the Rondo with a fine vivacity and finish.

—

NEXT IN ORDER. Nilsson in Opera! On Monday evening and throughout that week and the week following, the Boston Theatre will be the scene of the first dramatic appearances of the admired Swedish singer in America. The combination—principal artists, chorus, orchestra, and stage appointments—appears to be of the best and most complete that we have ever had. The list is fully before the public and does not need recital here. The luxury will be expensive, but that does not seem to be a damper on the eagerness to secure seats. One fault we have to find with the announcement, and that is the (at least seeming) want of frankness in not stating, for the information of the public, that Nilsson herself sings only on alternate nights; most people (coming from a distance too) have no suspicion of the fact The first night no doubt will give an admirable performance of *Faust*, to be repeated in the matinée of Saturday. Tuesday, the "Barber;" Wednesday, *Lucia*; Thursday, *Martha*. It will be a great week to those who can afford it.

Great interest awaits the debut in the Music Hall of MRS. MOULTON, who in her maiden years, in the society of Cambridge and of Boston, excited greater admiration than we ever knew of any amateur by the wonderful beauty of her voice, her quick musical instinct, and the possession of so many of the natural gifts that go to make a singer. Since her marriage she has resided in Paris, where her singing in private circles has for years been famous. She has not been a "severe student" of music and does not court any exciting antagonism with those who have been trained to a public career; but wherever she has sung either in society, or (as in the New York Academy) for charity, the applause of artists and critics has always followed her efforts, to a degree that warrants her in seeking, professionally, a wider fame. Mrs. Moulton will first sing in New York, and will give her first concert here on the 30th inst., to be followed by others early in November. She will have the aid of Sig. Sarasati, the violinist, and an orchestra; what more we are not yet informed.

MR. GEORGE DOLBY's first Ballad Concerts in Boston are announced for Oct 14th, 15th and 16th. Of course there will be eager audience for such noted English singers as Miss EDITH WYNNE, MME. PATEY, MR. W. H. CUMMINGS (who will be truly welcome back again), MR. PATEY, and the great baritone, MR. SANTLEY, besides Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, a London pianist of long established reputation. The thing will be unique and choice.—Twice in November, twice at Christmas time, and twice later, these English artists will join the Handel and Haydn Society in oratorio performances: *Judas Maccabeus, Elijah, St. Paul, Messiah, &c.*

CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC promises exceedingly well. Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG, aided probably by Mr. Hartdegen, the new 'cellist, Mr. Kntsch, the new oboist, Mr. Kreissmann and Mr. Gleggner-Castelli, true interpreters of the best German song, are to give six Trio Matinées on Thursdays, alternating with the Harvard Symphony Concerts The most important Trios, Quartets, Sonata Duos, Sonatas, &c, for Piano alone, of Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, &c., and songs by Franz and others, will compose the programmes, which cannot fail to be thoroughly artistic and attractive.—Mr. PERABO will begin his concerts in January.—By that time too we may expect something from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.—Miss ANNIE MEHLIG purposes to give several Piano Matinées in Boston.

---

NEW YORK, SEPT. 25. The musical season here was "inaugurated" on the 11th of September by the Vienna Lady Orchestra. It was not a very great success. The class of music played was of the poorest and of the most popular order. It can hardly be called an orchestra, as there are no brass or wind instruments, excepting the flutes, a piano and melodeon being used in their place. The audiences were not large, except on the first night. Twelve concerts were given, and they are to leave this week for the West. Mr. Theo. Thomas closed his season of concerts at Central Park Garden, last night, when he gave the 134th concert. It has been the most successful season he has yet given. The last two weeks the orchestra was increased to nearly sixty performers. The programmes always contain something good, and Thursday evenings the second part is made up of classical music exclusively. Last Thursday he gave us a fine performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and the week before of Schumann's fourth. His orchestra leave for the West about Oct. 1. He has engaged Mlle. Marie Krebs as the soloist, for the season.

The opera season, which promises to be unusually fine, will commence Oct. 2d, at the Academy of Music, when Mme. Parepa-Rosa will appear in the "Daughter of the Regiment." Among the novelties promised during the season, is Cherubini's "Water Carrier."

As soon as the English opera is over, the Italian opera will commence, with M'lle. Nilsson as the great attraction, and last five weeks. The opening performance will be "Faust."

The Dolby English Ballad troope, consisting of Miss Edith Wynne (soprano), Mme. Patey (contralto), Mr. W. H. Cummings (tenor), Mr. J. G. Patey (bass) and Mr. Santley (baritone), will give four concerts at Steinway Hall on Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12th.

The Harmonic Society, which has been apparently dead for some time past, has suddenly sprung into life. They will perform during the season the following works: "Samson," "Elijah," "Messiah," "Creation," "Hymn of Praise," "Judas Maccabæus" and "Acis and Galatea." They have secured, as conductor, the inevitable Dr. Pech, and also the Dolby English Ballad quartet. The orchestra will number sixty-two, and the chorus three hundred. The first performance will take place at Steinway Hall, Oct. 31st, when "Elijah" will be given.

Among the musical events to take place next month, the début of Mme. Charles Moulton is much talked of. She has never sung in New York, except in a Philharmonic rehearsal, some two years ago. The event takes place Oct. 16th.

The Church Music and Philharmonic Societies, will commence in November. The concerts of the former will probably take place in the Academy of Music.

The season certainly promises well, but why is it that New York is almost totally destitute of classical chamber concerts? None, or nearly none have been given since the Mason and Thomas soirées, which had to be discontinued, after thirteen seasons, for want of patronage.

I had almost forgotten to state that the great German tenor, Herr Wachtel, made his first appearance in New York, a week ago, at the Stadt Theater. He sang in a trashy French opera, and to-night sings in "Trovatore." W.

Of Wachtel, in his third rôle, George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*, the *Sun* says:

As Wachtel discloses his abilities, in the several works in which he has become famous abroad, it becomes evident that he possesses the rare faculty of singing equally well in serious and in comic opera. We believe that with the Americans he will be most in favor in the former, and with the Germans in the latter. Our people love tragic music, and are not half so merry-minded as the Germans. Besides, in comic opera there is much spoken dialogue, which to those who understand German is pleasant, but to those who do not a bore.

Boieldieu's is one of the best works ever written for the French stage. It has been one of Wachtel's greatest operas, but it does not give him that opportunity to make use of his highest artistic gifts that other and more serious operas afford. Still he makes it apparent even to those who have not heard him in any other work, that he is a great singer. His voice is brilliant rather than sympathetic, and it is without a break in all its compass; his vocalization is very perfect, and the ease with which he carries through a long and arduous part admirable.

---

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA. The season promises richly. Of course it would be superfluous to tell of what is set forth in the programmes of the various troupes of flying visitors from Europe, who will do the same in Philadelphia that they do in Boston and New York and Western Cities. The Quaker City has already had the Vienna "Lady Orchestra," and will of course have Nilsson, and Parepa Rosa, and the Dolby Ballad people, and Jullien Junior, and all the rest; and Thomas with his orchestra, of course, will be welcomed there on his annual circuit through his extensive diocese. One other novelty, of which Boston sends the nucleus (the Mendelssohn Quintette Club), is in progress there this very week, opening the season ("inaugurating" is the *Gilmorine* for it) with a whole week of "grand vocal and instrumental concerts of classical and miscellaneous music" night after night. The Quintette constellation carry with them as attendant stars a quartet of our singers: Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. Packard and Mr. F. J. Sprague; also Mr. Arbuckle, our unsurpassed cornet soloist; also Mr. de Ribas, oboist, Mr. Hamann, hornist, Mr. Becher, fagottist, and Mr. A. Heindl, contrabassist. These enable them to produce a rich series, not only of string quartets and quintets, but (what is too rare in this country) Septets, Octets, Nonets, &c., by Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr and Onslow. The rest of the week's programme, the

Digitized by Google

larger half, is very miscellaneous and "popular," and is all set forth at length in a whole column of the newspapers, showing a queer potpourri of Art and business, the whole winding up with a concert by the Seventh Regiment Band of New York. The *entrepréneur* is Mr. T. B. Pugh.

More important and more interesting, in a sincere regard to musical Art progress, is a survey of what Philadelphia is doing *for itself* in the building-up of permanent local institutions. Here a remarkable activity displays itself. We are indebted to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for a glimpse of the good things in preparation:

CHARLES H. JARVIS'S SOIREES.

Mr. Jarvis, our most masterly piano player, has already completed his arrangements for giving the usual series of six soirées in the piano rooms of Mr. Dutton, on Chestnut street. He will be assisted as heretofore, by Messrs. Kopta and Hennig, with a possible increase of the force at some of the concerts. The prominent points of his programmes offer a rare selection of noble and beautiful compositions. Among them will be the Toccata in C major of Robert Schumann; the Trio in E flat, opus 100, by Schubert; a Sonata, opus 121, in D minor, for piano and violin, by Schumann, and probably the D minor trio of the same composer. The Schubert trio, as a whole, will, we think, be new here. The first movement of it was given at one of Mr. Jarvis's soirees last winter. In addition to these Mr. Jarvis will himself play Liszt's piano transcription of Bach's great G minor organ fugue, and as a memorial of two distinguished musicians who have died during the musical recess, he will give Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantaisie, and Carl Tausig's transcription of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," the latter for the first time here. The above are only a portion of the works to be given, and they alone give promise of really healthy and solid music.

MISS JACKSON'S PARLOR CONCERTS.

To Miss Anna Jackson belongs the credit of maintaining the only quartette club in the city. She has done this for years by her own untiring exertions, and the public reaps therefrom increase of benefit and pleasure in each successive winter. We believe the season which is about opening is the twelfth during which this conscientious, industrious and zealous musician has continued her quartette concerts. No amount of public appreciation can repay the toil which such an undertaking has demanded, but there is a sense of pleasure after all in seeing such a genuine appreciation of cultivated efforts as has been given to the concerts of Miss Jackson during a few years past.

Her scheme for the coming season comprises the usual number of concerts, only four of which, however, will be given in the evening. Two of them will be noonday or afternoon concerts, and the same players as heretofore will assist her. The programmes are not sufficiently decided upon to be announced at present, but they are sure to be good, and, doubtless, many of them new and important. No chamber concerts given last year contained so many novelties nor so much music, and it will be remembered that some of them, in instrumental strength and importance, were almost orchestral.

MR. WOLFSOHN'S MATINEES.

Carl Wolfsohn has likewise continued his concerts for a long series of years, and they have become an institution which his admirers will no longer dispense with. His absence from the country renders it impossible to give his projects in detail at present, while the retirement of Mr. Stoll makes it uncertain what violinist he may select. A good portion of his time will probably be taken up in arranging for the series of afternoon symphony concerts which he had already projected before going to Europe. These will be ten in number, and he expects to model his programmes after those of his former co-worker in chamber music, Theodore Thomas. That is, he will devote the first part of the concert to symphony, and the remainder to lighter music. We have great hopes that these concerts will be successful, and if Mr. Wolfsohn can succeed in getting good material in his orchestra the public will undoubtedly sustain him.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS OF MESSRS. CROSS AND JARVIS.

Speaking of symphony concerts reminds us that those most definitely arranged and announced will be given by Michael H. Cross and Charles H. Jarvis. They will be three in number, and a picked orchestra of forty five players has been selected, and will perform under the direction of Mr. Cross. These concerts are expected to be, to a large extent, sustained by subscriptions, and already, without any public announcement, more than half the necessary funds have been subscribed. The programmes, for musical importance, exceed any that have yet been heard in Philadelphia. The three symphonies selected will alone render the series memorable. They are "The Fourth" of Beethoven (never before given here,) "The First" in B major, of Schumann, and the great Schubert symphony in C. In addition to these Mr. Jarvis will play a piano concerto at each concert as follows:—The third, in C minor, of Beethoven, the Schumann concerto, and probably one by Sir William Sterndale Bennett. An important adjunct to these symphony concerts will be the public rehearsals which are to precede them. These in New York are almost as well attended as the concerts, and the experiment was tried successfully by our Philharmonic Society a few years ago, and last year by the Harvard Orchestra of Boston. One advantage of it must strike the mind at once, that is the additional interest which two or more hearings will furnish to any important symphonic composition. Another advantage will suggest itself to musical directors, viz., the greater inducement which it will furnish to full attendance of the musicians at rehearsal. The reader willl not fail to notice, in looking over our list, the prominent place which the music of Robert Schumann is likely to hold this winter on our programmes.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA.

This time-honored organization has completed its plans for the winter, and will continue to give weekly concerts on Saturday afternoons, at the Musical Fund Hall. The first of these will be given October 7, and they will continue without further interruption for twenty weeks. The orchestra has been increased to thirty-six members, and the experienced direction of William G. Dietrich has been secured. The prospectus announces "many renowned compositions never before heard in Philadelphia." Among these are to be symphonies, &c., and in connection with them a series of grand evening concerts is projected to be given at the Academy, at one of which the management promise to produce the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven, with an orchestra of eighty and a strong chorus. This, of itself, if properly rendered, will be the crowning event of the winter, and one more added to the many favors for which we have to thank the Germania. Considerable solo talent, both vocal and instrumental, will be added to the afternoon concerts. One project among their announcements we most emphatically condemn, and that is the design to give Beethoven's and Mozart's most celebrated pianoforte sonatas arranged for the orchestra. We should as soon think of covering the stainless marble of the Greek Slave with flesh tints as of converting the Moonlight sonata into an orchestral piece. Not merely the effects of the work, but the intention of the composer is destroyed, and that, above all things, should be held inviolate by those to whom immortal works are entrusted for translation.

THE CHORAL SOCIETIES.

These are all busy preparing for the campaign, but as they depend more on amateur than professional talent, they are later in getting to work, and their arrangements are not yet fully perfected. We shall only glance over them very briefly, and reserve a more detailed account of their intentions until a later date.

The Handel and Haydn Society held their annual meeting about a fortnight ago, and elected Mr. Henry G. Thunder as their leader. The active rehearsals have just begun, and we may look for important work from the society before the winter is over.

The West Philadelphia Choral Society will give two concerts during the season, under the direction of their leader, Mr. Pierson. The first of these will be miscellaneous; the other will consist of some important single work, probably an oratorio. The rehearsals will begin next week.

The Beethoven Society will give three concerts—in December, February and April. Their leader, Mr. Wolfsohn, being still abroad, the regular rehearsals will not begin until his return. The works to be given are likewise in abeyance until then. We have heard suggested "The Paradise and Peri," of Schumann, as probable.

The "Abt Society" will give its usual complement of three concerts. This, it will be remembered, is the only American male singing society in the city, and has been closely approaching, in its ambitious and successful strides, the great German societies from which it has been modeled. The attention to expression which these fine voices betray, produces all the more effect in the close harmonies which distinguish male part singing. The "Abt" has been increased to thirty-five members, and will be as heretofore under the lead of Mr. M. H. Cross.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Rheinrine Sharley. 2. C to e. *Sol. S. Russell.* 30
Blue-Beard. 4. Various Keys. *Parry.* 60
O Nixey, that's too thin. 2. C to f. *Huntley.* 30
If ever I cease to love. 3. D to e. *G. Leybourne.* 30

Wide awake comic songs, each serving to raise a laugh, and the second and longest about twenty laughs.

Mother comes in dreams to me. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. *M. Leach.* 30
Never more to see thy smile. 3. Bb to f. *E. Christie.* 35
Willie Brown. Scotch Ballad. 2. Eb to f. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Mother, I can see the Angels. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. *Harry Percy.* 30
Little Footsteps gone before. Song, or Duet and Chorus. 3. Ab to f. *Agnes Ashton.* 30
Beautiful Bessie. Song and Chorus. 2. C to e. *W. T. Porter.* 30

Beautiful Ballads, all! We have only space to mention, as out of the common course, Mr. Turner's pretty imitation of a Scotch song, the peculiar and pleasing Chorus of the "Angels" lay, and the sweet, but mournful ending of the last song, where "Bessie" is lost.

The Day is cold and dark and dreary. Duet. 3. Eb to f. *J. Blockley.* 40
The King and I. 3. F to f. *Henrult.* 40
It is not always May. 4. Ab to f. *Ch. Gounod.* 50
If doughty Deeds my Lady please. 3. Eb to e. *A. S. Sullivan.* 40
I will stand by my Friend. 3. Eb to f. *G. Bicknell.* 30

Five songs of classic beauty, sung by Santley and others. The first is well known as a solo, but not as a duet, the second is bluff, honest, musical and taking, the third is Gounod-like, the next hearty, as is the last. Not a bad piece among them.

**Instrumental.**

Gems of the Season. Arr. for Guitar by *W. L. Hayden.*
Shepherd Boy. 25

Convenient arrangement of a popular melody.

Blacksmith's Anvil. Polka. 4. Bb. *H. Eikmeier.* 75
Love's Favorite Polka. 2. C. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Three Blind Mice. " 3. D. *A. W. Maflin.* 40

Three pleasing Polkas. The "Mice" sport a handsome lithographic title.

Leur Derniere Valse Brilliant. 5. D. *J. Blumenthal.* 75

High-class brilliant waltz.

Jolly Brothers' Galop. 4 hds. 3. Bb. *Ch. Wels.* 50
Marche des Tambours. " 4. Db. " 1.00

Arrangements by Wels of two of Sidney Smith's pieces, of which the melody of the first has a strange fascination. The last is very powerful, and a good exhibition piece.

Summerfield March. 4. C. *W. A. Smith.* 30

Full of Octaves. Easy for large hands.

First Impromptu. 5. Db. *Max Schrattenholtz.* 35

A sort of *salon* study, graceful and gliding.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 797. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 15.

## "Where did you come from, Baby Dear?"

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life*

[Continued from page 106.]

While I was absorbed in my Art studies, zealously toiling, and with the best result, the storm of excitement and uprising throughout the whole German land in the year 1812 began to roar. Napoleon's mighty armies succumbed to the elements and to the well planned strategy of his powerful northern foe. Some of the wretched remnants of the scattered troops marched through Halle on their way back to France. These unfortunate French soldiers, who had with difficulty reached our borders, were sorry pictures of distress. I yet remember one of them. He sat on one of the corner stones which stood at the right and left of the door way of Türk's house. Holding his billet in his hand, he had not been able to drag himself any further. To all my questions he replied with a soft voice: "Oui, Monsieur!" More than that the frozen lips could not get out. And before he could reach his quarters, the unhappy man died with his "Oui Monsieur" before my eyes.

The throne held by the grace of Napoleon began now to totter, and the kingdom of Westphalia soon collapsed. Halle belonged once more to Germany. Among the ruins of the Westphalian throne were also buried all the golden blossoms which a transient star of fortune had thrown into my lap a little while before. Gone was the yearly subsidy, forever gone all prospect of a journey to Italy! Whether I should ever wield the Kapellmeister's baton in Cassel had become a matter of pure chance. Türk, to his lively interest for my talent, would gladly have continued to instruct me without pay; but for him too the year 1813 had become a fatal one. Already the premonitions of an incurable malady showed themselves to him. All this began to weigh heavily upon my soul. But instead of giving myself up to helpless inactivity during this most melancholy period (I may well say) of my life, I too was seized with the universal enthusiasm for my Fatherland. Shall I be charged with ingratitude because, owing so much to the rule of the foreigner, I felt the glowing wish within me to march into the field against him? Can one control the voice, which from the deepest soul speaks for the Fatherland?—There was then an officer named Wucherer in Halle, to enlist young men for the national cause and for Lützow's "*schwarze wilde verwegene Jagd.*" I can still hear how this corps made the Tyrtæan songs of Körner ring through the liberated provinces of Germany. To this recruiting officer I went; my youthful breast swelled proudly; like many other youths at that time I imagined that my sixteen years, which I had barely put behind me, were fully sufficient for the greatest deeds of heroism that stood before the German people. Wucherer looked at my out exactly small, but very tender physique, and thought that I had better wait awhile. This decision of the recruiting officer came down upon me like a crushing thunderbolt. All my plans and hopes were destroyed. I seemed to myself so small that I felt ashamed to show myself upon the street. I was not to take part in the bloody campaigns of the three years that followed; only from the sheltering roof of Türk's house could I, quiet and inactive, observe such incidents as were brought near to us in Halle.

On the 28th of April Halle was beleaguered by the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, the son-in-law of the emperor; but a small corps of Bülow's artillery hindered the passage of the French across the Saale. With the restoration of the German power the Russians also had come into the land. A Russian regiment had advanced into the city and halted on the market place. I was buried in silent meditation on these strange forms. As none of them had any determinate physiognomy, they all looked enough alike to be taken for one another. It was like looking at a flock of sheep, which possibly may be distinguished by the shepherd, but not by a stranger.—What a difference there was between these people and the glittering French regiments which had marched through Halle in the year before, and which were soon to come back broken, woebegone and ruined! Napoleon's Guard during its days of splendor showed a great number of characteristic personalities, as it regarded the expression of the face and bearing of the body. Earnestness, a sense of inward calling to subdue the world, military pride, boldness, varsatility and splendor distinguished not merely the officers, but even the privates of these troops; on the contrary, in the features of the Russians an expression only showed itself when they felt a fear of their superiors. While the French were particular about their nourishment, the quantity of food was all the Russians cared about. The *sauerkraut*, their favorite food, was set before them in great kettles. Those who had become satiated lay down on their backs and let others sit upon their belly to reduce the roundness of their figure. For the rest the Russian soldiers showed themselves in general quite harmless. I still recall with satisfaction their strange Asiatic tunes, of which the melody was kept in the character of the church modes. While a part of them sang these songs, others waved their hands as one of their officers beat time. Quite as peculiar as the song of these soldiers, was their veneration for their priests. Once a chaplain was brought to the front who had been stealing. A subaltern officer kissed his hand, and then with the greatest reverence removed his robe and gave him over to two other soldiers. Only after the priestly garb was taken from him was he treated as the Russians treat thieves; he was laid upon a bundle of straw and regularly dogged; but then again he was recled and kissed with the same marks of reverence. Harsh as these single traits were, still the great good-naturedness of the Russian soldiers had very much that was attractive for us; they were confiding and grateful, especially when one gave them brandy to drink.

While these strange phenomena were passing in review before my absorbed imagination, suddenly a cannon ball struck in the market place, not far from me, and shattered a leg of one of the Russian soldiers. I ran home in terror, but the Russian regiment took shelter behind the red tower. On the same evening a suburb, called the Strohhof, was set on fire by French balls, but the inhabitants soon succeeded in putting out the flames. On the next morning Halle appeared to be freed from besiegers, but there was fear lest the French should try to force a passage over the Saale in another place. The fortifications of the city, particularly the palisades and the *tête-pont* were examined, and on the Prussian side all male persons in the neighborhood were set to work at short hand digging trenches. I too shared the satisfaction of having worked at it all day. The women brought refreshments to their husbands; but as naturally no one troubled herself about me, I had an opportunity to practice abstinence. My appetite grew seriously in consequence. Even my old master Türk plied the spade in a right lively manner. He came to the work with the remark: "It goes to the head."

After that day I had no longer any great desire to take an active part in warlike operations. That sort of participation in the war of liberation had not suited my taste. The harder and the more unaccustomed our toil had been, the more astonished were we when the Prussians, with us being in the least pressed by the enemy, gave up

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC from Dr. CARL LOEWE'S *Selbst-biographie. Für die Oeffentlichkeit bearbeitet von C. H. Bitter.* Berlin, 1870.

Digitized by Google

our laborious defenses and retreated from the city. Not until the next day did the French with ringing music and victorious mein march in, and we were once more under their dominion. But they had by no means given us up on the Prussian side.

On the 2d of May, Sunday morning, the French division Lauriston, which lay in our town, was suddenly attacked by a portion of Bülow's corps and driven with great loss across the Saale. This onslaught began about six in the morning; unsuspected by the French, the Prussians stormed the gates. The enemy, awakened from their sleep, mustered in hurry and confusion. They tried to beat back the attack, but were driven out with the loss of their artillery.

For a long time I watched the conflict, sheltered by a window pillar; but when the window panes began to be shattered by the bullets, Türk bade me to go down with him and his daughter into the cellar. There, while the little girl, terrified by the roar of the near conflict, clung to my side, I was not a little astonished to remark that our party had become increased by two persons. These were the Herr Captain von Pastaneller and his worthy Frau. The warlike action had awakened in the invalid hero all the sleeping recollections of the battle of Jena. I could distinctly hear his teeth chatter.

At last the evil guests were banished from the city. One of them had in a remarkable manner slept through the whole storm. When he rushed out of his back chamber into the street and comprehended what had been going on, he fired his musket at the Prussians crowding round him and then ended his life under blows from the butts of their guns. People looked on quietly and busied themselves with searching for the numerous dead bodies that lay about the streets. On such days, when the nerves are strained to the highest pitch of terrible excitement, one sees no look of horror nor of loathing.

After these occurrences no one could imagine that there could still be Frenchmen in the city; yet the bloody drama of the day was not to be without an afterpiece. A little squad of Frenchmen had concealed themselves upon the red tower. These from their height suddenly began to direct their fire upon the astonished Prussians. Of course this little troop had to succumb to the superior force. The greatest part of them were cut down, while the survivors were destined to be stripped and taken prisoners.

For me these warlike events were the occasion of idleness and of unprofitable fancies. My musical studies had come to an end for the time, and I would gladly have gone back to the school of the Orphan House. But the Orphan House had been turned into a hospital, and both the teachers and the scholars fared as I did; they had plenty of spare time and could, without neglect of duty, watch the variegated warlike life that was developing beneath their eyes. No wonder, then, if every other business almost wholly ceased.

This gave me opportunity to witness the review which Blücher held of the Silesian army. The old hero stationed himself at the *Gevatterbude* on the Halle marketplace, and let the troops march by before him. I felt as if that moment in itself were quite enough to have lived for. Enthusiastic jubilation rang towards him from all sides. No one at that moment thought of the French domination, from which Halle was by no means yet entirely free. The fruit women kissed the greybeard's feet and offered him the best they had. He took thereof and ate, whenever there was a little break in the enormous line of regiments. This march through Halle of the Silesian army was very soon followed by the days of the battle of Leipsic.

We heard the thunder of the artillery on the 16th of October; at first from Möckern only. Then I was allowed no rest; I was obliged to see the terrible sight close at hand. I persuaded a comrade, by the name of Reiche, to go with me upon the battle field. At first he looked at me with astonished eyes; but the thunder of cannon has a remarkably attractive power for German youth; Reiche too could not resist it, and so we set out on our way together on the 17th.

Behind Skendita the first victims of the battle excited our attention; they were Cossacks, left behind there. Presently we reached that famous barn of Möckern, which was so obstinately defended by the French, but finally was set on fire, and the unfortunate defenders burnt to death. From here along we found Prussians and Frenchmen peacefully lying side by side in long rows. The grapeshot had stretched them out by companies; on almost every face a great repose had settled; the distortions of the death struggle were nowhere to be seen.—We approached the same army which we had seen march by the field marshal in Halle. The heights of Möckern were strongly occupied. The wounded were carried to Halle, where the Orphan House with its thous and chambers offered an excellent hospital. The Prussian soldiers enjoyed seeing us two youths among them, and not another mortal far and wide was to be seen. I was fortunate enough to find a friend among the officers of the Landwehr, who informed me of the progress of the fight at Möckern and of their expectations for the coming days.

Before us, in the plains of Leipsic, rolled a prodigious and incessant thunder from the battle which the peoples waged against each other. But the balls did not reach the station of the regiments encamped in our vicinity. They had already richly done their work. At times the wind scattered the endless clouds of smoke, which whirled off in the distance, and the assisted eye could then overlook the situation of the battle; but very quickly all was veiled again by smoke of powder.

The sun declined, when suddenly the drums beat the *generale* around us. The cavalry were obliged to mount, and the infantry were under arms. Here we had a picture of what was left after such a battle, of a company, a battalion or a regiment. Many a company counted not more than three or four men. The most of them had no more officers. The under-officers commanded.

Properly we should have gone back to Halle, but curiosity would still detain us. We could not separate ourselves from the exciting scenes that surrounded us. We saw cavalry approaching in the distance. The Saxons had again come over: the prudent Saxons put themselves under the Prussian colors. They had handkerchiefs upon their swords and with these they saluted their German brothers. These answered with a lively "Hurrah!"

Behind us stood 20,000 Swedes in the reserve; the host spread along the horizon like a cloud. Prince Bernadotte commanded in person. This upstart king snuffed the mouldy smell that spread itself abroad from the throne of Napoleon.

My friend, the officer, gave me at parting, from the spoils that lay in heaps about us, a pair of beautifully adorned pocket pistols, and to my comrade Reiche a little dagger. The evening grew dark and we had at last to make up our minds to setting out upon our homeward way.

We could already see the towers of Halle, when a Cossack met us, took away our gifts, and even treated our watches and our money as his own property. When he had taken from us all he rode off slowly, whistling, as if he had done nothing but his duty. In speechless sorrow our eyes followed our watches and our purses. Of the pistols and the little dagger we could say: "Soor won, soon lost!" A second encounter with Cossacks was destined to be still more calamitous for us.

Meanwhile we kept on toward Halle, where the woe that war brings with it met us in melancholy forms. Hard typhus and the lazaretto fever raged. Many important men were snatched away by these diseases. I may name among them only Reil and Jacob, brother of Councillor von Jacob, besides the well-known Kapellmeister Reichardt. Reil had done much for Halle; especially he had brought the salt springs and the mineral springs of the place into repute. It was he that had induced the Weimar troupe of artists to come to Halle in the summer. Therefore the sympathy shown at his funeral was unexampled. He was buried in an old giant's grave that lay in his garden, which was a present from the king. This giant's grave (*Hünengrab*) is still called Reil's mound. Often since have I read with emotion the stanza of Horace designated for his tomb stone by the deceased; it is engraved upon a simple small black tablet fastened without ornament upon the rock:

"Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

At Türk's choir sang at all these funerals, so too we accompanied Johann Friedrich Reichardt to his last resting place. This solemnity was particularly affecting to me. For I had often had occasion to go into the house of the celebrated song composer. Türk corresponded with him, and I often had to take his letters to Giebichenstein to his friend. Reichardt knew my musical talents, and he took pleasure in laying before me his own and his daughter's works. With the daughter I sang duets. Goethe's Songs of the *Müllerin*, of Reichardt's composition, never pleased me at all on account of the text; on the contrary I have since won many friends with Reichardt's beautiful song of Türk: "*Im Windspeiräuch*," because I sang it well and liked to sing it.

In this unhappy year for Halle (1813), when sickness and the miseries of war in all shapes occupied all minds, it was impossible to devote oneself to any continuous studies. I was glad enough therefore to accept the invitation of a friend, named Müller, to make a journey on foot with him to his parents' residence at Heldrungen. Near Heldrungen lay the old Sachsenburg, which had occupied my youthful fancy in a lively manner; with careless hearts we had left Halle, and we already saw Heldrungen lying at our feet, as

Digitized by Google

we emerged from the thicket of the woods. But we had not much time to enjoy the prospect, for besides the beauty of the landscape we also spied, not too far off, two Cossacks. I still had an uneasy recollection of those Cossacks who had relieved us of our watches and our money on the way home from Leipsic. It was a serious matter, any way, meeting these born highway robbers. We hurried back into the woods at once and hid ourselves in a dense thicket. But Cossacks have as sharp eyes as Indians; not one of our movements had escaped them, and to our dismay they turned their horses directly toward our hiding place. We stood as if we were petrified, for in these wild riders, with whom man and beast seem to have been cast together from one mould, and in whom the scent of the wild beast is added to the slyness of the savage man, there is no mercy. They began with pulling off our coats, then followed the waistcoats, the trowsers, boots and stockings, with all the cash we had about us. They sought in vain for our watches, of which their comrade had already robbed us. And now that we were almost naked we hoped to be set free, but now the agony began. The rascals drew forth their knouts, thinking to extort from us the treasures which we might have concealed. They rode gloomily and slowly round us in a circle; but when they had at length arrived at the conviction that we had nothing more, one of the Cossacks gave me a heavy parting blow upon my breast with his fist, so that for several weeks I could not breathe without pain, and then they went their ways. We waited until it began to grow dark, and then wandered sad and freezing toward Heldrungen. It seemed to me as if a bad dream tortured me, so strangely did I appear to myself thus wandering in my shirt. I thankfully received the garments which Müller's parents gave me.

[To be Continued.]

## The (Boston) Musical Season.

The musical season in Boston may be said to open with the first performance of Italian operas at the Boston Theatre this evening. For although we have had a series of three miscellaneous concerts of a high order, in which the principal artistes of the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe took part; although Miss Phillipps's concert served to introduce two new and excellent musicians to Boston hearers, and although we are in the midst of a very enjoyable course of cheap and popular concerts, yet these are rather the heralds of the coming hosts than the advance guard of the army itself. A glance at the list of good things in store for us proves that we are at the beginning of a memorable season,—one unsurpassed in this country in many years, both in the amount and in the quality of the higher class of musical entertainment with which we are to be favored during the coming months.

The season of Italian opera, beginning to-night and lasting two weeks, claims the first notice, but here we can add little to the full information that our advertising and reading columns have already given. We may, however, congratulate the Boston public on the honor of being the first to hear the great Swedish singer, Mlle. Nilsson, where she has won her highest reputation abroad, on the operatic stage. We presume that the promise of a representative of Ambroise Thomas's grand opera of "Hamlet" will be kept; and in that case we shall witness the famous impersonation of *Ophelia*, a part which she is said to have "created," and which many critics declare has one sustained an opera that has not otherwise earned the right to live. The rest of the company has been selected with much care from the hosts of foreign singers who were ready to work in the American mine. We need not repeat the names of the gentlemen and ladies, unknown and well known, who are to fill the several parts. We have no doubt from the reputation they have already achieved here or elsewhere, that in a musical point of view at least the season of opera will be one in striking and agreeable contrast with the "scratch" performances with which we have been compelled to content ourselves of late years.

Not to follow a strictly chronological order in speaking of the several important events of the musical season, we may mention next the coming of the Parepa Rosa English opera company in January for a season of three weeks. The efforts of this company, as constituted heretofore, caused a veritable revival of interest in English opera, and as it has now been strengthened by the addition of several excellent singers, and its repertory having been enlarged by many works, some of them wholly new to American audiences and others now for the first time clad in an English dress, there is every reason to believe that the honest attempt of its managers to please the public by presenting an entertainment worthy of patronage, will meet with the success it deserves. Among the new adaptations are Balfe's "Satanella," and Fioravanti's "Columella," both new to America; Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" and "Lucrezia Borgia," Wallace's "Lurline," Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" and Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," besides Cherubini's "Water Carrier," the overture to which is familiar, but which is, as an opera, an entire novelty in this country.

While we are thus to be favored with representations of the lyric drama, the prospect for musical entertainment of another sort, but of the highest class, is more than usually favorable. Our two great associations, the first our chief source of supply for the best instrumental compositions, the other the admirable interpreter of the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, have laid plans that are not more tempting in the promise than they are likely to be in the fulfilment. The programmes for ten Symphony Concerts, on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning on the 9th of November and ending on the 21st of March, have been substantially arranged. We are promised three symphonies by Beethoven, all familiar, two by Haydn, both wholly new to Boston, and one each by Mozart, Gade, Schubert, Raff and Schumann, of which only the last has ever been heard in Boston, some of them never before in this country. In the other numbers of the programmes, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Handel, Schubert, Schumann and other composers are to be represented by works that have never before been played in Boston. It will give an idea of the amount of new music in these concerts if we say that, of the forty-nine numbers on the ten programmes, three are new in these concerts, twelve others are new in Boston, and seven more have never been performed at all in America. In other words, almost one-half of the music will be now first performed in the Harvard concerts. The soloists will be much the same as in past years. Four of our resident musicians, Miss Mehlig and Mr. Richard Hoffman of New York, will play pianoforte concertos at six of the concerts: Mrs. Barry will sing in the first; we are to hear solos for the clarionet, oboe and violoncello in two others, and in the tenth a chorus of male voices will take the place of a soloist. As these concerts are invariably well patronized and give the highest delight to the cultivated ears they address, we only mention these particulars to show what is in store for them. The Handel and Haydn Society, too, is actively in the field, and although no announcements have been made by authority, we may say that the society was never in a more efficient and flourishing condition than now. It is strong enough to exercise a more rigid exclusiveness than heretofore toward applicants for membership, with a consequent gain in the unity and power of the chorus. This is a highly encouraging feature of the situation, since recent experience shows that the Boston public is becoming more appreciative of the work of the chorus. During the last week in November the oratorios of "Judas Maccabæus," and "Elijah" are to be given; on Christmas eve, "St. Paul;" on Christmas evening, the "Messiah," and on two evenings at least in January, two other oratorios not yet named. It is not unlikely that oratorios will also be given at Easter. During the season the society will attack with renewed energy the "St. Matthew Passion-Music" of Bach, so difficult to learn, but which the Boston public seem prepared to hear and appreciate, judging from the reception of the few tit-bits [!] already given.

For the six oratorio performances decided upon for the months of November, December and January the members of the Dolby ballad troupe are under engagement with the Handel and Haydn Society. The two ladies and three gentlemen who are the vocalists of this company have a reputation of the best kind in their native land, and one of them added greatly to the artistic completeness of the May festival of the Handel and Haydn. They are to give us a taste of their quality in the neglected field of English ballads, glees and madrigals, in a short course of ballad concerts next week. Our own London correspondent told us in his last letter how much these singers would be missed in England, and how earnestly all concert and oratorio goers hoped they would be sent back as speedily as possible. Add to these concerts the piano matinées which Miss Mehlig proposes to give, the classical trio matinées that are to alternate with the Harvard concerts, and other series of chamber-music which we have not even space to mention, and it will be acknowledged that the musical season promises to be of more than usual duration, of more than usual variety and excellence, and in point of quantity something almost unprecedented.—*Daily Advertiser, Oct. 9.*

## The Five Festivals.

(From the Orchestra.)

This year for music has been a year of curious and singular events. We have had a swarm of clever professors from France, and although brief the sojourn of some, the influence of the great school of practical art emanating from the Paris Academy has been felt in our theatres and in the music teaching of the metropolis. Then there has followed the opening of the great Hall at Kensington, the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, the Rhine Festival at Cologne, the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, and the Annual Festival for the clerical charities by the three Western Cathedral choirs this year held at Gloucester. Nor should be forgotten the opening of Westminster Abbey to the great church music of Sebastian Bach, and the introduction once more of the orchestra—a full orchestra—as an important adjunct to divine worship, and of immense teaching results to the profession and the public at large.

The organ in the Albert Hall has brought out Bach; Sydenham put forth Handel; Cologne and Bonn promulgated Beethoven: the three prophets in song of clear sight, invariable truth, and of honest, upright artistic frame of mind. With these three men of might, the power of art was ever subservient to the distinct necessity occasioned by the emotion. They had fathomed the hidden connection between sound and soul, and made themselves familiar with phases, forms, and combinations of tones which to this hour strike the ear as strange, weird, and incomprehensible, although never lawless, irreverent, irrelevant, wild, or disconnected. Musical creation is identified with the personal character of the composer; hence the almost deification of Handel, the saint-worship of Bach, the glorious fame of Beethoven. Their music is the express revelation of their lives, the temper of their moral beings. Bach and Handel lived in the days of the first set of the French philosophers who prepared the way for the triumph of atheism, the downfall of Christianity, and the horrors of a great nation in the hands of the dregs of the people. Whilst Voltaire was doing all he could to undermine the historic marvels of the Evangelists, Bach was not only teaching himself but setting others to teach the great miracle of the Gospel—and his exposition of the wondrous history had its power in his own day; and that power is now expanding and strengthening, nor can we calculate the immense good likely to arise from the present attention paid to the commentary of Sebastian Bach upon the histories of St. Matthew and St. John. Song has not lost its mastery over man's heart; and if music be stronger than laws—for so it was admitted to be in olden days—we may find the Cantor of Leipzig a foremost reasoner in the controversies of Colenso, Darwin, and all the propounders of atomic and meteoric philosophies. No one can doubt that it is religious feeling which so keeps Handel's music to the fore. The oratorio of the "*Messiah*" carries sail and wafts with it the "*Israel*" and the secondary Biblical dramas of the great composer. The oratorio of the "*Messiah*" took the orchestra into Westminster Abbey more than eighty years ago, founded the Western Festivals, the Birmingham Festival, and has proved the chief attraction of all and every Festival from Handel's annual celebration at the Foundling Hospital to the present time. By means of the songs and choruses in this oratorio the people have been teaching one another the great truths of the Christian Church, requiring neither creed nor articles. Whilst High and Low Church, Prelacy and Congregationalism have had their smart tussles and more mischievous fights on a larger scale, the great vocalist, the fine orchestra, and the huge chorus have sounded the alarm, intoned the faith, settled the uproar, and done what bishops and archbishops could not do—brought peace and calm. And so it ever will be. Song is a long way ahead of logic, especially logic upon mysteries and the supernatural. The Pope may declare his infallibility, and councils reiterate the dogma, but "*Ein' feste Burg*" and the other people's chorals have been sung throughout the length and breadth of France. Louis the Grand no doubt imagined he had for ever silenced the people's hymn in the Strasburg Cathedral, but the hymn and

Digitized by Google

the tune have conquered, and the old choral has again been heard in the old Minster there, and the work of the great French Monarch undone and put right. With Luther's hymns in their knapsacks, the German soldiers were a great company of preachers—an improvised Church Missionary Society—with kings and princes, in place of bishops and merchants, as patrons. Each division contained so many Boanerges—sons of thunder—who failed not to drum hymn and tune into the ears of the astonished Celt. Such is the "influence of art united with the power of faith."

With Beethoven music was a means of light. He for some time held a fancy creed, but with it an assured conviction that he had his special mission, and was sent to teach through music. He was inclined to dispute the great creed of the Church, but when setting it to music in his last Grand Mass, although the internal struggle was beyond measure painful, the joy bursts in, and the new-born light is heralded in triumphant tone and tremendous effect. Art occupied his whole being, and a continual contemplation of the spiritual and supernatural in order to weld it into his being and take hold of it in his art, ended in the bursting in of the clear light, and put everlasting life into the music. This Mass is in truth the personal struggle—the personal victory of the composer—"This is my creed and there is no other;" such is the defiant language of Beethoven's last Eucharistic service.

In all really grand Festivals—reunions for testifying to the power of doing in art—only that music is exhibited which manifests the concentration of the powers of the composer. In fact it comes to a personal worship. Now the supernatural—the revelation of God to man—has hitherto proved the favorite theme of all celebrated musicians—for love and gratitude are the best and highest incentives for the employ of our faculties when rightly used. Genius exercised in any other direction is shorn of half its light, denuded of more than half its potency. Thus the great musical festival, whether here or in Germany, is in some sense a religious reunion; it is an Ammergau drama without the terrible accompaniments for the eye. And it is a foreshadowing of the promise, "All the world shall sing of Thee." It has been a question whether or not the Western Cathedral meetings should be given up. Although "country conducting" had its mishaps and inevitable failures, and that odd notion of a cathedral organist, "I know all about it, and no one else knows anything," was proving a misery and a mischief to all parties—still the real point that endangered the existence of these festivals was the question of the propriety or impropriety of music as a teacher of religion independently of service. Is it the correct thing for vocalists and instrumentalists and chorus singers to come in to a cathedral and "teach one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs?" and not only to "teach one another," but to teach a Dean and Chapter, a Bishop and his Chaplains, Archdeacons and Rural Deans, Rectors, Vicars, and Curates—nay, a whole diocese—lay and clerical? Well, the question has been fought over for just one hundred and thirty-seven years, when in steps the illustrious Bach with his Commentary on Saint Matthew. The people begin to sing; the solemn organizing surge of that opening rhythm is heard; all feel the act of worship—that the Cathedral is the only place for such music: and indifferent and mediocre as was the mere performance, through circumstances unnecessary to mention, Sebastian Bach triumphed over all, and the question as a religious one is for ever put at rest.

Had it been necessary to justify the use of an orchestra in a Cathedral, or to demonstrate that real devotional music could be presented there, independently of service, and yet operate largely and beneficially on the feelings, the production of the Bach *Passione* and its æsthetic results would go far to settle the dispute. But the Country Cathedral Festival rests not upon these grounds. The clerical corporation contents itself with a very moderate exhibition of artistic music, and once in three years becomes suddenly afflicted with the epidemic of a week's grand music in order that the country people may gather round the Mother Church and become more intimately acquainted with the residents in the Precinct. There are nightly private assemblies, and on the "*Messiah*" day the grand County Ball. Without these reunions there would be no Festival, no sermon on the use of music in churches, and no importation of musical talent from the Metropolis. No man can rise higher than the daily reiteration of his acts, and no cathedral organist can jump out of his skin, forget the one hundred and fifty weeks of chants, services, and routine anthems, and by miracle, or else mere act of conjuring, place himself on a par with the foremost London Conductor, and rival him in his duties. Until the orchestra gains a permanent footing in the Cathedral, and the organist is found dealing with high-class music, if there is to be a Festival in a Cathedral, let those manage it whose business it is to be daily and weekly concerned in such undertakings. Sebastian Bach composed the *Passione* music because he had an orchestra and large chorus constantly in his church, Sunday after Sunday, all the year round. He lived with and in his orchestra. A Cathedral organist lives with his boys, his six men, and his organ, and here is the entire length and breadth of his musical activities. The man with the baton always in his hand must have the advantage, and the garrison bandmaster, the conductor of the telling orchestra at the City Balls, would each make himself more at home with a large orchestra than the artist over ivories and pedals, small choirs and psalm chants. François Cramer settled this in St. Paul's Cathedral long ago. At the Festival for the Sons of the Clergy, Dr. Hayes from Oxford was accustomed to conduct, or rather to try to conduct, the London Band. On Dr. Hayes waving his baton there was no response. Another elevation of the wand, and no sound. Hereupon Cramer broke in: "When that gentleman sits down we will begin." So Dr. Hayes sat down and never again appeared. The country Cathedrals must make every Sunday more like a grand musical festival, and the Deans and Chapters must make it their foremost charge that high class music be heard in those sanctuaries. Increase the choirs and make fine music the real offering in these churches, and then there may be some hope of success with the organist, conductor, and the triennal meeting. If cathedral music is to be the acme of art music for a round of three years, then cathedral music must be the pabulum of the Festival, and all parties will be inured to it, like it, and pay for it. Further, it would be in keeping with the object of the Festival—the charity—a kind of mild and patient requiem over the dead bodies of the Minor Canons, whose families are the *bénéficiaires* on the occasion.

In Germany the art-point over-rides the devotional: everybody becomes critical, the youngest chorister æsthetic. A Teuton festival is a serious thing, and amateur artistic gatherings, high solemnities—Cologne goes to Düsseldorf, and Düsseldorf and Cologne meet again at Bonn. A new Empire is at stake, the Rhine is agitated. The Cathedral organists stick to their organs and depart not from their rôle. The right man is found in the right place; no miracles are sought for, no conjurings practised, and the result is the one aimed at and expected.

The real opening of the Albert Hall has yet to take place. The organ and the players have done some little for Bach, but the musical power of England has yet to be represented in this Hall. It is no place for mere sensual play of sounds; and unless used in a right and specific direction will fail in its mission. We do not ask for the Beethoven Mass, for a representation of this commonly costs the Sacred Harmonic Society from four to five hundred pounds, but there are great things yet in oratorio which cannot fail in filling the exchequer. The Albert Hall may be conservative, but it must not be bigoted. It may lead the way, it must not hinder or impede.

## Carl Tausig.

BY HANS VON BUELOW.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Leipzig.)

It may be fifteen or sixteen years since, in Weimar, at the Academy, the boy Carl Tausig was introduced by his father to Dr. Franz Liszt, with the request that he might be pleased to give the boy instruction. The father was himself quite an intelligent gentleman, musician and teacher; in his day noted as one of the most elegant players of Thalberg, he did not belong to that abominable species of fathers, the fathers of wonder-children. We disciples, who were present at Liszt's home during this introduction, shall never forget the wondering astonishment, almost mixed with awe, which the play of the wonderful boy caused us, and which irresistibly won the master's heart and head. What thunders, what lightnings, what heat-lightnings!—what energetic rhythmical fire, what a variety of colors, not lacking in shades of wondrous tenderness, though the character of his play was preëminently stormy and passionate. We were all perfectly electrified, and Peter Cornelius, not at all in want of words ordinarily—he united the power of stating his impressions with finest faculty of receiving them—could merely stammer: "Why, that is a regular devil of a fellow!" To be sure; but it was not a devil escaped from the lower world, but one who had fallen down directly from heaven, an arch demon of *talent*, a demon whom the man, possessed by this talent, succeeded in taming, in subduing by restless work of self-culture, by force of his artistic tendency; whom he succeeded in making subservient to the most elevated tasks in art, in short, changed him into a veritable angel of light.

During the time of his studies in Weimar, Carl Tausig was by no means satisfied with the cultivation of his talent as a virtuoso, perfectly ready, even then, for concert playing; but diligently he studied all musical disciplines theoretically and practically. He was practically attracted to the study of the orchestra by the frequent theatrical productions and concerts under Liszt's spirited direction, which were truly splendid, and full of highest inspiration to the smallest detail. He diligently applied himself to the art of orchestration. His attempts at composition in this period, exhibit a blooming, original fancy and a remarkable certainty and skill in orchestration, besides divers "impossibilities" and labored extravaganzas. All these attempts were afterwards formally withdrawn; among them a Piano Concerto, a concert Polonaise, both with orchestral accompaniment, several "Symphonic Poems," for instance, one entitled "Manfred," and the ballad "The Spectral Ship." The latter became almost fatal to Tausig's fame as a musician, by an unfortunate piano arrangement, and by a still more unfortunate publication of the same. I shall not dwell on this side of Tausig's eminent talent, which is little known, because its manifestations will not be open to public criticism. Those who are able to judge of the mastery with which Tausig transcribed the most difficult orchestral music imaginable, for his instrument, will not be surprised at it. One not as much at home in the domain of the orchestra as Tausig was, could never have arranged so conscientiously and in a manner surpassing all possible praise, the piano score of Wagner's most complicated musical drama, "The Master-singers of Nürnberg;" an arrangement surprising by the skill with which things seemingly untranscribable are joined together: the same may be said of his paraphrases of six fragments of various string-quartets by Beethoven. Speaking of this I must not omit to mention his partially new instrumentation of Chopin's E-minor Concerto, which he made during the last part of his life. I am uncertain which to place highest, his piety to Chopin, or the individual finesse and elegance with which he went to work; but I am sure that its publication will place Tausig as a *musician* still higher in the regard of many of his colleagues.

Besides these artistic studies, Tausig occupied himself with the acquisition of languages and the study of philosophy and mathematics; in fact the discipline of his mind was carried on as thoroughly as the practice of his fingers. Tausig long ago made a motto, which Richard Wagner had written on an album leaf, and which I had copied for him; it was his guiding principle in all the varying epochs of his life. It reads as follows: "It is knowledge that is destined to nourish and to chasten the holy flame of art in its disciples."

In the orchestral and chamber-concerts established at Berlin by the subscriber (January 1858, &c.,) the young man Tausig for the first time publicly played in that city, which afterwards he chose for his residence, and which still later was to be the resting place of his earthly frame. His playing caused great excitement, according to the different temperaments of the auditors (a fact which, in judging of musical parties so-called, ought to be taken into consideration more frequently than it is); he was admired without stint by some; by others, especially those who never can understand that "even the most turbid must may at last become a noble wine," he was condemned almost altogether. For several reasons, better here passed over in silence, partly also on ac-

Digitized by Google

count of his personal ambition—not having then formed in his mind the high ideal of the mission of a piano-player,—Tausig did not choose Berlin for the starting-point in his career of a virtuoso. The striving for, and attainment of, this high ideal was to secure for him afterwards his world-wide fame. So he went on his travels for his laurels. Seduced perhaps by my personal example in Berlin, he at once went to Berlin, to make similar attempts at propagandism in his quality of an apostle of the music of the future. His youthful and enthusiastic desire for activity found free play here in his occupation as director, more even than in that of pianist. If the proverb: "Many enemies, much honor," be really true, then he ought to have exchanged at least the double amount of glory for his propaganda in the interest of New Weimar, connected as it was with important sacrifices of every kind. But this was by no means the case. . . . What matters it, on which of the innumerable roads the individual arrives at the Rome of truth, according to the difference in his talents, and how long it takes him to get there? Whether we come to Wagner through Meyerbeer, whether to Beethoven through Berlioz and Liszt (the guides are indeed as worthy of the goal as Virgil was worthy of a Dante); whether to Bach and Cherubini through Mendelssohn, or to Mendelssohn and an understanding of his plastic art through the antiplastic though most interesting and beautiful labyrinths of Schumann, what matters it? Only he who is really come to maturity is able to recognize in Mendelssohn the greatest genius, as far as form is concerned, after Mozart. The principal point is that the goal be reached, which consists in the harmony arrived at by much struggle of the artist with himself, and in the harmony with his special calling, which though in a subordinate sphere, can never be imagined without a reference to the leaders in art, and to the principal demands of the latter. . . . Had Carl Tausig developed normally, in the usual straightforward model routine of a conservatory, he would probably never have been the man whose loss for the world of art to-day we have to regret so much. His confession as an artist, when he had fought his way to the harmony mentioned before, might be expressed in the same words which master Liszt once used to designate his own: that there really are only two parties in art, one consisting of those that know and can do, and another (to which no one was willing to confess that he belonged) of the dust-up-whirling ignoramuses and impotents.

(To be Continued.)

# Music Abroad.

VIENNA. From Vienna we learn that the Abbé Liszt has finished his great oratorio "Christ," which will soon be performed in that city. The work is divided into three parts, comprising fourteen different heads, viz.:—1, The Introduction; 2, Pastoral and Vision of the Angels; 3, Stabat Mater Speciosa; 4, Song of the Shepherds in the Manger; 5, The Anointing of the Three Kings; 6, Hymn of Praise; 7, Pater Noster; 8, The Establishment or Foundation of the Christian Church; 9, The Storm on the Lake; 10, The Entry into Jerusalem; 11, Tristis est anima mea; 12, Stabat Mater dolorosa; 13, Easter Hymn; 14, Resurrection of Christ.

It is stated that a Wagner Association has just been formed at Vienna, and is only waiting to be legally sanctioned, previous to commencing active operations. Its object is to give a practical answer to the appeal addressed by Herr R. Wagner to his friends some time ago—to facilitate the performance of his "stage festival play, 'Der Ring der Nibelungen,' at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1873," and to assist Austrian Wagnerites in their laudable efforts to witness the "stage festival play" aforesaid. The first aim of the association will be to procure as large a number as possible of the patrons' tickets at 300 thalers each, of which 1,000 are to be issued by the patron's committee at Berlin, and to constitute the requisite capital of 300,000 thalers. Each patron's ticket of 300 dollars may be divided into three parts each, each part admitting the owner to a separate performance. The association propose establishing branches in the various towns and cities throughout the Austrian Empire. The funds are to be raised by private subscriptions on the part of the members of the association, as well as by concerts, theatrical performances, &c., the gross receipts going to purchase patrons' tickets for poor musicians and musical students.

The programme drawn up by Herr Anton Rubenstein, as conductor of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, will include many works, both of old and modern masters, never yet heard here. Such, for instance, are Bach's celebrated Psalm "Eine feste Burg," and various novelties by the Abbate Liszt, Herren Brahms, Goldmark, &c. Herr A. Rubinstein's own sacred opera: *Das verlorene Paradies*, and the whole of Robert Schumann's *Faust* music will be performed.

STRASSBURG. The Conservatory has been re-organized. It will re-open, under the title of the Town Conservatory, some time in October. Herr Franz Stockhausen, from the Conservatory, Leipzig, has been appointed director.

BRUSSELS. The operas recently given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been *Les Mousquetaires*, *Le Barbier*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Lucia*. The business has been far from good. The same may be asserted of the artists newly engaged, of the chorus, and of the band.

PESTH. According to a letter recently received, the Abbate Franz Liszt will return in the beginning of November, and remain through the winter. In the same letter it is stated that he will produce his oratorio of *Christus* here before producing it elsewhere, just as he did with his *Heilige Elizabeth*.

SALZBURG. Herr Julius Epstein, professor at the Vienna Conservatory of Music, has been named an honorary member of the Cathedral Musical Union, and of the Mozarteum.—The Beethoven Centenary was duly celebrated by the latter institution on the 3d inst. The hall was festively decorated and lighted. Beethoven's bust, crowned with a laurel wreath, stood in a perfect bower of flowers. The proceedings opened with a prologue in verse, by Herr Carl Ziegler. Then came the Sinfonia Eroica, given with such spirit as to produce two recalls for the conductor, Dr. Bach. This was followed by the vocal chorus, "Ehre Gottes"; March and chorus, and Turkish March from *Die Ruinen von Athen*. The last piece had to be repeated. Professor Epstein, assisted by the chorus and orchestra, then played the Pianoforte Fantasia.

MUNICH. Travellers passing through Munich next week may feast themselves, if inclined, on Wagner's compositions, of which the principal are being given at the opera in that town. "Rheingold" and the "Walkyr" will be performed on the 18th and 20th of this month. It seems that Italy is to have its Wagner mania, like other continental countries, for "Lohengrin" is to be performed in grand style at the Teatro Communale at Bologna. An Italian audience will thus have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits and demerits of the much despised and also much praised *Musica dell' avvenire*.—*Standard, Sept.* 16.

MILAN. As we have already announced, Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, will be produced at the Scala this winter. About two years ago, the Viceroy entrusted a French author with the task of working an old episode of Egyptian history into a story. This story was put into the form of a libretto by Signor Ghislanzoni, and Verdi undertook to set it to music for the Vice-Regal Theatre, Cairo. His price was 150,000 francs. Verdi completed his score, and the scenery and dresses, which had been got up in Paris, were waiting to be transported to their destination, when Paris was besieged. Nothing was injured, however, and the dresses, scenery, &c., were duly forwarded at the conclusion of peace. *Aida* will be produced at Cairo in November. The Viceroy purchased with the 150,600 francs above mentioned only the right of producing the opera at his theatre before it was produced elsewhere. The firm of Ricordi has bought the right of performance at other theatres, and of publication, for 60,000 francs, so that the composer has already received the respectable sum of 210,000 francs for his work.

## London.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. M. Rivière's programmes during the past week have been judiciously selected, to suit different musical tastes. On Friday last, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* was given, with Mdme. Rudersdorff, Miss Helen d'Alton, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Whitney, as exponents. Tuesday was a "Meyerbeer night," when selections from *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, and *Les Huguenots*, were heard with unqualified pleasure. On the same evening, Sir Julius Benedict's new march, "William and Olga" (composed for the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of Wurtemburg) was produced, conducted by the composer, who was received, on his *entrée*, with warm applause, which at the conclusion of the march, was repeated with enthusiasm. This march—a decided success—gives further evidence of the remarkable ability of its distinguished composer, and has been repeated every evening with, if possible, increased effect. Beethoven was in the ascendant on Wednesday, when "The men of Prometheus" overture, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the pianoforte concerto in C minor (pianist, Mdme. Julia Wolff), a violin romance (played capitally by Mr. Viotti Collins), were the *pièces de résistance*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was repeated last night with the same vocalists as on the previous occasion. The "classical music" lovers have had, therefore, little cause for complaint during the week, and the theatre has been fully and fashionably attended in consequence. Sir Julius Benedict held the *bâton* at each performance. The "miscellaneous" parts of the programme, under the *bâton* of M. Rivière, have also proved attractive, the late Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" coming in for its full share of applause; while the *Princess of Trebizonde* Quadrille by Arban, the Bridesmaid Waltz by Godfrey, and the galops, marches and waltzes by M. Rivière, have quite satisfied the admirers of dance music. During the week the Processional March from Mr. W. G. Cusins' *Maid of Orleans* has been heard with pleasure, and there is little doubt of M. Rivière bringing this, his first series of promenade concerts, to a successful termination.

The death is announced of Mr. Cipriani Potter, formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, one of the most illustrious of Beethoven's pupils. He was born in 1792, and received his earliest instructions in music from Atwood, Calcott, Crotch, and Wœlfl; and afterwards pursued his studies in Germany. At Vienna he enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven, who gave him advice and assistance. Mr. Potter held for many years an eminent place among our musicians, and was formerly one of the conductors of the Philharmonic concerts. He distinguished himself also as a composer and a pianist. When Principal of the Royal Academy of Music (in which office he succeeded Dr. Crotch), he greatly contributed to the usefulness of that institution.

## Paris.

The French are still troubled by the foolish supposition, which has never yet been accepted as truth out of France itself, that singers and musicians, whatever their success may have been in other lands, cannot rest easy until their triumphs have received the "sanction" of a Parisian audience. On the strength of this delusion, M. Oscar Commettant proposes, in the *Siècle*, that immense subventions shall be given to the principal lyrical theatres of Paris, in default of which the prestige he attributes to these establishments will, he thinks, be endangered. The means he proposes for raising the subvention money are ingenious. He would tax the café concerts and other refreshment houses corresponding more or less closely to our music-halls, and with the proceeds form a subvention fund. Thus those who live by art, mingled with and corrupted by beer and coffee, would contribute to the resources of those who live by art alone. The tax on café-concerts ought, he estimates, counting their number at 250, to produce 840,000f., and he demands the contribution of an additional 860,000f., half from the State and half from the municipality of Paris. Of the 1,700,000f. thus obtained, he would give 300,000f. to the Opéra Comique, and the same sum to the Théâtre Lyrique. The Italian Opera would receive only 100,000f., while the subvention accorded to the French Opera (otherwise "Académie" or "Grand Opera") would be raised to one million. According to a Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge* the subvention question has already been decided. M. Jules Simon, Minister of Fine Arts, at an interview with the members of the Budget Commission, convinced them of the inadvisability of withdrawing the subventions altogether, and ultimately persuaded them to allot annually, the following sums:—To the Opera, 600,000f.; to the Théâtre Française, 240,000f.; to the Théâtre Italien, 100,000f.; to the Opéra Comique, 100,000f.; to the Odéon, 60,000f.; to the Théâtre Lyrique, 60,000f.

The authors, musical and literary, whose works are performed at the subvention theatres, will, for the present, in lieu of percentage on the receipts, receive 500f. a night. This sum is declared by those chiefly interested in the matter to be insufficient; but as the subventions are being reduced, and may before long be entirely withdrawn, and as the salaries of the singers and musicians are at the same time being cut

Digitized by Google

down, it is not unreasonable that the sums payable in authors' fees should also be diminished. At the Opera, artists in the receipt of less than 6,000 a year are to be paid their salaries in full. Those entitled to salaries above that figure will have 15 per cent. taken off, which for artists at 6,500f will be trying.

The deaths of Auber, Fètis, and M. Gauthrot, have occasioned many vacancies in important musical posts. Replacing Auber, Ambroise Thomas has already entered upon his functions as director of the Conservatoire, where the classes were re-opened on the 2d of September. He may be expected to show more energy than the veteran composer whom he succeeds; and it is stated that his first object will be to direct the studies of the pupils to the music of the classical masters alleged, of late years, to have been neglected. The death of Fètis left vacant the directorship of the Brussels Conservatoire, to which M. Gevaert, hitherto chorus-master at the Grand Opera of Paris, has been appointed. M. Gevaert is succeeded at the Opera by M. Victor Massè, composer of *Galathée*, *Lara*, &c. It is expected that M. Gauthrot ("chef du chant") will be replaced by M. Bizet, son-in-law of Halèvy, and composer of *Les Pecheures de Perles*.

All engagements at the Opera with leading performers ("protagonists," as the Italians humorously call them) seem to be at an end. *Le Ménestrel* expresses a confident hope that Mdme. Sasse (formerly Mdme. Saxe) and M. Faure may be re-engaged; but the director, M. Halanzier, being still uncertain as to the amount of subvention to be accorded to him, is naturally uncertain as to the terms he may be able to offer to his principal artists. The musical papers speak of a "singing bass" ("bass chantante"—an expression which has no special meaning now that every bass is expected to sing), M. Boutry by name, of whom great things are expected, and who will, in any case, make his dèbut at the Opera; also of a florid soprano ("soprano à roulades"—again an absurd expression, since the talent for executing roulades to perfection is accompanied by and includes other talents). Mdlle. Thibault, whose engagement is already signed. Mdlle. Thibault is the daughter of the late conductor of the musical band at the Opera, who was killed by a shell during the second siege of Paris.

As to new works, the Parisians are promised, in the first place, M. Reyer's "Erostratus," an opera in two acts, originally composed for Baden-Baden, and performed there in the ancient days, when it used to be said that Baden was a piece of France on the German side of the Rhine, Strasburg a piece of Germany on the French side. The latter observation still holds good in a very literal sense; but the former, now that Baden is deserted by the French, has lost its meaning. That highly national composer, M. Mermet, who, like Herr Wagner, writes his own librettos, has a "Jeanne d'Arc" ready, which, under existing circumstances, ought at least to obtain a "succès d'occasion." M. Eugène Diaz, son of the great painter of the "colorist" school, has reason to expect that his prize work, "La Coupe du Roi de Thoiè" will be produced in the course of the winter. Finally, M. Ambroise Thomas's "Psychè," composed for the Opèra Comique, is, with the indispensable recitatives added, to be brought out at the Grand Opera. Several pieces from "Psychè" have already been performed at the concerts of the Conservatoire. Psychè, Eros, and Mercury are the principal characters, and the part of Mercury has been rearranged by the composer with a view to its performance by M. Faure.

M. Gounod's "Polyeucte" (a subject already treated by Donizetti in "I Martiri') is not to be given for the first time, as some one, it seems, has reported, at the Royal Italian Opera, but at the Grand Opèra of Paris. At the performance which recently took place at this theatre, for the benefit of the victims of the war, the money paid for tickets amounted only to 5000 francs. An additional sum of 800 francs was collected in the house by the Duchess McMahon and Madame Jules Simon. Thus, calculating that the audience consisted of about 1,200 persons, each patriot must have given for the benefit of his distressed countrymen something like fifteen sous. The programme was attractive enough, consisting as it did, of the second act of *Faust*, the second act of *La Muette de Portici*, the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, and the fifth act of *L'Africaine*. On the other hand, it was a hot night.

Mdme. Miolan Carvalho has accepted an engagement at the Opèra Comique, where she is to make her first appearance in the thousandth representation of Hèrold's always fresh and charming work *La Pre aux Clercs*. Mdme. Balbi-Verdier is singing at the Athènée, which has just reopened with *Martha*. Flotow's popular opera will be followed by M. Boisselot's *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*. M. Garcia, son of Signor Manuel Garcia, has made a very successful dèbut as a concert singer, and is about to be heard at the Athènée in the part of Figaro.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 21, 1871.

## The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.

(Continued).

We resume the translation of Robert Franz's "Open Letter" to Edward Hanslick, giving the history of his experience in the important work of completing the accompaniments of various Cantatas, Masses, Oratorios, &c., of Bach and Handel, and an exposition of the principles by which he has been guided in the work. After telling how it happened that the scores of these works, as originally left, are in many parts mere sketches as regards the harmony,—namely, because the composer himself, presiding at the organ or the *cembalo*, was the central nerve of the whole performance, in whom all the threads of all the interwoven parts were united, he proceeds as follows:

The all-important matter was, then, to restore a setting, unconstrainedly in keeping with the composition as it lay before us, which should not disturb its fundamental mood of feeling, but rather heighten its expression. Of course it had to be kept in the style and spirit of the master—a task which presupposed sure mastery of the forms of that time. The arts of simple and double counterpoint, of Imitation, of Canon and of Fugue: these to the ancients were no limitations; and so the arranger, or restorer (*Bearbeiter*), now, must never feel himself constrained by them.

Having achieved a satisfactory setting in this sense, the next question was of the material with which it should be represented. In Bach's and Handel's time they had made use of the *cembalo* and the organ; at times indeed two *cembali* and two organs were brought into action. Apart from the fact that no one at the present time is competent to decide the very important preliminary question: when it was for this instrument, and when for that one to coöperate, there are still other grounds to warn us against a too extensive use of either of them. The *cembalo* has gone down in the stream of time, and with it a multitude of contrasting tone-tints, which, leaping out from the mixture of the 4, 8 and 16 feet tone, undoubtedly produced astonishing effects. Much as this loss is to be lamented, we must accommodate ourselves to it: our present piano forte is hardly a fit equivalent for the old *cembalo*. If, for example, the violins in the upper octaves have to execute an accompanying counterpoint to the *Cantilena*, supported only by the *basso continuo* so far apart from them, such tone relations are by no means smoothed out and adjusted by the intervention of the piano; on the contrary they gape asunder with a still rougher edge. Our ears, refined by the modern orchestra, will justly protest against such imperfections and demand a remedy.

"Now as to using the organ, this stands at our service when the performance is in a church, but far more seldom in a concert hall. So long as this obstacle is not removed, one is often enough obliged to renounce the use of it. But other, not less weighty reasons tell against a too extensive use of the mighty instrument: it seldom is in pure tone with the orchestra, because its *temperament* is equal, while that of the latter is unequal. Moreover its tone has a stiff, unyielding character, which does not speak out easily in all the registers and is produced by means of an extremely complicated mechanism.

"These considerations seemed to me of enough importance to warrant the assigning of a somewhat more limited activity to the cembalo and the organ in the accompaniment. The former, for which of course the piano had to be substituted, was especially adapted to the accompaniment of the *secco* recitative; the latter could serve as a means of reinforcement in the decisive passages, supplying the somewhat wanting brilliancy. But the real *bonâ fide* accompaniment, that is to say, the setting derived from the figured bass, was entrusted to the orchestra. This had gained remarkably since that time in versatility and in expressive faculty,—qualities which ensured it a vast superiority over the earlier material of accompaniment.—The clarinets and bassoons commended themselves, because their effects of tone corresponded so well to those of the organ; they furnished too an excellent means for the expression of four-part composition, which could be introduced everywhere in a manner altogether natural and unconstrained. In performances care had to be taken to place this reed quartet in the neighborhood of the first contrabasso, with which it stood in strictest intercourse. In this way the accompanying material clung elastically to the singing voice and made one almost forget that it did not lie in the hand of *one* person, the original accompanist. The mellow horns covered up the sharpness of the shrill high trumpets, oboes and flutes lent occasional finer lights and shadows, and so of all the instruments.

"Accordingly I made my arrangements, and I was joyfully astonished at the success they had. The orchestra soon found itself all right; the singers gained in confidence, because they were sympathetically sustained by that; and all that was desired for the obligato instruments was a support, which like a fine cement should gently bind together tone-relations that lay so widely apart. Besides, my labors saw themselves richly rewarded by the unmistakable sympathy of the public, who could hardly believe that they were listening to that old, odd music, which had cost them many a heavy hour already. In short, everything contributed to convince me of the truth of my principles and of its worth for practice.

"That my work was in general accordance with the principles which Mozart followed in the arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) which he made, I could scarce surmise at that time, when it was very difficult to get a look into the originals. It was some time later that I first became aware of it, not without satisfaction. If in this fact I see no accident, but rather a necessity implied in the very nature of the tasks, I trust this will not be set down to presumption on my part.

"And now the wish came naturally, to make the results which had been gained in Halle available for wider circles. And soon the opportunity presented itself for publishing some scores, so that one by one the following arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) appeared: Bach's *Magnificat*; his Cantatas: "*Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*" (My heart was full of heaviness); "*Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*" (God's own time is the very best of times); "*O ewiges Feuer, O Ursprung der Liebe*" (O eternal Fire, O Source of Love!); the "*Trauerode*" (Funeral Ode); and finally the "St. Matthew Passion." Also Handel's *Jubilate*, Astorga's *Stabat Mater*, and Durante's *Magnificat*.

"For all these publications I promised myself a rapid success,—but found myself unfortunately much deceived. The suspicion, that the majority of artists, while they are fond of bearing the name of Sebastian Bach upon their lips, have not the dissemination of his works seriously at heart, seemed painfully confirmed. Besides, some might not fancy being prescribed to by one of their contemporaries in things which every one would trust himself to execute as well or better.

"With this was coupled the uncertain, groping attitude of the criticism of the day. Instead of accepting the works in question as novelties—which for the present age they surely were—and bringing out at length the long reserved account of their extra-

ordinary worth, they left them almost wholly unconsidered, contenting themselves with all the more petty fault-finding with regard to my part of the work. It seems scarcely to have entered the heads of these critical gentlemen, that here possibly was a question at issue, in the good or bad decision of which the fate of these works, for some time to come, is closely involved. Such labors fall, according to their opinion, into the category of "arrangements," which might consider themselves fortunate to find themselves consigned to the "mere mention" column (*kleine Schrift*) of the musical journals.

"To render my position still worse, there came up at that time a tendency, which occupied itself paramountly with historical-archæological studies in relation to music, although it occasionally laid its hand upon what was purely artistic. The coryphæuses of this school came forward with a strong self-consciousness, but unfortunately with very moderate artistic qualifications; nevertheless, as they exercised no trifling influence with the pen upon the papers which made music their speciality, they knew how to make themselves quoted as authorities. Of course the question of the principles that should now govern in the arrangement (or elaboration) of old musical works, was at once drawn into the circle of their investigations: if it found no satisfactory solution, it was at least agitated. In regard to the material of accompaniment, as a matter of course, they went straight back to the means of representation employed by our ancestors, that is to the *cembalo* and the organ. In this point they were all agreed; less so about the method to be followed in the labor of completion. While some set up the curious demand for the "greatest possible neutrality of filling out," and wished to have such work confined to the most modest limits, others showed themselves less scrupulous and thought that one only needed a clear insight into the A B C of this matter (the art of accompaniment), to help himself everywhere with ease; every clever musician forsooth, nay every dilettante conversant with music, is competent to enter upon the right way with certainty without any tedious studies. That "the greatest neutrality of filling out" must necessarily lead to characterlessness, and this "clear insight into the A B C of the matter" to obvious trivialities, was never thought of.

(To be Continued).

## Italian Opera.—Nilsson.

Italian Opera, or Opera in Italian (a more precise term for it of late years) had almost lost its prestige and run itself into the ground here. It is long since we have had performances and troupes of singers to renew the glorious traditions, the golden days of Bosio and Badiali, of Grisi and Mario, &c. Speculating managers had found a way of making money with a cheaper sort of thing, while the old enthusiasm for Italian Opera among real, cultivated music lovers had pretty much died out. But Mr. Strakosch, seeing his opportunity in the general desire to witness the rare gift of the young Swedish singer in that sphere of art where she has been said to be most at home and greatest, has really organized a company worthy of NILSSON, and worthy to be mentioned with the good old times. The "bright particular star" herself has shone with even greater lustre than in the concert room, and so far as we have read the feelings of those around us, as well as felt ourselves, has realized the highest expectations. Associated with her there have been: first, a new tenor, one of the freshest and chief ornaments during these last years of the French stage, M. CAPOUL; an excellent French basso, too, in M. JAMET, and a good baritone in M. BARRE. All these French Italians, like their queen the Swede, are artists of a refined, *distinguée* quality, not coarse natures, such as rely on a few loud bursts of tone and a mere physical vigor and intensity of soulless "passion" to bring down the house. Then for a prima donna of the "off nights," particularly in comic opera, French again, a florid and vivacious singer and actress, young and handsome, Mlle. DUVAL. Our own genial Contralto, too, Miss ANNIE CARY, has been quite as acceptable upon the stage as she was in the concert room. Then there has been Sig. BRIGNOLI, *redivivus*, either under the quickening Nilsson magnetism, or under the spur of emulation in presence of a new and formidable rival; and Sig. RONCONI, still the chief of buffos, so far as acting goes, while traces of the artist and true singer are still frequent in the ruins of his song. The orchestra and chorus, held for the most part well in hand by MARETZEK, have been ample and effective.

The one thing which we have not thought fully worthy of Miss Nilsson and her audience has been the very hackneied repertoire of pieces. She has sung in Gounod's *Faust* three times, in *Lucia* and *Martha* twice each, and in the *Traviata* once;—*Il Barbiere*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *La Sonnambula*, and *La Favorita*, without Nilsson, have been interspersed to fill out the season of ten evenings and two matinées.

But it has been, upon the whole, a rich fortnight of refined enjoyment, bringing, amid the painful experiences of these days, the sweet refreshment of a pure and fine enthusiasm. The true ministry of Art, to make the soul within feel free and glad and full of faith and hope, however dark the world around, has for a brief time been exercised here in this temple of the Muses. And chiefly through the spell of genius which informs the voice and look and motion of this young Northern singer. With each successive rôle, all widely differing, the truth and vitality of her dramatic instinct, the genuineness and fine intensity of the feeling, and the power to translate it into beautiful and thrilling song and action, have been more and more apparent. She *is* the "born actress" suggested to us in her concert singing; and patient art, guided by a true intelligence, has greatly ennobled and refined the gift.

Most, but not all, were satisfied of all this on that first night, the night of great expectations, when that vast crowd, including the most cultivated and most critical, musically, or in some other way, assembled to witness her impersonation of Gretchen in *Faust*. Now Gounod's opera is not entirely a favorite with us. With much fine music in it, here and there subtile and profound, and of course full of dramatic interest and meaning (for that is Goethe's), brilliant too with modern instrumentation and with contrast of scene and character and passion, it is still a heavy and fatiguing opera. Faust was too great a task for any musician less than Beethoven, or possibly Schumann, to undertake to solve in music; and, any way, Goethe's part in it must still be ten times as great as the musician's. It is too great a story even for the spoken drama; of course too great for an opera, of which the matter must be simple to give music a fair chance. The result is, that, with all its fine scenes and passages, it seems confused and fragmentary, lacking the dramatic continuity which more common operas have. And this is the reason, we imagine, why some of the most intelligent listeners, admirers of the Nilsson's song, found something "cold" in her impersonation, otherwise so perfect, and were "not carried away" by it except in single moments. We must own, ourselves, too, that now and then, for instance in the scene where her brother dies, she did seem to us for some instants to stand outside of the drama, and to throw herself back into it by force of will, of which she manifestly has no lack. But then, again, in the terrible scene where the evil spirit will not let her pray, but prompts her to the direst desperation of remorse, she rises to a magnificent intensity of tragic pathos, and the *abandon* with which she swoons and falls in terror is complete. There is a rare power shown also in the final prison scene. But, to go back to the first entrance of the simple maiden, and to her heart's discovery of its new, mysterious secret at the spinning wheel, with the ballad of the "King of Thule," and then the beautiful and rapid growth of the great passion, the love scene in the garden, all that,—what could be more maidenlike, more natural, more beautifully touching! The voice, which is purity itself, so smooth and fine, pervading the whole space, and felt so near at every point,—the colorless, white voice, as we have called it, yet taking on the color of every changing mood of feeling; the voice, so exquisitely modulated, so even, almost effortless in its increase of power,—the voice and the song itself seem always subordinated to the feeling and the situation, as if the character, the drama sang itself. Her Margaret would probably make a greater impression the second than it did the first time; it was not our luck to see it twice. It were a wonder, could any artist forget herself entirely on such a night, when the shadow of a great calamity was over all,—the thought of the great city of the West in flames.

In *Lucia* her triumph was complete. Indeed she made this most hackneied of sentimental operas a fresh, new thing to us. For there is originality in all she does. Into each part she puts the charm of her own individuality, which however, being imaginative, creates and realizes each distinct ideal character assumed. Her Lucia was a beautiful, consistent, logically developed whole, from the fresh maiden tenderness and ecstacy of love, mingled with dread presentiment, in the first scene, to the trying requisitions of the mad scene, which she made altogether beautiful as well as unspeakably affecting. Scenes of acted craziness have commonly made us squirm, but here was the light of the Ideal, the saving grace of true Art, resting on it all. The agonizing sacrifice in the betrothal scene, too, was portrayed, realized with thrilling power of action and of song. Musically, too, it was the same pure, poetic whole. Never has she sung more charmingly, whether in the tender *cantabile*, or in the brilliant, marvellous bravura of the bird-like passages with flute accompaniment. The impression of the whole impersonation was electrical, and spread abroad a great desire to hear and see the wonder, as the enormous crowd at the repetition last Wednesday evening proved.

Again, in *Martha*, an entirely new character. Here all the sunshine, grace, and beauty of her clear, simple, happy, northern nature had free play. She was the most bewitching, perfect Lady we have seen; in look, dress, action, voice and singing, irresistible. Equally so in the serious and tender parts. And one great secret of it is here, as in all her parts, that the singing seems spontaneous, flowing without effort from the character itself, its natural expression; the music and the motion mutually translate each other.—In that distressful opera, *La Traviata*,—the more depressing that it is so full of trivial music, she actually rises to a height of spiritual beauty in the last scene, so that you forget its painfulness.

In *Faust*, *Martha*, and the *Traviata* Mlle. Nilsson found one of the most earnest and refined, as well as delicately musical, lover-tenors in M. CAPOUL. His voice is light, and sweet and true, with an unobtrusiveness in its ordinary habit which distinguishes him from coarser, more "robustious" tenors. Its power is feebly felt at first, but it grows upon you, and the man grows upon you as the passion and the plot develops. Then to see the intensity of his feeling struggling for expression with his small and slender frame, you think for a time of the gesticulative and grotesque type of Frenchman; but you soon find that the passion is genuine, you feel its dignity, and that you are in presence of a superior artist, both dramatically and vocally. What if he does use the falsetto sometimes? Shall he not follow his music, the best way he can, where it transcends his range? Was it a mere physical sign and wonder, a *do di petto*, that we went out to see?

M. JAMET has a strong, resonant bass voice, of musical quality, evenly developed, telling in all parts, and shows refinement, taste, intelligence, and plenty of vitality in all he does. His Mephistopheles has less extravagance, but quite as much of subtle fiendish magnetism in it, as that of Hermanns. His farmer Plunkett was a very hearty, easy, capital performance.—M. BARRE, the baritone, is unexceptionable in singing, voice and action. His Ashton, in Lucia, is one of the best that we recall.

—So much for the nonce. Of Mlle. DUVALL and the other singers we have yet to speak.

THE DOLBY BALLAD CONCERTS. Crowded out! Next time.

## The Beethoven Centenary.

Bonn, August, 1871.

Come with me to Bonn on the Rhine. Beethoven was born here one hundred and one years ago, and if it had not been for the recent war we should now be one year too late for something interesting. As it is, there is in progress a musical festival in honor of Beethoven. A chorus of three hundred, an orchestra of one hundred and ten, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller as conductor, Joachim for the violin concerto, Charles Halle for the pianoforte concertos, Madame Joachim, Madame Otto-Alvsleben, Herr Vogl and Herr Schulze as solo singers, all are giving heart, soul and voice to make the occasion worthy if possible of the memory of glorious old Beethoven.

On Friday evening, (Aug. 18), Saturday morning

Digitized by Google

and Saturday evening there are full rehearsals, and on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings grand concerts besides two additional rehearsals on the Monday and Tuesday mornings. On Wednesday, to finish, there is a concert of chamber music with Joachim and Grützmacher in the string quartet and Hiller at the pianoforte in a sonata for piano and violoncello.

A pleasant hall, holding at each rehearsal and concert say two thousand persons, has been erected for the occasion. The necessary accompaniment of a German gathering—*i.e.*, restaurant for beer, etc.—is also quite at hand. The hotels are filled with strangers and the town wears a holiday dress. Late each night there is a pleasant gathering at the Lese-Gesellschaft of the artists engaged or interested in the Fest, where there is a deal of smoking, drinking, talking or eating. Are the musical performances good? Yes, magnificent! The orchestra plays with a precision and a quick perception of Dr. Hiller's intention that is something wonderful to see and hear. The Ninth Sinfonie, the Eroica, the Fifth, all go like the stern march of fate. There is never a hitch nor a blemish that ought to be counted in the grand and beautiful *tout ensemble*.

When Mr. Halle's performance of the choral fantasia comes on it is discovered that one public rehearsal of the piece is insufficient to produce a very satisfactory result; and again, when under a similar arrangement Mr. Halle plays the E flat concerto, the poor man is only sympathised with from all quarters on account of the bad accompaniment to his own most cultivated and beautiful play. Madame Joachim sings "Ah Perfido" in so beautiful and soulful a manner, that a large transposition of the song is entirely forgiven, and the house is in an uproar of applause for five minutes. Of course the *whole* of the violin concerto, as played by Joachim, is simply perfect, and will not bear writing or even talking about; for to convey the fact that he *did* play the piece is sufficient.

Let us look at two or three interesting faces in the audience. There is Sir Sterndale Bennett from London. What a pity that he should write so little and teach so much. He introduces you to his son and his son-in-law. Pooh! what do we care about his sons? Why hasn't he more like the overture to the "Naiads," or the concerto in F? Who is that bright, cheery, red-faced man? Of course you would not know him; he stays too much at home in Copenhagen; but here he is, and thankful enough are we to see Niels Gade, who has given us such great pleasure through his C minor sinfonie, and the overtures to "Ossian," "Highlands," etc. There is Carl Reinecke too. If there are jealousies between the musicians of Leipzig and the Rhine they are now forgotten for Beethoven's sake. There is Mr. Davison, who is the all-powerful musical critic of England. There is Mr. Stewart from Dublin, who composed a very effective cantata for the last Birmingham fest. Then there is Mr Grove. There is hardly a man in England who has done so much for the cause of music as this same Mr. Grove of the Crystal Palace.

We try to look about the hall for others, but how can one keep his eyes from Joachim? Of so-called "musicians of the future" there seem to be few or none. Joachim Raff is here, but it is rather a miserable present that he represents, even if he was a protegé of Schumann. The fest is not quite over until we enjoy the excursion upon the Rhine. It is all right and charming, and everything does not hinge upon the purchase of a concert ticket and the definite performance of the concert programme. There is always "up" some kindly fraternal occasion. Let us go out to Schumann's grave. Many another has been before us, for see the wreaths and freshly placed flowers! Shall we go to the house where Beethoven was born? Don't laugh! We'll go to both and choose for ourselves, although it is a little perplexing to stand before a quaint old house in the Rhine-gasse and read a handsome inscription upon the same, to the effect that here Beethoven was born, and to go to the Bonngasse and there find a similar tablet and inscription upon a second house! Never mind. Beethoven was *born*, thank God, and whether here or there makes little difference, so he gave us the "Missa Solemnis," and the whole world knows what else. Yes; it *was* droll that in 1845, when his statue here in the Münster Platz was first uncovered, the back of the old man should be found to be squarely turned towards Queen Victoria and other royal personages present. It certainly was characteristic if it was not polite, and who more than Beethoven ever had a better right? The Bonn Fest in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been a genuine success throughout, many thanks to Ferdinand Hiller and his brave associates. Wasn't it pleasant to see a dozen Boston faces in the crowded audience! B. J. L.—*Boston Transcript.*

## The Peace Jubilee.

Gilmore is in Europe, and has written to his coadjutors in Boston, concerning his success. His industrious friends telegraph to the daily press glowing descriptions of the conquests Gilmore has made, and the bright prospects of the forthcoming Jubilee. According to the reports of these interested friends, Gilmore has secured bands in nearly every European city, and several from Asiatic and African towns.

As to securing musicians in Germany there is no difficulty to be apprehended. With the thorough cultivation of the people in music, where every crossroads boasts of its brass band, the matter of collecting forty or fifty trumpeters and drummers requires just about as much business energy as the importation of as many drums and trumpets.

There is one thing that Gilmore undoubtedly succeeds in, and that is the business of advertising. Even Barnum, that great master of humbug, and our friends the circus agents, who periodically regale us with stories of frightful encounters with tigers, falls from giddy trapezes, and gory breakfasts by whole dens of lions on the bodies of some unlucky orchestral performers—even they must yield the palm to Gilmore.

First, we had the 'National Musical Congress,' either an outgrowth or the beginning of the "peace jubilee." Some little minor matters were discussed at the Congress, matters of no importance, and even if they were no one was the wiser for their being discussed. The members of the Congress soon became aware that the principal object of its being summoned was to puff and assist Gilmore in his projected money making project. A portion of the members of this musical Congress has no idea of playing into the hands of Gilmore, and yet another portion were cajoled into endorsing his project.

The ramifications of the "National Musical Congress" are wide-spread over the land. An endorsement by such a body carries some influence.[?] Gilmore set diplomatically to work, and with able assistance secured an expression in his favor from the Congress before the Congress really knew what he was driving at.

Then hies him—our elated Gilmore—to Long Branch—not, however, until he has caused to be telegraphed all over the land a half column description of his proposed "colosseum," and has secured the good will of the musical and literary correspondents resident in Boston. To Long Branch to secure the endorsement of the President. The opinion of the President on some matters is worth heeding. There are several branches of human knowledge that he surpasses in—on these he may be taken as an authority. But he knows nothing whatever of music, and makes no pretensions. He gives to Gilmore a sort of an unmeaning introductory letter, as he might give to one desirous of having his name to a paper for the amelioration of the heathen Kamtschatkans, his signature. This secured, straightway Gilmore has the facts, with his construction of them, telegraphed all over the country. Another advertisement, of course, and a good one.

Then the energetic Gilmore takes ship and sails to Europe, and soon by cable we hear that his project has excited such wonder and envy in London, that the bold Britons, bound not to be outdone, are to get up a peace jubilee of their own. What an aggravating, stimulating advertisement is this. Shall Brittania dare compete with Boston in a "peace jubilee?" Shall our heroic Gilmore be beaten on his own chosen colosseum shrieking ground? Decidedly not; we must stand to Gilmore, and money and music must flow to Boston, and out-roar the combined boiler shops of the United Kingdom.

Then Gilmore to Belgium and to Germany, to converse with counts and band masters, and to write beseeching notes to kings and kaisers. Telegraphed of course, and added to the despatch the tale, as Gilmore tells, of African, and Indian, and Egyptian, and Turkish musicians to swell the throng of German and Yankee bands on the colosseum at Boston.

Gilmore, it must be conceded, is an adept at advertising. Under his skillful management the grossest humbug must succeed in drawing a crowd. First, local pride and pecuniary gain—Boston is enlisted.

Delicate attention and shrewd diplomacy—the National Musical Congress advocate the "jubilee."

Political influence and personal appeals—the President unwittingly endorses.

A cable dispatch from London, calculated to arouse national pride and emulation—the whole country interested.

Announcement of the securing of several thousand musicians from all parts of the Eastern Continent, (Turks, Arabs, Afghans, Persians, Hindoos, Cossacks, etc., clothed and instructed in London, these details not made public)—unparalleled curiosity awakened to see the "peace jubilee."

VIVE LA GILMORE! VIVE LA BAGATELLE!



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Spero Meliora. (I hope better things.) 3. Eb to e. *Angier.* 30
Extremely smooth and elegant. Successful already.

The School-house in the Lane. Song and Cho. 2. C to d. *Christie.* 40

Out in the Storm. Song and Chorus. 2. D to d. *Christie.* 40
Have elegant Lithograph titles, and are fine Ballads.

The Fountain mingles with the River. 4. E to a. *Gounod.* 35
Finely elaborated. Melody easy, but time difficult.

Oh Vision Bright! (Il Sogno.) 4. A to *g*. *Alt.* 60
Italian and English words and German-Italian music. Very pretty too!

Rock of Ages. Hymn for 4 Voices. 3. Bb to *g*. *Thomas.* 50

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah. Quartet. 3. F to f. *Dornstein.* 30
Two sacred pieces worth preserving.

Swedish Song. 3. F-sharp minor to f. *Berg.* 30
Strange, quaint and sweet.

Sorrowing, weeping. 4. A to f. *Ruell.* 30

Come with thy sweet voice again. 4. G to *g*. *Eikmeier.* 30

Tell me my Heart. 5. Eb to *a*. *Bishop.* 40
First-class. Requires considerable execution, but well rewards faithful study.

Yeoman's Wedding Song. Sung by Santley. 4. Bb to f. *Poniatowski.* 35
Manly and pleasing. "Chiming bell" accomp't.

When will you come back. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to e. *M'Neal.* 30
Very attractive.

I love her, I dream of her. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to e. *Fish.* 30
Sweet melody. An extra accomp't inserted. It is very delicate, somewhat difficult, and may be omitted at will.

Do they know it? 4. D to f. *Sloper.* 25
Exquisite Spring and Flower song.

Across the Sea. 4. C to f. *Gabriel.* 35
Like a first-rate German song.

### Instrumental.

Kaiser March. 5. Bb. *Wagner.* 60
Dont touch it unless you can play powerfully. Then it is splendid practice.

Invocation. Pensée poetique. 4. F. *Ketterer* 40
Light, "poetic," and in part brilliant.

The Brook. 6. Ab. *Pape.* 80
The left hand plays Dolore's song "The Brook," and the right puts in arpeggios. Very attractive.

Thousand and one Night Waltz. 3. A. *Strauss.* 75
Offenbach varied by Strauss, and very successfully.

The Fantastics. Waltzes. 4. *Zikoff.* 75
Good kind of "fantastic." Wide awake.

Shades of Hope. Nocturne. 4. Eb. *De Janon.* 40
Certain to please. Very graceful.

Quadrille des Dames. 3. *Gravier.* 40
Pretty and original.

Beautiful Flower. Nocturne. 2. Bb. *Turner* 30
Good introduction to Nocturne practice.

On the March. 3. *Muller.* 60
A spirited arrangement of a number of good French and German airs.

La Harpe Eolienne. 4 hands. 5. Eb. *Smith.*
Well-known favorite.

Welcome to Spring. Frühlingsgruss. 3. D. *Jungman.* 80
Full of fine taste.

Gondolina. 3. G. *Dorn.* 40
Gondola music arranged in a charming manner.

Strauss' Blue Danube Waltz. 5. D. Arr. by *Kuhe.* 75
"The Blue Danube" as a Song was good. As a Waltz probably better. But this will please more than either.

Mackrodrumnien Galop. 3. Eb. *Howard.* 30
Ten times as good as the title, which is a good one if you can only say it.

New Shawl Dance. 2. C. *Gravier.* 30
Simple and pleasing.

Golden Echoes. *Mack*, each 30
No. 20, Gaëtana. No. 21, Marche des Tambours. No. 22, Qui vive!
The whole set good for learners.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.



Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 798. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 16.

(From Every Saturday.)

## Chicago.

(OCTOBER 10, 1871.)

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—
The gifts her kinship and our love reveal.

BRET HARTE.

## The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.)

(Continued from page 119.)

In this condemnatory criticism of my labors, from the historico-archæological point of view, the editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* seems to have felt called upon to take the lead, and in a style of speech to lead one to believe that he was acting under a high and absolute authority. Particularly did he keep a sharp eye on the singing societies which gave public performances of Handel's vocal music. But his requirements were by no means limited to a faithful reproduction of the originals; with equal energy he would insist upon the historical material of accompaniment; and any one was sure to find especial favor who kept as close as possible to the scores as published by the "German Handel Society," of which the editorship is known to be identical with that of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

The so-called "*Bearbeitungen*" (elaborations), on the contrary, never enjoyed the good will of the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung* at all. A direct attack on Mozart seemed indeed, for obvious reasons, inopportune, although the piano accompaniment in the "German Handel Society's" edition of the *Alexander's Feast* contains an indirect criticism at least, on Mozart's setting; Mendelssohn is less delicately handled, while the remaining obscure lights are thrown overboard without ceremony. Thus our reviewer, a short time ago, on the occasion of a performance of Handel's "*L'Allegro*" in the Vienna Singakademie, expressed himself as follows:

"It is to be hoped that the Society will stick hereafter to the *original* orchestral accompaniment, to the exclusion of the wretched modern* *Bearbeitungen*, this being the only guaranty of the complete effect. What would it be but barbarous want of taste, to paint old pictures over new? And is it not precisely the same thing in music?"

To the last question we answer No, decidedly. It is by no means the same thing to paint over a finished picture, and to fill out, according to the composer's hints, the blanks left open by him in a musical composition. Why waste another word upon it? Yet I feel bound to make a few remarks in answer to the pertinacious strictures above cited, since they probably are aimed also at my own *Bearbeitungen* (perhaps directly at my score of "L'Allegro," according to which it had just been performed at Berlin, against which unfortunate Vienna was to be protected.) My remarks do not purport to be in any way an *oratio pro domo*; they only aim to establish the fact that, even were obedience paid to the paternal warnings of the *Allgemeine Mus. Zeitung*, the apparatus for performances of Handel's larger vocal works is not at hand in these days; to be sure, one might attempt to get along without the coöperation of the cembalo and of the organ, or run the risk of an improvisation, good or bad as the moment might bring.—If I might only succeed in justifying in some measure the "modern *Bearbeitungen*," which have been so contemptuously treated, and in protecting them against the attacks of the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, I should rejoice for the sake of the cause itself.

This might be effectually done, for example, by adducing proof, that the authors of the piano accompaniments and organ parts in the editions of the "Deutsche Händelgesellschaft" do nothing else themselves but "paint Handel over" (*überpinseln*) by their *Bearbeitungen*. But the justification can be best reached, perhaps, through a careful examination of the mode of setting which they generally use.

The first point requires but few words. The "German Handel Society" edits not only the originals, but also an accompaniment by a strange hand, throughout for the piano, partly for the organ, evidently designed and carried out for practical ends. Now such a proceeding, often necessitating a personal decision between this or that form of expression, falls under the same category with what is designated by the word "Bearbeitung"—at least so far as it conscientiously respects the originals and is not guilty of groundless alterations and perversions of the same. Therefore the natural consequence of the above assertions of the *Zeitung* would be this: Any working out of the accompaniment, when it requires the intervention of a second or third person drawing on his own resources, shows a "barbarous want of taste;" of course the piano accompaniments and organ parts of the "German Handel Society" are subject to the same condemnation; they too commit this "barbarous" offence against good taste, of "painting over" older works of art with their additions.

About the second point, about the artistic worth of those elaborated accompaniments, I must be very brief, and barely mention the most general considerations; were I to do as I wish, and enter into a positive as well as a negative criticism, my letter would easily swell to a folio volume.

As I have already said, the first thing to be considered in the restoration of the accompaniment is, to find a mode of setting which, always sparing the material handed down to us, shall correspond, in form and matter, to the intentions of the author—in this case of Handel. It cannot be often enough, nor emphatically enough said, that *it is just as much within the power of such a setting to heighten and embellish the original, as it is to weaken and disfigure it.* In the one case, by apt redintegrations, it will bring out the vital sense and force of that which is merely indicated; in the other, it effaces the most significant outlines, by misplacing them amid surroundings which stand in direct contradiction to their essential purport. Here, whatever does not sound as if it all came out of one mould, must be submitted to a series of experiments until that result is actually reached:—and *this is always possible*—The instrumental material to be used for these what we have termed apt redintegrations, whether it be organ, pianoforte or orchestra, is of secondary consequence; the choice thereof may be fitly left to the taste and insight of the director.

(To be Continued.)

*This might be effectually done, for example, by adducing proof, that the authors of the piano accompaniments and organ parts in the editions of the "Deutsche Händelgesellschaft" do nothing else themselves but "paint Handel over" (*überpinseln*) by their *Bearbeitungen*. But the justification can be best reached, perhaps, through a careful examination of the mode of setting which they generally use.*

## Nilsson in Opera.

(From "Every Saturday.")

Mlle. Christina Nilsson has made her operatic *début* in Boston and has already appeared as *Marguerite* in "Faust," as *Lucia* in Donizetti's familiar opera, and as *Lady Henrietta* in "Martha." The high expectations which were grounded upon her performances in the concert-room last year have not been disappointed. Nilsson is a great singer, with a voice of wonderful sweetness and beauty, and the most thorough skill in vocalization; but she is first and foremost a dramatic artist of the finest intuitions, the most magnetic presence, and the rarest expressive power. And aside from these traits, there is a refinement, a completeness, and an imaginative quality in Nilsson's acting which is altogether unique.

Her *Marguerite* and her *Lucia* impress a sensitive mind like lovely poetic visions, so "movingdelicate and full of life" that no particle of common clay seem to have entered into their composition. Of the two the *Lucia* is the more conspicuously brilliant and easy of appreciation, but the *Marguerite* is the subtler and more exquisite. In the latter, conception and performance flow together with perfect accord and harmony; the character is conceived with absolute thoroughness, and there is neither hesitation, weakness, nor uncertainty in the carrying out of the artist's idea. This *Marguerite* is an absolute reality,—a dramatic creation, self-centred, self-consistent, and true to nature, yet in the highest sense ideal and imaginative. Its foremost claim to the admiration and appreciation of those who witness it is yet, however, the surest cause of its failing to impress the multitude. Perfect proportion in a work of art requires a higher form of cultivation for its just recognition than most of us can lay claim to. Caricature, therefore, pleases thousands where true and accurate drawing counts its lovers only by scores: witness the success attained by the satirical prints in the illustrated papers. Where every part is in its just relation to every other, where not a single tint is crude or obtrusive, and not a line deviates from

Digitized by Google

its proper curve, the mind is wont to sympathize with the eyes and to depreciate the beauty which does not assert itself by contrast with what is weak and faulty. Nilsson's *Marguerite* is such a work of art as this, and bears about the same relation to ordinary impersonations that the Venus de Medicis bears to one of Mr. Nast's cartoons. In the first three acts it is quiet, simple, full of maidenly reserve and modesty, and intense with the intensity of a deep-natured young girl who is restrained from the full expression of her feelings by every instinct of her better nature and every rule of her daily life. In the love duets in the third act, therefore, there is none of that wild and sensual abandonment of manner which in other actresses has been wont to excite the spectators to the highest pitch, but instead of this, a delicacy and a purity which never succumb to the seductions of the situation, but through which can be discerned the terrible yearning and hunger of a love which fears, without understanding itself. And this very forbearance of style makes the final surrender a thousand times more impressive than is usual. The ruin of *Marguerite*—as would be inevitable, if it were to be at all, with such a true and beautiful soul—is accomplished in one wild, unlooked-for rush of sudden emotion caused by the unexpected return of her lover; and this Mlle. Nilsson makes us feel and perceive. In witnessing the other performances which have been given of the scene, it has always been impossible to perceive why *Marguerite* did not yield in the very beginning of the scene.

*Lucia* is, as we have said, a simpler character than the heroine of Goethe's great drama. A true impersonation of the character demands, however, the utmost refinement of style, with capacity for the intensest forms of dramatic expression. And the picture which Mlle. Nilsson gives of the tender, gentle girl in the pensive, anxious joy of her first love, and in the despair and misery of her darkened life, is one over which painters and poets might go wild with enthusiasm. It seemed in witnessing the performance as if the fair Bride of Lammermoor herself had stepped out from the pages of Scott's masterpiece in fiction and were speaking and breathing before us; and the fancy, charmed and enthralled, forgot for a moment the poor limitations of time and space, and lived and revelled in that enchanted land of romance which is illumined by a "light that never was on sea or land." For such pictures as these, and to the artist who can create or reproduce them, who can withhold the tribute of his high appreciation and gratitude?

## Cipriani Potter.

Last week died a musician whose name and works few of the present generation are acquainted with, but who nevertheless has, through his connection with the Royal Academy of Music, exercised a considerable influence on the art in England. Mr. Cipriani Potter, whose death we chronicle, was born in London in 1792, and gave early indications of possessing singular musical ability. He was placed for tuition under Attwood, the organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, and afterwards he received instructions from Callcott and Crotch for the piano and harmony, and finally from the celebrated pianist Woelfl. He subsequently proceeded to Germany, where he studied for some time. At Vienna he enjoyed the advantage of Beethoven's friendship; the great Tone-poet gave him valuable advice and assistance, but not lessons, as has been erroneously stated. Beethoven had but one pupil, the well-known F. Ries. On returning to England he at once took a high position, and obtained plenty of teaching, occasionally publishing his compositions. In the concert-room, his clear, brilliant playing, founded on the model of his master, Woelfl, and improved by a keen observation and good taste, met with the success and approval it well deserved. For a long time Mr. Potter was a conductor of the old Philharmonic Society's concerts, where he distinguished himself for his thorough knowledge of the works and how to perform them. On the resignation of Dr. Crotch, he became Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and in this position, by the influence of his teaching and advice, he may be said to have moulded the ideas of many of our foremost musicians who were educated at that establishment. He was greatly beloved by his pupils for his universal kindness, and by his management of the Academy he greatly contributed to the success of our national institution. After presiding there for a period of twenty years he resigned the appointment, and almost retired from the profession. The late Mr. Charles Lucas, his pupil, succeeded his master as head of the Academy.

Mr. Potter's works consist of orchestral symphonies, overtures, quintets, quartets and trios; and also sonatas, rondos, and other pieces for his own special instrument, the piano. One of his best compositions is a Sextet for the piano and strings, dedicated to the Count of Brunswick; the Allegro Pastorale from this and the Andante (Theme with variations) are very fine. A Rondo in F, dedicated to Mdlle. Kistlag, is a brilliant composition, and well worthy of the pianist's attention. An Introduction and Rondo in E flat, for four hands, is also good; but perhaps his best known and most important work is Op. 22, viz.: "54 Preludes in all the major and minor keys." Among these studies will be found some admirable pieces; many of them contain enough material (if developed) to make a modern "Fantasia;" some are especially remarkable for their fine harmony and masterly preludial treatment. The death of Mr. Cipriani Potter is the breaking of another link which connects us with the great pianists who have gone—long may their classical, tasteful works keep their memory green! And though the modern firework element is perhaps wanting in their compositions, we venture to predict that Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, Kalkbrenner, Woelfl, Cramer, and others of that school, will be esteemed when many popular writers of the present day are entirely forgotten.

The deceased musician was buried at Kensal Green on Monday last. Among those gentlemen who attended to pay this last mark of respect to the memory of their old friend, we noted Sir W. S. Bennett; Messrs. R. Barnett, J. S. Bowley, Lamborn Cock, Duncan Davison, F. Davison, J. W. Davison, W. Dorrell, H. R. Eyers, G. Forbes, J. Gill, W. Goodwin, G. W. Hammond, T. Harper, Henry Holmes, F. B. Jewson, Arthur O'Leary, J. Lidel, Stanley Lucas, H. C. Lunn, G. A. Macfarren, W. C. Macfarren, T. M. Mudie, C. Oberthur, E. Pauer, H. Regaldi, A. Schlosser, Dr. Steggall, Messrs. C. E. Stephens, S. G. Stephens, J. Thomas, F. Westlake, &c., &c.—*Lon. Mus. Standard, Oct.* 7.

## Rubini.

(From La Revue des Deux Mondes, 1854.)

Rubini, one of the most popular and admired Italian singers in Europe, died at a village near Bergamo, on the 2nd March, 1854. He had retired from the stage in 1845, and was reposing after his long fatigues in a sumptuous villa, which he had built with the sounds of his lyre—as Amphion, son of Jupiter, did Thebes—when death overtook him, just as he had attained his 61st year. Like all great artists who have excited public enthusiasm, in a high degree, Rubini was the subject of a vast number of stories and apocryphal anecdotes, from which it is very difficult to cull the truth, alone worthy to interest cultivated minds. We will, however, attempt to select a few genuine facts from the life of this celebrated *virtuoso*, who has left behind him an ineffaceable mark in the art of singing of the nineteenth century.

Giam-Battista Rubini was born in May, 1795, in the village of Romano, near Bergamo. The son of a poor *commissionaire*, burthened with a family, Rubini was at first destined to be a tailor. Having been apprenticed to the proprietor of a shop at Bergamo, he was squatted one day upon his board, singing away as merrily as possible, when a *dilettante*, passing by, stopped and listened with astonishment to the youthful voice which was already so full of quality and charm. The *dilettante* approached the young workman, interrogated him as to his family, proceeded to his father, and persuaded the latter to place his son under a master, with whom he stopped until the age of eighteen.

We pass over a multitude of episodes, more or less probable and exciting, and which appear to have allowed full scope for the fancy of biographers, and content ourselves by simply stating, that the admirable artist who astonished all Europe began his dramatic career in the chorus. In an old bill of the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, dated 1812, and which Rubini preserved, splendidly framed, his name figures among the *second tenors of the chorus*. His salary was then 1s. 8d. a-night. How could he ever think he would one day leave behind him a fortune of more than 3,000,000 francs! Two years subsequent to this obscure employment at La Scala, Rubini was engaged in one of those companies of strolling vocalists so plentiful in Italy, and made his *debut* as Argirio, in Rossini's *Tancredi*, which had just been represented at Venice with immense success. Rubini was then twenty-one, while the lady who sang the part of Amenaide, daughter of Argirio, King of Syracuse, was, at least, fifty. As Fortune did not reward the efforts of the *impresario*, he conceived the strange idea of changing his company of singers into a company of dancers. He made them study, as well as they could, a ballet then very much in vogue: *I Molinari* (*The Millers*). The rehearsals were held in a meadow on the skirts of a wood. At the representation, which came off at some little town, the name of which is not preserved in history, the audience rose *en masse* against the wretched extemporized *ballerini*, who were under the necessity of passing the night in the theatre in order to escape being stoned. Rubini used to take a pleasure in relating this burlesque episode in his brilliant career.

After some other attempts, more or less successful, Rubini was engaged at Brescia for the Carnival of the year 1815. Owing to his success in this tolerably important city, he was summoned to the San-Mosè Theatre at Venice, and, afterwards, to Naples, where he made his first appearance at the Teatro de' Fiorentini. It was in this great city that Rubini, under the direction of his compatriot Nozzari, who gave him such good advice, attracted the attention of Italy, and saw the beginning of his great fame. Having been engaged by Barbaja for a great number of years, he was compelled to remain for a long time under the guardianship of that mercenary trader, who only lent him to the cities desirous of possessing him, for good hard cash paid down. It was thus that, after having been successively in Palermo, and Rome, where he created a *furore* in *La Gazza Ladra*, Rubini proceeded to Venice, in 1824. Beethoven, who heard him at that period, had Italian words written for him to his admirable elegy of *Adelaide*, which Rubini rendered popular throughout Europe.*

It was in 1825 that this great singer went to Paris for the first time. He made his *début* at the Théâtre-Italien, on the 6th of October, in the character of Ramiro in *La Cenerentola*, with immense success. On his return to Italy, whither Barbaja had recalled him, he was obliged to remain there until 1831, when he entirely recovered his independence. Upon this he returned to Paris, which he did not leave again before 1842, alternating between that capital and London, where he used to sing during the summer season. In 1842, Rubini, then at the summit of his glory, quitted Paris and London, and, as we should say at the present time, the western world, for the purpose of proceeding to St. Petersburgh, where he remained until 1845. Being then fifty-seven years old, and loaded with honors and riches, he retired to the magnificent villa he had built on the spot where he was born, and it was there that he died, leaving behind him a fortune of more than 3,000,000 francs.

Rubini was a simple-minded, gentle, and good man, whose modest general education scarcely rose above the first elements; his musical education was not more advanced, for he required the assistance of an accompanyist to read the most trifling *canzonetta*. Endowed with exquisite sensitiveness, a great memory, and that marvellous instinct which makes up for the want of acquired knowledge, but which acquired knowledge can never replace, Rubini was one of the most admirable singers of our time; a mixture of the improviser and the patient imitator, whose physiognomy it is very important that we should catch with accuracy.

The tenors who have acquired sufficient celebrity to leave behind them a name in history, are not very numerous. Before the birth of the lyric drama, and until the end of the seventeenth century, it was the "sopranos" and *prime donne* who exercised almost undisputed sway in Italian opera, as well as in the chapels of princes and religious communities. Composers did not begin to write for tenor voices until more recently; and the first person to signalize himself as a tenor of merit was an artist named Buzzolini, who was chamber-singer to the Duke of Mantua, about the end of the seventeenth century. In the following century, we find the tenors beginning to figure with advantage beside the most famous "sopranos," while composers assigned them pretty important parts, particularly in *buffo* operas. Among the celebrated tenors of the eighteenth century, we may mention Ettori, who was long in the service of the Prince-Palatine, and sang at Padua, in 1770, with great success; Bolino, a pupil of Pastocchi, and who died at Lisbon, in 1760; Rauzzini, at the same period, a celebrated singer and composer, who died at Bath, in England, in 1810; Raff, born at Geldorff, in the Duchy of Juliers, a pupil of Pistocchi, and the greatest singer Germany produced in the eighteenth century; Davide senior, who possessed one of the most astonishing voices that ever existed, an admirable and powerful singer, who shared with his contemporary, Ansani, the admiration of Italy; Mandini, an exquisite singer, belonging to the Italian company

*In 1824 poor Beethoven was stone deaf.

which came to the Théâtre de Monsieur at Paris, in 1789; Viganoni, who created the part of Paolino, in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*; Crivelli, who sang a long time at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, and in Paesiello's *Pirro* and *Nina* produced an effect which veteran amateurs still remember; and, finally, Babini, one of the most delicious tenors of the old Italian school, and who had the honor of giving Rossini some hints on the art of singing. The appearance of this illustrious master produced a great revolution in the economy of dramatic music. The characteristic feature of this revolution was the material reduction of *soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto*, tenor, and bass, assumed in harmony by the parts they occupy in a scale of sound. Thanks to this happy reform, which, however, was more the result of necessity than a voluntary act of the master, and which, too, has been attempted before Rossini's time, first by Mozart, and then by Cimarosa and Paisiello, the tenors replaced the castrates in the mind of the composer, who assigned them the preponderating part in almost all his works.

Among the remarkable tenors conjured up by the genius of Rossini, and forming a part of the escort of *virtuosi* who interpreted his works and will be handed down with them in history, we must first mention Garcia, who created the part of Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—a consummate artist, whose powerful and supple voice knew no difficulty. Davide, the illegitimate son of the great tenor of the end of the eighteenth century, whom we have mentioned above, was a singer of genius, for whom Rossini composed a great many works. He appeared successively in *Il Turco in Italia, Riccardo e Zoraide, La Donna del Lago, Zelmira*, etc. When Davide joiner went to Paris in 1829, his voice, fatigued by excesses of every description, had become unequal and capricious in tone. In the midst of many traits in rather bad taste, and ridiculous mannerisms and *ornii*, the great artist sometimes, however, manifested himself and transported the public with admiration, as, for instance, in the duet of the second act of *La Gazza Ladra*, and in the duet he sang with Mad Malibran. Nozzari, an accomplished singer, of perfect good taste, was, in Rossini's opinion, the inexpressible champion of Italy, to whom he gave some excellent advice. Nor must we forget Mombelli, the father of the *prima donna* whom we heard at Paris, in 1833, who made so great a hit effect in the first *Rosina* of *La Cenerentola*. Rossini met Mombelli, at the commencement of his career, at Rome, in 1812, and wrote a character for him in his first opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*. We must likewise mention Bianchi, Bonoldi, and Sambuchi, the last of whom was composed the tenor part in *L'Italiana in Algieri*; Donzelli, who possessed a powerful and sonorous but cumbrous voice, and, lastly, Rubini, for whom Rossini wrote only a single *cantata*, "La Riconoscenza," a sort of pastoral for four voices, performed at the Teatro San Carlo, at Naples, on the 27th December, 1821, for the benefit of the immortal *musico*. Although, by the suppleness, brilliancy, and *timbre* of his voice, Rubini evidently seemed to be long to the school of singers formed by the author of *Il Barbiere, Otello*, and *Semiramide*, it is certain that the composer who endeavored best how to utilize and bring out his utmost qualities was Bellini.

As we have very often said, between the dramatic composer and the known interpreters of his thoughts, there exists a secret and reciprocal influence, which the critic ought to take into account. For one or two sublime musicians, who, like Mozart, and Rossini, in the best of his operas, know how to "create" *chefd'œuvre* without going beyond the limits of ordinary voices, there are a great number of composers eager to seize on the smallest natural idiosyncracy, and mould their ideas to the requirements of exceptional voices. Nowhere has this pernicious system been practised more than in Italy. In France, too, half the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Opéra Comique owed a part of its success to Martin's extraordinary voice. Between the touching and melancholy accents of Rubini and the penetrating organ and deep feeling of Rebiol, the points of analogy were so numerous and so natural, that the two must have felt attracted to each other, just like parts of one and the same body which must again after having been separated, and which tend together in some one conception of art. It was at Milan, in 1827, that the lucky meeting of the composer and the virtuoso took place, and the opera, *Il Pirata*, represented at the theatre of La Scala, was the first battle they gained together. This opera, which laid the foundations for the fame of the young maestro of Catana, increased, also, the reputation of his admirable interpreter. *La Sonnambula* was the second opera Bellini composed for his favorite singer. This was also represented at Milan, at the theatre De la Canobiana in 1831. Then came *I Puritani*, performed in 1834, at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, where Bellini died six months after the production of his masterpiece, like Hérold after that of his *Pré aux Clercs*. Donizetti, too, composed for Rubini the part of Percy, in his opera of *Anna Bolena*, represented at Milan in 1831, a short time after *La Sonnambula*, and by the same *virtuosi*.

Rubini's voice was that of a high tenor, with a register of more than two octaves from the lower E to the F in alt, which he reached in certain passages by an heroic *abdan* that always excited the admiration of the audience. The flexibility of his voice was prodigious, but its quality was not homogeneous. In fact, it was made up of two voices, the weak, beginning from the E between the fourth and fifth lines of the staff, the Rubini voice was turned, rilmmed, and threw out sounds that concentrated the ear. He was able to go as high as B in alt, giving each sound that powerful and sonorous quality, designated in the schools by the name of *chest notes*, because the notes appear actually to proceed from the seat of life. On reaching this extreme limit, his voice mailed into a luminous *falsetto*, forming a magic contrast with the preceding chords. This abrupt opposition of shade and light, in which the opaque and sweet clearness of the *head notes* caused the vigorous sonority of the natural tones to stand out in bold relief, was one of the effects most frequently employed by Rubini. The astonished ear followed the singer, in his triumphal ascent, to the highest limit of the tenor register, without perceiving the slightest loss of constancy in this long spiral of notes, variously lighted up, and glittering upon an even and substantial melodic tissue.

To this almost inherent power of passing, without a break, from the chest notes to the notes in the of the head notes, Rubini added another one less important—namely, a long respiration, the force of which he had learned from Bonoldi, who, with a broad chest, where his lungs could dilate at their ease, he took a high note, filled it successively with light and warmth, and, when the lungs were expanded, threw it forward into the house, where it burst like a Bengal rocket in a thousand colors. This artifice, the effect of which Bonoldi had borrowed by Rubini from the old Italian school, where it was frequently employed, especially by the male *soprani*, who were particularly fond of it, fell into disuse.

Rubini's voice, the delicious and penetrating tones of which had only to be heard to charm the hearer, was, as we have said, homogeneous. Simple and double scales, *arpeggios*, trills taken upon the highest chords, *gruppetti, appoggiatures*, and the richest and most ingenious combinations of vocalization, were accomplished with a boldness and rapidity which scarcely gave the auditor time enough to appreciate their difficulty. The texture of these marvellous *arpeggios*, or to adopt the term still used in the schools, the musical phrase including vocalization, was not always irreproachable in quality, and often wanted substance. The notes were poured forth too quickly, and crowded one upon one another, so that the singer was not always able, like an intrepid cavalier who reins-in his steed with an all-powerful hand, to dominate his flight or stop in his career. In addition to this, a faulty movement of the lips, which Rebini was never able to correct, showed a certain hesitation, a feeble and pretty clearly that the *virtuoso* had been educated in rather a hap-hazard kind of manner. This defect, extremely common at the present day, and which M. Mario has eagerly exaggerated, like a scholar who at first imitates only the peculiarities of a master, was strictly prohibited in the old Italian school. The singer's face was then not allowed to express anything but the sentiments he experienced, and the mysteries of vocalization and mechanism remained forever hidden from the eyes of the public; a grand rule for every branch of art, but one too much disregarded at the present day.

(Concluded next time.)

## Mrs. Moulton's First Concert.

(From the New York Tribune, Oct. 17.)

The reception of Mrs. Moulton last night at Steinway Hall was an unmistakable triumph of the season. It was not a mere gathering of the connoisseurs and curious people to hear a singer with whose praises society has long filled our ears, but it was an assemblage of one heart beneath ladies and gentlemen to extend a friendly welcome to an admired countrywoman at the outset of her new career. All fears prevailed and beauty sparkled all over the house. So profuse were the offerings of baskets and bouquets that before the end of the evening the stage looked like a bed of flowers. The enthusiasm with which Mrs. Moulton was received in the gay and fashionable circles of imperial Paris is a matter of such fame that there can be no impertinence in alluding to it here, nor will it be deemed improper to remark that an equally unmistakable social success seems to have been prepared for her in America. Indeed if she were only an ordinary parlor singer, she has prestige enough to pass for a musical phenomenon in any city of the United States where people catch the gossip of the French capital, and know how highly this fair lady has been honored, not only in the court of the fallen empire, but by the great masters of art, whose praise is an artist's best reward. But Mrs. Moulton is by no means an ordinary singer. The extravagant encomiums which have been lavished upon her in advance are certainly overstrained; yet, after making a liberal deduction for the enthusiasm of her admirers, we can still accept a great deal of praise as just and simply merited. The quality of her voice, to begin with, has not been praised too highly. We have sometimes thought that we are beginning to see in America a certain character of soprano as distinct from the voices of other nations as the rich and sensuous Italian is distinct from the graceful French, the earnest German, or the rare voice of the far North. Our women have the sweet tones of the most favored of their foreign sisters, with less warmth than our cousins and less force than another; but they have a beauty of song all their own, graceful, bird like, and most exquisitely tender. Mrs. Moulton's is an American voice, enriched with certain gifts that are entirely exceptional. It reminds one a little of Miss Kellogg's, though it is fuller than hers in the lower register—being not a soprano but a mezzo-soprano—and a trifle less clear in the upper; but it has more remarkable rhythmic character than any other organ of the class which we can now call to mind. This valuable quality gives it great power of expression, and makes it brilliant at the same time that it is rich and sweet. We can believe the story of Mrs. Moulton's anonymous and some what exclusive friends, that Rossini compared it to the voice which sang to him in imagination while he was composing; for under favorable circumstances the effect of her voice is unrivalled. It is not remarkable for strength or compass, and hence analyses friends have doubted whether the lady who fascinated the world could be able to satisfy the severer exactions of the concert room. She has vocal power enough, however, to be heard in any hall or theatre that we know of, and if her present revenue do not succeed there will be some other reason for it than want of voice.

Mrs. Moulton's first song last night was the "Bel Raggio," from "Semiramide." It charmed everybody. Nothing could have been more thoroughly musical than her execution of the florid embellishments with which Rossini has loaded this aria. Almost all public performers think they do it like an exercise. Mrs. Moulton knows how to give it as a song. She took the difficult runs with delightful ease, accuracy, and self-possession, and displayed a mezzo voce of rare beauty and clearness. In the opening measures of the Bach Gounod "Ave Maria" she gave evidence of deep sensibility, but she reached the climax of passion to which the prayer ought to rise. Indeed it was plain before the close of the evening that she could rise to the height of bodily strength or lack of art she was unable to sustain herself in the high position she had taken at the beginning. The "Ave Maria" for instance, was rather tame; the duet afterwards with Ronconi from the "Elisir d'Amore" was weak and flirt; and the serenade from "Betly" can only be described as moderately effective. In the last two of these, and in the little songs which she gave as encores, there was a perceptible flagging which several times degenerated into blunders. Every allowance must be made, of course, for the nervousness of a first night; just we are inclined to believe that Mrs. Moulton so often loses command of her voice because her training has been nice rather than severe. Also seems to be deficient in the dramatic power which is necessary for an effective singer on the public stage.

(From the N. Y. Times, Oct. 17.)

* * * * There is about Mrs. Moulton a strong fascination, which is felt before she opens her lips at all, and which continues and is felt to be resisted.

Perhaps this implies that Mrs. Moulton owes more to personal magnetism and less to the mastery of her art than we care to concede; and perhaps conjecture regarding the stress of the former might well at first warp the judgment of practical observers. We hasten, therefore, to say that without any such magnetism at all, Mrs. Moulton might be a fine, even if a much less sympathetic artist; and that we have never seen any first appearance whatever so curiously free from the characteristic blemishes of such occasions. The lady came upon the stage with that simple grace which commonly takes so long to acquire, and, with the faintest, evanescent sign of timidity, sang at once as if she had been used to face crowds in a vast hall for years. As the programme of this interesting

Digitized by Google

occasion has appeared in none of the advertisements, we place it on record:

PART I.

Overture, "Semiramide" ........................ Rossini
The Orchestra
1. Largo al Factotum, "Barbiere" .............. Rossini
Signor Ronconi.
2. Fantasia, "Martha" ........................ Sarasate
Signor Sarasate
3. Bel Raggio, "Semiramide" .................... Rossini
Mrs. Charles Moulton.
4. Romanza, "Faust" ........................... Gounod
Signor Leoni.
5. Ave Maria with violin obligato ................ Gounod
Mrs. Charles Moulton.

PART II.

Overture, "Gazza Ladra" ........................ Rossini
The Orchestra.
6. Connais-tu le Pays, "Mignon" ................ Thomas
Miss Palmer.
7. Duo, "Elisir d'Amore" ...................... Donizetti
Mrs. Charles Moulton and Signor Ronconi
8. Andante and Finale, Concerto ........... Mendelssohn
Signor Sarasati.
9. Cavatina, "Betly" .......................... Donizetti
Mrs. Charles Moulton
10. Duo, "Una Sera d'Amore" .................. Campana
Miss Palmer and Signor Leoni.
Grand March.

Mrs. Moulton rendered "Bel Raggio" as we have not heard it before in the concert-room. Her purity and volume of tone, the surpassing finish of her execution, the amazing facility and unexceptionable elegance of her florid passages deserved and gained unmixed admiration. In response to the earnest demand of her auditors, Mrs. Moulton then sang a French *chansonette*, with an archness and gaiety in admirable contrast with her opening effort. Signor Ronconi was heartily welcomed, and trotted forth the well-worn "Largo al Factotum" with much of his old voice and all of his old humor and fire. In the "Ave Maria," set to meet the best qualities of her voice, Mrs. Moulton again won the hearty suffrage of her public, and the first part ended in quite a blaze of enthusiasm. Signor Pablo Sarasate, of whom we should like to write more fully when more space is at command, proved himself an artist of high rank, and was heartily encouraged. The second part of the entertainment was, as regards plaudits and universal satisfaction, a repetition of the first; and the opinion was generally expressed at the close that Mrs. Moulton had made, in all respects, a great success.

Of all past singers, Mrs. Moulton undoubtedly most recalls the traditions of Malibran. The voice is a mezzo-soprano of exquisite melodiousness, sweet rather than strong, although of strength sufficient, even in an extended range, and producing, when first heard, the kind of strange thrill of admiring exultation wrought by the first glorious bloom of Spring flowers, or the first view of a sublime landscape. What is the secret of this? Simply the revelation of a capacity for passion; a revelation conveyed by the most perfect of musical instruments, whose natural beauty has been brought to the rarest perfection without being hardened and worn away by the educating attritions. It is nonsense to style Mrs. Moulton an amateur. She is already an artist in the fullest sense, since she can not only stand the test of rigid technical examination, but possesses the more splendid gifts that neither experience nor the most elaborate culture and labor can alone confer. Doubtless she may improve upon herself, and we greatly mistake her if she does not feel that she should try. But Mrs. Moulton, as she is, brings far more to delight and to teach into the concert-room than many a singer of long-won repute and extensive following. There are singers in plenty who can "execute;" the rarity is to find a singer whose execution has a soul behind it; and between some of these artists and Mrs. Moulton, there is much the same difference that exists between a musical-box and a sky-lark.

(From the Nation, Oct. 26.)

The first thought that probably came into the minds of many of those who then heard Mrs. Moulton for the first time was in regard to the reposeful character of her art. Whoever looked for startling effects was disappointed. That is not the direction in which nature has endowed her. Her effects are quietly produced, and are the results of purity of voice and perfection of method, and not of any phenomenal range or power. Those who look to be astonished by either wealth of voice or intensity of method will look in vain. Mrs. Moulton's art must be enjoyed by giving one's self up in a quiet spirit to the appreciation of beautiful tones beautifully produced. Every phrase will then be found to be charmingly sung, and every passage, however intricate, perfectly vocalized. Work, however, of such fineness is not of the kind that commands most fully popular applause, and we doubt very much whether Mrs. Moulton will be found to possess the quality of talent that most surely excites the enthusiasm of the public. Her voice is neither large, nor powerful, nor vibratory, nor of great compass and extent, and her style is not dramatic. There is nothing electric in her singing, nothing vivid in the color that she gives to the music. Her own manner is calm and dispassionate, and she fails to quicken the pulse of her hearers, or to excite any other emotion than that of contentment at the perfection of the art.

We recognize in Mrs. Moulton a voice of delicious softness, rich and warm in its quality—though her singing is not warm—flexible, and under perfect training. She possesses, also, the capacity of singing with *demi voix* more perfectly than any other person we have ever heard, together with true intonation and personal characteristics that are in her favor. But, on the other hand, her style, though a highly cultivated one, does not seem to us in the highest sense artistic. The art is only truly noble which subdues the personality of the singer to itself, and puts the sentiment of the music first in importance, the vocalism second, the artist last.

We also find Mrs. Moulton, as an artist, lacking in earnestness of purpose. Miss Wynne, a much inferior singer, so far as natural endowments were concerned, through the possession of this quality impresses herself far more strongly upon her audience. Hearing the two singers at the same hall, on consecutive evenings, the difference in effect upon their audiences of their ballad singing could not fail to be remarked. The latter seemed to forget herself, and to desire to impress only her musical thought upon the listeners, the latter to interpose herself between the song and the audience.

Mrs. Moulton is, undoubtedly, a very perfect parlor singer, but her capacities do not seem to have expanded themselves as yet to the limits of the concert-room, and, unless her art deepens and broadens itself, we greatly doubt whether she will meet with those triumphs that her friends have so confidently predicted for her.

## Chicago, Pyro-Musically Considered.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

Desperate cases require desperate treatment, is the substance of an old adage; and I trust the present emergency may be sufficient to excuse the verbal new creation which heads this article.

The telegraph and the daily press have harped industriously enough on the terrible calamity which has befallen us; the unfortunate "Phœnix" has been compelled to rise from her ashes a vast number of times within the last three weeks, entirely irrespective of the thousand years grace provided for in the original contract. What I propose to do here is to give a slight glance at the extent of the destruction, correct a few of the more glaring errors of the Illustrated papers, and then give a synopsis of the musical situation so far as the smoke allows me.

The extent of the calamity is absolutely inconceivable. A city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants is entirely blotted out. More property is burned than the entire city of Buffalo, and Buffalo is a large city. There are about eighteen miles of streets burned clean in the South Division. Of these, nearly six were built up with buildings that would average a cost of $1000 a foot, on each side of the street. This alone gives a loss of over $60,000,000. The other eight miles (for I allow about four miles of crossings) were built over at a cost, I should think, of about $250 a foot. Making about $17,000,000 more. This gives about $90,000,000 as the loss on the South side. On the North side there were burned over something like fifty miles of streets, improved at an average cost of about $200 a linear foot. Of course some parts were worth much more; but for the whole, taking the vacant lots and the poor districts, I think this is sufficiently high. Here we have a loss of about $60,000,000. The stocks of goods lost would not exceed $50,000,000, I think. Total, not over $200,000,000, or enough to have carried on the late war about three months. I doubt whether the same amount of property was ever before reduced to ashes in so short a time. This estimate of the loss is large enough to satisfy any prudent man who knows the character of the improvements destroyed. Upwards of 17,000 buildings were burned in the North Division. When I was over there Monday morning about nine o'clock, the fire had just reached Chicago Avenue, except east of Clark st., where it was already along to Division St. Here in a region of frame dwellings for a space of half a mile wide and a mile long, every family was doing the best it could to move out. Expressmen were charging $100 a load, and were transporting things but a short distance for that. With some difficulty we made our way around north of the fire to the park in front of Unity Church. This is the church with two towers in the same group with the New England church, in *Every Saturday*. The latter church had already burned. The residence between that and Unity was yet intact. The heat of the fire was great there, and presently Unity Church ignited in one of its towers, and soon went with the others. The park in front was stored full of household goods. Robert Collyer managed to save here some of his books. Good man! I saw him next day gathering the remnant of his household goods into a wagon and move them toward a shelter—but where I know not. All that night we watched for the wind to change and sweep the West side. But a merciful Providence spared us that, and so we have left the domiciles of over 200,000 inhabitants.

The artists of *Harper's Weekly* have put it on rather strong in the picture called "The rush over Randolph St. Bridge." The building there represented as burning stands as good as ever; it never was on fire at all, and if it had been, the wind would have carried the flames exactly the opposite direction from that in the picture. So also of the large picture showing a bird's eye view of the fire. The wind blows exactly the wrong way. It *came from* the south-west, the night of the fire.

Then, too, the writer tells us of Lincoln Park and the prairie becoming a bog by reason of the rain, and of a rain that had fallen a few days before. The fact is, there was scarcely any rain that night, and had been none at all for three weeks before; if there had been, the fire would not have caught so easily. Another tells us of the fire being transported by block pavements. This also is nonsense. The blocks show exactly how that was. They are not burned on the edges, but only charred in the centre, where cinders fell on them. There are miles and miles which are entirely uninjured, and none at all was burned up. The fire *did* communicate by the plank side-walk. Of that there is no doubt; and to-day not a foot of it remains in all the burnt district to tell the tale.

Again, all the writers make great account of the robberies and pillaging. These I believe to be sheer fabrication. I was on patrol several nights, and I know of no instance of the sort, nor could I trace any one to a reliable source. The same is true of incendiarism. There is no evidence of an intentional fire, since that fatal day. The fifty people hung and shot were executed (if they died at all) by "men in buckram." The city has been in a terribly excited state, and any rumor speedily grew.

Of course, in such a time, all selfishness came to the surface. Many manifested a disposition to raise prices of ordinary necessities of which an unlimited supply was within three hours rail, and more than one hundred and fifty rail road trains a day anxious to bring it in. But the first day General Sheridan issued an order which stopped this for the moment, and in one day trade moved on again.

Some men, on the contrary, manifested great kindness. Mr. J. F. Fargo, the author of one or two singing books, had a *suite* of rooms in the heart of the city. He was interested in the fire some $20,000. But instead of spending the time in regrets, he turned his attention to assisting his poorer neighbors. Telling them to pack their valuables into as small compass as they could, they soon had several trunks ready, and he set himself to help get them to a place of safety. Happening fortunately to have about two hundred dollars in his pocket-book, he paid out the last cent in procuring transportation for these trunks, of which only one was his. They were finally saved, thanks to his persistent effort.

Digitized by Google

Mr. T. N. Caulfield had lately come to the city from Washington. His room was in the business part of the town. He assisted others so much as to have his own clothes nearly burned off him. All his personal effects were lost.

Mr. A. J. Creswold, one of our best concert organists, saved not half a toilet, and his wife hardly more. He has gone to St. Louis, I hear.

Personally I was most affected by the losses of Mr. Dudley Buck. He had a very pleasant place, a large brick house with basement, in all some thirteen or fourteen rooms. Adjacent was his music hall, about 20ft. by 40, containing his beautiful three manual organ of twenty-two sounding stops, seven composition pedals, and the usual couplers. The fire took this about four o'clock in the morning. Mr. Buck was in Albany that night. But friends were there and fought cinders on the roof until it became apparent that the family must leave. Mrs. Buck accordingly saved three or four trunks of things, and herself and family finally found a place of safety through the kindness of Geo. L. Dunlap, Esq., late of the Northwestern Rail Road. Mr. Buck was organist of St. James church, where he had a new organ (by Johnson) which in all its appointments was the most satisfactory of any instrument in the city. But not a vestige now remains. Mr. Buck lost his valuable house and organ, as well as all his furniture; but worse than that his uncommonly fine library, which was as good a "working library of music" as I ever saw. It embraced a very rich collection of Church Music (including all of the Bach scores published by the Bach and Handel Society of Leipsic) a great deal of organ music, the complete scores of Beethoven, orchestral, vocal, and chamber, a large assortment of the best German works on Theory, Töpfer's valuable work on organ-building, etc., etc. Besides this he had a fine miscellaneous library. So on Wednesday Mr. Buck reached Chicago to find himself without a local habitation, and a poorer man by some $20,000 than when he left home. But great as the money loss is, I have had experience enough to know that it is the books, and manuscripts, and the organ, that Mr. Buck will miss most. I do not wonder, therefore, that he turned his face toward Boston.

And it is for this that I am particular to mention all these things. During the three years that he has been in this city, he has done more to elevate the tone of the profession than any other man. All the best church organists of the city, except one or two, have taken lessons of him; and every man of them has a higher opinion of Dudley Buck's ability as an organist, than before he was brought close enough to admit of measurement. As a teacher of advanced Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, he had a monopoly in this locality, and in my opinion deserved it. This is the greatest musical loss that the fire brought us.

Our school powers have cut off music from the public schools. Messrs. Whittemore and Blackman have gone, one to St. Louis, the other to Andover, Mass. They are both very superior teachers.

The press fared hardly. To begin at home, the *Musical Independent* lost its mail lists and all its files. It will not be revived until January. The *Song Messenger* saved its books, but its editor, Mr. J. R. Murray, was burned out of his home and compelled to go east on account of sickness in his family. A temporary hand is bringing out the November number. The *Advance*, that noble religious paper, lost every thing but its prestige and mail lists. These were in the safe. So of the *Christian Advocate* and *Standard* The *Tribune* thought itself secure, but the fire ate out the interior of the rooms. A part of the wall was blown away by the bursting of a Krupp shell, kept in a window as a curiosity. The *Little Corporal* lost with the others. Two new books by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller were destroyed just as the plates were ready for the press.

The music houses lost heavily. Lyon & Healy had a heavy stock. They lost eighty pianos, and all their music and books. Root & Cady estimate a loss of about $200,000 In it are the plates of three books, the *Charm*, *The Song King*, and the *Curriculum*. Lyon & Healy lost the plates and the first edition of Baumbach's new collection of Sacred Music, as well as all their other plates. Another heavy loser in this line was Mr. J. Butterfield, whose new cantata "Belshazzar" was destroyed.

Mr. W. K. Nixon did a handsome thing. Although a heavy loser by the fire, he owned the only building left intact in the burnt district, a fire proof building for offices and banks. His schedule of prices was fixed before the fire. But he *reduced* it ten per cent., and filled his building with tenants who had been burned out, refusing offers of twice and thrice what he asked. It is better to be a gentleman, than rich.

The prospect for music this winter is poor indeed. The Oratorio Society lost their books, including sets of the Messiah, Creation, etc., Hymn of Praise, etc. There is talk of reviving the organization for this winter in two divisions. Who would be director I cannot say, for Mr. Balatka has removed to Milwaukee. About the only man left competent to the place is Mr. J. A. Butterfield.

Signor Dama came here, but the smoke was too strong, and he went back to Boston.

It really seemed sad to lose the beautiful Crosby Opera House. It had been renovated and wonderfully improved at an expense of about $80,000. I was present at a 'private view' a few days before the fire, and all agreed that it was the most beautiful interior of any theatre in the country. The gold rep used to relieve the crimson upholstery of the proscenium boxes, cost $20 a yard in gold. The decorations had been carried on under the eye of Mr. Crosby himself, by Mr. Garrison, the gentlemanly and able manager. McVicker's theatre was also newly fitted up this year, at great expense. Farwell Hall was given over to lectures. Theodore Thomas left rather abruptly. He was to have opened the Opera House Monday night. About $100,000 worth of organs were destroyed by the fire, including three of Hook's, worth $18,000, three of Johnson's worth $23,000.—And this is a part of "What I know about Fire."

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

## Carl Tausig.*

(Continued from page 117).

Public opinion had condemned his experiments severely; more severely he himself condemned his doings when he had come to calmly judge of his musical aspirations so far. He forged the arrows of a vile criticism into a critical file, which all through life he kept and conscientiously applied. What enigmas his art enthusiasm might be unable yet to solve, his studies in speculative philosophy, to which he had been long devoted, and in practical (not theoretical) art aesthetics, gradually cleared up for him. For many years fame was entirely silent about him. He withdrew to his solitary study, living in different cities at different times. Thus he was kept in some contact with the world and its influences. For some time he would thus live in retirement at Geneva, London, Brussels and other cities; at times he would return to Vienna. Here he formed a warm attachment to Johannes Brahms, whom he most highly esteemed as an eminent composer and as one of the most interesting virtuosi. These intimate relations to Brahms did not change his devotion to Wagner and Liszt. Cruel fate was yet kind enough to him to give him an opportunity of showing his gratitude shortly before his death to the two masters, who had exerted the most lasting influence on his artistic development. In Berlin he met Wagner during the festivities instituted in honor of the latter, and Liszt he visited at Leipsig.

(* Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig Signale)

During the last months of 1865 Carl Tausig, after an absence of seven years, returned to Berlin, to resume the practical activity for which he had so well prepared himself. At first probably intent only on a short visit, the admiration—enthusiasm it may be called—of his hearers, increasing with every concert, caused him to take up his residence in Berlin, to make it his head-quarters for his concert excursions. Undertaken at longer or shorter intervals, far and wide, these became real triumphs. Anton Rubinstein alone was named together with him as a worthy rival. It need not be stated that the "rivals" were connected by mutual regard and hearty admiration of each other's excellent points. The Prussian court, in consequence of his growing fame at home and abroad (in Russia, Holland, &c.), nominated him royal court-pianist; Austria, still more unexpectedly, decorated him with a high order. These temporary concert excursions, carried out with a feverish restlessness that may gradually have undermined his constitution, never too robust, he looked upon as extra work, to secure a livelihood. The greater part of the year was devoted by him with self-sacrificing love to his conservatory for the piano at Berlin, for which he engaged as assistants the best artists, such as C. F. Weitzmann, Adolf Jenssen, Louis Ehlert, and others. Two days in the week, from morning till night, he devoted himself to these pupils completely, who clung to him with enthusiastic love. Many of them, by their musical excellence, will do credit to their teacher. His artist nature, nervously intent on the most serious cultivation of his art, and utterly averse to all superficiality, would not allow him to give lessons to dilettanti. That seemed to him too much like trade, and would have worn out his sensitive nerves the sooner. The remaining five days of the week he devoted with unremitting zeal to enlarging his repertoire, to further improvement of his playing, though acknowledged by every one as perfect; his ear, growing every moment more refined, guiding him surely to improvements, patent only to him. His ideal, with every degree of improvement, rose one degree higher; and this "Faust"-like trait of character stamps him one of the most imposing artist natures. In the immediate interest of his Conservatory he applied his mind and the sum of practical experiences made during the time of his assiduous studies to editing classical, instructive studies. His edition of Clementi's *Gradus ad Parnassum* and of selections from J. Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," his concert editions of various works of Scarlatti, Schubert, C. M. von Weber, have been a common property of cultivated pianists, justly taking the place of older and contemporaneous arrangements and editions. They are incontestible proofs of the merits of their author, for the future of the art of piano-playing for all, artists, teachers and students. His ingenious fantasias, full of originality, on Hungarian Gipsy melodies, and the two beautiful Etudes marked opus 1, show that he intended to devote himself to composition again. Sad fate! The longing for original creation, gratified for the first time in this composition, marked opus 1, is the last smile, the last sigh of an artist, whose glowing, poetic fancy never had grown cold, but was restrained in each and every manifestation by the severe self-criticism of his philosophic mind, whenever the final decision of his head was not perfectly harmonious with the inspiration of his soul. This "opus 1" is at the same time a self-condemnation and a proof of the renouncing of former "youthful indiscretions" so called; it promised a rich harvest of golden fruits to the musical world. He little thought that death would so soon arrest him with his brutal *halt!* on the new path he had struck into; the blade did not feel that its scabbard was used up, consumed. The saying: "*la lame a usé le fourreau*," if applicable to any artist's death, is applicable to that of Tausig.

(Conclusion next time.)

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 4, 1871.

## The English Ballad Concerts.

Mr. George Dolby's admirable group of English singers,—being each and all of the very best representatives of what there is best in the English school of song,—have more than met the highest expectations of our best Boston audiences. In three concerts (Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, Oct. 14, 15 and 16) they gave such fresh and rare delight to the most musical persons, as well as to the many, that a like triplet of the same sort of entertainments was ventured a week later; and that it was equally successful shows that the charm was real and will wear. This charm, for the most part, lies in the manner, far more than in the matter of the performances. For nothing short of such a group of artists, good in every point, could reconcile a cultivated music-lover to sitting through anything so tedious and so empty as a whole evening of what are commonly called English Ballads. Indeed the term "ballad" has acquired of late years a new sense, being applied to all sorts of modern sentimental, namby-pamby, imitative, hot-house products of the Balfes, the Wallaces, the Claribels, &c., far oftener than to the real ballads, songs (mostly rhymed narratives) that sprung fresh out of the heart of a simpler age, and have a native flavor, a charm of unaffected quaintness and sincerity, which the concert shop-songs of to-day entirely lack. England is the great manufactory and mart of this kind of song, the peculiar home of the common-place in sentimental melody; and English publics thrive upon such lengths of this dull sort of appetite as would make any other people live in present nightmare and in fear of palsy. In length and in monotony a London ballad programme is "fearfully and wonderfully made;" its interminable string of would-be tender and pathetic songs all have the same cloying family resemblance that we find in the *timbre* of the various Sax instruments that render all our brass bands so expressive of satiety, especially when they sentimentalise, as trumpets emasculated into cornets are so much inclined to do; and, worse yet, all such songs are calculated for encores, so that the sitter-through must swallow one "square meal" upon the top of another; and singers think they must oblige the spoiled public,' which, by insane applause, has first spoiled them, or the like of them, in whose footsteps they follow.

The only real fault we have heard found with the Dolby Concerts has been with the programmes. But there has been enough of what is good and classical in them to give the noble singers worthy opportunity, each more than once; and all of them have done their part so well, that this complaint gives way to wonder how it is possible for such intelligent, refined, true artists to spend their art on so much most indifferent music; it is wasting the "precious ointment" upon common heads. Of course some of these six programmes were better than others; the two on Sunday evenings, particularly the second one, contained music that was worth the while and worthy of such interpreters. The poorest programme was the last, where Bishop, Wallace, Balfe, Arditi, &c., followed in close succession, and each song was supplemented by an encore piece of the same description, even to "The heart bowed down,"—strange theme for the grand voice and style of Mr. Santley!

—But now to a more pleasant theme for us—the artists themselves. More perfect elements, whether for quartet or for solo singing, we have seldom if ever known to be brought together. In all the concerted pieces the unity was complete; the voices blended as from inmost sympathy and a fine common understanding, each losing itself in the whole, while its individuality was all the more palpably felt and as it were consecrated by the harmony, without which it would be imperfectly itself. Fine intelligence and the most conscientious, patient preparation and rehearsal were evident in every smallest effort of this kind. Such thoroughness should be a lesson to our singers. The perfect concert manners, or deportment of the whole troupe, too, was refreshing, and should do good here as a model. Quiet, dignified, respectful to their task and to their audience they all were, indulging in no tricks of vanity and no undue familiarity. The Quartets were mostly sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. J. G. Patey,—the latter gentleman doing more effective service as a solid, well-trained basso in the quartets, than in the few solos which he sang, though his rendering of Handel's "Tears, such as tender fathers shed," and "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains," was unexceptionable. Mr. Santley took part in two Quintets: the *Sanctus* from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, which was most exquisitely sung, and a Madrigal by Festa: "Down in a flowery vale," a quaint and interesting specimen of the Italian madrigal composers of the 16th century; also in a Trio: "When the wind blows," by Bishop. Other Quartets, more or less interesting themselves, all gem-like in the purity of execution, were "The Shepherd's Sabbath-day," by Hatton; "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria* (Bennett); "Honor and Glory," from Costa's *Naaman*; Mendelssohn's part-song: "Resting place;" the Glees: "Here in cool Grot" (Lord Mornington), "Sleep, gentle Lady" (Bishop), "There is beauty on the mountain" (Goss), "See the Chariot" (Horsley), "Where the bee sucks" (Dr. Arne and Jackson), and Hatton's "When evening's twilight."

The Soprano of the troupe, Miss Edith Wynne, though less demonstrative and sharing less public notice than others of the party, did win our admiration more and more, not only by her sweet, true, even voice,—of a veiled quality, but charming,—her facile, free and finished execution, her thoroughly artistic style and faultless, genuine expression, but by the self-forgetting, conscientious way in which she made the true expression of the music the one aim and motive of her whole performance. There was no prima donna egotism to be seen about it; her song is a sincere service, a devotion, it would seem, to the Ideal, and like a "still, small voice" it steals directly to the heart. She is one of the sweetest, purest, most refined, most musical interpreters both of the simple ballad and of more artistic forms of composition. In the part-singing nothing could add a finer grace, or gild the whole with softer, light, than her most flexible, sweet voice, thridding the mazy passages so deftly and with such instinct of proportion in the florid passages. Nor do you feel any inadequacy of power where majesty or pathos are required, although the voice is one of slender volume, nor any lack of brilliancy or sweetness in the upper tones. Her rendering of Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, of a Recitative and Air from Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, was exquisitely chaste and finished, but in no sense overdone. This artist seems to have kept herself unstained of the world, i. e., above the influence of applauding publics. The joy and rapture of Bach's "My heart ever faithful" lost something by the too slow time in which she took it; the steadfast, fervent, serious faith was there, but not not the almost merriness of healthy piety which Bach gives vent to in that sunshiny song. Of the modern "ballad" kind Miss Wynne sang, (always to a charm so far as the composition would allow) "Oh! bid your faithful Ariel fly" (T. Linley); "Marjorie's Almanack" (Mme. Sainton Dolby); "Tell me, my heart" (Bishop); "Will he come?" (Sullivan); "Should he upbraid?" (Bishop); "The old Cottage Clock" (Molloy)—they had struck the "old clock" and "old arm-chair" vein in that last programme, and worked it liberally in the encores,—and others in response to recalls. Among the most delightful of the old English favorites of thirty years ago were the Duets: "As it fell upon a day," and "I know a bank," as here sung with consummate grace by Miss Wynne and Mme. Patey. For once, at least, one can find pleasure in such old songs so sung.

Madame Patey unites with a fine presence, and face full of generous, sometimes inspired expression, one of the richest, largest and most evenly developed contralto voices we have ever heard. She, too, is an artist, with a deal of simple pathos in her song. Of homely ballads she is one of the very best interpreters. If she have any fault, it is that of occasionally—not very often—overdoing in the matter of expression. But this we charge not so much to the singer, as to the ballad style itself; for ballads brought before a public audience put the singer in a somewhat false position; ballads belong to home and quiet twilight hours; they inevitably become overdone before great publics; the very traits in the delivery which are the least true and simple are the most applauded, and singers (all but the greatest) follow where applause leads. A ballad hardly seems itself in a great concert room; in braving the exposure it is pretty sure to take on false airs. Nor was the fine ballad singing of Mme. Patey always an exception to the rule. Tom Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," for instance, was all simple and perfect till the last phrase, when the concert trick came,—the voice descended into three or four astonishingly strong deep tones; this was encored, and repeated in the same way, only "more so." But the false conventionalisms of the English concert-room affect the simple, noble, large and heartfelt singing of this lady in a slight degree compared with most. Her's is whole-souled singing, and she is mistress of her art in a high sense. In "Auld Robin Gray," "Little Nell" (Linley), "Lillie's Good Night" (Philp), "Sweet and Low" (Wallace), and the old English ditty: "Come lasses and lads," &c., &c., she seized whatever life and individuality there might be in each song. Of her sacred selections, that in which we enjoyed her most was Handel's "What though I trace," from *Solomon*. Gounod's song: "There is a green hill far away" seemed "sacred" rather in the sentimental-feeble sense; but both that and Costa's "I dreamt I was in heaven" were beautifully sung. In Rossini's "O salutaris hostia" and in the "Quis est Homo," with Miss Wynne, there was a wealth of feeling and of beauty in her tones.

Mr. W. H. Cummings, who won the sympathies of the most musical part of Boston in the last Oratorio Festival, has renewed the charm of his sweet, delicate, artistically managed tenor voice, and of his highly intellectual, refined and sympathetic rendering of whatever music he may undertake. His delivery of "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her angels" was even more exquisitely pure and touching than before, and was really the gem of the first of the two sacred concerts. "*Cujus animam*" rather tried his power, yet it was finely given. His own setting of Longfellow's "When the hours of day are numbered," was, in his chaste, sincere delivery, a faithful, realising recitation of the poem, true to its spirit and its every thought,—genuine, if unpretending as a composition. It seemed odd to see and hear the thoughtful looking Cummings in the "old chair" business (song by Balfe). And why, if "Come into the garden, Maud" must be sung, select so flat and commonplace a setting of it as the one by Balfe? Mr. Dresel's is a thousand times more worthy of the poem. Mr. Cummings for an old ballad sang "Draw the sword, Scotland," and also divers songs by Braham, Bishop, &c.

And now of the world-famous basso, Mr. Santley. Nothing more satisfactory, in voice, or method, or artistic rendering, has been vouchsafed us here by bass or baritone. The solid, yeoman look and bear-

Digitized by Google

ing of the man,—frank, simple, quiet, dignified, impressive,—gave assurance which was more than fully confirmed. His organ is indeed a rare and glorious one. In quality (or *timbre*) it is baritone, but its great range includes deep, ponderous bass tones, and it ascends with ease and scarcely any diminution of volume, and without break anywhere, into warm, golden heights of tenor. The whole is of a rich, full diapason quality, rolling forth in free, generous organ tones as from an exhaustless source. The proper bass tones are, to be sure, a little harder than the rest, suggestive of the deep reed stops of an organ. His method is so perfect, or so natural, that you perceive no method: the *ars celare artem*, if it be art at all, is here consummate. The stamp of artistic honesty and thoroughness is on all he does. It is direct, manly, simple singing, without any *ad captandum* nonsense (beyond that invariable conventionalism of English singers, the holding out of a strong high note upon the final cadence, as if to notify the public that the job is done and you go off with flying colors). A fine intelligence pervades his singing; with a sure instinct he seizes and conveys the point and all the meaning of the song. To hear Santley sing the love song of the Cyclops: "O ruddier than the cherry" in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, or from the *Alexander's Feast*: "Revenge, Timotheus cries," were worth an evening's time alone. Have we ever heard the Handelian roulades sung with such a happy ease and certainty, all moving on so smoothly and composedly, with never any faltering or giving out of breath, and musical and graceful and alive, as in his rendering of the former? Or any serious *cantabile* more large, or more expressive and imaginative than he gave us in the second (minor) portion of the latter: "These are Grecian ghosts." His "Pro Peccatis" was the grandest, truest we have ever heard; for even Badiali, glorious baritone as he was too, was not unspoiled by audience like most Italian opera heroes.

The opening of Pergolesi's "Sanctum et terribile" was given by Mr. Santley with impressive dignity and grandeur; the Allegro of the piece which follows is hardly worthy of so imposing a beginning. Neukomm's "Confirma hoc Deus" is not a great composition, but it gave opportunity for Santley's grand and stirring declamation. The Offertorium by Dr. Chard (the Oxford professor in 1518?): "The Mass was sung," effective in the solo, was doubly so through the responses as of a cathedral quartet choir within; we never knew such "voices from within" to blend so truly with the principal. Gounod's "Nazareth," and Hatton's descriptive ballad, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," each in its way a striking composition, showed something of the graphic and dramatic power of Santley, which must be more than ordinary. It was a sorry joke to hear such noble powers engaged in the stale ditty of "The heart bowed down;" but his entirely simple, serious, whole-hearted and full-breasted singing of the Dibdin sea-song, "Tom Bowline," was ballad singing of the truest and most touching kind.

Will it not be a grand thing when we hear him and all these singers with the Handel and Haydn Society in Oratorio, as we are promised at Thanksgiving in "Elijah" and in "Judas Maccabæus?"

We must not forget to speak of a very important, indeed central member of the Dolby party, the admirable piano accompanist, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER. He is a thorough-bred musician, and no accompaniment could be more precise, more sympathetic, than his. There is a charm of disinterestedness in his coöperation; his whole heart is in the music, and he forgets himself. As a classical solo pianist, too, he gave good proof of his artistic quality. Movements from Beethoven Sonatas, Songs without Words by Mendelssohn, &c., were very clearly, finely rendered. Best of all Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations; for Chopin his *tempo* seemed too rigid and inflexible.

---

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON, on coming out of the tropical fervors of New York enthusiasm (witness the ecstatic superlatives of the Press, from which we copy the more moderate portion in preceding columns) into what artists have been taught to imagine the cold, critical, east wind atmosphere of Boston, must have been greatly reassured by her reception in the Music Hall on Monday evening. She was in the presence of admiring personal friends, a crowd of them, all eager to admire her more; and there were many more of the most cultivated friends of music, ready, hoping, to admire. The beauty of person and the easy, quiet grace of manner, made an immediate impression, and her *entrée* was the signal for a most cheering demonstration.

We do not undertake, from a first hearing, to settle her position among vocal artists. Artist she is, most certainly;—"mere amateur" on social grounds alone. We find our first impressions in the main agreeing with the general sense of what we have quoted, particularly from the *Nation*. Her singing is "reposeful," never thrilling. Music seems to be a placid and voluptuous atmosphere with her, where all is elegant and fragrant and delightful; no great roused passions, no deep stirrings of the soul, no yearnings for the Infinite, all more akin to Rossini than to Beethoven; for brilliancy and sparkle withal are not wanting, nor witching *espièglerie*. It is the luxury of art, in which a healthy sensuousness, an elasticity of vital spirits is implied.

We could have wished a better programme, for there was little in it from which one could infer a serious direction in her art love and life. Yet doubtless her selections were of the kind suited to her peculiar powers; and we are always grateful for Rossini and need but the smallest Aria of Mozart to make us happy.

What positive qualities were noted? First, undeniably, a most lovely voice; a mezzo soprano of large compass, rich and warm and sympathetic throughout, sometimes suggesting in the downward range the tone-tint of the clarionet, clear and sweet and liquid in the high tones, every note distinctly rounded, with a most even, limpid flow in rapid passages. Not a *great* voice in power or volume, but one whose music is pervading, satisfying, quite at home in largest concert room as well as the saloon.—Secondly [for good method is implied], consummate execution. This was proved in the florid *Semiramide* music: "Bel raggio," which seemed to sing itself through her; and indeed, as has been said, her execution in *mezza voce* is a marvel of perfection. Blumenthal's "La Capricciosa" afforded further exhibition of rare vocal virtuosity.

Again, of sweet and beautiful *cantabile* she showed herself the mistress by her fine rendering of "Voi che sapete," vague love song of that "budding Don Giovanni," the boy Cherubino. What she might do in large, lofty sacred song, there has been nothing yet to show. The tone with "the tear in it" did sometimes surprise you even amid the flowers of *Semiramide*.

In playful music, as in the duet with Dr. Dulcamara Ferranti, and the "taking" encore ballads, she shows a freedom, and an archness which might ensure success in Comic Opera. So far we dissent from some of the criticisms, and think her much more than a parlor singer; but there is no need to fancy her a Donna Anna or Fidelio.—One of her songs: "Beware, he's fooling thee," was overdone, and seemed to overstep the boundary of true reserve. It showed us how she could prolong a trill, but there was a certain not entirely pleasant suggestion of the Bacchante in the look and action. She must be something of a witch. Is that the meaning of the song? Then it were best unsung. This was the strongest instance of certain points of manner,—the air of familiarity, the ready acceptance of applause, the too evident triumphant consciousness of a magnetic power, which more than once disturbed the pure impression of her art. But that this fascinating lady of society is a Singer, of rare voice and talent, and an artist in the use thereof, no one can doubt who heard her. Cambridge and Boston may be proud of her.

Of the rest of the concert we can only add, that there was a fair orchestra: that Sig. SARASATE confirmed the first impression of his admirable violin-playing; that Mr WEHLI's fingers played an infinite deal of nothing with the usual faultless grace; that Sig FERRANTI, happy, hearty, jovial Italian, always a child, interested in others quite as much as in himself, sang "Largo al factotum" and his comical "*Femmine! femmine!*" with all his volubility and rich power of voice, but, in his ready sympathies, led on by laughter and applause, much overdid the drollery thereof.

There will be further opportunity to hear Mrs. Moulton this evening and several times next week.

---

NEXT. After the long, dreary waste of miscellaneous "popular" programmes, the poverty whereof is not redeemed by even the best of singers, it is refreshing to see right before us concerts in which the musical matter is made of quite as much and even more importance than the manner. The classical programmes will now take their turn. Two series claim attention first:

1. The SYMPHONY CONCERTS begin on Thursday next at *three* o'clock, P.M. (instead of half-past three as formerly). The Orchestra, conducted by Mr. ZERRAHN, with Mr. EICHBERG as leader of the violins, will play the "*Wasserträger*" overture, by Cherubini; Schubert's overture (first time in this country) to "Alfonso and Estrella"; the short little gem of an Entr'acte from Schumann's "Manfred" music, which was first introduced last winter; and the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven. Mrs. C. A. BARRY will sing a very noble Concert Aria by Mozart, never before sung here, with accompaniment of orchestra and piano *obligato* (HUGO LEONHARD); also an Aria from one of Handel's operas: "Con rauco mormorio," and one of the latest songs by Franz, called "*Aprillaunen*" (April Humors), both doubtless for the first time in this country—*Public Rehearsal* on Tuesday, at 2 P.M.

2. The six Trio Matinées of Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG will begin on the following Thursday (16th), at the beautiful Hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, corner of Chauncy and Bedford Streets. The programmes are of the very choicest and most happily combined. The first one offers: a Beethoven Trio, Op. 70, No. 1 (LEONARD, EICHBERG and HARTDEGEN); three Schumann Songs by Mr. KREISSMANN: Bach's great *Chaconne* for Violin (Eichberg), with Schumann's accompaniment; two Songs of Franz; and Schumann's Sonate, Op. 121, for piano and violin.—Beyond, the prospect opens rich as an October sunset, thus:

*Nov.* 30. Trio by Haydn, No. 7, in A; two of Schumann's three *Romanzen* for Oboe and Piano, Op. 94 (Messrs. Kutzleb and Leonhard); Beethoven Sonata, piano and violin, Op. 96; Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1, and Allegro vivace, Op. 51, by Chopin; Quartet for piano, violin, &c., Op. 47, Schumann, (Leonhard, Eichberg, H. Suck and Hartdegen).

*Dec.* 14. GADE; Sonata, violin and piano, Op. 21;—SCHUBERT: Songs ("Die liebe Farbe" and "Die böse Farbe"), by Carl Gloggner Castelli;—BACH: Concerto, D minor, for two violins (Eichberg and H. Suck);—CHOPIN: Ballade, in F;—SCHUMANN: Trio, Op. 63, D minor, (and a magnificent work it is!)

*Dec.* 21. BEETHOVEN: Trio, C minor, Op. 1, No. 3;—SCHUMANN: "Waldescenen" (9 little piano pieces);—GEMINIANI: Violin Sonata, comp. 1748, (Eichberg);—SCHUMANN: Quintet, Op. 44, for piano, violin, &c.

*Jan.* 11. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, piano and 'cello, Op. 69, (Leonhard and Hartdegen);—SCHUMANN: Songs from the *Liederkreis*: "Dichterliebe" (Kreissmann);—SCHUBERT: Andante and Allegro for violin and piano, Op. 137, (Eichberg and Leonhard);—HANDEL: Sonata in G minor, and BACH: Siciliano,—both for Oboe and Piano (Kutzleb and Leonhard);—SCHUBERT: Trio, Op. 99, in B flat.

*Jan.* 25. SCHUMANN: Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 105, A minor;—BACH: Song from Christmas Oratorio, with violin obligato (Gloggner Castelli);—CHOPIN: Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo, Op. 20;—BEETHOVEN: Trio, Op 70, No. 2, in E flat (Leonhard, Eichberg and A. Suck).

---

OMISSION AND ERRATA. The article, in our last, on Gilmore's next "Peace" speculation should have been credited to *The Song Journal*, of Detroit.

Hans von Bülow's tribute to the memory of Tausig, in the translation begun in our last number, was carelessly ascribed to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, instead of the *Signale*. It also contained the following errors: 2d line, for "Academy" read Altenburg; 2d column, 20th line from bottom, omit "it was"; 3d column, 9th line, for "Berlin" read Vienna.

---

THE CHICAGO FIRE, by which Music and musicians were not spared, has restored to us, at least for a time, a valued Correspondent, of late the editor of the *Musical Independent*,—a paper that was like a true mushroom among the scores of toadstools that have kept starting up out of the rank soil of music-trade all over the West and South,—not to speak of nearer home. His letter from the ruins will be read with interest. And we commend particularly to the hospitality of musical Boston the gentleman of whom he speaks so feelingly, perhaps the most accomplished, useful and successful of all American musicians settled in the West, Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, who, having lost his all (house, organ, splendid musical library, &c.,) has come to us. Any church here may be glad of such an organist. His reputation also as a teacher and composer has not to be made.

---

A few last notes of the Nilsson Opera are crowded out.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK, OCT. 25. The month now drawing to a close has furnished a great deal of music, much bad and much good. I will begin at the beginning.

The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company opened at the Academy of Music on the 2d, when the "Daughter of the Regiment" was performed. Mme. Rosa has received so much praise, during the past few years, that it is unnecessary to say any thing about her, except that her voice has lost none of its former splendor. The following operas were given during the season, some of them twice: "Don Juan," "Martha," "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," and "Satanella." The season closed with the best performance of "Trovatore" ever given in New York, Mme. Gazzaniga as Azucena, and Herr Wachtel as Manrico. The audience was the largest ever assembled in a theatre in New York, and the receipts amounted to nearly nine thousand dollars.

Mme. Charles Moulton's début occurred on the 16th. It caused much comment among the critics, but almost all agreed that her talents had been exaggerated in the newspapers. Her selections at the first concert were Rossini's "Bel Raggio" and Gounod's "Ave Maria." She was assisted by Miss Agnes Palmer, an orchestra under the direction of Signor Bosoni, and Signors Ronconi and Sarasate, a violinist, who played Mendelssohn's Concerto very well.

Mr. Geo. Dolby's Ballad Concerts at Steinway Hall, were very successful, all of them drawing large, but not crowded audiences.

Mlle. Nilsson made her New York début in opera on Monday evening. It is needless to say that her success was immense. The opera was "Lucia." "Faust" will be sung to-night, when M. Victor Capoul will make his début.

There was a large number of concerts given for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. The best was that of the "Liederkranz Society" on Saturday.

Most of the musical societies have announced their campaigns. The Mendelssohn Union was first in the field. They gave the "Messiah" last night with Mme. Parepa-Rosa.

Next comes the Harmonic, which will open its season on the 31st, with a performance of "Elijah."

The services of the Dolby quartet have been secured, for the entire season. Dr. Pech has worked hard with the chorus, (numbering some three hundred), a rehearsal having been held every week since last June, and much may be expected.

The Church Music Association commenced the rehearsals for the third season last Thursday evening at Trinity Chapel. The date for the first concert is not yet settled, but it will take place in December. The Mass is a simple one by Haydn, (No. 2,) and besides this Beethoven's Mass in D [?] and a new Mass by Schubert will be given.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their first rehearsal for the 14th season, this afternoon. The pieces to be played are Beethoven's B flat symphony, Mendelssohn's "Melusine" overture and Wagner's introduction to "Lohengrin." Miss Kellogg is to be the soloist for the first concert. The orchestra will consist, as usual, of sixty performers, under the direction of Carl Bergmann.

The New York Philharmonic Society (30th season) will commence with the first rehearsal on Nov. 17th. The first concert is Dec. 2d. No announcements have yet been made as to the programmes or soloists.

The society seems to be in as great favor as ever. The sale of reserved seats commenced on the 17th, and every thing was taken in an hour, and many people disappointed. The concerts will take place as usual, in the Academy, the worst building for a concert in New York.

Dr. Damrosch is to give a series of Sunday concerts at Steinway Hall during the winter. There will be one every Sunday, commencing Nov. 5th. They will be mostly orchestral. He promises that "the programmes will be selected with care, and represent the classical as well as popular works of the great masters." The orchestra will number fifty well trained performers. W.

## Orpheon Free Vocal School as an Antidote to Rowdyism.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO THE CLERGY.

*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

Many and various have been the means proposed for the amelioration of the middle classes. Free reading-rooms, free evening grammar-schools, free churches, and free libraries have all been tried, together with numerous side shows like the Cooper Institute free lectures, Young Men's Christian Association's (almost) free concerts, their social gatherings; also free baths and free Sunday-school excursions from time to time, gotten up by Christian professors to bring young people of both sexes together, with a hope of their subsequent "conversion" to piety, mysteriously super induced by ice cream, lemonade and the round dances. In fact, if I am not mistaken, every possible religious and non religious agent has been called upon, and exercised by organized forces to effect the desired "moral elevation" of the said classes, excepting only the agent of music. I do not mean listening to music, but the exercise of producing it.

It has long been a matter of surprise to me that in view of the almost universal susceptibility of the working classes to vocal instruction, the enjoyability and exhilaration of this simple exercise—choral singing—and the extreme economy of choral schools when compared with other schools of whatever kind, none of our many philanthropists have yet been known to suggest such a thing as the foundation of rudimentary vocal schools, to occupy our working population from supper time to bed time, and to keep them out of the haunts of dissipation during the hours which would otherwise be devoted to preparation for the Tombs or the Penitentiary.

Our upper classes visit Europe, and on returning can go into ecstacies over the singing festivals at Cologne and Düsseldorf, or at London, Manchester and Birmingham; but the possibility of such grand performances in their own country never seems to enter their heads. Our ecclesiastical enthusiasts uniformly confess their delight at hearing the colossal chorus of eight thousand charity children under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the boy choirs of English churches, and the *alla capella* choirs of St. Petersburg; but when asked why church influence should not be exerted to the same end here, these "liberal" worthies shake their incredulous heads and generally give the very sensible (?) reason that "what never has been done (in America) never can be done!"

I beg to enter an earnest protest against an inactivity relating to music wholly inconsistent with the spirit of the age, and unworthy of our enterprising community. Nor have I yet heard of one solitary good reason why the same refining art should not be made subservient to the same noble services in our own country as it is abroad. On suggesting such a possibility to influential persons here, I have usually been met with the reply that "merely to start the training-schools would require vast amounts of money."

As a rejoinder to this, I can testify to the fact that the Orpheon Free Schools which I founded ten years ago have not cost over $2,000 per annum, while, with my very limited resources, over six thousand persons have since then received vocal rudimentary notation instruction in them.

I, therefore, beg to call the attention, especially of the Christian public, to these facts, and if there be any clergyman, evangelical or otherwise, who is open to conviction on this point, and will place his Sunday school rooms at the disposal of myself and colleagues (rent free), once a week, I will open and maintain free singing schools for the masses in all such rooms, and shall ask no money from church or city for the expenses. I make this offer in no idle or vainglorious spirit. Any true reformer would gladly sink "self" if his object could thereby be attained; but in a time like the present, and in a city like ours, individuality cannot be lost sight of, and some one must take the lead.

I adjure all true thinkers among the more advanced in civilization of our reverend fathers to consider this offer, as it is certainly the first of the kind they have ever had, and may be the last they will receive. I shall be most happy to accept enlightenment on this subject from any documents addressed 711 Broadway.

Respectfully,

JEROME HOPKINS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1871.

# Special Notices.


DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Father of Life and Light. Quartet. 3. Eb to g. *Deems.* 50

Benedictus. Blessed be the Lord. Quartet. 3. F to *g.* *A. M. P.* 35

There's a Green Hill far away. 4. Ab to f. *Gounod.* 40

Two fine sacred quartets, and a sacred song, all pretty and effective.

Mignon's Song. "Hast thou o'er seen the Land." From Hamlet. 5. Db to f. *Thomas.* 40

Drinking Song. "Hamlet." 5. Bb to *g.* 40

Two favorites from the new opera, rendered famous by the perfect rendering of Mlle. Nilsson.

Mandolinata. 3. F to f. *Paladilhe.* 40

Delicate, dance-like and very pleasing.

Happy as a Clam. Song and Cho. 2. G to e. *Smith.* 30

Capital. Audiences Clam-orous with laughter over it.

Come sing to me, Addie, again. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f. *Huntley.* 30

Kitty my Darling. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to a. *Ashton.* 30

Jessy was a Pretty Girl. Song and Polka. 3. A to e. *Alden.* 30

Nell the Village Pride. Guitar, Song and Cho. 3. A to f. *Morris.* 30

Naught so Bright on Earth. Song and Cho. 2. Bb to e. *Turner.* 30

Neath the Apple Boughs. 2. A to f. " 30

Six Popular Ballads. Not a poor one among them!

O, Ruddier than the Cherry. 5. Ab to f. *Handel.* 40

From "Acis and Galatea," and now made prominent by Mr. Santley's fine rendering
"O, ruddier than the Cherry,
O, sweeter than the berry."

Long white Seam. 4. A. to f. *Ward.* 30

The Snow lies white 3 F to f. *Sullivan.* 40

Two charming poems by Jean Ingelow, set to very appropriate music, charmingly interpreting the delicate sentiment.

In Childhood with Crown and with Sceptre. 3. Eb to f *Lortzing.* 30

A new edition of the gem song of "Czar und Zimmerman," which has a beauty that does not grow old.

The Anchor's weighed 3. G to e *Braham* 30

Admirably fits a smooth, manly voice.

Lillie's Good-night. 3 F to d. *Philp.* 35

"One kiss, dear Mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for thee."
A sweet child's song, with nothing wishy-washy in it.

### Instrumental.

Heart's Delight Schottische. 3 F. *Bissell.* 35

Heartily commended. It is very delicate and musical, and also quite spirited, so as to merit its other title: "*Pas de deux.*"

Agnethe Waltz. 3. F. *Knight.* 30

Shows marked talent in the composer-ess. Is bold, bright, brilliant, varied and powerful.

Oofty Goots Galop. 3. G. *Quencher.* 30

Has a quaint melody, as it ought to have with such a title, but is wide awake, and includes the novelty of a *Cornet obligato* movement.

Good Morning Galop. 3. F. *Barrett.* 30

Spirited.

Remembrance of Paris. Waltzes. 4. *Parlow.* 75

Remembrance by a German, of course. The waltzes have a character of fullness and richness.

Mignon Waltz. 3. *Godfrey.* 40

Arrangement of Airs from Thomas's opera, "Mignon," and are quite pleasing.

### Books.

NATIONAL CHORUS BOOK. *Price* $1.50

This is a worthy successor to the "Chorus Wreath," whose choruses have been used very extensively in Conventions, Societies, and "Jubilees." There are both sacred and secular pieces.

THE ORPHEAN. By W. O. Perkins, and A. R. Hallet. *Price* $1.00

A new School Song Book, meant by the authors for Boys' Schools and Colleges, but fits exceedingly well in the Upper Classes of Grammar Schools. Much of the music is in three parts, 1st, 2d and Bass, and is very well chosen, and the whole forms a most pleasing collection.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 799. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No 17.

## Carl Tausig.*

(Concluded from page 125).

It has been observed before that this perfect artist, by the grace of God, called as few are, by the strength of his own will chosen as still fewer are, was a rare worker on many fields. May I be permitted here to mention the admirable artistic principles that guided his restless activity—for the benefit perhaps of many a young art-student. He was filled above all with the highest respect for the work of art, whose interpretation he undertook. In common we shared the conviction that, in order to play artistically it was necessary, first to play correctly, in an objective point of view, on the basis of the most minute analysis, combined with a careful observation of the marks of expression, seemingly less important, which the author may have omitted, but which are to be discovered by analogy; secondly, to produce objective beauty, by paying attention to acoustic conditions of the instrument and to general beauty of tone, possible in many instances only by combining dynamic shading of the single parts, even in the simplest consonances; to play polyphonically and polychromatically whatever is played. Fortunately the progress our modern grand piano-makers have achieved, especially Carl Bechstein in Berlin, whose instruments I use, as he did, not only permits, but often inspires such playing. Thirdly, to play in an interesting manner, subjectively; of course most conscientiously observing postulates one and two; to reproduce with freedom, to give to the recital the character of momentary improvisation, the charm of an oration delivered without notes.—All these qualities, blended most harmoniously, were characteristic of Tausig's playing.

Besides this regard for the work of art to be interpreted, Tausig had the virtue of a still more estimable, more difficult respect: that for the public, before which he was to play the work of art for edification or improvement. He fully adopted my theory—begging pardon for the unavoidable abuse of the first personal pronoun which I make in this letter—that, although we daily see that nothing is too bad to be swallowed by the crowd, we never must forget that nothing is too good, too costly for the public to which we appeal. An earnest artist therefore has to treat this mass of auditors, however equivocally composed, in an earnest, conscientious manner. In this point also Tausig was a model. Only one other fellow-artist may in this respect be compared with him, Alexander Dreyschock, who preceded him in death by one year. The wondrous, harmonious technique of this master was by no means mechanical, as many supposed, who had not, like myself, the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the excellent, kind-hearted artist; his unceasing labor of improving himself being entitled to a respect still higher, since his original talent for music was comparatively small,—a fact which he most readily acknowledged, but which his earnest endeavors completely bid from all but the initiated.

After this short sketch of Tausig's unremitting artistic labors, of his thorough studies in the most various departments of knowledge (during the last years of his life he devoted every leisure moment to the study of the latest developments of physiology and other matters of natural science), who does not see the injustice of the reproach that was heaped upon Tausig as "man," as if he withdrew himself, self-satisfied, from others, as if he were unsociable and unkindly? Who would blame him for preferring deep books, from which he drew materials for new thought and feeling, to be worked up and to aid in fructifying new blossoms on the field of his art—for preferring them to the intercourse with idlers belonging to all classes of society, more or less indifferent, impelled mostly by the curiosity to examine a celebrity? And yet, where it was necessary, he could move with elegance in the highest circles of society. The most intelligent and brilliant ladies of the highest rank were his enthusiastic admirers. Whenever he met intelligent, sympathetic men among writers, painters, physicians, &c., who were well-bred enough not to persecute him as a celebrity with their inquisitiveness, he would unfold social talents of the highest grace. He was an excellent story-teller, full of a caustic wit, who played with the same ease, as his fingers did, the giant scale from Aristophanes's plasticism to Heine's *four-scored* irony; he could compose sparkling counterpoints over the *canto fermo* of the world-embracing humor of Berlin. As a matter of course he preferred the company of such prominent representatives of this humor, as Messrs. Dohm and Scholz (editor and designer of the comic paper *Kladderatatsch.* Tr.), who ever show a moral, ideal tendency behind their bacchantic mask of word and picture.

When I had to visit Berlin last year I went to see Tausig, who was kind enough to play many things for me, though the season was over and he complained of being entirely worn out and "not in practice at all." Among them the *Toccata* by Schumann, of incredible difficulty for him who *studies* it; Bach's E-flat major *Suite*, lately discovered by Peters, several mazurkas and *Etudes* by Chopin, &c. The real enchantment I felt was expressed about as follows: "You have become surpassingly great, my dear friend. In spite of my old, unchanged admiration for your gigantic talent, I never would have believed that I might look up to you as I did to Joseph Joachim, after he had played the Beethoven Concerto. Every note you played is gold, is the exponent of the most concentrated feeling. You have a right to say, after playing or rather creating anew a short prelude, a mazurka of Chopin: Here is the whole history of piano-playing from the beginning to this day. Just as Horace Vernet told a person, who had asked him for an album leaf, and who was disposed to grumble at the ten minutes which it took Vernet to paint it in his presence: "Why, think you it was ten minutes it took me to draw this picture in your album? It is fifty thirty years that it cost me." In former days you were a volcano, now you have become a beneficent sun, warming and spreading light. Hail, young Apollo! I am delighted that my eyes are clear enough to see your excellence and that I may bring you my heart-felt tribute, which you must not refuse."

Penta a Seraglio, near Lucca, August, 1871.

HANS VON BÜELOW.

(*Translated for the Journal from the Leipzig Signale)

## What is Required of Song Writers.

Many write poetry for music, and poets generally love to see their writings entwined in a wreath of melody. It is, however, given to but few to write poetry fit to be used with music. Poetry may be very good, but totally unfit for the musician's use. Many of our greatest writers are almost destitute of songs. This may be attributed to their love for more elaborate works, and the carelessness with which we may imagine them to treat these trifles of songs. But we think the true reason lies more in the fact that they lacked the ability of writing songs.

Writing poetry for music requires more than the mere art of constructing a few decent rhymes expressing some clever ideas. Many, however, think that a few sentimental sentences, dished up in well-sounding rhymes, ought to be good enough a meal for any musician to partake of; and should the musician be unable to use such machine productions, he is in danger of being denounced as entirely void of taste and poetic sentiment.

The *song writer* should never lose sight of the fact that his words are to be united with music. Then the question may very properly be asked, *where lies the dividing line between poetry and music?* Is music the frame and poetry the picture, or is poetry the sketch, the design, while music supplies the colors? Space will not allow us to enter into the discussion of the subject, neither is it our object to do so here.

As above stated, our greatest writers have given us but few songs, while many stars of lesser magnitude abound with them. We need but speak of Burns, who is a true song writer, expressing not only the tenderest but also the loftiest sentiments—lofty enough for a Shakespeare. Thomas Moore, the Irish bard, is another who has excelled in this *genre*, and has given us songs in his Irish melodies which are probably in their line nourished by any published in any language. There are others in our own country as well as in England who have given us songs, but they are few in number. Germany has many beautiful songs; so has France, but the literature of these nations is not overridden with them.

That poetry, which is now so extensively used by composers, and which attracts the fickle public for a season, can not be recognized as poetry, as coming under our head. These songs catch at any and every excitement or event, sing of every public calamity or rejoicing, sing the names of mother and home until it becomes sickening, sing of household furniture, appeal to mawkish sentimentality, weep over the grassy mound, tell us of all manner of meetings, on the beach, at the garden gate, under the gas light, etc., until they take us up in a balloon, where we wish they would remain. We hope the subjects may be exhausted soon, and that these writers may become wise, like owls, and as silent as they.

What, then, should poets observe when writing for music? We would say, by all means avoid long words, such as are difficult to pronounce, and contain many consonants. Yes, we would go a step farther, and say that our poets should know as much of music, and what is easiest to sing, as our musicians should be good judges as to what is suitable to be set to music. As

Digitized by Google

music and poetry make one whole, when properly united, so should the composer and the poet be one in sentiment and aim. Our language presents not a few difficulties to the song writer. English is not as easily sung as Italian. As composers should know upon which tones to double, and which tones *not* to use in that manner, how high or how low to go for certain voices, so should the poet avoid everything difficult to pronounce, avoid all words which would be a hindrance to the free effusion of sound. In metres he should be plain and simple, as well as regular to a fault almost. If beginning a verse with a heavy or light foot, let the others be constructed likewise. Irregularities of that sort are very annoying to the musician, and often cause him to make other selections.

It is the privilege of poetry to describe actions as well as to express sentiment. Music does the latter, but should never attempt the former. In the opera, music is the companion of action, and is used to portray feelings in accordance with action, but no musician would attempt to describe the plot of an opera. (When saying this we are not forgetting Berlioz and his music.)

Poetry should express some definite sentiment. Long descriptions, many worded expressions, are utterly out of place. The number of verses should not be great, nor is it best that each verse contain many lines. Some of the best songs contain but few verses and each verse consists of but a few short lines. Some composers contend that it is wrong to sing more than one verse to a given melody, insisting upon giving each verse its own melody. Poets should vary as little as possible in sentiment in the various verses, in which case we cannot see any impropriety of repeating several verses to one melody. When the subject in hand requires a change in sentiment, we would of course expect a change in melody also.

Philosophical and abstract ideas are of course not suited for songs. Poets who wish to write songs for music, should have the power of saying much in the fewest possible words.

Many of our songs are mere empty sentimentalism, arising from undefined feelings, lack of knowledge of the human passions; while all *good* songs come from noble hearts, beating high for all which is humane, pure and good, idealizing even our faults and weaknesses, touching the strings which vibrate in every human heart, and as a natural consequence are dear to us. It requires not only a peculiar talent to write good songs, but we truly believe also that the spring time in life is the best, if not the only time, when poets write songs successfully. When years with their riper judgments come, poets often change in their thoughts and feelings also. There have, however, been exceptions to this rule, and some of our song writers sang of love to their dying day.

Before closing we would say that, words exercising a powerful influence in connection with music, the selection of them should be judicious. Especially would we draw the attention of our ministers to the fact that our Sunday School poetry is by no means what it should be. If it is difficult to make a good address before children, it is still more difficult to write hymns for Sunday Schools. As there is a class of persons who would lower religion by the introduction of all sorts of silly stories, cultivating ideas and sentiments unbecoming the idea of a God and Savior, and as many of our Sunday School books are calculated to create false ideas of religion and our relations to God, so does our Sunday School poetry fall far short of what it may be designed to be, and surely of what it ought to be. The earliest impressions last longest and go deepest; the words of children's songs make a deeper impression upon their minds and feelings than many are aware of. Hence we cannot be too careful in looking at the words of our Sunday School hymns, as well as examining the melodies.—*Brainard's Mus. World, Cleveland, O.*

## Individualism in Art.—Rembrandt.

M. ATHANASE COQUEREL'S LECTURE BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S CLUB.

(Correspondence of the Tribune.)

BOSTON, NOV. 1.—The New England Woman's Club held its first evening's reception last night in honor of M. Athanase Coquerel, *fils*, who gave us a lecture not previously delivered in Boston, and not, I believe in this country. His subject was Rembrandt, as an illustration of individualism in art. The Club parlors were beautifully arranged and decorated. Flowers, profuse and dainty enough to have done honor to a bride, were blossoming in vases and trailing from hanging baskets. The French and American flags were festooned together for drapery, and the walls were hung with choice pictures, a few of them the property of the Club, the rest loaned for the occasion. Numerous guests of distinction were present, but with regard to their names the Club's principle is not to kiss and tell. There were bright eyes, and bright diamonds, and point lace; men of pictures and men of poems; and to this brilliant audience Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, our President, introduced, in fitting phrase, Monsieur Coquerel, the distinguished representative of Christian culture. She bade him welcome in the name of liberty, of equality, of fraternity; and said that while last year taught us to pity France, she had now sent a messenger to teach us to envy her.

Monsieur responded to this welcome with true French grace. It made him want, he said, to do a great deal better than he could. He had already spoken of art in Boston, and of those who seemed to him to illustrate individualism in art; but he had paused before the great name of Rembrandt, because it deserved in this relation so much more than a mere mention. Rembrandt was, first of all, and above all, an individualist in politics, in religion, in art, though not the greatest of artists. Admiring Rembrandt much, Monsieur confessed to admiring Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci more, finding their works more beautiful. But Rembrandt was in some respects a more astonishing man. He labored under great disadvantages, but he made of his obstacles stepping-stones, of his impediments opportunities. He was the last of the great painters, and the first great etcher; and this last was no mean or unimportant distinction. He lived from 1609 to 1669, the greater part of the time in Leyden and Amsterdam, in which last place he died. He never visited Italy, but he was by no means ignorant of Italian art. He had a most inquiring mind. In company with a friend, he bought a painting by Giorgione, which used to hang in his studio. He was a great purchaser of engravings at great prices. He procured busts of the Emperors, and everything else he could get to make himself familiar with the art history of Italy. But while he studied Italy he was not conquered by her; he was a neighbor, not a subject. An early drawing of his exists in which he made an accurate copy of the Last Supper, till he came to the three little windows under the rafters. These three little windows he did not like. He made one big window, instead, and changed the rafters to rays of light; sunshine and shade were his own dominion.

The Dutch painters, before Rembrandt, had been imitating Italy and borrowing their inspiration from her. So servile were they that they even changed their names, and gave Italian forms to them. Rembrandt imitated no one. He could not bear to see people copying what their own eyes had not seen. A great many people know how to paint or draw who do not know how to see. Rembrandt believed that an artist's first lesson is to learn how to use his eyes. He labored under what would have been to a lesser man great disadvantages of climate, sky and light. Colors and outlines are very distinct in Italy. The sky is blue and clear to a proverb. The great Italians painted what *they* saw: but Rembrandt did not see the same. He lived in a damp country, a country of mists, where are few clearly defined outlines, and one sees objects as they break forth from surrounding fog. Colors are indistinct there, also, all taking somewhat the hue of mist. Moreover the country is flat; no mountains, no great hills, even. Rembrandt painted it as he saw it. In this damp country people require more food than in the clearer south; and so their own outlines grow less defined, less shapely. You do not find the lithe symmetry of the Italian peasant in the full fed Dutch burgher, and Rembrandt painted the people, too, as he saw them. His genius was truth, personal feeling, seeing with his own eyes. He was as much a reformer in art as Luther was in religion; a rebel against tradition; against the rules established by Italian painters. So, in his pictures, he never painted distinct outlines, because he did not see them. But he had great power. Whether you will or no, you must look first, in his works, at the precise spot which he desires you first to behold. Light and shade were his great secret. Color and outline are the whole of painting, thought the Italian painters; but Rembrandt said no, light and shade should be the essential thing; and in his own pictures he made them so. Everything which he could not put into full light he threw into almost complete darkness. He wanted his paintings regarded from satisfactory distance, and one day told a visitor who came too near, that oil painting was very unwholesome for the nose.

Rembrandt delighted in fine toilets, fine jewelry, heavy silks; he liked also flowing hair and streaming gray beards. He loved to paint a beautiful woman in beautiful clothes, and he never was economical of his jewels. He was willing to buy jewels, too, as well as to paint them; and the good elders of the church to which he belonged were much exercised in their minds because Madame Rembrandt wore so many. They labored with him in vain on the subject. The great painter was very much in love with his wife, and he liked to clothe her finely, and then to paint her into his pictures for the world to admire. He painted portraits of noble knights and dames, which were princely, magnificent, full of the pride of life, brave with jewels where the sun struck them, heavy with gold and velvet. But if he was the first painter of princes, he was also first painter of paupers; no one could paint rags as he could, and he loved to paint them almost as much as jewels.

One of his celebrated pictures, the "Night Watch," in the museum at Amsterdam, represents a shooting club going out to fire at a mark. As it is broad daylight, the name is somewhat of a misnomer, but the picture is well known. A cock, which has already been shot, is in the hands of a girl of ten or eleven. The child is, as usual, superb with jewels. A ray of light falls on her figure. In this ray of light, of what color are her clothes? You look a little while, and see that her petticoat is blue, and her spencer yellow, but the colors are indistinct, as colors are in that land of dampness. They are all drowned in light, and they melt into each other. The mist through which you see her is the most poetical mist in the world, and the girl looks as if she were walking out of a fairy tale. Rembrandt is at once the most material and the most ideal of painters. He painted a butcher's stall so utterly true that it is repulsive; and a strong angel rising into the ether with such glory and majesty that you forget the laws of gravitation, and believe only in the spiritual attraction which makes it impossible that a being so noble should do anything *but* rise. His nude figures, of bathers and the like, are so ugly and so real that you cry out in despair to have them clothed; and he makes a child, being carried away by an eagle, no dainty darling, but a real and awfully frightful young-one, its clothes slipped up to its waist, and its lips parted with the shrieks of terror which you can almost hear.

But no one is so ideal as he is in his pictures on sacred subjects. It does not need the presence of the Lord in the "Supper of Emmaus" to make the picture shine with His glory. From the chair whence He has risen streams a flood of light which irradiates the room, and His absence suggests yet more than would His presence. Rembrandt was a Protestant in art, and his finest etchings were illustrative of Bible themes. These he treated never according to the traditions of the elders, but in accordance with his own ideas of the true and the possible. His method of teaching was different from that of any other master. The first thing he did when he had a house was to turn the garret of it into a study, or rather into numerous little studies. In each one of these he shut up a pupil, never letting one student see what another one was doing. This was his device for securing originality. Often he would give to all the same subject, but he insisted that they should ask each other no questions. He would have each one's conception thoroughly his own. By this method his school became the most valuable of schools—superior to all others by virtue of freedom of treatment and variety of subject. "See what you can, and paint only what you see," was his motto. He left this Protestant conception of painting as one of his most valuable legacies to all who should succeed him in the royal domain of art. It is the true secret of individualism in art. Look into the world, each one, with his own eyes, and paint, not what other people say exists, but what your eyes see; whether it be the blue sky or clear outlines of Italy, or the golden, transfiguring mists of Holland. This was the lesson of Rembrandt.

A pleasant season of social intercourse followed the essay. The guests talked art over chocolate and ice-cream. The Club ladies smiled and listened. The brilliant speaker bore any number of introductions with a placid patience, a kindly interest, which warmed a little into gallantry when the women were pretty and vivacious, but which was cordial to all, and won all suffrages. He will speak in French on Mendelssohn, at the Lowell Institute, Thursday evening, and no matter how fast he talks we shall all profess to understand him, and declare that we are charmed.

L. C. M.

Digitized by Google

## Mendelssohn and the "Reformation Symphony."

M. COQUEREL AT THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

M. Athanase Coquerel *fils*, the distinguished and eloquent Protestant clergyman of Paris, will be gratefully remembered by the Bostonians for many a day, for having inaugurated at the Lowell Institute, last evening, that thus far essentially Parisian institution, the causerie. Now the causerie is a cross between a lecture and essay; a conversational, familiar and eminently modest address, suggestive rather than dictatorial; pungent, picturesque, photographic. M. Coquerel brought to it all the grace of manner and charm of language for which he is so justly noted, and was eagerly listened to and heartily applauded by a very brilliant audience. His theme, "Mendelssohn and the Reformation Symphony," had been announced as to be treated in the French language, and this added a fresh excellence to the occasion. The crisp and sparkling idioms of the great city, the glow and fitness of the varied adjectives, which in themselves painted a little sketch of character with lightning-like rapidity, kept the audience in a continual, pleasurable fever of excitement.

M. Coquerel began by saying that he did not intend to undertake a musical criticism, but rather to indulge in a simple causerie about a man. In this early part of November there were always celebrated in Europe, with careful solemnity, two days—the day of All Saints, which had just passed, and the present, the day of the dead—*le jour des morts*. These days would at once recall to the Protestant mind the beginning of the Reformation. It was the custom in Germany to assemble together vast numbers of pilgrims on these days, and it was because of the chance for discussion on such occasions that Luther nailed upon the famous church doors, on the 31st of October, 1517, his ninety five theses—attacking all that substituted the exterior, mere form for faith; everything which dispensed with the repentance which Christ demanded of man; all that admitted the intervention of any human agency between the soul and its God. This was not to separate himself from the Pontifical church, but to attack its rottenness and dead formulae. When on the customary anniversary day the pilgrims arrived at the church, they read with astonishment these theses, and discussed them in many different senses, and then and there began the Reformation. These theses remained still upon the old church doors. A Prussian King had had them cast in bronze, and inside the church, and under simple stones, slept Luther and Melancthon. All Germany had the habit of celebrating the first week of November as the anniversary of the Reformation's birth; so did the Scandinavian States, and throughout Protestant France the week was held in reverence. A society had even been founded in Paris for the purpose of keeping the November week's observance green; and one of M. Coquerel's friends had issued a circular to the Protestant French churches advising them to regularly celebrate the anniversary. Speaking of Luther's magnificent choral, "Ein feste Burg," M. Coquerel complimented in the highest terms Dr. Hedge's translation thereof.

One year ago, he said, he and his friends were besieged, and the Protestant pastors and their congregations in Paris modestly celebrated the anniversary. During the first week of November he received a visit from M. Pasdeloup, the great artist, who had done so much to popularize German music in France; who represented that his artists were dying of hunger—that something must be done to relieve them. Music was completely dethroned in Paris; what could be done? He came to ask M. Coquerel to give a conference in the Cirque Napoleon, to let him associate his music with it, and thus make some money for his starving musicians. M. Coquerel refused twice, but the third time Pasdeloup came and offered a subject for the concert, and it was "Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony." M. Coquerel then told the audience, in sparkling, racy French, how he informed M. Pasdeloup that the Sunday on which he proposed the concert was November sixth, the anniversary of the reformation's birth; was he aware that he would be inviting Catholics to celebrate the Reformation, and that Mendelssohn's Symphony was written to celebrate it? Pasdeloup still insisted, however, on the concert, and M. Coquerel determined to accept. Then, returning from besieged Paris to last week in Boston, he explained to the audience how Rev. Mr. Foote of King's Chapel had invited him to speak in French, and how they had decided on this subject without reflecting that November second was the *jour des morts*, and that he was about to celebrate a reformation anniversary in Boston. He then reviewed the concert conference at the Cirque Napoleon last year. He graphically described the condition of the Parisians—who had just been refused an armistice by the Prussians—an armistice which they had hoped might have led to peace. It was a grave and solemn occasion, and people had need of all their courage. On that troublous day he addressed the thousands assembled in the circus. He admitted that the occasion which united them was strange. They were agonized with a siege which was maintained by three German circles of fire and iron, and while these Germans surrounded them, they gathered in a concert to listen to German music. Was this unpatriotic? No. And then he explained that for them Beethoven and Weber and Mendelssohn were not Germans; that all the treasures of the human mind were in common and had no nationality. Then he told them frankly how he—Protestant—had trembled with emotion in listening to Mendelssohn's glorious symphony and Luther's choral, and praised the tolerance of the Catholics in coming together to worship at the shrine of a musician who had celebrated the Reformation.

M. Coquerel's analysis of the symphony was admirable. Mendelssohn, said he, wrote it at twenty-one. He never published it, but sometimes had it performed; he was not satisfied with it, and ordered his son not to publish it until twenty years after his death. The introduction was majestic, sonorous, virile, and was followed by a scherzo unapproachably pure and spiritual, but full of good and brave joy. The andante which succeeded was pious—tender—filled with infinite sweetness, and redolent of confession. It was not the confession of a Catholic to his priest, but of a Protestant to his God. Then came the tremendous, overwhelmingly glorious chords of Luther's choral, and the symphony finally ended with a fugue, in which Protestant faith in the reformation triumphed in the noblest harmonies. Mendelssohn had found, nevertheless, that there was not grandeur enough in his work. M. Coquerel thought there was something infinitely admirable in Mendelssohn's method of criticizing other less fortunate composers' productions, and told the story of an opera called "Hero and Leander," in which Mendelssohn, to soothe the unsuccessful author's feelings, said he found the same faults that pervaded his own "Reformation Symphony!" The severity and intense fidelity of Mendelssohn's method of composition were clearly pointed out. All that was not perfectly pure and of exquisite elegance was unsupportable to him. M. Coquerel said he "had penetrated himself" with the clear precision of this style, and found it admirable. He then selected extracts from Mendelssohn's letters when he was in Rome (where, strangely enough, the grand symphony was written and translated,) the composer's portrait of himself, and his ideas of piety. At Rome he saw many Protestants and Catholics, and found that numbers of them misunderstood their religion. After reading some dull and narrow religious books, he said he preferred Voltaire's broom and French audacity to such bounded religion. He was profoundly religious; as a politician, liberal, confident. When Jacobi in 1841 published a violent pamphlet, which created a liberal movement throughout Germany, Mendelssohn wrote that there had not been such a birth of generous ideas since the old war time. Mendelssohn, however, hated and despised war. When Becker wrote his *Sie sollen nicht ihn haben*, and the insolent glorification of Germany over France overran the country, Mendelssohn said it was not right, and scoffed at the sentiment which prompted the song. He found something gross and vulgar in these excesses of patriotism, and wrote a stern refusal to furnish any music for Becker's words. Mendelssohn's disgust for titles was ably illustrated in a series of pleasant anecdotes. He detested Berlin, found it too aristocratic, military, official. He could only live there four years. Humboldt, in a letter to M. Coquerel, once described Berlin as "a little town, intellectually a desert, and hollow." Henrich Heine used to speak of himself as the "liberated Berliner." The solemn, crushing life of the capital annoyed Mendelssohn. M. Coquerel pleasantly narrated the dispute between Friedrich Wilhelm Fourth and the composer, which hastened Mendelssohn's retreat from Berlin. In family life he was infinitely tender and loving. In his letters there were charming things. One to his brother Paul was a poem, full of tenderness, soul, fire. These great artists, like Michael Angelo and Mendelssohn, had a profundity of affection which the common could hardly understand.

"You have all," said M. Coquerel, "heard those little songs, full of spring-time, fruit, flowers, the breath and perfection of nature, songs where the soul can be heard appealing directly to God. I know of no music that so gives one the odor of wood and hay and briar, none where nature looks in so directly, as in these songs without words—these little poems that Mendelssohn so unconsciously let fall." And he then related quaintly Mendelssohn's explanation to the man who asked why the songs without words were written.

Mendelssohn could not support music which *said nothing*. He was also very difficult about librettos. Music was for him something strong, significant, and he would not have the words falter beside it. He would not have supported the insipidity of the libretos of "William Tell" and the "Zauberflöte." M. Coquerel closed his appreciation of Mendelssohn by enlarging upon the oratorios written in the composer's declining years, and related the manner in which, on that memorable November sixth in Paris, last year, he had electrified his audience by the simple picturing of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The anniversary in besieged Paris had netted a handsome sum for the wounded; he trusted that on this present occasion—the 354th anniversary of the reformation, he had succeeded in interesting the audience for a passing hour.—*Boston Journal*, *Nov. 3.*

## Rubini.

[Concluded from page 122.]

To the physical qualities—which may be considered as the implements of a singer's mind—and intelligence, Rubini added a profound sensitiveness and great aptitude in making himself master of the different styles of music. He sang Beethoven's "Adelaida," the character of which is so eminently lyrical, as well as the music in Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Certainly, no artist of modern times imparted to the air, "Il mio tesoro," in Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, so much finish, ease, and perfect intonation combined, and we recollect with what daring Rubini, instead of executing the rather old *trait* in the twenty-sixth bar of the andante, took the part of the first violin, and executed upon A and B flat a vigorous trill, which heemmed the cadence, and ensured the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Since the time of Viganoni, who created the part of Paolino in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, no tenor ever sang so well as Rubini the air: "Pria che spunti." What suavity and what delicacy of accent! How well the singer had seized the meaning of this hymn of youth and chaste love, gushing forth without an effort, like a perfume of the soul, and presenting us with a real picture of domestic happiness and peace. What has become of this style *di mezzo carattere*, so fine and so difficult, which is to music and the art of singing what, to ancient statuary and poetry, was the serene and restrained emotion which constituted their principal characteristics? Read an eclogue of Virgil, or an Idyl of André Chénier, and compare them, for instance, with a piece of poetry by M. Victor Hugo; you will immediately perceive what distinguishes the beautiful from the picturesque—that is to say, Raphael from Rubens.

Although Rubini likewise sang with great effect in the operas of Rossini—a little of whose *brio* and passionate fervor he himself possessed—and though he was admirable in certain parts of the character of Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as well as that of Otello, and executed in a most extraordinary manner the tenor part of the famous duet in *Mosè*, "Parlar, spiegar," in which he disputed the palm for bravura and vocal dexterity with Tamburini; it was emphatically in the works of Bellini that he proved himself the grand master of song. It is necessary to have heard him sing the first air in *Il Pirata*, "Nel furor delle tempeste," and especially the second motive, "Come un'angelo celeste"—in which we already find the germ of that short and touching *melopœia*, constituting the prominent feature of Bellini's genius—to form an idea of the power of emotion possessed by this incomparable artist. He was no less remarkable in the duet in the second act of the same opera, and I can still hear the phrase, "Vieni, cerchiam pe'mare," still re-echoing in the inmost recesses of my heart. It was only surpassed by that which follows, and which was the complement of it:

"Per noi tranquillo un porto
L'immenso mar avrà . . ."

There was, in Rubini's voice, when he sang this charming and expressive *cantilena*, a kind of melancholy which gradually evaporated into a magic horizon, and impressed you with the sentiment of Immensity.

In the part of Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*, Rubini's talent rose with the genius of his favorite composer. Every one at Paris remembers how he gave the phrase, "Prendi, l'anel ti dono," in the duet of the first act, and with what a mixture of grace and naïve emotion he sang the pleasing madrigal which forms the subject of the second duet, "Son geloso." In the quartet of the finale in the first act, Rubini displayed the most sublime pathos when singing the phrase so well known and so touching:

"Ah! tel mostri s'io t'amai
Questo pianto del mio cor!"

Who, too, would not give ten five-act operas, as they are performed every day, to hear Rubini sing, only once a week, that cry of despairing love, in the duet in the second act of *La Sonnambula*—

"Pesri il guardo, e appaga l'alma
Dell' eccesso de' miei mali;
Il più tristo dei mortali
Sono, cruda, e il son per te !"

In the character of Arturo in *I Puritani*, which was his last creation, Rubini has left us such recollections of emotion and enchantment, that we can only recall them to the mind of those who heard them, without pretending to transmit an idea of them to the generations who were not so fortunate. Let us first quote the phrase of the quartet in the first act—

"A te, o cara, amor talora
Mi guidò furtivo e in pianto,"

in which the artist's voice burst forth into bloom like a rose beneath the first beams of a morning in spring; while, to this phrase, serene and *spianata*, he vigorously opposed that accompanying the words, "Tra la gioja e l'esultar," by sending forth from his chest a magnificent *la*, which re-echoed to the clouds, and then bounded back again from the depths of harmony. In the finale of the first act he gave with prodigious power the passage, "Non parlar di Lei ch' adoro,", where he made a most bold *point d'orgue*. Lastly, we may mention the romance of the second act, "A una fonte afflitto e solo," which Rubini only murmured, and allowed to escape from his lips like a sigh. In the duet following this romance, the phrase, full of brilliancy, "Nel mirarti un solo istante," and, finally, the duet between Elvira and Arturo, where Rubini rose to great energy of expression in the memorable passage—

"Non mi sarai rapita
Fin che ti stringerò."

In the *Anna Boleno* and *Lucia* of Donizetti, Rubini was not less admirable than in the operas of Bellini. In the first of these works, in which he created the part of Percy, he sang, with profound emotion, the well known air, "Vivi tu, te ne scongiuro," where Donizetti has evidently imitated the melodious manner of his young rival. As for the scene of the malediction, which forms the dramatic climax of the second finale of *Lucia*, no singer has ever been able to imitate the cry of anguish which escaped from Rubini's quivering lips.

Like a great number of Italian singers—of whom Garcia, Lablache, Tamburini, Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, are remarkable exceptions—Rubini was not a finished actor. He did not trouble himself much about anything but the *scena* or *morceau*, the interpretation of which placed him in the foreground. When this was past, he voluntarily disappeared, and retired, like Achilles in his tent, without caring much for the story of the drama or the conduct of the other personages. In the air, the duet, or the finale, in which he had an active or preponderating part, Rubini would suddenly rouse himself and display all the energy and charm of his incomparable talent. His abrupt but earnest gestures, his expressive and picturesque pantomime, satisfactorily seconded and carried out his internal emotions, and appeared rather to assist the expansion of his lungs than to be the plastic manifestation of the personage he was representing. It was in the tone and sonorousness of his organ, in the artistic management and accents of his voice, that all Rubini's dramatic power consisted. When he had to sing a quick air, like the "Pria che spunti," in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, or a phrase palpitating with feeling like that of the quartet in *I Puritani*, he advanced to the front of the stage, and, standing perfectly motionless, with his hand naïvely placed upon his heart, exhaled *i suoi dolci lamenti*, which, like an electric shock, ran from one person to another, and spread sympathy and delight throughout the house. This was the method pursued by Rubini, who, nevertheless, when he pleased, proved himself no mean actor; and we have likewise seen Pasta, whose dramatic intelligence was never questioned, completely absorbed, like some chaste muse, while singing the air, "Di tanti palpiti," in which even Malibran, with all her voice and more acting, was never able to produce the same impression.

It was not only in vocal combinations, in the variety of accent, color, and melodious arabesques or *ricami*, that Rubini displayed a great fertility of imagination. His most usual ornaments were the double scale, ascending and descending, the shake perfectly and vigorously sustained upon the high notes of the chest register; a certain pathetic vibration which he imparted to one note, causing it to glitter as if progressively; a broad and powerful emission of his chest voice, from which he dashed, by means of a daring *portamento*, into the high regions of the head voice; and, lastly, that grand stratagem of *chiaro oscuro*, the abrupt transition from the full voice to the most imperceptible *smorzato* sound, a sort of dim twilight, in which it was sometimes difficult for the ear to find its way. By this method, which he constantly employed, and appears to have borrowed from Davide junior, as well as a great number of boldly conceived inflexions and *gorgheggi*, Rubini clearly proved himself to be a modern singer, sprung from the new school of dramatic music, which Rossini inaugurated in History. Were we required to characterize, in a few words, the tendencies of modern art, in music as well as in painting and literature, we should say that the prominent feature distinguishing the productions of the present age is a *noisiness** of colors, a tumultuous heaping-up of effects, violent *peripetie* and an abrupt juxtaposition of the lights and shades, rendering superfluous that supreme good taste which knows how to prepare and gradually lead up to emotion—in the same manner as rich fruit ripene slowly on the branch where God has placed it. In life, as well as in the works of the mind, nothing is more uncommon at the present day than a distant horizon, over which light distributes its tints equally, conducting the eye slowly towards a desired point. This ascending progression of sonorousness, increasing by movement, and suddenly bursting into a mass of electric light—in a word, the *crescendo* which Rossini has so much abused—is found everywhere; in political events and moral life, quite as much as in matters of imagination. By his good qualities, as by his defects, Rubini belonged to his time and to the school of music which has expressed the tendencies of it.

Queen Marie Antoinette is reported to have one day asked Sacchini, whether Garat, the famous singer, was a good musician. "No," replied the *maestro*, he is not a musician; *but he is music itself*." This happy remark of the author of *Œdipus in Colonos* might have been applied to Rubini also. His instinct was so perfect and so sure; his ear so quick and so delicately susceptible of seizing the most fugitive tints as they swept past, that, in order to perceive the defects of his musical education, a person must have lived on terms of the most intimate friendship with him. Before the public, or in the most difficult concerted piece—such, for instance, as the sestet in *Don Giovanni*, Rubini never betrayed the slightest hesitation. He even manifested the docility of a child in following the movements any one was kind enough to point out to him; and would frequently say to his comrades and the conductor of the orchestra, if they appeared to consult him upon the propriety or suitableness of a rhythm: "Never mind me; go on, I will follow you." Such instances of artists of eminence scarcely able to decipher a few notes of music, but divining by instinct the most profound combinations of genius, are a phenomenon which has often been witnessed in Italy. Ansani, M. Lablache's master, at the Conservatory of Naples, did not literally understand a single note His pupils were obliged to sing and teach him by heart the piece of music on which they wanted his advice. Davide junior, Mad. Pasta, and a great many other celebrated singers, were almost in as bad a position. We could cite far more remarkable instances of the power of intuition in the arts of Genius, as Voltaire terms them; and it would be an easy task to prove that the greatest things in this world are the result of instinctive perception. This is why poetry is the essence of all that is beautiful and durable.

Rubini was a man of simple and reserved manners, fond of living in the privacy of his home In 1819, he married at Milan a French singer, Mdlle. Chomel, who was educated at the Conservatory in Paris, where she received lessons from Garat. This marriage, which appears to have been a happy one, so absorbed the affections of Rubini, that one of his greatest causes for fear was the dread of awaking his wife's jealousy. After singing one of his favorite airs, and exciting the transports of the public, he would, on going off at the wings, where all present crowded around him to express their admiration, quickly escape into his dressing room, in order, as he used to say, laughingly, to avoid a family quarrel. The most rigid mother could not have given her own son better advice than that Rubini gave to the young tenors who meant to embrace the profession of the stage. And it is true that, in order to sing well and long, we must not forget the hidden sense of the verse in which Juvenal, speaking of a Greek singer, Thrysogonus, who had lost his voice, says:

"———sunt quæ
Thrysogonum cantare vetant."

Rubini took great care of himself. Temperate and easily satisfied, he avoided all excess. The days on which he performed, he used to dine at two o'clock, and then proceeding to the theatre, sleep till six, at which hour his servant woke him; he then dressed, and appeared fresh and in admirable condition before the public, and this was the means of his preserving

*So in the original.

the freshness and power of his voice up to the day of his death. We have been assured that, during the ten years he spent in St. Petersburg, having no longer any care for the future, Rubini created effects unknown to his admirers in Paris, London, and Milan.

Rubini was of middling size, and rather stoutly built. His broad shoulders supported a head whose characteristic was not precisely nobleness; but when his face, seamed with the small pox, once lighted up by the power of song, the somewhat vulgar man was suddenly changed into the sublime artist, whose affections the most beautiful woman in Europe would have been glad to possess. Such is the marvellous force of inspiration and sentiment—

"Du moment qu'on aime
On devient si doux."

Rubini had two brothers, one of whom obscurely pursued the same career as himself, while the other remained a singer in a church. As he has left no children, his immense fortune will, no doubt, go to enrich his nephews.

The part of the country where Rubini was born has produced, at different times, the most celebrated tenors of Italy. It was from this province of the ancient Venetian Republic, in which Bergamo is situated, that Viganoni, Davide, father and son, Nozzari, Bianchi, Donzelli, and Bordogni sprang. The worthy successors of these great artists, Rubini, raised himself to the rank of the first dramatic singer of his day. Gifted with an admirable voice and superior instinct, he quickly guessed the secrets of his art, and astonished Europe by the splendor and fluidity of his vocalization, and the charm, perfect intonation and great force of his tones. Understanding every style and every master, as familiar with the music of Mozart and Cimarosa as with that of Rossini and Donizetti, he was fortunate enough to meet, at the outset of his career, a young composer, whose melodic genius was eminently suited to the nature of his own talent and sensitive disposition. The author of *Il Pirata* and *La Sonnambula*, as inexperienced in the art of composing as Rubini in the faculty of reading music, found in his heart the new and touching melodies which established his own fame and that of his interpreter.

Bellini and Rubini, names so soft and charming to the ear, you will go down to future ages united by an indissoluble bond, as a double instance of the superiority of poetry and sentiment over the artifices of mere art and intention. Both were children of gracefulness and nature. Bellini, a pupil of genius, discovered by instinct harmonies as delicate and penetrating as his melodies, while Rubini, like an inspired singer, when rendering the music of his favorite composer, appeared to be expressing the *naive* emotions of his own heart.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1854.

## Mrs. Charles Moulton.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in the *Woman's Journal*, has the following womanly, wise word of greeting for the singer:

A woman with a beautiful voice and a beautiful person, coming to us with legends of a court which we cannot approve, and whose sanction of her merit we consider superfluous. Art, however, is at once sovereign and democratic. Louis Napoleon could add nothing to Mrs. Moulton's true value as an artist, but he could take nothing away from it.

We remember her as a young girl, delighting parlor audiences with her amateur performances, which were felt to have a real artistic quality in them. The friends of art then, equally with her own, desired that she should adopt music as a profession. For the time, however, her life was otherwise ordered. She married and remained abroad, and it is now as a wife and mother that she comes before us, with the honorable intention of earning pecuniary independence for herself and those dependent upon her, by placing her remarkable gifts within the scope of the public service. Still young, handsome, and with her fine voice improved by careful culture, Mrs. Moulton stands before us, inspiring a tender interest and sympathy which may come nearer to her than can the louder verdict of the crowd. She has been in kings' palaces, where genius and beauty such as hers are cherished and flattered. Her smile tells us of the easy victories of that brilliant society, and its occasions. But she has now a crabbed and severe master to please, the public, that takes up where it laid not down, and gathers where it has not strewed. Some lessons this hard task-master has to give, costly but invaluable. Mrs. Moulton must encounter these with courage and with patience, and learn to attain a larger and more comprehensive sweep of art than the most clever *dilettante* can command. We shall hope to see her attach herself to her profession with the zeal of a strong and a long love. With her natural

Digitized by Google

advantages, with her feminine grace and tact, she should be able to interpret for us the great music, the music into whose *penetralia* rare artists alone can enter. We shall be glad to see her tread the lyric stage in the mantle of "Semiramide," or in the disguise of "Fidelio." We shall also hope to hear her in the Handel and Bach music, which tasks the whole nature and power of an artist so severely. Great art is great interpretation. We shall require this from our American song bird, and shall be satisfied with none other. No ordinary achievement will be a success for Mrs. Moulton, and she must remember this in all that she gives the public, and in all that she promises.

Her voice is of the purest and most flexible quality, her intonation is happy, and her vocalization at once easy and accurate. Her singing of the ballad, "Tender and true," on Saturday evening last, evinced a true power of simple tragic expression, while in the song, "Beware, beware," and in the duo from "Don Pasquale," she gave us glimpses of a brilliant comic vein.

So our word to her, independent of the flatteries and fault findings of the press at large, must be this: "Choose great things, sister. With the power of a gifted woman and the spirit of a little child, you can achieve them, not otherwise." J. W. H.

The Worcester *Palladium* says of Mrs Moulton:

This gifted singer came to us, in concert, on Friday evening, with a voice surpassingly beautiful; one that lingers in the memory like the sudden outburst of the lark or nightingale, and often comes to one in recollection, like the fragrance of a rare exotic. The press has been wild over her success, and well it might be, for she has few equals, either in voice or method. Her voice, not a great one, is sweet, full, sympathetic, and wonderfully clear. Her low tones, unusually rich and resonant, her high notes clear, melodious and limpid. Her execution perfect; used as a means of expressing her song, and not to evince her perfect vocalization, she has a soul behind it, which makes one forget the execution in the sentiment of her song. Her "Bel Raggio" was an instance: making one note the matter instead of the manner. Blumenthal's "La Capricciosa" afforded exhibition of her rare vocal capacities; her rare delicacy of expression, and refinement of delivery making it a triumph. And the little ballad, "Tender and true," showed the voice with a "tear in it," and much depth of feeling. With the "*Nation*" we think her singing reposeful, never thrilling; which is her great charm; as in Mozart one admires the wonderful placidity and perfection of his art. There seems but one thing to detract from pure enjoyment: at times too strong a personality forcing itself between the audience and the song. Could she throw herself wholly into the background, the enjoyment would be perfect.

A Want of the Soul. The New York *Tribune* asks:

Have we or not, ever noticed the Flower Mission in Boston? If we have, a second mention will do no harm. The work of the ladies carrying on this Mission is to distribute fruit and flowers among the sick in the poorer homes and in hospitals. Never was a more fragrant Annual Report. The ladies during the year have carried to the ill and suffering 11,671 nosegays and 673 parcels of fruit. There was a particular distribution of 2,075 pond lilies. Outside the city, 34 towns sent contributions. There is a branch of the Mission in Chelsea and another in Cambridge. And why should not alms-giving have its poetical side? As in everything else, it is true that the prose of charity is of the first importance—it is of small use (if we may use Goldsmith's illustration) to send ruffles to those who have no shirts. The blankets, the flannels, the bread, the beef-tea, the coals, must have precedence; but when we find ladies bearing flowers to the stricken objects of their compassion, we may be sure that the weightier matters of relief will not be neglected. Delicate attentions and graceful ministrations show that those who promote them have fully comprehended the wants both of the body and the soul.

## Leipzig Fairs and Music.

(Correspondence of the Springfield Republican).

Leipzig, October 9, 1871.

Two cities could scarcely be more unlike each other than Leipzig during the fair is unlike Leipzig at any other time. When the fair is not here, this is as pleasant and quiet a city as one could easily find; of about 90,000 inhabitants, whose citizens are, as a rule, well dressed, well behaved, and walk the streets quietly and soberly, minding their own affairs, and allowing other people the same privilege. There are large open squares in the newer part of the city, ornamented with statues, shrubbery and fountains, and the wide streets and promenades are, some of them, very handsome—but during the fairs everything is quite changed. All the beautiful open squares, the spacious Ross-platz, Augustus-platz, and the market-place are filled with rough wooden buildings and booths, which spring up as if by magic on every available spot of unoccupied ground in the city. All the streets, which are wide enough to admit of it, have a row of booths each side of them, leaving only space enough for carriages to pass in the centre; and even the resident merchants and shopkeepers, a large number of them, leave their shops and rent them to the stranger—merchants and traders who come by thousands from all parts of Germany to buy and sell, and barter and bargain for all sorts of things.

There are three of these gigantic fairs each year; one at Easter, one at Michaelmas and one at New Year's. The Easter and Michaelmas fairs have taken place annually for nearly 700 years, and are much larger than the one at New Year's, which was established later, in the 15th century. Each fair lasts four weeks, and during that time the number of strangers here often equals the entire number of the population. As might well be supposed, all the houses in the city where *Mess-fremden* are taken, are crowded to the very last degree. Theatres and all places of public amusement are filled to overflowing, though the price of seats is double what it is at other times. The streets are thronged, and in threading one's way through the busy crowd one gets rudely jostled by all sorts of strange-looking people, and sees such queer, quaint-looking faces and figures and costumes; peasants from Altenburg and various provinces near here, each of which has a costume quite peculiar to itself; old Jewish men with long white beards and dark, sinister looking faces, and one of whom would make a perfect picture of a "Shylock" or a "Fagin"; Hungarians, Turks and now and then a Greek. The booths and shops are filled with everything that one can think of, that it is possible to bring here. All kinds of clothing, ready made garments, and all the materials from which clothing is made; furs from Russia and America, laces and all kinds of fine needle-work, silks, velvets, bonnets and hats, boots and shoes, and such quantities of German slippers,—if you know what those comfortable, ungainly things are,—glass ware, china-ware and the most beautiful painted porcelain from Dresden, and such wonderful carving in wood, done by the Swiss peasants; books, pictures, both for sale and on exhibition—everything, everything is to be seen here for sale during the fair. Notwithstanding all the sights to be seen and all the bustle and activity which the fair brings, every one is glad when it is over, and Leipzig subsides into its own natural size, and the streets are once more cleared of the ugly black booths—the boards of which they are made look as if they had been used for the same purpose for at least 700 years—and everything seems so refreshingly quiet and orderly after all the noise and confusion.

After having enjoyed the beautiful rendering of the "Magic Flute," "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Juan," which were respectively the sixth, seventh and eighth of the Mozart operas given here in the early autumn, it seemed very odd to read in a September number of "Dwight's Journal of Music" that "the projected 'model performances' of Mozart's operas at Leipzig, which were to have been given during the present month, have all ended in smoke." The stars who were to sing at these performances have forwarded medical certificates to the effect that the state of their health imperiously demands their abstention from all professional exertion and their immediate presence at some watering-place. In all except the last two operas, Peschka-Leutner, the Leipzig favorite, was the prima-donna, and in the Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Juan" Pauline Lucca sang, in the first the part of "Cherubino," and in the other that of "Zerlina." The musical critics here seem to owe Lucca a grudge because she will take liberties with the music, in order to make it conform to her acting, and they are hardly fair in their judgment of her powers, some of them even placing Peschka-Leutner above her, which is certainly a great injustice. In the parts of Cherubino and Zerlina, Lucca is charming and bewitching; her singing and acting are both so perfectly natural, that seeing her in one of those characters, the simple peasant girl Zerlina, or the piquant little page Cherubino, one would not believe her capable of interpreting a great tragic role. In person she is small and most exquisitely formed; her face is small and oval, the eyes large and deep in color, the mouth wonderfully mobile, and the whole face quite child-like and wearing an almost infantile sweetness of expression. Her voice being more remarkable for its sweetness and flexibility and freshness of tone than for strength or quantity, one would say that it was impossible for her to do justice to a tragic role, but it is in reality only in such an one that her powers fully show themselves. In the part of Selika, in Meyerbeer's opera of "L'Africaine," she is superb and fully justifies the assertion of the critics—elsewhere than in Leipzig—that she is the greatest actress in the world. The music and the acting seem with her to go hand in hand, and neither one to be secondary to the other, but each the complement of the other, and so perfectly united and blended that one cannot tell in which she is the greater artist; and when such an artist as Lucca finds that it better suits her interpretation of certain passages to vary the tempo slightly, or make one note a little longer and another a little shorter than it is written, she has a right to take this liberty with the music, which a lesser artist would not have.

The concert season is just beginning, and on last Thursday came the first of the annual series of concerts in the Gewand-haus. In the very heart of the city there stands an old, dilapidated looking stone building, black with the rust and mould of centuries, with small, deep-set windows, heavily barred on the outside with iron, and in the centre of this building there is a small hall, capable of seating about one thousand people. Here it is that the rare music of the Gewand-haus concerts has swelled into such perfect harmony that the echoes of it have reached the whole civilized world. The hall is not nearly large enough to accommodate the number of people who wish to attend these concerts, and it is impossible for a stranger or a new-comer in the city to obtain any place in the "large hall."

These seats are handed down from one generation to another, as heir-looms in the families here, and the only place one can get is in the "small hall" leading from the large one, where it is not possible to see the musicians, but where one can hear the music perfectly well; and, if going for the music's sake alone, not being able to see the orchestra takes little from the enjoyment of the concert. It seems strange that in so musical a city as Leipzig there should be no music hall combining the wonderful acoustic properties of the Gewand-haus with a size more adequate to the numbers of the audience. The programme of Thursday's concert was, in the first part, "Suite in D," by Bach, aria from "Mitrane," by Rossi, song by Miss Cora Fehrmann, from Richmond, Va., concerto for piano by Litolff, played by Mr. Theodore Leschetitzki, (pronounce that name if you can!) from St. Petersburg; second part, Beethoven's C minor symphony.

One more little jotting about Leipzig, before closing. The University in this city, which was founded in the early part of the fifteenth century, and is one of the oldest and largest in Germany—it has at present about 1500 students—has just opened its doors to women, and, this year, three young Russian women have passed examination and entered, one as a student of political economy, one of the natural sciences, and the other of chemistry. It will certainly soon be proved to the world, if it has not already been done, whether it is a wise plan or not, for men and women to study together in colleges and all institutions of learning; and let us hope that if the answer is in the affirmative, our American colleges will no longer hesitate to open their doors to all, irrespective of sex or race, and with only one standard, that of intelligence. M. A. T.

Jullien II. The following from the *Evening Gazette*, a few weeks since, is good enough to be kept.

On Wednesday night, Jullien's Orchestra gave a concert at Music Hall under the patronage of the "Boston Lyceum." What claim Mr. Louis George Jullien had to call the orchestra his, we are at a loss to imagine, seeing that a large proportion of the performers were resident musicians. But that is a mere trifle. There were some forty executants, but had there been one hundred and forty they would have been equally blotted out in the dazzling glare of the great sun in their midst. Nothing but Jullien was seen. There was nothing but Jullien. It was dangerous to look at so brilliant a meteor with the naked eye, but as smoked glass could not be procured, we risked everything in our desire to look at the great luminary of the musical world. Mr. Louis George J. is a worthy successor to his father in his capacity to extract the largest amount of capital from the smallest amount of individual talent. But the son excels the father; for, while the latter gained a high repute upon nothing, the former enjoys one upon less. The contrast between Jullien *père* and Jullien *fils* is similar to that between Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.

Digitized by Google

The latter puts on the jack-boots and cocked-hat of his uncle, and fancies the world will mistake him for the great man. Jullien, *fils*, exhibits a gorgeous desert of shirt-bosom, continued almost to infinity through the agency of an enormous coat-lappel covered with white silk, and fancies he will be taken for his father's peer, while he is only a faint reminiscence. To a certain extent the resemblance is perfect: the one was, the other is, a musical charlatan. The airy conceit with which Mr. Louis George J. faced the audience, with a languid look of misanthropy, intended to do service for an expression of the vanity and hollowness of all mundane joys, was inimitably touching. As he sank into his chair at the conclusion of each morceau, his royal shirt-bosom beaming with undimmed splendor upon the audience, a buzz of admiration sped on zephyr wings through the hall. We were impressed to rush wildly to Parker's to procure a dish of stewed canary-birds, a flask of the choicest milk and water he had in his well stocked cellar, and a silver-mounted pap spoon, with which to refresh the prostrated child of genius. With what a feeling of pride he must have looked at the statue of Beethoven, and paraphrased the words attributed to Correggio: "And I too am a musician!" With what grace Mr. L. G. J. wielded the baton! When waving it about in the air, he appeared to be spreading a pat of invisible butter upon a slice of invisible bread. The orchestra, evidently bent upon rendering the music properly, paid no heed to him, but kept their eyes riveted on their books. The result was that the music was played with a tolerable degree of nicety, but not such a degree as to create very wild enthusiasm on the part of the listeners. What did Shakspeare mean by asking, "What's in a name?" There is everything in a name when that name is Jullien, even when there is nothing in the possessor of it but "cheek" of right royal magnitude. Soft breezes waft thee back to New York again, L. G. J., and hurricanes spout to keep thee evermore from Boston!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 18, 1871.

### First Symphony Concert.

The Harvard Musical Association, true to its College origin and culture, and persevering in its effort to establish concerts of the highest music, of which the programmes and the whole arrangement shall be governed by a pure artistic motive, that so they may truly elevate and educate the listening community, still reaps its rich reward (now for the seventh year) in seeing its great hall filled with the most intelligent, refined, attentive, sympathetic audience that any Art occasion ever draws together in this city of free schools. And the beauty of it is, that all this interest has been kept up, from the first, without any compromise with ignorant false taste, or any catering to cheap applause. The success of the original design and motive has been in this respect most signal; from year to year it gains significance and power. Thus far these concerts stand, and may they ever stand, in imperturbable, calm opposition to the musical speculations, in which not art, not music, but money and applause and personal renown are the chief ends. The travelling virtuosos and their lords the "agents," the musical adventurers and showmen know it; so do the disturbers of the peace with "monster" jubilees uncalled for; and some of them no doubt regard the presence of any such school in the midst of a coveted field for their own operations with as little favor, and as uncomfortable a feeling, as our late slave-holding brethren regarded all attempts to educate the people. For the effect of all true culture, through good examples kept long in the foreground, is to create a quiet, wholesome, steady interest in music, a never failing, never feverish, satisfaction (economical withal, materially and morally) in the best things, and an habitual aversion to great excitements and parade occasions, made so frequent by these schemes that the exceptional becomes the every-day experience.

A concert in which a serene, harmonious, happy sphere of art and music reigns is something very different from those we get from artists in the hot pursuit of fame and fortune. The latter give you a miscellaneous succession of brilliant separate things, each a triumph in itself (we will suppose), each encored and repeated without the least regard to the remainder of the programme, or to any unity of impression from an artistic evening as a whole; so that the sphere is continually disturbed and broken; you have had so many little several excitements, but no pure hour of beauty and of heaven. In the former, the ideal reigns; music, and not a person, claims attention; the atmosphere is all harmonious and tranquil, not disturbed by personal appeals; the artist is willing to be forgotten in the art; the programme (subject-matter of the concert) is the first consideration, the execution second, the performer last, who, losing himself in his ideal task, wins all the more esteem in the long run. Such a concert is an hour or two of sweet, ideal life, enjoyed in quiet sympathy by many sitting in a charmed sphere, the cares and discords of the world shut out. The concert that produces this effect, even without brilliant stars or meteors, is a good one. And such a concert, so far as we could read the general impression, was, to a considerable degree, the first of the ten Symphony Concerts in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9. The audience, in spite of the unprecedented number and high claims of concert-givers, was about as numerous and as fine as ever; possibly a hundred fewer seats were filled than there were last year, but the difference was inappreciable. A deeper interest in the music was never shown, and it held out to the last note of the programme, which was this:

1. Overture to "The Water Carrier"..........Cherubini.
2. Concert Aria, No 6,—Recit: "Ch'io mi scordi": Andante and Rondo: "Non temer, amato bene," With Piano and Orchestra accompaniment..................Mozart.
   Mrs. C. A. Barry.
3. Entr'acte from "Manfred"..................Schumann.
4. Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella"........Schubert.

---

1. Songs with Pianoforte:
   a "Con rauco mormorio," from "Rodelinda." Arranged by Robert Franz. Handel.
   b. "Aprillaunen," April Humors. Op. 44, No. 2..........................Franz.
   Mrs. C. A. Barry.
2. Pastoral Symphony. No. 6.................Beethoven.

The orchestra (slightly reduced, as well as changed by substitutes, owing to a distant engagement of some of its members, of which the management were not apprised in season) numbered on this occasion just fifty musicians. All its departments were complete, however, though now and then perhaps a want of the old weight and fullness in the basses might be felt; two of the violoncellos and one of the contrabasses being absent. But it proved itself in excellent working condition for so early in the season; practice will make more perfect. And it is gratifying to find that, in spite of the removal from Boston of such artists as Mr. Listemann, Mr. Eltz, the fagottist, and a few more, the composition of our orchestra is on the whole more nearly perfect than it ever was before. The presence of Mr. Eichberg at the head of the violins,—a veritable *Concertmeister*, of the right spirit, with plenty of knowledge, experience and influence, as well as weight of character both as a musician and a man—is in itself a power: a solid gain indeed, for the peculiar power of his predecessor lay in his remarkable virtuosity as a solo playing violinist, for which he will find sphere in the Thomas concerts everywhere. The first violins (this time 9) were all good and moved in admirable unison. The middle strings, though purposely reduced in number, have gained in positive precision, without loss of power and volume. The 'cellos were but four, both Fries and Heindl being absent, who, however, will return; but with the important acquisition of Mr. Hartdegen, and with Mr. Suck still at his post, they made their presence palpable throughout. The flutes, the clarinets especially, with Mr. Wanka for the first, were never better, while in the new first oboist, Herr Kutzleb we have not only the true pastoral hautboy tone and under delicate control, but a right artist feeling for the true in music. The brass was never in so good condition, particularly the trombones, whose native boisterousness is now properly subdued. Even in the tympani we witness an improvement.

Now, with the absent ones returned, and with a few weeks more of practice, the prospect is of nicer, more effective orchestral performance than our city over yet has realised in trusting to its own resources. As it was, the rendering of the several orchestral numbers, though not entirely without flaws, was on the whole very satisfactory, and Mr. Zerrahn, considering the absences and the short period of rehearsal, had his musicians well in hand. We are not sure that we ever before in Boston have so fully realized the perfect art and poetry and beauty of the Pastoral Symphony. The delicate light and shade of the first movement, which is the very breath of Summer in the fields, was carefully and happily preserved; the musing reverie by the "brookside" (*Andante*) has seldom sung itself more feelingly and to more sympathetic, flowing, rich accompaniment, or woke out of its dream to the quaint realism of the bird notes more literally and nicely imitated. Nor was there ever more contagious jollity in the magnetic rhythm of the Scherzo, more sense of moisture in the rainy air, more startling grandeur in the rumbling thunder and the lightnings of the "Storm." The little obligato passages of flute, clarionet, oboe, fagotto, horn especially, were noticeable for their certainty and delicacy of outline; and we yet feel the throb of those *pizzicatos* of the 'cellos in the homeward thronging movement of the final Allegretto. The audience at these concerts has always been noted for its close attention, but scarcely ever have we seen all so keep their seats, listening as if transported, to the last note of a long Symphony when it came last upon the programme. Indeed the *Pastorale* was as grateful as so much return of all that there is best in Summer,—the soul of Summer, so to speak, after November chills and winter warnings.

If the Symphony Concerts had done no other service, it would be something to have kept the sterling, never hacknied Overtures of Cherubini so much before the public;—not *three* of them (as a critic in the Gazette states, counting the "*Wasserträger*" twice by different names), but actually *six*, and most of them repeatedly; to wit: the "Water Carrier", (5 or 6 times), "Anacreon" (do.), "Medea" (3 times) "Les Abencerrages," "Faniska," and (yet to come this winter) "Lodoiska." All but the first of these were introduced here for the first time in these Concerts. The "Water Carrier" overture is one of the noblest, most genial and inspiring compositions of its kind, and fit to "inaugurate" a season of great instrumental music. For the first year or two it was deeply enjoyed by the "select few," but now, (thanks to the "perseverance of the saints") no overture, except by Beethoven, is more sure of a general welcome. This time the basses perhaps were not strong enough for all the solemn grandeur of their unisons in the introduction, while more vigor of the vanishing accent might have added to the clearness of the short nervous phrases; but the production as a whole was telling, and the climax of the *tutti* near the end of the quick movement was superb.

The *Zwischenact* from the "Manfred" music, of which we had too brief a single taste last season, was this time played twice over, making itself felt as a most exquisite little gem of purely imaginative composition. It was one of Schumann's inspired moments. Shall we not some day hear the "Manfred" music as a whole, with Byron's poem read? Surely our two specimens (the overture and this pearl of an entr'acte) justify the hope.

Schubert's Overture to one of his two grand serious operas, "Alfonso and Estrella," given for the first time in this country, opens majestically, and is for the most part grandiose and brilliant, piling chord on chord in most exciting crescendo, relieved by a bit of quaint, sunshiny melody on which another fondly waits. But the prevailing tone is earnest and heroic; what could the critic have been thinking of who called it "humorous, sly and rollicking!" It was splendidly played and commonly accepted as quite worthy of its author; only it is more concise and quickly over than is Schubert's wont.

The vocal pieces, also, were all heard here for the first time. The Concert Aria by Mozart (No. 6 of the twelve published by Breitkopf and Härtel) is one of the noblest of them all and full of the Mozartean charm, rising at times to a like purity and grandeur with the great passages of Donna Anna. It is peculiar in having an independent piano forte part which

Digitized by Google

stands out before the beautiful orchestral accompaniment. Mozart in his own catalogue says: "Written for Mlle. Storace and *me*;" he evidently liked the singer and wanted to play to her song in a sense somewhat nearer than the other instruments. The music is ornate and trying for the voice. Mrs. Barry showed a full appreciation of its sense and beauty, singing it with soul and feeling, but with so much effort for her comparatively light voice that many thought her singing cold. Sometimes, however, a tone or two came out in warm, rich color and with telling power, particularly in the noble recitative. The air by Handel was precisely suited to her, being Handelian in the simplest, largest sense, and it was sung with beautiful effect, enhanced by the apt accompaniment which Robert Franz knows so well how to read between the lines of the original score which is but Handel's sketch. This was followed in fine playful contrast by the Franz song: "*Aprillaunen*," in which the lover likens the caprices of his mistress to the shifting moods of April weather; and into the fine humor, as well as the subtile music of it, the singer entered heartily and charmingly. The piano accompaniment in all these pieces was always near and true and clearly felt in Mr. Leonhard's intelligent and genial rendering.

The second concert, for next Thursday, will begin with the *Leonore* Overture commonly called "No. 1," but which was written later than the others, and will end with the *great* Leonore, No. 3. Two movements of a Concerto for the Violoncello, by Goltermann, played (for the first time) by Mr. Hartdegen, and a fine Mozart Symphony (No. 6, in C), better known here to four hand players than through an orchestra, will fill out the first part. In Part Second, preceding the great Overture, will come the fascinating Aria and Gavotte from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D; and, for a unique, quaint novelty, a short Concerto for the oboe (hautboy) by Handel, played by Mr. Kutzleb.

N.B. — The Public Rehearsal is unavoidably changed (for once) to Monday, instead of Tuesday next, at 2 P. M.

---

Of the first Leonhard and Eichberg Matinée next time. We go to press while it is taking place.

---

Mrs. Charles Moulton continued to attract and charm a large and cultivated, if to some extent a partial, audience to the end of her five concerts. This in itself was rare success for one whose triumphs hitherto had only been in private. Surely there can be no question of the remarkable beauty of her voice; nor of its sufficiency for any vocal task that is not quite exceptional; nor of her artistic, finished execution. She sings like one who is by nature musical; sings with freedom and with joy, and revels bird-like in the mazes of luxurious florid melody. Not one of the deep souled singers, who give expression to great passion or devotion, the highest aspiration of her art is but to please, and she is happy in applause. But she can sing a sober, sweet air simply, purely, whether it come from a deep inward feeling or not; for example the song by Pease: "Tender and true, adieu." In Schumann's impassioned "Du meine Seele," though there was no lack of warmth and color in the tones, the sacred fire was hardly present. We still like her best in the luxurious Rossini music. Her singing of "*Di piacer*" was admirable, as well as of "*Bell' raggio*," which she has repeated. And in the light comic opera scenes with Sig. Ferranti (from *L'Elisir*, *Crispino*, &c.) she is perfectly at home and sings with a bewitching grace and humor. We are inclined to qualify our exception to her rendering of the arch little song: "Beware"; on repetition it did not seem to us so much overdone after all.

What we chiefly fail to find in Mrs. Moulton's public effort thus far is, as we have said before, the evidence of any serious, whole-souled surrender of herself to Art,—high, earnest and ideal Art, which whether technically secular or sacred, is none the less religious. So far she seems not drawn to the great classical creations of the master spirits. Nor are the programmes of her concerts worthy of a really musical and cultivated audience. She has, for instance, an admirable violinist, masterly in execution, in purity and breadth of tone, in the power of reproducing melodies of marked, contrasted character upon the strings; witness the wild song of Mephistopheles, and "The last Rose of Summer," which he does to perfection;—but why must he always play such an amount of trash and senseless tricks of virtuosity? Why, after Mr. Wehli has disciplined "Sweet Home" for a quarter of an hour with his *left hand*, must Signor Sarasate, on the same evening, torture the poor tune again through all sorts of fantastic, even grotesque variations, making it squeal in *altissimo* or whine like a puppy, precisely as he does the Carnival of Venice? He is an artist capable of better things, and to a not vulgar audience he owes his best. Mr Brookhouse Bowler's ballads, too, are not particularly interesting, though he has a tenor voice both powerful and sweet, and sings such songs as "Macgregor's Gathering" and the "Bay of Biscay" with a ringing tone and great *abandon*, and can sentimentalize with delicacy in a love song; but he is given to mouthing, and has some of the worst faults of the conventional English school. He was happiest in the duet from *L'Elisir* with Sig. Ferranti. The extravagances of this funny *buffo* we can forgive, at least endure, because he is so genuine; he only acts his nature out, and he is full of humor, as of music and of good boy-like, ready sympathies.

Could Mrs. Moulton heed and take seriously to heart the sisterly and sound suggestions which we have copied from the *Woman's Journal*, there were a future for her to which we all might look forward with interest. Meanwhile she has our best wishes for her true success.

---

The new "Apollo Club of Boston" treated their associate members and a few invited friends to a taste of their part-singing quality at Horticultural Hall, on the evening of Nov. 7. There were about forty voices, the finest in their separate quality, and the most musical, sonorous, rich and full in their ensemble, that we remember hardly ever to have heard. They sang a dozen part-songs, including the "Cheerful Wanderer," "Serenade," "The Voyage" and the "Rhine Wine Song," by Mendelssohn, and others by Fischer, Härtel, Maurer, Kücken, Eisenhofer, &c. Mr. Lang, with whom they had had as yet but few opportunities of practice, conducted, and their singing of each and every piece was a model of blended sweetness, refined purity of tone, good light and shade, well tempered power and right expression. We only hope that the assemblage of such excellent material will not content itself with always singing four part songs, which in the end must grow monotonous even to those who sing them,—perhaps the more monotonous the more exact and polished the performance. The possibilities of composition for male voices only, crowded so closely in a narrow compass, are limited. At the least we trust, and we have little doubt, that this fine body of singers, who all seem to have not only voices, but intelligence and taste, have also aspirations in the future towards larger forms of music, such as the "Antigone" choruses, the "Ode to the Artists," &c., of Mendelssohn, the choruses with horn accompaniment, by Schubert, &c., &c. And if this movement might only prove the first step toward another, more complete and true, and opening a far wider field for art, the coupling with their own of female voices of like excellence, what fine task is there in the range of choral composition that would not lie within their reach!

Mr. J. A. Hills's first "Piano-forte Recital of Ancient Music," in which he played Trios, Suites, Variations, &c., by Pixis, D. Scarlatti, Handel, Emanuel Bach and Beethoven, deserves more recognition, if only for the respect shown for good music and the entire avoidance of clap-trap, than we have room for now. We hope to see the remaining concerts well attended.

Next. Mr. Peck began another triplet of his Popular Concerts last evening, to be continued this afternoon and Monday evening. He has a fine array of artists.

The second Public Rehearsal of the Symphony Concerts will take place at 2 o'clock on *Monday* next, instead of the usual day, which will still be Tuesday.

The next great event in order will be a glorious performance of *Elijah* on Saturday, the 25th, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with all the solos sung by Santley, Cummings, Miss Edith Wynne and Madame and Mr. Patey; to be followed the next evening by *Judas Maccabæus*.

Theodore Thomas, with his admirable orchestra, enlarged somewhat, and programmes of the usual variety of past, present and "future," of lively and severe, will begin a series of eight concerts in the Music Hall on Friday evening Dec. 1, continuing through the following week.

New York, Nov. 1. After having expiated her sins, in a kind of musical purgatory, New York seems to be coming into the regions of light and sound. Last year the opera-loving public had to choose between the discomfort of the Stadt Theatre, not to be reached from any civilized quarter except by a long and tedious journey, where the sublime harmony mingles with bad smells, and where one has the pleasing consciousness that he is at any moment liable to share the fate of "La Juive," and artful James's palace, where the entertainments, though invaluable to the student of Anatomy, could hardly be considered as musically pleasing or instructive.

We have already had a short, but very successful, season of English Opera, at the Academy, and four nights of Italian opera, such as was never known in New York; and we are promised much for the future. The Philharmonic Concerts will soon begin, and later, it is said, Theodore Thomas will be here with his admirable orchestra. Nor are the Dolby Ballad Concerts to be lightly esteemed or soon forgotten. Of Oratorio there will be enough for those who are fond of it, although we have nothing like your Handel and Haydn Society.

The season of Italian Opera opened with *Lucia*. For the second night *Faust* was announced, but Miss Nilsson, having taken cold, was unable to sing, and Rossini's "Barber" was substituted, with Mdlle. Leon Duval—from the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris—as Rosina. This lady could hardly have appeared under more unfavorable circumstances—as there had been no time for rehearsal, and the audience—cold enough at all times—was rendered morose by the non-appearance of Nilsson.

With all these disadvantages I have to record, for Mdlle Duval, a success which, were it not for some minor defects in her acting, would be unqualified. Her voice is a rich, clear mezzo soprano, perfectly trained, and of such quality that it is a luxury to listen to her. In saying this I merely repeat the judgment that has been already pronounced in London and Paris. That of our own daily press is less favorable—but that must be taken for what it is worth. Capoul, as Almaviva, was the same *insouciant* gallant whom I remember at the Opera Comique in Paris. The same light, thin voice—and the same detestable trick (?) of running into falsetto. His light love-making is admirable: but in high tragedy he makes an unpleasant impression by seeming (as has been aptly said) to think more of his hair than anything else.* However, as there is no high tragedy in the "Barber," he did very well. Sig. Ronconi acted the part of Figaro with an irresistible comicality which is rarely equalled. On the third opera night *Martha* was given with Miss Nilsson as Martha. But it was only on the fourth night, in *La Traviata*, that she appeared in a role which afforded anything like full scope for her magnificent voice and power. Her Violetta is one of her own creation, divested of the traditional naughtiness and adorned with something of the singer's own purity, and the song was grand and grander, until it culminated in the death scene, which only a genius like her's can make endurable. Her Violetta is broken-hearted: it seems natural and fitting that she should die—and her spirit is borne out upon the sweetness of a song. But there is none of that terrible realism, seen too often upon the stage, which is like a mockery of the one event we are the farthest from understanding.

Much has been said and written of Nilsson's Violetta, and in Paris it is ranked higher than her Marguerite. This estimate, however, is good only for the latitude and longitude of Paris. *Faust* is announced for this evening, and our people may judge differently.

A. A. C.

*We beg leave to dissent from this judgment of Capoul. —Ed.

---

## Nilsson in "Don Giovanni."

The following is from the *Tribune* of Nov. 4.

It was a matter of managerial courtesy to allow Mlle. Corani a night for her formal début in New York, and nominally the performance last evening is to be considered with special reference to this lady's *Donna Anna*. But in reality the *Zerlina* of Miss Nilsson was the only attraction, and the *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira* were listened to with scant patience. Nobody who has seen Miss Nilsson on the stage will need to be told how she filled the charming role assigned to her. There is a depth in the music of which she seems scarcely conscious, (?) for the strains which Mozart has given to *Zerlina* are not merely pretty and playful, but most beautifully tender, and it is only the superficial characteristics of the part which Miss Nilsson has caught. Still she has caught those characteristics perfectly, such as they

ere. She is the sweet, graceful, coquettish peasant girl, a little giddy, a little vain, but loving her blockhead *Masetto* very truly, and easily moved by his sorrows and mishaps. Her by-play with the rustic swain (Ronconi), in the "Batti, batti," was delightful, and the duet with the *Don*, "La ci darem," was equally good, the changes of expression in her face when the gay cavalier surprises her by a declaration of his love being a really remarkable study. Both these numbers were also very sweetly and gracefully sung; but the "Vedrai carino" lacked simplicity and smoothness. Few, however, seemed disposed to be critical, and a better satisfied audience, whenever Miss Nilsson was on the stage, we have rarely seen. The coolness with which *Donna Anna* was received was chilling. Mlle. Coraal in truth is not a singer to rouse much enthusiasm, for her voice is neither sweet nor fresh, nor true, and her art is of the crude, explosive variety which never seems so defective as when it is applied to the delicate works of Mozart. Mlle. Duval's *Elvira* was but moderately successful. The music is rather high for her, as the upper register of her voice is sharp and thin, and when over fatigued it is not always true. M. Barré was an active and pains-taking *Don Giovanni*, but the part is somewhat beyond his abilities. He is good in his way, but his way is a small one. Brignoli was the *Don Ottavio*, having little to do except to sing the "Il mio tesoro," which he did very sweetly. The best of all, after *Zerlina*, was undoubtedly *Leporello*. M. Jamet did justice to this role,—not making the force quite as broad as some others to whom we are accustomed, but acting with unfailing vivacity and some humor, and singing the music admirably. Mr. Hermanns was a sufficiently dignified and sepulchral *Commendatore*. We cannot praise the orchestra very warmly, nor the dresses, nor the stage management. Mr. Strakosch, in his day of prosperity, ought to put away the shabby make-shifts of the past, and when there is to be a masquerade ball on the stage, as there should be in *Don Giovanni's* palace, it would be well to let the guests dress themselves for the occasion. The company at the *Don's* festival last night consisted entirely of peasants in their ordinary working clothes, and it is a curious illustration of the manners of good society at Seville in old times that they all wore straw hats in the ball room throughout the evening. *Ottavio*, *Elvira* and *Donna Anna* were the only maskers out of the whole seventy who had masks.

The production of "Mignon" is now officially announced as close at hand. "Faust" and "La Traviata" are to be repeated next week, and "Martha" will be given at the matinée to-day.

## Santley in "Elijah."

Last evening the Harmonic Society performed the work under Dr. Pech's direction, and with the assistance of the members of Mr Dolby's ballad company. It is almost needless to say that the solo parts were admirably rendered. They were in the hands of those who have made themselves famous in this line of their profession. The part of *Elijah* certainly has never before in this country been sung so well as by Mr. Santley. It is a long and an arduous part, and the voice of many a good singer has given out before the end; but Mr. Santley's last notes were as firm, resonant, and clear as the first. Miss Wynne and Madame Patey have also shown themselves to be as accomplished in oratorio as in ballad music.

The Harmonic Society has not yet entirely mastered the oratorio. Certain of the choruses were very well given, but others were faulty. The voices did not take up the points sharply. The notes were attacked too cautiously, and too little attention was paid to the shading and expression. In the parts where the choruses have responsive passages to the solo voice—as for example in that with Madame Patey, "We have heard it with our ears"—The responses were out of time and uncertain. The orchestra was throughout too loud. The effect of many of the best solos was greatly marred by this. Even Mr. Santley, whose voice is as clear as a trumpet, had difficulty sometimes in making himself heard above the accompaniment.

The concerted portions were generally well sung. The choral, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was repeated, as was also the terzetto, "Lift thine eyes." This latter was very expressively sung by Miss Wynne, Miss Sara Brannen, and Madame Patey. If there was anything amiss in this it was that Madame Patey sang too loud. Beautiful as her voice is, there are times when one may hear too much of it. It also seemed quite needless, not to say a little absurd, for Dr. Pech to beat time for an instrumented trio sung by three persons who so perfectly understood what they were about—especially needless, inasmuch as he must necessarily take his time from them, and not they from him.

Despite the few drawbacks, the performance was, as we have said, a very interesting one. The Society has increased in numbers, manifests an excellent spirit, and is apparently prepared to do what is necessary to make itself a thoroughly efficient body.

The "Elijah" is to be repeated this evening in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music by the same performers.—*Sun, Nov. 1.*

---

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gives this evening, in the Chickering Piano Ware-rooms, the first Soirée of his tenth season, assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta, violinist, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncellist, with this programme:

Piano Solo—Organ prelude and Fugue. Bach. transcribed by........................Liszt.
Violoncello—Concerto, two movements..........Haydn.
Violoncello—Concerto, E minor................Lindner.
Piano and 'Cello—Concert Duo..................Raff.
Piano Solo—"Soirée de Vienne," No. 2. In C major. Tausig.
Trio—Piano, Violin and 'Cello, No. 3, B flat. Rubinstein.

The announcements are ready for the three grand Symphony concerts which Mr. Charles H. Jarvis and Mr. H. Cross propose to give at the Musical Fund Hall. For the first one, to take place December 9th, the following is the programme:

Overture—"Magic Flute"..........................Mozart.
Concerto—Piano, "C minor, op. 37..........Beethoven.
Mr. Charles H. Jarvis.
Concerto—Violin, "E minor, op. 64"..........Mendelssohn.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.
Symphony in C...................................Schubert.

The second concert will take place February 3d, and the third April 13th. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony will be played at the second, and Schumann's Symphony No 1 at the third.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn has given the first of his Orchestral Matinées with an orchestra which he has organized and trained. The *Evening Bulletin* (Nov. 10) says:

Except in the rare cases of Jullien's or Theodore Thomas's orchestra, there has never been so good a concert of its kind given here. A band of between forty and fifty thoroughly experienced players, with string, reed, brass and wood instruments, properly balanced, and all practised under the leadership of an enthusiastic and conscientious artist like Mr Wolfsohn, could not fail to do well. But they did so well, on their first trial before the public, that we feel that the success was worthy of much more than ordinary commendation. This was the programme:

Symphony No. 5, C minor..........................Beethoven.
Le Reveil du Lion—"Awakening of the Lion."
Morceau Characteristique. First time..........Kontsky.
Tema e Variazioni, for oboe. First time........Hummel.
Mr. George Meinberg.
Waltz—"Stories from the Vienna Woods." First time..........................................Strauss.
Notturno, from "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
Imperial March. First time.....................Wieprecht.

Of the performance of the Beethoven Symphony we can only speak in high praise. Each movement was given, not only with technical correctness, but with thorough understanding on the part of the players as well as the director. The C minor symphony is a perfect work in its kind, and the progression, from the brilliant allegro to the majestic and triumphal finale, was never more faithfully represented here than it was by Mr. Wolfsohn's orchestra. The piece succeeding the glorious symphony—Kontsky's *Reveil du Lion*—is in strong contrast; but we know of scarcely any orchestral piece of popular style, that is so abounding in picturesque descriptive effects.

The new oboist, Mr. George Meinberg, whom Mr. Wolfsohn brought with him from Berlin last summer, is an artist of rare skill. His instrument is one requiring great delicacy of feeling as well as of execution, and he fulfils these and all other requirements most satisfactorily. Hummel's familiar, old fashioned air, with variations, has never sounded so pleasantly as it does when played on the oboe by such a perfect master of that instrument. The new Strauss waltz, in which there is a quaint, pretty passage for the zither, delighted every one. The selection from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was only slightly marred by a want of smoothness in the first horn. The new "Imperial March," by Wieprecht, is a most stirring composition, which might have been inspired by a victory like Sedan. Played by such a magnificent band as that which Mr. Wolfsohn has brought together, its effect is most inspiring.

The large number of cultivated men and women who have encouraged Mr. Wolfsohn in his ambition to get up a first-class grand orchestra in Philadelphia must feel fully rewarded and thoroughly gratified with the success of his first concert.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sweet Heather Bell. Song and Cho. 3. G to *g*. *Loesch* 30
Popular and pleasing ballad.

Love's Caresses. 2. E*b* to e. *Conolly.* 30
Good and effective for a voice of low compass.

Gracious Father, hear thy Children. Duet, Soprano and Tenor. 4. A to *a* *Warren.* 60
Well wrought and effective, and has an accompaniment for Piano or Organ, with changes of stops plainly marked.

Cleansing Fires. 3. E*b* and C to e. *Gabriel.* 35
"Let thy Gold be cast in the Furnace,
Thy red Gold precious and bright."
Good advice, beautifully expressed.

Moonlight Waltz. 2. B*b* to e. *Davies.* 30
Comic. Spirited, and good melody.

T'was like a Spirit's sigh. Song and Chorus. 3. B*b* to e. *Taylor.* 35
"So soft, t'was like a Spirit's sigh,
Borne on the evening breeze."
In popular style, and with very pretty and varied chorus.

Down by the Brook. 3. G to e. *Pabst.* 35
"A youth and a maiden, both in their teens,
Talking Love-nonsense, down by the Brook."
Uncommonly sweet and taking.

The Knott Family. 2. E*b* to e. *Poole.* 30
A quiet comic song about a family at whose fortunes you can laugh;—why Knott?

I'm a Paddy Whack. 3. F to f. *Fuller.* 35
Song of a frisky Paddy, and more natural and Irish-like than the average.

Never trouble Trouble till Trouble troubles you. 2. F to f. *Wellman.* 30
Pretty melody, and may be sung easily, all but the last line, which is full of "trouble."

The Old Man of the Mountain. 3. E*b* to e. *M'Neal.* 30
"Unmoved I've stood on this old rock
Mid'st lightning flash and thunder shock."
Effective for bass or baritone voice.

Ma Mere était Bohemienne. (My Mother was a Gypsy.) 6. A*b* to a. *Masse.* 50
*Mia madre fù zingarella*, is the Italian title of this fine piece, which furnishes the material for one of Mrs. Moulton's triumphs. Mellow, bright, "floating" melody, and not alarmingly difficult, except in the cadenzas.

### Instrumental.

Morning in the Woods. (Matinée dans le Bois.) Caprice Impromptu. 5. B*b*. *Ketterer.* 60
Allegresse. Allegro-Scherzando. 5. D. " 40
Mandolinata Fantasie Quasi Capriccio. 5. F. *Ketterer.* 60
Three pieces by this skilful composer. When well played they must be charming. The first introduces a few wild wood-land sounds, and the last two are very light and graceful.

Blue Danube. Waltz. 6. D. Trans. by *Wehli.* 1.00
Neck and Neck. Galop. 6. E*b*. " 75
Polka Bohemienne. 6. E*b*. " 1.00
Marche des Vivandieres. Morceau descriptif. 6. D*b*. *Wehli.* 1.00
Floating on the Breeze. Romance. 7. G. " 75
Five brilliant concert pieces. Those who can play well enough will need no urging to try them, as music of that grade, so new and so good, does not often appear.

Up to Time. Galop. 3. F. *Hart.* 30
If played "up to time" will receive your "hart"-y approbation.

Life let us Cherish. Waltz. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Strauss's style seems to change slightly, and inclines more to popular melodies, but does not lose its resonant brilliancy.

Minne-haha Mazourka. 3. E*b*. *Auerbach.* 30
A graceful and tasteful morceau.

### Books.

SECOND MOTETTE COLLECTION. By Dudley Buck. *Price,* in Cloth, $2.75; Boards, $2.50
Those who have examined it praise it highly, and it is, without doubt, one of the most satisfactory collections that has appeared. Mr. Buck escaped (with the loss of his goods) from the Chicago fire, but fortunately preserved his genius intact. This compilation will add to a well deserved reputation, and, we hope, a considerable sum to his income.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 800. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 18.

## The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.*

[Continued from page 121.]

Let us now apply this most important test to the forms of accompaniment which the "German Handel Society" offers us in the 32nd volume of its collective edition. This volume contains a portion of the *Italian Duets and Trios*, and is therefore particularly well suited to our purpose, because here the voice parts are supported only by a figured bass, which involves a more independent accompaniment, hence allows us to cast a fuller glance into the workshop of this reconstructive industry.

It is to be hoped everybody will agree with me in one thing: that Handel's style is chargeable with no school faults; no fifths, octaves, or whatever other names there may be for this class of repudiated things; only when the movement of the parts involves it, under mitigating circumstances, or when they can be justified on higher grounds, do they appear as an excusable necessity. Unfortunately the setting of this 32nd volume can hardly be acquitted of the charge of introducing such unjustifiable school faults by wholesale. [Franz here proceeds to give a dozen examples (in notes) of fifths and octaves in the piano accompaniment which Brahms (he does not name him) has put to the Italian Duets, &c.]

* * * * *

This contingent of grave violations of the rules of pure composition I have extracted hastily; it might be doubled and tripled without difficulty, if one chose to make a hunt for passing or hidden fifths and octaves, which also are objectionable. Yet I lay no great weight on occurrences of this sort, since every one can easily help himself by intelligent corrections; but that will be more difficult with regard to the other properties of composition.

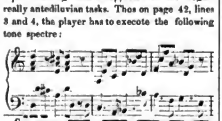
What shall we make of such contrapontal progression as we find—to cite only a few examples—on page 8, line 3 and 4, or page 37, line 2, 3, and 4? Here the piano setting does not develope itself from any inner life, but follows at the most a mechanical order of rhythm. Therefore the tones stand so listless and indifferent by the side of one another,—the quickening impulse, which urges on as with a fatal necessity towards a determinate goal, is wanting. This impelling force, which, as we shall see later, rests upon the mutualism of melodic, harmonic and rhythmical elements, is one of the most important features of the polyphonic style—and it must also play a conspicuous part in the working out of the accompaniment.

And, not to pass it over in silence, how strangly such insignificant and empty passages contrast with the splendid forms of Handel's original parts! Here it overflows with bobbling vital force;—there it is just the contrary.

What shall we say, too, of the emptiness of the conduct of the parts, of which every page, every line, may every measure furnishes eloquent proof? Even if the execution of the accompaniment be not subjected to painful requirements, yet at least traces of the laws by which *real parts* move together in artistic freedom should be visible: the accompaniment of the Chamber Duets almost never shows them. Now the piano setting reproduces the voice parts without any addition; presently it damps their flow by mere dead sounds; in this measure it goes on in two parts, in the next it is in three parts, then suddenly in four or even five parts. On page 76, line 1, measure 3, the middle part actually moves *below* the *continuo!* In vain one seeks for grounds which could occasion such phenomena: the entrance and the disappearance of the different parts is purely arbitrary.

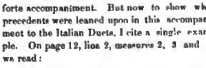
Moreover, little attention seems to have been bestowed upon the fact, that the tone-quality of the pianoforte demands a decided rounding off and closeness of the harmony: eye and ear are inexsantly tormented by maimed chord forms, which can find only a cold completion in the voice parts.

We meet too, in the first half of the volume, a piano setting which supposes for the fingers really antediluvian tasks. Thus on page 42, lines 3 and 4, the player has to execute the following tone spectre:



The entrance of the rolling voice part will only serve to make the threadbare character of the above passage more apparent. The counterpart to this, however, may be found upon page 36, where the piano setting drags itself along uninterruptedly in knotted overgrowth.

Furthermore the remark, trivial as it may sound, ought not to be quite superfluous here, that a good piece of music must always develope satisfactorily in respect to euphony. But it is to the want of this that the elaboration of the accompaniment of the chamber duets particularly shines. Motiveless breaking off of the leading tone, even in the highest part; pungent doublings of altered and of climbing tones, unlovely chord positions, and all such offensive traits press to the light on all sides, most strikingly again in the first half of the volume. Possibly there may be some piano pieces of Bach and Handel, in which not much regard is paid to outward beauty of tone; but there are also other works by the same masters—and fortunately these form the vast majority—which leave nothing to be wished in this respect. These, and not those, should have been taken for a model in the restoration of the pianoforte accompaniment. But now to show what precedents were leaned upon in this accompaniment to the Italian Duets. I cite a single example. On page 12, line 2, measures 2, 3 and 4, we read:




After such specimens as this, one hardly can expect to find any vital participation of the accompaniment in the subject matter of the original, which shimmers through it all in finest shades of color. Such a setting puts even the most perfect performance of the singer in a questionable light. Besides, it contributes very greatly to the perpetuation of these massive views about the expression and the rendering of older compositions, which drive a cultivated ear to desperation.

Finally it is to be regretted also, that the 32nd volume of the "German Handel Society" has put no thorough hass to the Duets. Two old manuscripts at my disposal, for the genuineness of which I cannot vouch, to be sure, show a carefully and richly figured bass. Can it be that the manuscript copy, repeatedly mentioned in the preface to the volume, contains no signatures? If it does, it would be so irresponsible proceeding to take away such valuable material, without producing further reasons, from the chamber duets, since this alone makes any conscientious control of the composition possible, and since moreover it belongs to Handel's works.—

Now I am far from assuming that they, who charged themselves with the elaboration of the accompaniment to the Italian Duets and Trios, were cot competent to write a more grateful arrangement. If such an one has not been furnished us, we can hardly err if we attach the responsibility partly to the principles which the editors of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* have from time to time set forth about the A B C of the art of accompaniment, and partly to certain views about the art maxims of past ages. My own convictions in regard to this important matter have already found expression in the preface to the Handel Opera Arias edited by me: as these, so far, have been passed over in dead silence, but have never been refuted, you, with me, will find it altogether reasonable to see them repeated here. I have said there: "In fine the whole thing most depend entirely upon solving a given problem *artistically*, that is to say with an artistic sense of form, with artistic freedom, if possible with artistic effect,—consequently by the restoration of a consistent, organically developed whole. Only so, however critics and historians may think about these questions, can those forgotten works be reinstated in their right. They who have summoned up the spirits of Bach and Handel against such an undertaking, have

*Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Digitized by Google

not been ablo to unseal those masters' lips, and have only put their own wisdom into their mouths.'

Perhaps it will be objected: "The 32nd volume represents only a small part of the great undertaking of the German Handel Society;—the execution of the accompaniment of that volume may, we confess, have its weaknesses; but on the other hand there still remains to us a long series of other issues, of which the piano accompaniments, we hope, may lay claim to more artistic worth."

As it is not in my present purpose to enter into any searching investigations upon this point, I reserve my judgment. The extraordinary services which the editors of the Society in question (of which I esteem it a great honor to myself to be a member) have otherwise done for Handel, and for the correct restoration of his immortal works, are so beyond all doubt, that they cannot be estimated highly enough. But this conviction must not withhold me from opposing principles, which concern not the edition itself, but only its accidents, and which seem to me calculated to render questionable the unalloyed enjoyment of the master's creations.

The editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, instead of taking every opportunity to disparage the occasional arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) of others, whose only aim has been the promulgation of the Handelian art, would have done better to labor energetically for the banishment of obvious defects in the piano accompaniments of a *monumental edition*, which should fulfil the highest claims on every side.

Besides, this spiteful grudge against "pitiful elaborations" is wrong for another reason: because we chiefly owe it to *their* mediation that a number of Handel's Oratorios have become domesticated in Germany: I need only mention the *Messiah*. Even Mosel's labors, little as I am disposed to defend their regardlessness in some respects, have, resist it as you will, been only beneficial. That the still unarranged Oratorios of Handel—I adduce only such masterworks as *Hercules*, *Semele*, *Susanna* and *Theodora*—have been so far but little known, is unfortunately a fact that cannot be denied. Nor will it probably be otherwise until arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) in the spirit of Mozart and of Mendelssohn become available. If I have deceived myself in this, surely a recantation will not weigh heavily upon my heart.—

After these digressions, which in the interest of the cause could not be avoided, I return to my own affairs.

The haughty and averted attitude of my companions in art, the petty opposition of the daily critics, in fine the exasperating suspicions of the historians—all contributed in a short time to the circulation of a variety of unfavorable opinions about my labors, estranging the public from me, and standing badly in the way of an activity but scarce begun.

Then, by a lucky accident, the already mentioned Arias from Handel's Operas fell into my hands, and gave new impulse to my favorite employment. They stood in an old English collection: "Apollo's Feast," which contained the scores of some 400 numbers thereof. With small expectations—for Handel's Operas were in very bad repute—I cast a glance upon the yellowed leaves, but started back as if I were dazzled, when I suddenly found myself in presence of a lyrico dramatic music, for the like of which I had longed in vain for years. Here showed themselves no traces of those externalities, which seem to be inseparably bound in with an energetically progressive action; but the centre of gravity was transferred to the psychological characteristic of the personalities upon the stage. Under such circumstances the music could unfold its whole power unimpeded, and it did honestly its best to give an expression hardly dreamed of to those internal processes. In spite of the homely forms in which most of the Arias presented themselves, there pulsed in every note a rich, individual life, which seemed only waiting for a fit completion (*Ausführung*) to raise it to still fuller plasticity.

Without a moment's hesitation, I again found myself at work, at first with the restoration of a setting for the piano, which could afterwards, if occasion should require, be worked out without difficulty for the orchestra.

Thus in quick succession 12 Soprano and 12 Alto Arias were ready, to which 12 Duets were soon added. These three collections have already, as you know, appeared in print.

About the musical importance of these works I cannot here enlarge, as this would lie quite outside of the task which I have set myself; suffice it to say that with these, too, the object is to present Handel's high art truly. This art, however, always knows how to penetrate to the very centre of things; therefore in the particular it gives at the same time the universal, in the individual the general. But on achievements of this sort rests the consecration of poesy; in them the holy goddess gains as it were corporeal form.

(To be Continued.)

## The Late Mr. Cipriani Potter.

The career of the musician who for so many years was the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has been but briefly referred to in the obituaries published by our contemporaries, daily and weekly. Born in London in 1792, Mr. Potter died on the 28th ult., in his metropolitan home, at an advanced age, preserving almost to the last his memory, which was well stocked with interesting reminiscences of the age of giants in the musical world. There is now only one professor surviving who can go back to the period of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven,—Mr. Charles Neate, who is in his eighty-seventh year, and lives at Brighton. Mr. Cipriani Potter's ancestors were in the profession; one grandfather invented the patent German flute, another grandfather was a celebrated bassoon-player, the teacher of Holmes, who was the Baumann of his epoch. Mr. Potter's father taught him the pianoforte, and Cipriani Potter was a pianist at five years of age. His first master in counterpoint was Thomas Attwood (a pupil of Mozart), organist of St. Paul's, and a composer. Dr. Callcott, the glee writer, and Dr. Crotch, the composer of the oratorio *Palestine*, also gave lessons to Mr. C. Potter; but he probably owed his skill in pianoforte playing more to the tuition he received for five years from Joseph Woelfl, a pupil of Haydn and Mozart. Woelfl imagined he had reached the climax of digital difficulty when he composed his *Non Plus Ultra*, for he had not fallen on the fantasia days of Thalberg and his successors and imitators. At fourteen Cipriani Potter was a composer of chamber compositions and of symphonies; he was as early in the field, therefore, as Mendelssohn. Mr. Potter's early leanings towards Beethoven were confirmed by his visit to Vienna, where he studied under Emanuel Forster, the Austrian Kapellmeister. Mr. Potter was not a pupil of Beethoven, as has been erroneously stated, but Beethoven kindly corrected exercises of the young Englishman. Mr. Potter did not forget the great master's attentions to him. In the *Musical World*, in 1836, then edited by the Novellos, he published an interesting notice of Beethoven and his style, defending him, at the same time, with perhaps more generosity than justice from the charges of moroseness and ill-temper. This critical analysis of Beethoven's specialities, appearing at the same time as a series of admirably written essays on the "Characteristics of Beethoven," by Dr. Gauntlett, materially influenced public opinion. Mr Potter travelled also in Italy after his sojourn in Vienna. In his early compositions he met with kinder critics in Germany than he did in his own country; but form in Fatherland always goes a long way, whereas here idea is more thought of. Mr Potter was a master of technicality, but he was not gifted with invention. Although he was not one of the original Masters or Associates of the Philharmonic Society (1813), Mr. Potter soon made his *début* at its concerts in his own Sestet, and appeared often in subsequent years, being appointed one of the conductors at the time when the direction of the schemes was changed at every concert. Mr. Potter had the credit of introducing many pianoforte concertos of Mozart and Beethoven for the first time in this country. Mr. Potter produced at the Philharmonic Concerts an overture (1816), adagio and rondo (1830), a symphony (1835), a symphony in D (1836), another in the same key (1850), an overture, *Cymbeline* (1837), another overture (1851), and his *Antony and Cleopatra* overture (1856). Mr. Potter's last appearance in public was on the 5th of June, 1871, at the sixth Philharmonic Concert, when his *Cymbeline* overture was performed, and the venerable composer was called for to receive a round of cheering from an auditory in which were comprised many of his old pupils. Dr. Crotch was the first Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1823, chiefly through the influence of the late Earl of Westmoreland. Dr. Crotch having resigned in 1832, Mr. Cipriani Potter was selected as his successor, Mr. Lucas being appointed director of the orchestra. Mr. Potter retired from his office in 1859, and was succeeded by the late Mr. Lucas, on whose retirement, in 1866, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett became Principal of the Royal Academy. That Mr. Potter, during the twenty-seven years he was in power, exercised a very powerful influence as a teacher, there can be no doubt; but that he might have accomplished much greater results is equally certain. The fact is, he was no disciplinarian, and his good nature was such that he had not the moral courage to resist the amateur management, which was too long in the ascendant at the Academy. Mr. Potter was born and lived in the days when the power of patronage was greater than it is now. It is quite true that but for the aid and tact of the aristocratic *dilettanti* the school would have been long since extinct. It was sustained, indeed, for a long period by royalty, rank, and fashion; but the state of music in this country has so advanced that it can only maintain its position by being a great educational establishment for the people. Mr. Potter himself was cognisant of the changes in the times, but his advanced age demanded repose. He had done his work bravely as a musician, if not as an administrator. No man was more loved and esteemed; by his pupils he was idolized. He was generous and considerate towards rising talent; he was no perverse bigot, attaching himself to one school and one name; he was ready and willing and able to recognise ability in every form in which it presented itself. Attached as he was to the old masters, he was the first to admit the claims for consideration of the writers of the modern school; he was not even dismayed at "the music of the future:" his motto was to try all new-comers fairly and dispassionately. To mention that among his pupils were Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. G. Macfarren, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Mudie, Mr. W. Macfarren, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. H. C. Banister, Mr. Cusins, Mr Jewson, Mr. Robert Barnett, C. Pinsuti, Miss Kate Loder (Lady Thompson), Miss Woolf, Mrs. Tom Taylor, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, &c., will suffice to show the results achieved by Mr. Cipriani Potter as a teacher; but the Academy students who in composition and in pianoforte playing derived advantage from his talent and experience form a wide circle at home and abroad.—*Athenæum.*

## Musical Matters in Spain

(From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*)

Spain, with its bright, sunny sky, has produced great poets, but has not been so fruitful in the domain of music. The little it has done in this way does not extend beyond the confines of the country. It is, however, sufficiently remarkable to merit more extensive publicity, were it only on account of its nationally characteristic stamp. It is an undeniable fact that there exists in the Spanish people a great natural aptitude for the Beautiful in art, and, if this aptitude has not been developed as much as could be desired, the fault is attributable partly to the indolence peculiar to the nations of the South, and partly to the want of a more serious artistic impulse. Recently, however, things have taken a highly satisfactory turn in the latter respect. German classic compositions, which, down to 1850, were entirely unknown over the country, and never performed even in the Spanish

Digitized by Google

capital, have opened out a path for themselves, thanks to Quartet Unions, and Grand Concert Associations. A taste for good music has been excited among a certain part of the public, and its increasing success cannot possibly fail to react upon native composers. It is astonishing what a number of amateurs there are in the country; nearly every mechanic knows some instrument or other, and turns his proficiency to account by playing in the theatres, circuses, and military bands. For this reason, the number of professional musicians, properly so-called, is exceedingly limited, because there are so many amateurs, who perform at a very low price. The larger art-institutions at Madrid, such as the Opera Real, the Sociedad de Conciertos, the Summer-Concert Society, to the Buen Retiro Gardens, establishments which, on account of the privileges they enjoy, shirk no expense, are the only ones that can pay the professional musician more remunerative terms. Thus, the lowest salary of violinists at the Opera-house, Madrid, is 150 francs a month; first-class players receive 300 pesetas, while the Grand Paris Opera pays scarcely 120 francs. The active members of the Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos for Classical Music receive from each concert an average price of sixty francs, while Pasdeloup, in Paris, thinks that sixteen francs is plenty for each "concert and three rehearsals." During the Carnival Season, a small band of seven or eight musicians obtain some 200 to 300 pesetas an evening, while the Parisian purveyors of ball-music, MM. Waldteufel, Strauss, etc., settled the "prix de Paris" for "the whole night" at from 10 to 12 francs a head. To gain such wretched remuneration, there is no need of going to Paris; one may as well stop quietly in Germany. The reason that the professional musicians of Madrid are not victimized by managers is because they form associations among themselves, and conduct their own financial and artistic concerns. Thus the Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos gives its present conductor, Monasterio, only twice as much as a simple member of the band, having discharged its founder and former conductor, the composer, Barbieri, for the purely material reason that he claimed a fifth share. A large place in the Calle Mayor serves the Madrid musicians as a rendezvous every day between one and three in the afternoon. They there form a sort of Musical Exchange, where every one in need of their assistance can find and engage them. If musicians in other capitals were equally practical, and would club together a little more, instead of splitting up into factions, and if, in their enthusiasm for the Ideal, they would not forget quite so much the Material, in art—their state would be the more gracious. The following are the principal associations of this kind in Madrid: the Musical-Artistic Association for Mutual Assistance, with a present annual income of 60,000 reals; and El Fomento de las Artes, founded in the year 1859. The latter called into life the various Madrid choral societies, headed by the Orfeon Artistico-Madrileñense, which gets up sacred concerts every year, and the Society of Pianoforte Tuners (!), Pianists, and Musical Professors of both sexes, called La Sin Par, which tunes pianos for 10 reals (2½ francs), and gives music lessons at proportionately moderate prices. Every musician who takes an active part at concerts or theatrical performances, enjoys in Spain the title of Professor; and Monasterio's grand concert band of 95 professors—probably because many among them exercise at the same time some other "profession." This reminds one of the abuse of the doctor's title in other countries.

Since the year 1831, Madrid has possessed a "Royal Conservatory of Music and Declamation." The first director was Francisco Piermarini, an Italian singing master; Carnicer conducted the classes of composition, and Albeniz those of the piano. Subsequent teachers of composition were the well known Spanish composers, Helarion Eslava, and Emilio Arrieta, the latter having, for the last three years, been director of the institution. Instruction in the violin is entrusted to the skilful hands of Monasterio, founder of the Quartet Society for Classical Chamber Music—which has existed ever since 1862—and the present conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts. The vocal department, which formerly turned out some thorough female singers, now constitutes the *partie faible* of the whole. The magnificent large hall of the Conservatory, where the examinations and the concerts were held, was situated at the back of the Royal Operahouse. On the 20th April, 1867, it fell a prey to the flames, and is still a mass of ruins at the present day. Thanks, however, to the impulse given by the new king, Amadeo, who is fond of music, the hall is shortly to be restored to its former splendor; the preparations have already commenced. The Quartet Concerts take place during the autumn season, in the small hall of the Conservatory, and the grand Spring Orchestral Concerts in the large and elegant Teatro e Circo de Madrid, belonging to Count Rivas, and situate in the promenade of the Prado, always thronged and sparkling with light. The Summer Concerts, conducted this year with the most extraordinary success by the celebrated double-bass player and composer, Bottesini, are like the concerts in the Champs Elysées, Paris, and attract the most fashionable audiences.

The most distinguished art-institution in Spain is the National Operahouse, with a season from October to Easter. It is devoted more especially to the cultivation of Italian music, all the singers being Italians, so that, so far as regards its Italian *Stagione*, Madrid can enter the lists against the great capitals of Paris, London, and St. Petersburgh. The Teatro Nacional del Opera is one of the largest and most magnificent in Europe: it can accommodate about 3000 persons, and the stage is as large as that of the Grand Opera, Paris, if, indeed, it is not wider and higher. The artistic ensemble frequently suffers from the immense proportions of the building. The latter was inaugurated on the 19th November, 1850, with Donizetti's *Favorita*, the principal artists being Alboni, the celebrated contralto; the tenor, Gardoni; the barytone, Barroilhet; and the bassist, Formes. Among other well-known artists who have appeared there I may mention Mesdames Rosina Penco, Borghi Mamo, Lotti Marchisio, Ortolani Tiberini, Fenzi, Carozzi, Sonnieri; Signori Robini, Fraschini, Tamberlick, Graziani, Naudin, Palermi, tenors; Signori Bouchée, Agnesi, baritones; and Signori Silva, Medini, and Scalese, basses. To these was added last year a young Italianized German tenor from Berlin, Signor Perotti, (Prott), who was eminently successful. For next year, 1871-72, the following artists have been engaged: sopranos, Ortolani Tiberini, Urban, Wizjack, Fiando; contraltos, Caracciolo, Bernardoni; tenors, Pozzo, Piccioli, Tamberlick (who will return in February from Mexico and the Havannas), Tiberini, Fabbri; baritones, Quintelli, Squarzia, Galassi; basses, Petit, Capponi, and Becerra; The conductor is the same as last year, namely, M. Skoczdopole, from the Italian Opera, Paris, now temporarily closed. The orchestra will number 90 "professors," and the chorus ninety singers, male and female, while there will be thirty fair members of the corps de ballet. For the month of March, the management promise Nilsson and Adelina Patti—if nothing happens to prevent it. The operas to be produced are: *Il Conte Ory*; *Dinorah*; *L'Ombre* (Flotow's new opera); *Jone*; *Il Bravo*; *Marino Faliero*, as novelties; *L'Ebrea*; *Roberto il Diavolo*; *Mathilde di Shabran*; *Il Nuovo Mosè*; *Don Giovanni*; *Gli Ugonotti*; *Un Ballo in Maschera*; *Saffo*; *Il Profeta*; *Maria di Rohan*, *Faust*; *La Favorita*; *L'Africaine*. Meyerbeer is satisfactorily represented in this list by his principal works; what is wanted at the Spanish National Opera is—Spanish National Opera.

We may state that the three principal music-sellers in Madrid are Messrs. Romero, Eslava, and Martin, who live on the wholesale piracy of foreign works and arrangements, Spanish Zarzuelas, and Offenbach's operas. A few years ago a *Gazeta Musical de Madrid* was published, but it soon died for want of support. The only art-paper now existing is the *Entre-Act*, published by a theatrical Agent of the name of Aranjo. The more eminent Spanish composers of the present day are Messrs. Eslava, Arrieta, Barbieri, Budrid, and Gastambeda. Eslava, as director of the old Chapel Royal, wrote many sacred works considered in Spain masterpieces of their kind. It is true that the Spanish have not had an opportunity of hearing the works of Beethoven, Cherubini, Mozart, and Bach in their churches. But they have had all the more Italian operatic music.

A. V. Czeka.

## Opera in Paris.

Paris, Friday, Oct. 27, 1871.

A short time since Paris was excited over the welcome announcement that the Grand Opera was open for a brief Autumn season, and with a new work which had been completed since the siege, by a well-known and popular author.

It is not easy to describe all that such an announcement means in the French capital, where not only the musical world is on the lookout for something new, but where a score or more of critics and a round dozen of "Mondayists" are constantly searching for some topic upon which they can display their versatile talents, and give the world a specimen of *ce que c'est que de l'esprit*.

For some time there had been rumors of something to come—something out of the common order of things, and which was to take the wind out of the sails of Messrs. Offenbach, Meilhac, Halevy & Co., and it was with a flutter of pleasure, therefore, that the world saw the bleak walls of Paris ornamented with the vast placards announcing the speedy appearance of "Erostrate," by M. Ernest Reyer. The author was well known, indeed. Already he had given to the public one or two successful pieces, and upon the strength of this had set himself up as a musical critic able to hold his head as high as "any other man," whether he wrote every day in the week, or drew a magnificent salary for giving his opinion upon music and the drama in a Monday *feuilleton*. M. Reyer felt himself of the first force in his speciality, and equal to any Jules Janin *quelconque*. From there he was promoted to the political columns, and wrote leaders which *Les Débats* took the trouble to notice.

In a word, M. Reyer became a journalist of Parisian merit and was greatly respected by his confreres. Like every man who is anything, he had dealt sledge-hammer blows upon the head of Wagner, had pointed out Mozart's fault in Melody, crushed poor Verdi for his fondness for noise, praised Auber and Rossini, of course, and found something to admire in the music of Gluck. Best of all, skeptic impresarios had a wholesome fear of M. Reyer's displeasure, and dared spare no expense for the *mise en scene*. Under such circumstances, could there be a doubt about the success of "Erostrate?"

The Lundi-ists were said to have written favorable articles in advance, and all ready for the finishing touches after the opening night. The very name attracted the curious and, on getting an explanation of it, the crowd pictured a grand stage incendiary, grander than that of the "Last Days of Pompeii," or of "Les Huguenots." At this point permit me to speak of another case similar in most of the details, and a work which came before the public under parallel auspices. When Wm. Henry Fry brought out his "Leonora," every one supposed that the critics were all right in advance, and that there could be no doubt of success.

There are many points of similarity between M. Reyer and Mr. Fry—between "Erostrate" and "Leonora." Both men were writers of great ability and musicians of talent; both men, without intending to do so, borrowed largely from standard works. Both operas have bits of delicious music, and both, as a whole, give us repeated suspicions that, somehow or somewhere, we have heard all that before. We are often puzzled to know the exact source of the inspiration, but the suspicion is always there. A few hours' study over the score brings up the gems of several composers. In short, both operas met the same fate, for the work of M. Reyer was received with frigid silence.

Like Wm. Henry Fry, Ernest Reyer found that he had counted too much upon the good-will of his fellow journalists. The opera was applauded in a sort of half way wondering manner, and as if in anticipation of the fine thing to come, but which did not come. When the curtain fell, everybody rose to ask if that was all, and with a puzzled air to demand what it was all about. The next day only the notices which were in type "before the fact" appeared in the journals. The next there were some words of doubt. The next some one spoke out his mind, and then the whole pack came down upon poor Reyer in the most unmerciful manner. Meantime the manager had withdrawn the piece, saying that it did not draw sufficiently well, and had not come up to his expectations.

Now, we may ask, why did "Erostrate" fail? When I say it failed I use the right word, for the opera is dead beyond all hope of resurrection. The reason given by the cashier of the opera is that after two representations it did not draw well enough to guarantee a third. That is forcible; but there must be some reasons behind that. In the first place the actors did badly. The prima donna went through her role as if bored to death by it and only anxious to get out for a supper at Brebant's. The house was filled with dead heads, who refused to applaud like dead beads. And the critics say that the music is not original though extremely *bizarre*, and that it is a cross between Offenbach and Gluck. Other critics give other authors. All say that it is a *potpourri* of plagiarism in which the author has tried to break away from established forms and to produce effect by startling surprises rather than by classic method, taste or melody. But even in these surprises there was monotony, and that is a quality a Parisian audience will never pardon. My own opinion is that, like "Leonora," "Erostrate" has not had a "fair showing," but at the same time neither, probably, could be brought out successfully, under the best of circumstances, beside the works they now have to rival.—Ashby.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## Tausien-ism.

(Translated for this Journal from the New York Musik-Zeitung, by R. St. L.)

"The grave of the great Mongolian artist Tausien is overshadowed by a great tree; the natives chew

Digitized by Google

the leaves of this tree, to make their voices strong and melodious." Thus, if I am not mistaken, Ambros reports in the first volume of his history of music. Since no further mention is made of the leaves,—their containing sugar for instance, or any medicinal properties,—it is plain that we have here but one of those innumerable forms in which superstition manifests itself. For superstition is inexterminable, it will go with the last mortal to his grave. The leaves of the Mongolian tree, and those who believe in their virtues, flourish among us too, flourish everywhere! Amulet, talisman, ribbons and leaves, chips from the Luther-bench, a clipping from the coat of a great or even only celebrated man, a blade from the turf of his grave, and a thousand other similar things, bear witness that superstition has taken root in the mind of man for all coming time. We are all of us superstitious, there is only a difference of form. It is not my intention, however, to write a philosophical treatise; I only desire to examine as kindly and as cheerfully as possible, whether, and to what extent musicians suffer from "Tausienism." Let me remark first, that unless particular circumstances favor an epidemic spread of the disease, composers, tone-poets chiefly, are afflicted with "Tausienism." And with what force does it seize upon them!—Yet let me first go back a step, by asking, what is creation?—The definition from the catechism,—The bringing forth of something from nothing, is evidently not applicable where human action is concerned; here we must say, according to the proverb, nothing can come of nothing. The artist creates his work in accordance with some inner image,—which, however, if we look very close, is again woven of threads indissolubly connected with the outer world,—clothing it in words, in marble, in tones, colors, etc. There is needful for this, beside the natural bent, (talent, genius), without which nothing will be produced, the also indispensable technical skill, and finally a third, certainly no less important matter, the disposition!—When that is wanting, even the master finds but slowly what he requires,—he chews his pen-holder, studies the clouds, or the pattern of his wall-paper,—Schiller, it is said, used to draw little horses, and other nonsense,—and at length gives up the useless attempt. And an hour later, perhaps, the "spring of invention,"—this is the term, I believe,—bubbles up so plentifully, that it is scarcely possible to shut in the rich blessing between the staves. (Let me here remark, that there is no lack of those either, whose "spring" resembles an aqueduct,—a slight pressure, and for days, weeks and months, an even stream flows forth,—nothing but happy reminiscence, self-satisfied plagiarism, theft,—and whatever else the "annexation-music" may be called. Those fortunate beings are always "disposed," and therefore completely proof against "Tausienism." How now is this disposition to be brought about? If we believe people of the stamp of Rau, Polko, their numerous imitators, and the innumerable credulous readers of moonshiny fables, composers must suffer the flowerets to shed their perfume round about them, the starlets to shine upon them, the brooklets to murmur, and the evening breezes to whisper around them,—in order then to drop the most magnificent and immortal works "from their sleeves,"—as the Germans have it,—and their pens. A few may perhaps have succeeded thus, and still succeed; many have tried the experiment, and,—caught severe colds!—If we muster the lists of celebrated composers, and ask of each singly what means he adopted in a long continued draught, we shall receive most varied answers, and to imitators,—always the class most numerously represented in the school of life,—there opens a refreshing prospect of every manner of possibilities. Handel went for needful inspiration to graveyards, to the silent corners of solitary churches. Of Gluck it is said that, occupied with the composition of an opera, and requiring fresh air and sunshine, he had his piano carried out upon a field. Air, light, and verdure did not suffice, however, and it is recorded that two bottles of Champagne lent their assistance. Thus,—I shall not vouch for the truth of the story,—Gluck wrote his reformatory works. Lully labored like a feeble amateur. He sat down at the piano with his snuff box, and sang and played, till by means of trying here and there, up and down, he fancied he had discovered the most suitable melody; this discovery he then communicated to some subordinate, who wrote down the dictation, and that was the end of it. Sarti required a large, dark room, even at night but feebly lit up,—his musical ideas came to him only in the stillness of night. Of Spontini too, I somewhere read, that he was able to compose only in the dark. Cimarosa wanted noise about him, he liked best to work in merry company. Salieri, to excite his fancy, strolled about in the most frequented streets, eating *bon-bons*, with lead pencil and paper in his hand, to be ready when the occasion offered. Paër composed, chatted, scolded, disputed, all in one. Sacchini felt himself incapable of getting a melody, unless he was with his lady-love, and had his little kittens about him. Alex. Fesca, if one may lend faith to eyewitnesses, resorted to similar means,—the bottle served him in place of a lady-love, and for kittens he tried to procure a little dog! Paisiello remained in bed, when he intended composing,—a cheap, practical means, as trustworthy contemporaries have assured me,—it saves clothing, fuel, etc. Zingarelli, before sitting down at the piano to compose, read a few pages of a Latin poet; then, however, he worked so easily that he was able to write in four hours,—four hours, I say!—a whole act of "Romeo and Juliet!" When Father Haydn could not get along, he would take his rosary, and say a few Aves, and generally inspiration returned. In another place I read,—probably of his later years,—Haydn sat quietly down in a chair, but he must have upon his finger the ring Frederick the Great had once given him! In London, however, even this expedient seems to have proved unavailing, for we have a report that once the master had no inspiration left at all; for two weeks he vainly tortured himself to get an appropriate continuation to the first eight bars of an Andante. It is well known that it has been thought some connection existed between Mozart's fondness for billiards and ten pins, and his musical disposition! Beethoven went out into the open air, into the magnificence and solitude of nature. Méhul was a lover of flowers, and liked to sojourn in pretty gardens. Mendelsohn, it is said, always had bouquets on his desk. Halevy required the sound of boiling water, to become "disposed." Auber, a good rider, mounted his horse in order to gain the romantic country, where the artist finds everything he needs,—formerly, perhaps!—in later years, when the celebrated composer was an old, a very old gentleman, he probably composed his operas on foot. François Hünten felt most inspired for composition in autumn. He walked up and down in his room, catching flies,—no very difficult task at that season of the year,—and thus were produced more than two hundred compositions, the greater part of which might at one time be found on every piano,—long enough ago, it is true!

It were an endless task, were we to attempt to record all the various means and expedients resorted to by "indisposed" composers. Yet "Tausienism" has victims in other departments of art, too. It is reported of Schiller that he was obliged to have the smell of half decayed apples near him, in order to be able to work, and that strong, black coffee was indispensable to him. At times even *dilettantism* succumbs to the disease. When Liszt, nearly thirty years ago, made his journeys of conquest through the musical world, enthusiastic ladies carefully collected the remnants of the piano strings that had given up their melodious ghost under the hands of the virtuoso. The ends and pieces of these unfortunates were set in rings, and the ladies fancied it could not but be very advantageous to play études, schools of velocity, *Gradus ad Parnassum*, etc., with such a ring on. Whether this ingenious means proved effective, whether it made the touch firm, the wrist pliant, or perhaps even influenced the "understanding," is not on record. To day we smile at those amiable follies, the world has grown calmer since then, dilettantism no longer aspires to climb the higher and highest grades of perfection,—why, far down below it is very pleasant too! And young artists of to-day, hold the sound view that "stiff," daily, six hour practicing, is the only effective means of progress They no longer believe in magic and sympathy,—but composers!—what might not be told of them!—but enough for this time.

W. Tappert.

## A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven.

The second volume of the long promised work, which will probably extend to four volumes, has just appeared in Berlin,—in the German language, like the first. When the work is complete it will appear also in English. We translate from the *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, Oct. 31, the following appreciative notice of the volume by one of the very foremost musical critics of Germany, Dr. Edward Hanslick.

The second volume of Thayer's Beethoven biography has just made its appearance,—six years after the publication of the first. In conscientiousness of research the continuation is equal to the beginning; in richness of matter it surpasses it. Thayer has got command of an astonishing amount of material for his labor; he has examined every note and slip of paper, has searched through every newspaper, and traced back every tradition. The minuteness with which he explains single, often rather unimportant points, fortunately is always limited to matters of fact; to mere phrase he does not grant a single line.

The second volume treats of the period from 1796 to 1806,—only ten years. That the author has discovered much of importance that is new about this period from the 26th to the 36th year of Beethoven's life, cannot be maintained. The principal matters are thoroughly familiar, and about many parts, for instance, Beethoven's love experiences, the reader who is eager for new information must content himself with meagre results. But even here, where Thayer's research has yielded little that was tangible, the method of his search remains of great worth. With an exactness which reminds one of the inquiries in natural science and philology, but which was first introduced into musical history by Jahn, Thayer completely separates accredited fact from what is merely probable or possible. Where any residue remains to baffle search or proof, Thayer does not seek to save himself in fantastical combinations, but says roundly: That is not known. If the light of this inquirer had achieved nothing else, but to scatter the mists which credulous tradition or romantic bookmaking had piled up about certain experiences of Beethoven, we should be obliged to rate its merit very high. But a little over 40 years have passed since Beethoven's death; there are still living not a few men who have known the master; and yet already myths have formed themselves about him, fables have fastened on him, which it grows every day more difficult to put aside. To these belongs particularly Beethoven's attachment to the young countess Julia Guicciardi (afterwards married as the Countess Gallenberg.) All the biographers, blindly following the lead of Schindler, have attached an extraordinary consequence to this tender relation and, by romantic additions, have gradually swelled it into a complete tragedy. An unimpeachable piece of evidence of this "unhappy passion" has been until now a letter found after his death in Beethoven's writing desk, with two postscripts, written with a lead pencil on two pieces of letter paper, which do not name the place, or year, or person to whom they are addressed. This was the original of the famous "three letters of Beethoven from a Hungarian watering place to his beloved Julia von Guicciardi," published by Schind-

Digitized by Google

ler. Although there was no ground at all for the assumption that these letters were intended for the Conntess Guicciardi, yet on the mere giving out of Schindler it has been considered now for more than thirty years as an incontestable truth. Thayer now brings convincing proofs to show, that the "three letters" could not have been addressed to Julia at all! "So all those who with tears of sympathy have seen these Sorrows of Werther, occasioned by *this* Charlotte, may now dry their tears. They can quiet themselves with the assurance, that the catastrophe was by no means so unfortunate as it has been represented." When Julie, two years after becoming acquainted with Beethoven, married Count Gallenberg (1803) the despised lover, true to the principle which he expressed to Zmeskall: "One cannot quarrel with what is not to be changed," put a good face on his misfortune and went to work to finish the Heroic Symphony.—Also the anecdote that Beethoven, from grief at Julia's inconstancy, tried to die of hunger in the garden of the Erdödy palace, is continually repeated on mere hearsay, without the remotest ground for connecting that (in itself very improbable) suicidal attempt with the Guicciardi affair. Thayer, on the strength of pains-taking, conscientious investigations, is able to characterise the whole mass of fustian eloquence that has been wasted on this love story "with one word as silly talk."

Of course the sentimental Beethoven critics, who hear the grass of their interpretation growing out of every note, do not like to be deprived of the idea, that the opera "Leonora" ("Fidelio") stands in close connection with that story of Beethoven's love, and that the most beautiful passages in it are direct effusions of his feeling for Julia. But Beethoven's complete sketch book for "Leonora" shows, that every number, from the first to the last, was the slow result of persevering labor and unwearied study. "Had this opera," Thayer adds, "been the single grand exception in a long series of mediocre dramatic compositions, then one could suspect that it was the product of a sudden, isolated inspiration, the effect of love. But in reality Beethoven's genius and his creative talent stood too high, to make it necessary for us to refer the origin of the beautiful music in any of his works to any supposed special causes." This sentence is the best proof of the correct feeling which guides the author even in his judgment upon matters purely musical.

The impartiality of judgment which Thayer maintains, with all his veneration for his hero, shows itself also in his frank and striking description of Beethoven's character. A faithful and exhaustive portrait of Beethoven as a man would, according to Thayer's statements, form an almost laughable contrast to that which is commonly regarded as the right one. Our present age must be content to find in Beethoven, with all his greatness, an altogether human nature, which, if it was endowed with uncommon powers, compels us at the same time on the other side to recognize uncommon weaknesses. It was the great misfortune of Beethoven's youth, seeing that his good and bad tendencies by nature were extremely strong and lively, that he did not grow up under the influence of a wise and strict parental discipline, and that he was not early led into that habit of self-control, which, when once established, reforms and purifies the character. In all relations the consequences of a defective early moral training accompanied Beethoven through his whole life, and are visible in the frequent conflict between his worse and better nature and in his constant tendency to extremes. To-day he falls into immoderate rage about perhaps some very trifling matter; tomorrow his remorse by far exceeds the measure of his fault. To-day he is proud, self-willed, offensive, careless as it regards the claims which society admits to persons of high rank; tomorrow his submissiveness is even greater than the circumstances demand. With these remarks the author is disposed to represent Beethoven's faults as nothing else but disagreeable and sad episodes in the general course of his life. In view of the efforts of other biographers, who glorify Beethoven into a perfect ideal of humanity, it was a necessity also to name and to explain his faults. For the same reason we respect the honest statement of the author, that, after the study of some 800 of Beethoven's letters, "the utter insignificance" of by far the greatest part of them surprised him. To be sure it is not Beethoven's fault that later biographers have thought it their duty to immortalize every one of these mere notes.

A pleasant impression is made also by Thayer's impartiality in judging of the two brothers of Beethoven, who in all preceding biographies have figured as a pair of devils. By no means can or will the author excite in us a very high conception of their character. "But, as little as Beethoven was a pattern of goodness, so little were his brothers horrible examples of injustice." Thayer shows that Ries as well as Schindler wrote under the influence of strong personal aversion to these brothers, and that Carl particularly, whom they reproach with presumptuous interference in Beethoven's affairs, had done him valuable service as a competent and trusted business manager. It may also be maintained with confidence, that Beethoven from the year 1800 was freed from every care for the support of Carl or Johann.

Thoroughly interesting are Thayer's researches about the first performances of "Fidelio" in the Theater an der Wien, and new among them are the communications of the tenor Röckel, the Florestan of the year 1806, who died a short time since at an advanced age. That the public should have been at first more surprised than delighted by this opera, Thayer finds no difficulty in understanding. "The Overture in the first place," he says, "was too new in its form, too powerful in its ideas, to be immediately understood; and in the year 1806 there was perhaps no public in all Europe in a condition to find in the fire and deep expression of the principal vocal numbers any compensation for the superficial grace and the melodious charm of the favorite operas of the day—qualities which to most people would seem wanting in *Fidelio*." Even Cherubini declared of the Overture, that, on account of its variety of modulations, he was unable to discover the principal key. Moreover Thayer, in vindication of the honor of the much maligned Vienna public, adduces many facts which fully support my own efforts in the same behalf in my "History of Concerts in Vienna." Thayer establishes the fact, "that in Vienna the works of no other composer of the younger generation found such rapid and extensive sale as those of Beethoven." Very early had their wide spread popularity become recognized in a way without example in the German periodical press, particularly through a complete classified catalogue of the "Works of Herr Ludwig van Beethoven," published in the *Wiener Zeitung* of June 30, 1805. Then already Beethoven was everywhere placed in the same rank only with Mozart and Haydn; "the unknown pupil,—who came to Vienna in 1792, was in the year 1804 a universally acknowledged member of the great triumvirate."

---

## Nilsson in "Mignon."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The opera of "Mignon" may be said to be founded indeed upon the favorite character of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," yet the librettists, MM. Carré and Barbier, have taken little from the original story except the names of a few principal characters and a faint outline of one or two leading incidents. The work of the great German poet and philosopher would seem to offer no particular attractions to the maker of an opera book. Neither its plot nor any of its episodes can be called dramatic; the poetical beauty of *Mignon* is too fine for stage representation, and the sentiment of the story is too deep to be expressed in theatrical action. Yet MM. Carré and Barbier have made an effective and graceful story, whose resemblance to the original, though not strong, is at least recognizable. It was Ary Scheffer, who showed them how to do it, just as he showed the same writers how to create a new *Margaret* for M. Gounod's "Faust." It is Scheffer's, not Goethe's *Margaret* whom we saw in the opera last Monday. It was Scheffer's, not Goethe's *Mignon*, who was presented to us last night. Everybody knows the three scenes in which the artist has depicted the child-heroine; the pensive little figure of the bare-foot street-dancer, thinking of her native country, singing perchance those exquisite verses, "*Kennst Du das Land?*" the group wherein *Mignon* stands at the knees of the old harper; and the tableau in which the girl with clasped hands and attitude of aspiration looks upward while the light of another life falls upon her face. It is upon these three pictures that the opera has been constructed. They do not show us, of course, the true *Mignon*, "daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion and despair;" but a wayward, yet graceful, sentimental, prematurely old child developing into a tender woman. Goethe's *Mignon*, so spiritual and yet so very human, so perverse and yet so loving, dies through the very intensity of her affection, and when she passes out of the pages of the book she leaves a void in the reader's heart which none of the other personages can fill. The pathos of this ending is all missed in the opera, which finishes with the union of *Mignon* and *Guglielmo*, and the Harper's recognition of his daughter; and though the exquisite art of the actress conveyed last night the idea that the hand of death had fallen upon the girl in her hour of happiness, this interpretation was not indicated—if indeed it was even justified—by the text. It is not worth while, however, to vex ourselves over the ruin of a poem which would not have suited Ambroise Thomas, nor perhaps any other writer for the lyric stage. Though the *Mignon* whom we have is not the mysterious ideal of the novelist, she is still a charming and loveable creation. Though the story is marred in some of its finest aspects, the plot is not a bad one, and at least may remind us of its poetical origin. The character of the old Harper, upon whom the librettists have bestowed the name of *Lothario*, given by Goethe to a very different personage in the novel, is much better preserved than that of *Mignon*, and serves as an admirable foil to the delicacy of the young girl. The fascinating, lively, and heartless *Philina* is hardly at all changed; and *Wilhelm Meister*, under the name of *Guglielmo*, loves and wavers, and succumbs to the blandishments of the sex in the opera as he does in the story. The page, *Frederick*, and the actor, *Laertes*, appear in subordinate capacities, but display no individuality.

The work was first presented at the Opera Comique, in Paris, in November, 1866. It was given, of course, in French, with spoken dialogue. The Italian translation by Zaffira was afterward arranged by M. Thomas for Drury Lane, where Nilsson, Faure, Bettini, Volpini, and Trebelli-Bettini took the principal roles. Recitatives were substituted by the composer for the spoken portions. A second stanza was added for M. Faure to *Lothario's* andante in the first scene; an air was introduced for *Filina* (Mme. Volpini); and a rondo gavotte for *Federigo* (Mme. Trebelli-Bettini) was borrowed from the familiar intermezzo preceding the Second Act. This Italian version was the one presented by Mr. Strakosch last night. The additional airs were omitted, except *Federigo's*, which was given in an abridged form. The rest of the opera was very little cut. M. Thomas has followed his book-makers rather than Goethe. His music never suggests the depth of Goethe, or the strong passion of the real *Mignon*. It is labored without being profound, and delicate without being highly emotional. Much of the same sort of grace which distinguishes Gounod is observable in Ambroise Thomas; but we miss in "Mignon" the tenderness and spontaneous feeling which are admired so justly in "Faust," and for the want of which the freshness and elegance of the present work cannot wholly make amends. The score abounds in delicious phrases, but most of them are only fragments, for there is little flow of melody. The orchestration is not rich, but it is surprisingly refined. Of the separate numbers, the best known is the popular Polonaise, given to *Filina*, and recurring in snatches and suggestions all through the work. There is a hint of it in the exquisite Duet of the swallows, between *Mignon* and *Lothario* near the end of the First Act—one of the earliest glimpses afforded us of that rare sense of the lighter beauties of art which is the principal charm of Ambroise Thomas's music. Much better and more characteristic, however, than the Polonaise is *Mignon*'s song, "Non conosci il bel suol"—the famous *Kennst Du das Land*.

This is true poetry; not indeed an adequate interpretation in music of the thought which Goethe here expressed in words, but a genuine heartfelt song, for having which the world is richer. There is pathos likewise in *Mignon's* duet with *Lothario*, "Sofferto hai tu?" and in *Guglielmo*'s "Addio Mignon;" while almost the whole of the last Act is at once sentimental and dramatic in the highest degree. The long trio between *Mignon*, *Guglielmo*, *Lothario*, which brings the opera to a close, is a superb specimen of dramatic music.

Digitized by Google

Miss Nilsson's *Mignon* is unquestionably one of the most striking of her personations, even if it is not one of the best. Every scene gives her an admirable opportunity for the display of her best characteristics. She is willful, impulsive, not very passionate—but affectionate and tender. With it all there is about her the same soft atmosphere of melancholy that is diffused around the pictures of Ary Scheffer, and in her voice there is the plaintive and pensive tone which we instinctively associate with the *Mignon* best known to the multitude. Add to this that the part abounds in variety of situations, and presents the prima donna in the most picturesque aspects, and it will readily be understood that Miss Nilsson makes this part extraordinarily attractive. Mlle. Leon Duval was well cast in the role of *Filina*—and it is the first time she has been heard to advantage since she came to this country. She made an excellent impression both by her singing and her personal appearance. M. Jamet's *Lothario* was admirable, nobly acted, and well sung. The *Guglielmo* of M. Capoul offers no excuse for extended criticism. Indeed, the composer has made the role singularly uninteresting, and such as it is M. Capoul does not exactly fit it. Miss Ronconi was the *Federigo* and Mr. Lyall the *Laerte*, both being weak but well meaning. The opera is well mounted. There is some new scenery, and there are new dresses, and the stage is more carefully set than we have ever seen it before under Mr. Strakosch's management. The conflagration scene, however, was shabby, and a great deal of irreverent laughter was excited by the behavior of a corps of supernumeraries who ran three times into the burning building, and out again by the back way, coming up fresh from the opposite side, with a faint pretext of being three different gangs. They carried into the midst of the flames a step ladder, a coil of rope, a number of tomahawks, and a barrel apparently containing gunpowder; and at last stood patiently and roasted to death in full sight of the audience,

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 2, 1871.

## The Oratorios.

### Saturday Evening, Nov. 26.—Elijah.

Never was seen a finer audience, in character or numbers, in the Boston Music Hall, confronted by a nobler, more complete array of musical forces, than that evening. The promise of the occasion was unprecedented, and the fulfilment likewise. To hear *Elijah* sung by such sterling, honest artists as Mr. Dolby has brought over to us from England, supported in the choruses by our Handel and Haydn Society at its best, was something to raise expectation to a high pitch indeed. Everybody knew that the old Society, of late grown young in spirit and in large part replenished with young voices, could sing *Elijah* well; it was famed for that even before its greatest triumph in the triennial Festival last May. It is a little strange therefore, and shows how great exceptional occasions, by their manifold distractions and excitement, may disturb the sphere of sure habitual performance, that the chorus work that night, never before, began badly. After Mr. Santley's grand annunciation of the Prophet's message, and after the stubborn music of the overture had spent itself in a manner quite suggestive of the spirit of the Jews, it was ominous to find the great chorus wavering particularly so in the choral recitative: "The deeps afford no water." The nervousness however was but momentary, and nearly all went worthily and grandly after that. Every member of the chorus,—five or six hundred in number at the least—seemed inspired by the presence of the distinguished solo artists. Several of the most difficult and greatest choruses never were sung here quite so well before. Even of the Society's famous *cheval de bataille*, the 'Rain' Chorus, we may say that; in massive energy and volume, in precision, spirit and expression, it was transporting and sublime. And never before, here or anywhere, have we heard "Behold! God the Lord passed by" rendered with such graphic light and shade and certainty of outline. So too the "Baal" choruses, and all the short dramatic answering passages, as well as those great broad, even surfaces of rich, deep religious harmony. It grew better and better as the work—say rather the spontaneous outflow of feeling, and of music from within—went on. The orchestra, too, with Mr. Eichberg heading the violins, brought out the meaning and the beauty of the full fraught instrumentation with more sympathetic verve and delicacy than we remember here before. Some of the *obbligato* solo bits, as of Mr. Hartdegen's 'cello in "It is enough," Mr. Kutzleb's oboe here and there, were noticeably fine. The great organ, also, under Mr. Lang's hands, supplied a grand uplifting base to the whole musical pyramid of tone. Mr. Zerrahn's commanding power as a Conductor never was more unmistakably apparent; all moved as one, obedient to his intention.

—And now to the chief singers. We risk no contradiction when we say that so satisfactory a quartet was never heard here in an Oratorio. These artists, one and all, more than confirmed the good impression they had made here in their "Ballad Concerts." Their thoroughly artistic demeanor, simple, dignified and earnest, showing a sincere respect for their task and for their audience, bespeaking attention for the music more than for themselves; their conscientious, honest treatment of the music; their unaffected fervor, chastened by true intelligence and faithful study; their truth to every shade and contrast of expression, added to ripe and finished style and the possession of voices of rare power and beauty admirably trained, make them a model for our singers. Such examples are worth whole courses of instruction,—far more instructive really than most such courses, because not misleading, vague, bewildering. At any rate our singers may here learn, if not technical art and method, at least artistic spirit and behavior; they may bear away an ideal in their minds and hearts to warn them henceforth against any violation of the simple piety of Art.

To begin with the Soprano, a truer, sweeter exponent of Oratorio music than Miss Edith Wynne we cannot wish to hear. There are *greater* voices, of more power and volume, more brilliancy, more queen-like majesty, but few that are so sweet, so pure, so womanly human, and trained withal to such easy, even flexibility, such exquisite expression. All that we have said before of her artistic purity, "unstained of the world," her earnest dedication of herself to the expression of the music, her unerring sense of fitness and proportion and her uniformly right conception, and of the charm with which honest intention and exertion on her part are always blessed, must now be clear to all who heard her in *Elijah*, whether in the scene of the afflicted mother with the Prophet, which she made so touching and ideal (more so perhaps than any one we ever heard except Mme. Goldschmidt); or in the crystal-clear high recitative of the boy sent out to look for sign of rain; or in the great air "Hear ye, Israel;" or in the Angel Trio and the Quartets, and particularly in the sublime "Holy, holy" of the Seraphim, where, as indeed wherever it was really required, the sweet and slender voice found for the nonce a searching, thrilling power of tone that seemed to be inspired by the singer's soul creating for itself an organ.

Mme. Patey, with less experience, perhaps less genius, also gave herself, her whole generous nature, and rich, generous voice, with genuine fervor to the expression of the contralto music. "Woe unto them" and still more "O rest in the Lord" (which had to be repeated), were nobly, beautifully rendered. This singer has from the first taken a deep hold upon the sympathies of our musical public.

Mr. Cummings was in excellent voice, and delivered all the tenor recitatives and airs with that refinement, that intelligence and conscientious earnestness, which always characterize his efforts. "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous shine," were rarely sung more musically, with more true style and feeling.

Mr. Santley's rendering of the great part of Elijah was all, and more than all, that was anticipated; and that is saying a great deal. The wealth and beauty and endurance of his magnificent voice, which gives itself out so freely, yet always has power in reserve; his frank and manly presence and whole way of doing things; his thoroughly self poised and easy manner of approaching and of carrying through whatever vocal task; the perfect union in him of natural gift, artistic training, clear intelligence and healthy genuine feeling, make him the noblest interpreter that one could wish for such exacting music. He was equal to every variety of expression called for by the part. In the dialogues and recitatives nothing could be more dignified and full of unction than his delivery. His rendering of the almost impossible, the iron air: "Is not his word like a fire" was a new revelation of unflagging vocal valor and endurance. Every note was surely taken; every accent truly marked, magnetic; every phrase precisely chiselled out; no faltering or nervous hurry in the even progress of the whole, and yet there was power left for a magnificent blaze of splendor at the end. We have heard the original Elijah, Mr. Weiss, sing this in London; but Santley verily is greater. In the profoundly touching air "It is enough," and in "For the mountains shall depart," the feeling of the music was brought out as we never heard before in Mr. Santley's rich and sympathetic tones.

We have only to add that all the concerted pieces, the quartets, the double quartet (Mr. Patey supplying all of voice or style that is required in the bass part), the Angel Trio (in which the middle part, sung by a lady of the Society, well sustained its share), and the Duet: "Zion spreadeth her hands" (most sweetly sung by Miss Wynne and Mme. Patey), were uncommonly successful. The choral: "Cast thy burden on the Lord" was simply perfect and had to be repeated.—Such a performance of *Elijah* is an experience not to be forgotten in our lives.

---

### Sunday Evening.—Judas Maccabæus.

Handel's heroic Oratorio is a very different matter from Elijah; less well known here and less popular, partly because of its quaint antique cut and want of the modern sensuous instrumentation, partly because of its many difficulties, which, familiar as it has been in some sense for many years, have never fairly been surmounted until now. Had such a performance as that of Sunday evening been anticipated, there hardly would have been so great a falling off of audience. The work is full of beauties, particularly in its great variety of solos, which only needed these interpreters to make their beauty felt. The choruses, too, are full of fresh life and power, each characteristic and unlike the others, and some of them (like "Hear us, O Lord," and "Tune your harps,") rare models of expressive counterpoint. The chorus singing this time was more uniformly excellent than in *Elijah*. Of the solos, both air and recitative, several most beautiful ones were given which seldom or never had been heard here before. The burden principally falls on the soprano and the tenor. For the tenor especially few oratorios can be more trying; and Mr. Cummings, though his delicate voice showed symptoms of fatigue at times, achieved the task with spirit and expression. "Sound an alarm" was done even better than at the Festival, and the way in which he grappled with that most difficult air: "How vain is man," which we think no one has attempted here before, proved him a thorough artist. In "Call forth thy powers," too, he was masterly.

To Miss Edith Wynne belong, however, the finer triumphs of the evening; so fully did she reproduce the spirit of each melody, and each so individual, that she won all hearts to Handel and herself. She gave new charm and quaintness to "Pious orgies." The lovely air "O Liberty!" with violoncello, (commonly omitted) could not have been more lovingly and exquisitely sung; and the words: "Bless him, Jehovah, bless him" in the preceding recitative were touched with tenderest and truest feeling. "From mighty kings" was splendidly delivered. The long roulades of "So shall the lute" were evenly and smoothly executed, although she has not the

ong breath of certain singers. But throughout all she sang there was the same devotion, the same artistic finish and integrity, which we have learned always to associate with her.

Mme. PATEY's part was small, mostly confined to the melodious duets with the Soprano, which were never more enjoyed. Nor had Mr. SANTLEY by any means a great part, but of what there was he made the most. The recitative: "I feel the Deity within" and air: "Arm, arm, ye brave," were most inspiring; and in "The Lord worketh wonders" we had an instance of that self-possessed and steady movement through long stretches of most difficult roulades, which we have hardly found in any other singer in the same degree. And how he shades the tone to every meaning, as in the words: "And still as He thunders, is fearful in praise!" We might object, in all these artists, conscientious toward their music as they are, even once or twice to the Soprano, that they cannot end an air as it is written, but must "make effect" with a high tone or some form of cadenza. But this is English usage, and, indulged in so sparingly, hardly a fair ground for charging artists of this stamp with vanity.—We have no room to say the half of what we would of the beautiful impression made on us by this performance of *Judas Maccabaeus*; let us feel happy that more Oratorios, under the same auspices, await us in the near future:—in Christmas week *St. Paul* and *The Messiah!*

## Harvard Musical Association.

The second Symphony Concert (Nov. 23) drew the same large, attentive audience as the first. This audience always listened well; but this year, so far, it has been a comfort to observe that almost no one leaves the hall before the last note of the last piece is over. It shows a more general interest in the programmes, and an appreciation of the unity, of the organic wholeness of a good programme in itself, with an unwillingness to mar or lose any part of its fair proportions. It is another refreshing sign of progress, to see the criticism of the Press becoming so much more alive to the spirit and intention of these concerts, regardful of programmes as well as of instruments and persons. That *musical atmosphere*, of which we spoke as the condition of a true concert, seemed to be even more fully realized than it was the fortnight before; it was a genial short two hours. The matter of the feast was this:

Overture, "No. 1," to "Leonore," in C, op. 138 [Now proved to be No. 2, comp. in 1807] .......... Beethoven.
Concerto in A minor, for the Violoncello [Two movem'ts]. Goltermann.
Adolph Hartdegen.
Symphony in C, No. 6, (Breitkopf & Härtel) .... Mozart.

Aria and Gavotte, from the Orchestral Suite in D.. Bach
Concerto for the Oboe, in G minor .............. Handel.
Augustus Kurzleb.
Overture, No. 3, to "Leonore," in C, op. 72 (Comp. 1806) .................................. Beethoven.

The Symphony by Mozart may have been performed here many years ago, but not within the memory of any concert-goers we have met, and if at all, most likely by some small orchestra of amateurs in the days when such things were in Boston. Much of it sounded quite familiar, and doubtless it was well known to players of four hand arrangements. In its complete form, with its rich and perfect, although sparing—that is to say not ambitious—instrumentation, it was as good as new to everybody; and one of the most delightful, joyful, genial creations of pure music; to hear it, feel it and enjoy it is to live the better life of Mozart for awhile. The orchestra, now nearly up to its full number (10 first violins, 8 second, 6 violas, 5 'cellos and 6 or 7 double basses) is really more effective than ever before when it has numbered six or eight more, particularly in the middle strings. The wind instruments are decidedly better than ever before, the brass more subdued, the whole proportion better; and the drill, as well as the pervading style and spirit of performance showed marked improvement on past years. The Symphony went well; the two "Leonore" overtures were even given with poetic feeling, the great No. 3 with a triumphant fire and power. The "No 1" of those Overtures (as it is commonly called) was heard here for the first time last winter, when the four *Fidelio* Overtures were given in successive concerts. We remarked at the time how wholly different it is in character from the others; not like No 2 a first sketch only realized in No. 3, but composed (with the exception of the brief allusion to the tenor aria) of different ideas, and in its general tone more gentle, tender, full of musing recollection. It seemed to us as if the tone poet, in some hour of quiet reverie, long after the exciting tragedy and triumph were past, recalled it to his mind and reproduced it in those less fiery strains. This is "Fidelio" remembered; whereas in No. 3, we have it present, we are in the midst of all its thrilling tragedy and splendor. Since this comparison was made, convincing evidence has been produced (by Mr Grove, the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company in London), to show that this "No. 1" was actually written for a special occasion at least one year later than the Nos. 2 and 3, which preceded the first two performances of the opera in 1806. Certainly it is one of the most beautiful, poetic of all overtures, and to contrast its beauty with the grandeur of the third was interesting. The rendering this time was delicate and careful, although a reed instrument or two at the beginning was not quite warmed to pitch.—But we will not go through the concert in detail, since we prefer to copy the appreciative notice of the *Evening Gazette*, which, (to our thinking) speaks the truth and nothing but the truth, as follows:

The second concert was quite equal to the first in point of selections, and superior to it in many points of execution. The overtures to "Leonore" were superbly given, their spirit being interpreted with great purity of feeling and correctness of sentiment. We doubt if number three (op. 72) ever before received such thorough treatment in this city as was given to it Thursday afternoon. The violins—and it is a very trying and exacting overture for these instruments—were well drilled, and executed the fiery and difficult passages with perfect unity and precision. The stretto, which is nearly always bungled, came out with distinctness and correctness, and, notwithstanding the rapid time in which it was taken, as though performed by one player. The brasses were subordinated with rare discretion, and for a wonder did not drown the other instruments. The rendering of both of the Leonore overtures reflects the highest credit on conductor and orchestra, and has given a fine standard of comparison for future performances of these works. The two movements from Goltermann's Concerto for violoncello were fairly played by Mr. Adolph Hartdegen. The Concerto is not a work of the highest merit from an æsthetic point of view, and was written more to test the powers of the performer than to produce a work of pure artistic worth. The Adagio is very pleasing, and flows naturally, and was played with expression and sentiment by Mr. Hartdegen, who has a chaste style, a full tone, and a graceful felicity in the performance of cantabile movements. His bowing is free, and, as a rule, his intonation is good. In the Allegro we do not think he was as happy as in the previous movement. He was so occupied with the difficulties he had to overcome that the movement lacked unity, and appeared to be only a series of trying passages the performer was struggling to overcome. Towards the conclusion his intonation was far from perfect, especially in the upper positions where it is necessary to cross the strings. We admit the extreme difficulty of this portion of the work, but, at the same time, we are entitled to expect perfection in the artist who voluntarily comes forward to perform it. Mr. Hartdegen is a capital violoncellist, but at present his powers are not fully developed, and therefore he should not attempt to go too far beyond them.

Mozart's delightful Symphony in C was played for the first time in Boston. This is somewhat remarkable, as it is one of the best of its composer's symphonies, and one of the most pleasing. The slow movement is delicious, and the Finale contains some of the most earnest and most vigorous work that Mozart ever did. We can only account for the neglect that has hitherto attended it here, by the fact that it was written without clarinets or trombones, and in consequence not considered full enough to suit modern ears accustomed to the noisy demonstrations of later works. Notwithstanding the absence of the clarinets and the trombones, and the fact that instead of the customary four horns, this work has only two, there is no lack of fulness in the orchestration, so beautifully is everything balanced. The use that Mozart makes of the oboes and the bassoons in this work is fascinating in the extreme. In fact, as is usual with him, every instrument has its proper note in the proper place, and the peculiar quality of each is never lost sight of. And this is as it should be. Every instrument has its orchestral value and effect, and to make one perform the office of another as the majority of our modern composers do—is about the same thing as for an artist to use one color where another is demanded. This peculiarity in Mozart has defeated every effort of those who have tried to fit his symphonies to the fancied requirements of the modern orchestra. Clarinet, trombone and extra horn parts have been added to the works wherein they are absent, but have met with no recognition from musicians, who insist upon performing this master's works as he has left them to us. They are perfect as they stand, and his designs admit of no alteration, least of all of improvement. The symphony under notice was excellently interpreted by Mr. Zerrahn and the orchestra. That naïveté and delicacy peculiar to Mozart were never lost sight of, and the spirit of the work was finely preserved. The Adagio and the Minuet were charmingly played, and the lights and shades throughout not only faithfully produced but tempered to the character and sentiment of the composition.

Bach's Aria and Gavotte from the orchestral Suite in D began the second part. The Aria is entirely for strings, and is so fresh that one not knowing better might be justified in believing it a work of our own day, were it not for the quaint final cadences. The source from which Schumann drank his inspirations is apparent on hearing this and similar works of Bach, who is generally credited to belong to the stiff and mathematical school of the long past, but wrongly so, for, though he wrote in the style that was the fashion of his day, he was so far an innovator that he undoubtedly became the progenitor of the romantic school. Bach is permeating the serious music of our day more completely than any composer of the past, and he has not yet exerted all the influence he is destined to exert on the music of the future. The work in question was played with charming effect, the Aria being rendered deliciously; and be it said to the credit of the audience, it was warmly applauded. We think the Gavotte would have realized the composer's intentions better had it been taken a trifle slower. It would have lost in spirit, but would have gained in style.

Handel's Concerto for the oboe, in G minor, consisting of four short movements, was executed by Mr. August Kutzleb, with great intelligence and a fine appreciation of the composer's sentiment. He has a noble tone upon the oboe, and in his hands the true pastoral character of the instrument is preserved. The work is exceedingly interesting as an example of the great musician's orchestral music, but is not the best of the many concertos he wrote for the oboe. It is quite trying to the performer, and speaks highly for the powers of the oboe players of Handel's time, whose instruments were quite primitive affairs compared to the elaborately improved and thickly keyed affairs of our own day.

We have only words of praise for the manner in Mr. Zerrahn and the orchestra performed the task of Thursday afternoon, and the high tone that pervaded the entire concert. We marvel at the coldness of the audience, which was chary of applause to a degree perfectly unaccountable. They who visit these concerts are not of that class which is pleased with the meretricious music that meets with ignorant approval; and yet they manifest no outward show of satisfaction at the superb interpretation of the fine works that are produced. We trust we shall see a change in this respect, as it is a satisfaction to the artist who trys to please, and who justly feels that he has deserved approval, to know that his efforts have not been in vain.

MESSRS. LEONHARD AND EICHBERG'S first Matinée was one of the most delightful and artistically perfect chamber concerts we have had for years. Every piece was music of the first order, and all interpreted with fine intelligence and feeling, and with finished technique. The wonderful Trio (op. 70. No. 1) of Beethoven, with its mysterious *Largo* movement, which has given it the name of the "Geister" Trio, began, and an almost equally interesting Sonata for piano and violin (op. 121) by Schumann closed the concert. Mr. Eichberg played Bach's *Chaconne*—that richest, noblest of all compositions for the violin alone, to which Schumann has put a piano accompaniment more close to Bach than Mendelssohn's. Mr. KREISSMANN sang three of the choicest songs by Schumann and two by Franz in his best voice and style. The audience, in spite of rain, was very large and of course select.—We are only mortified that the space we had allotted to the record of this concert is already used up. Next time we shall give fuller notice of the first and of the second concert (yesterday's). The third will occur Dec. 14, presenting a Sonata Duo by Gade, a Bach Concerto for two violins, a superb Trio by Schumann in D minor, a *Ballade* by Chopin, and two Schubert Songs by Mr. Glogguer-Castelli.

The THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT (next week, Thursday) offers Cherubini's Overture to "Faniska"; the "Oxford Symphony" by Haydn (first time); the Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony; Piano Concerto by Burgmuller (Ms. Ernst Perabo), and Rietz's Fest Overture.—Miss MEHLIG will play in the fourth concert, her return from Europe having been delayed.

## Opera Abroad.

(Correspondence of Dwight's Journal of Music.)

LONDON, Nov. 11th 1871.

The fall operatic season in London is proceeding favorably, if not with great eclat. The company is the same as in the spring season, with the exception of Patti, Lucca, and a few lesser lights, leaving Titiens and Marimon as the leading stars. The latter artiste is scarcely justifying the elaborate critical eulogies which greeted her first appearance, and there is no fear that she will (as predicted), ever create the sensation which Jenny Lind did. She sings sweetly and gracefully, however, and has just added to her limited repertoire the *Rosina* of "Il Barbiere," warbling the music in a delightful manner, and affording much gratification to an audience which is determined to be pleased with everything she does. Her other operas are "La Sonnambula" and "La Figlia;" and it is with these three works of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti that she has made her London successes.

Titiens is singing in magnificent style, but her voice often betrays her, and the frequent huskiness of the upper notes shows that her vocal powers are not what they were; and yet with all this she is incomparably the first operatic artiste now in England. She sang the other night in "Anna Bolena," an opera which has been revived at her request, and in which she makes some splendid points, especially in the last act. She is well supported by Mlle Colombo, a very promising young singer, as *Jane Seymour;* by the new tenor, Prudenza, as *Percy;* and by Agnesi as *Henry VIII.* The tenor shirks the most difficult passages in his music, which was written for the exceptional powers of Rubini. Agnesi is just as fine as ever Tamburini could have been in the part of the bluff king. The opera is moulded after the Rossinian style, and is such a successful imitation that the hearer not otherwise informed would be almost certain to attribute the composition to the Swan of Pesaro. The overture is precisely like Rossini's, with its two crescendo movements, and with its recurrence of the airs in different keys; while the orchestration throughout and the treatment of the concerted music show how thoroughly Donizetti, at the period when he wrote this opera, was under the influence of Rossini. "Anna Bolena" is not a felicitous work in all points. There is a lack of contrast, the choruses being but few, the concerted pieces fewer; so that the opera seems like a series of solos and duets, which in time become monotonous. Yet, al hal, the melodies are very beautiful. Donizetti could not help being always graceful and melodious. The tenor scena "*Vivi tu*" is a delightful composition, and the final scena for *Anna* is a noble bit of dramatic writing; while among the melodies is that which has since become so popular as "Home, sweet home," not one out of a thousand of the admirers of this time-honored ballad knowing that their favorite tune is simply an extract from one of Donizetti's operas.

Among other operas of the season in London is the "Semiramide," in which Titiens, Trebelli, and Agnesi are all superlatively fine. I wish you knew* what a delightful contralto Trebelli is. She is a French lady, has a fine presence, a rich, flexible voice, and admirable execution. She is wonderfully popular all over England, and well deserves her popularity. In fact, she is the undoubted successor of Alboni in the affections of the British public.

Alboni is still a glorious singer, though she but seldom appears in public. Yet to me, hearing her the other day, the charm of her voice and the inimitable fluency of her execution seemed unimpaired. Critics say that her upper notes are lost; but in the selections she made, when I heard her, there was nothing to prove this charge. Alboni is to-day, as she has been for nearly twenty years, the finest contralto in the world.

To the opera season again. The elaborate announcements of the management have by no means been fulfilled. Among the promised novelties were Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and Flotow's "L'Ombra;" but neither of them has been produced. "L'Ombra" in the meanwhile is received with favor, but not with enthusiasm, at the Opera Comique in Paris. It is a graceful, pretty work, with some melodies which will have a wide circulation, but it will not particularly increase the reputation of the composer. At the Comique, Herold's "Pré aux Clercs" has just passed its one thousandth representation. With the exception of Madam Carvalho, the singers at this house are just now very poor.

Having drifted insensibly from London to Paris, let me give a few notes on the Grand Opera. The old house in Rue De Peletier is open now with a fair company, of which Faure, the baritone, is the principal celebrity. "Don Giovanni" and "Hamlet" are both to be revived for him. "The Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable" have lately been given in good style with Madame Gueymard as the prima donna. The "Trovatore" the other night drew an immense house. The French version of this work (under the title "Le Trouvère") is different in several points from the Italian version with which American opera-goers are familiar; and the finale of the last act, in which the monks' chorus from the "Miserere" is again introduced, and the voice of the tenor is heard at the close, is in every way more effective than the abrupt ending of the opera as the Italian companies give it to us.

Reverting to a recent agreeable musical trip in Italy, I recall some pleasant experiences at Turin, where at one of the principal theatres Marchetti's opera of "Ruy Blas" has been enjoying a successful run. It is in every respect an admirable work, suggesting the style of Gounod more than that of any other prominent composer of the day. The last act is especially rich both in dramatic music and melody.

At Florence the musical tourist may this year choose between a distracting variety of musical attractions. At five theatres opera is given in good style and with greater or less pretention. The programme at La Pergola includes Gomes's opera, "Il Guarany" as the principal novelty, and the work has been received with moderate applause,—not, however, with as much as the excitable musical journals of Italy would lead one to suppose,—but with sufficient favor to ensure its success. The principal numbers in the work are an *Ave Maria*, a very charming ballad and scena for soprano, an Indian march and chorus, and the concerted piece which closes the third act. The last act of the opera is an anti climax, and even the warmest admirers of the young composer confess that this portion of an otherwise creditable work is a decided failure. The "Guarany," which has for a subject love and war among certain tribes of Paraguay, is in rehearsal at the Apollo theatre in Rome, and is probably the leading musical novelty of the year in Italy.

At the Pagliano I have heard an excellent representation of "Favorita," with Naudin, the French tenor, in the principal part. He was announced as the star of the evening, but his success— though undoubted—was not as marked as that of the prima donna Galetti, who is one of the most splendid dramatic artists of the Italian stage. At the Pagliano a great variety of operas is announced for the season, including a revival of Donizetti's "Parisina," a work which has not been heard for many years. At the Loggie theatre—a very pretty little house—an indifferent troupe of voices in lyric art are performing "Sonnambula" and "Linda"—this latter opera seeming to be a great favorite in Italy this year.

Rome, so far, can boast of but little in the musical way. The Apollo theatre is open, but as the performances have been confined to alternate representations of "Traviata" and "Masaniello," there has been much dissatisfaction on the part of the public, especially as the theatre is in receipt of a handsome subvention from the government; but it is expected that the coming production of "Il Guarany" will quiet the grumblers. The Apollo theatre, by the way, is in a narrow, dark, dismal street near the Bridge of St. Angelo, far away from the best residences, and surrounded by a population which prefers the antics of Pulcinello to the enchanting operatic strains.

Bologna is this season the musical centre of Italy —at least it attracts more attention than any other Italian town. This is probably owing to the excitement attendant on the production of "Lohengrin" and the prospect of a consequent irruption of Wagner's music into Italy. Lecco, a pretty but insignificant town on one of the lower branches of Lake Como, has loomed up into musical prominence through the success of "Reginella," an opera by a native composer, which is soon to be heard in the larger Italian towns. From Naples there is no musical intelligence of the slightest interest.

But all Italy is waiting for the coming man! Verdi's later works are by no means his best, and Petrella, of whom so much was expected, does not respond to popular expectation. Pacini and Mercadante seem to be put upon the shelf, and in want of something better the long neglected operas of Donizetti are revived. Rossini is only heard through his "Barbiere," while Bellini's two operas "Norma" and "Sonnambula" serve to keep his name still before the public. A new composer is imperatively demanded. Wagner's disciples think that he is the coming man, though there is really nothing more widely opposed than Italian musical taste and the music of "Tannhäuser." But this is such an age of revolutions that it is impossible to tell what may or may not happen.

TROVATOR.

*We do know, having heard her a whole winter in Berlin. —ED.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Tired. 3. D♭ to f. *Lindsay.* 30
"Tired! Oh yes, so tired, dear
The day has been very long."
Full of pathos, but not over sad.

Departed Days. 3. D♭. *F. H. H.* 30
"Then sing again that mournful song
That song of other times."

Unspoken Love. 3. C to d. *Sainton-Dolby.* 35
Very effective for concerts.

The Bells. 3. E♭ to f. *Hatton.* 40
"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play."
One of Santley's songs. Words by Longfellow. A very pretty "chime" accompaniment.

Benedictus. In E♭ 4 Voices. 4 B♭ to *a.* *Hodges.* 50
Add this fine Anthem to your Choir Library.

Theme for Voice, with four variations. For Tenor, Mezzo Soprano, or Contralto Voice. 5 B♭. *Concone.* 35
For daily practice, is quite pleasing, and admirably calculated to remove the "kinks" from a musician's throat, and render it agile and flexible

I am happy, mother darling. Song and Chorus. 3. G to e. *Porter.* 30
"I am happy, mother, darling,
With your kiss upon my brow,
With my hand clasped in your dear one,
I can sleep so sweetly now."
A good kind, and one of the prettiest of its class.

Ah! Nevermore those laughing eyes. 3. C to e. *Scott.* 35
Ah! nevermore those laughing eyes
That beamed on me in sweet surprise,—
Capital.

**Instrumental.**

West Wind Galop. 3. F. *Vandewater.* 30
Has more substance than average galops. Plenty of octaves.

Accent du Coeur. Valse brillante. 4. A♭. *Rosewitz.* 75
A "large-hand" piece, with chords and octaves. Powerful, brilliant and sweet.

Patty Cake Waltz. 3. F. *R. C. W.* 40
Charming piece to play to children, who will be delighted with the Patty-Cake picture.

If ever I cease to love. 3. B♭. *Knight.* 30
This absurd song with the beautiful melody, makes a capital instrumental piece, and will stir the "pattering feet" of the waltzers to still livelier motion.

Valse d'Amour. 4. A. *Sanderson.* 40
Composed Sept. 13th by Harry Sanderson, and is the last work of the gifted and now lamented player. It is full of life. The octave passages make it difficult for small hands, but otherwise it is not particularly "hard."

Look Alive Galop. 3. F. *Arctic.* 30
Lively music.

Nina's Musings. Waltz. 3. G. *Harrington.* 35
Nothing sad about the musings. She was evidently thinking of the last ball, or of the next one, where this new piece will at once attract attention.

Poet and Peasant. No. 24 of Golden Echoes, 2. D. *Mack.* 30
One of the 25 excellent instructive pieces previously noticed

Rudolfsklänge Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Strauss does better and better, and was very good before. An uncommonly rich silver-bell ring to these waltzes.

**Books.**

THE MUSICAL TREASURE. A Collection of Vocal and Instrumental Music, for Voice, Pianoforte and Reed Organ. Price,
Boards, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00; Full Gilt, $4.00
Uniform with the "Home Circle Series" and has a very attractive table of contents. Perhaps the best of the whole set.

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTOR FOR REED ORGANS.
By Wm. H. Clarke, who has, with his accustomed tact and success, provided for the wants of players who cannot afford the time to go through his larger work, the very popular "New Method."

LIFE OF SCHUMANN. By *Wasielewski.*
Translated by *Miss A. L. Alger.* $1.75
A fine gift book, and valuable for all music lovers.

A Collection of CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
*A. P. Howard* .50
"While Shepherds watched," and a number of others. A timely appearance of Christmas music. Commence at once to practice it!

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 801. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 19.

## The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.—Letter by Robert Franz.*

[Concluded from page 188.]

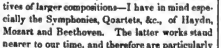
Having brought the history of my labors with regard to Bach's and Handel's works down to the present time, my letter might here close. Yet I allow myself a few remarks, which relate in the first place to the material that must be used in the presentation of the settings thus drawn from the figured bass, but which perhaps may be considered also as completing what has already been explained.

The editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* expresses himself with regard to that material as follows: "Those 'gaps' are to be filled by the piano-forte and organ, and, in the spirit of Handel, *only* by the piano-forte and organ; all experiments with substituted instruments (and no one has made such experiments oftener and more freely than the author of the arrangements under review) have taught us nothing, except that no other satisfactory solution here is possible."

Now by such an assertion nothing at all is proved; it is only calculated to make the views about this question even more confused than they were before. In Halle I have indeed instituted frequent and free experiments, in order to come to a clear conclusion about the fittest material of accompaiment. In my opinion the forms which worked the most satisfactorily, are those of which I have spoken above, in explanation of the arrangement of my scores. But this conviction I would urge upon no one, and I shall be very careful not to ascribe to it an absolute validity. Now should the not impossible case occur, that in those "free and frequent experiments" the orchestra should be burdened with such a setting as the one hit upon and used throughout in the piano accompaniments of the "German Handel Society," we verily should hear remarkable effects of sound. A style of that sort may perhaps be hidden by the colorless pianoforte, but not by a choir of instruments which lay claim to individuality. When the latter is not used for polyphonic forms, it operates as a mere pot of colors,—a very bad thing to employ on Bach's and Handel's pregnant music.

Such reflexions naturally bring up the old question: When are tones filled with meaning, and when are they not? I willingly confess to not feeling myself equal to the solution of the problem, yet I cannot forbear to insert here a few characteristic signs, which commonly can be observed in any strict progression of parts. Perhaps it will contribute to shed some light on that dark problem. Moreover, the musical production of the present period demands to have attention turned once more toward creations whose value is as little to be questioned, as they threaten more and more to sink into oblivion.

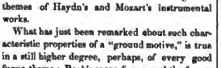
Every well conducted *part*, in polyphonic composition, will have to distinguish itself by certain peculiarities of melody, harmony and rhythm. Peculiarities of melody, in so far that its interval progressions must be natural and pleasing;—of harmony, in so far that those interval progressions shall not only indicate the chord successions which lie at the foundation, but shall develop themselves therefrom clearly and intelligibly;—finally of rhythm, in so far that the movement of those melodic-harmonic forms shall be full of character and if possible, symmetrically divided and articulated. Such fundamental traits are very plainly perceptible in what are called the principal voices in fugue themes, or in the motives of larger compositions—I have in mind especially the Symphonies, Quartets, &c., of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The latter works stand nearer to our time, and therefore are particularly qualified for our proposed examination. Let us test these properties in the first best leading motive we can think of, for example in this theme of the second Symphony of Beethoven:



Who does not see at once the excellence of this subject-matter in these three respects? As melody, it enchains us by the natural and agreeable progression of its intervals, whose plastic quality impresses itself instantly and irresistibly;—as harmony, unfolded, it presents the trichord of the Tonic;—as rhythm, finally, it leaves nothing to be wished in point of symmetry and character. Accordingly it unites in itself the quintessence of the collective elements by which music lifts itself to intelligible expression, and its effect therefore, *without any further addition*, is perfectly satisfying. But its significance is essentially enhanced by the fact, that it exerts the greatest influence upon the melodic, harmonic and rhythmical development of the musical piece that is based upon it. As the "sketch books" prove, Beethoven had worked this motive over and over before it became so pregnant; it was clear enough to him how much the construction of motives has to do with these three properties.—

Quite similar appearances may also be perceived and pointed out in most of the ground themes of Haydn's and Mozart's instrumental works.

What has just been remarked about such characteristic properties of a "ground motive," is true in a still higher degree, perhaps, of every good fugue theme: Bach's organ fugues and the fugues of the "Wall-tempered Clavichord" offer a rich abundance of examples. I will cite but one, the beautiful theme of an organ fugue in G minor, and leave it to each one to examine it more closely with regard to the points above designated:



It is self-evident that they sought particularly to clothe the principal parts in all the splendor of melodic, harmonic and rhythmical excellencies; in like manner also, at least in the strict style, the accessory parts must be worked out according to these laws. Apart from the heightened expression, which the ingenious working together of individual parts so constituted lent to a piece of music, this was commended also upon technical grounds: as it is well known, the transposition of the parts in polyphonic writing plays a very important rôle—so what is called upon to take under certain circumstances the most distinguished place, must know how to satisfy the higher claims on all sides.

At the same time we must not pass over in silence the fact, that even the greatest conscientiousness in the fulfilment of these prescriptions is not by itself alone sufficient to secure artistic success; many a piece of music looks very good indeed, but nevertheless sounds positively bad. If the details as well as the whole be not supported by a fullness of inspired life, the perfection of form will put the listener out of tune, instead of affecting him agreeably. Now wherein consists the kernel of this spiritual fulness of life, is one of the mysterious questions, which, like all ultimate reasons, elude all investigation; such things can only be felt, but never comprehended.

No one will for a moment doubt, that the majority of the compositions of Bach and Handel are based upon a *technique* like that whose outward signs I have endeavored to describe. This holds, however, not alone of the compositions actually worked out by them, but it extends also to the passages which they have left to the accompaiment. Such a treatment requires in the first place a unity of style too sensitive to be compatible with any disturbing interruptions; particularly is this the case with the whole plan of the sketches. Here all unfolds itself in interval progressions which really overflow with melodic and harmonic elements; for this reason a constant reference to principles in separable from the very nature of polyphony is indispensable.

This explains too, why *homophonous* formations can only be unfitly introduced to cross those *polyphonic* forms of expression; only exceptionally, at the most, are they in the right place there.

Whoever is in some degree familiar with the technique of the strict style of writing, perceives already, from the movement of the fundamental bass, of what character the completing additions must be; these signs will seldom prove deceptive.

So much stands established anyhow, that the mere knowledge of the rules of thorough bass, as they have been oracularly announced to the world by the compendiums of the more modern systems of Harmony, will hardly take one through the task of working out the accompaniment to older musical productions. Here one must adhere as closely as possible to the usages of the time when they originated, in order to obtain agreeable results. According to those usages, chords were regarded not so much as strictly

*Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.)

Digitized by Google

separated, self-related bodies, brought into connection with each other by certain positive prescribe rules,—but far more as the free product of an artistic movement of the individual *parts:* that is to say, the contrapuntal *parts*, each moving in its own melodic way, and coming into momentary contact with each other, begat series of harmonies, whose fluctuating beauty exercised a magical charm quite inexpressible.

To be sure, the management of such a mode of setting is involved in many sorts of difficulties; whoever feels himself unequal to these, will honor the old Art works most, if he will leave them undiluminated by his new arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*). My own pen, for example, with regard to very many of Bach's compositions, might long ago have been consigned thus to repose.—

Now Mozart and Mendelssohn (I do not refer here to his organ part to *Israel in Egypt*, but to his arrangement of that oratorio for o ches ra) saw clearly enough what style was mainly to be used in the working out of the accompaniment; one must needs follow their example unconditionally, not because they must be authorities for us, but because experience teaches us how deeply they looked through to the bottom of these things. Especially do Bach's wonderfully refined sketches demand almost always a polyphonic carriage of the *parts*, which seems to have been a natural necessity of his extraordinary faculty of combination; so too do Handel's more plastic forms require it, although with limitations suited to their nature.

But if such labors are to have some prospect of success, it is altogether necessary that this reconstructive industry shall rest upon some actual productive power, however limited. Moreover it must be in some sort of affinity with the spirit that reigns in the original works, since otherwise there can hardly fail to be a questionable want of uniformity of style. But if we presuppose such qualities, then the arrangement (*Bearbeitung*) will constantly assume a distinct physiognomy, the necessary consequence of every individual conception. In the degree that this occurs, will the "arrangement" have its good justification, or turn out a failure. This so-called "historical reproduction" in Art is bound to prove itself a mere empty cobweb of the brain, to which the best part is wanting: flesh and blood.

In most of the arrangements with which I have become acquainted—of course I do not speak here of those of Mozart and of Mendelssohn—one misses very much the gift for such work in the sense just explained. Therefore they are for the most part dry and jejune: the authors seem to have cared very little whether their additions were congruous or not with the moods and spirit of the originals before them. Everywhere the filling up of the blank spaces stands out to disadvantage from the rest of the composition; while this is radiant with blooming life, the other offers only a mechanical piling up of chords, which stand side by side unsympathetic and inert, refusing to be brought into any pliable connection either with the voice part or the bass. These arrangers may have been animated by the best good will to serve their original: but good will, even were it supported by the most ideal views, can never come up to the requirements of such tasks as these.

When we consider, finally, that Bach and Handel are always to be taken as tone-*poets*, and in the most eminent sense of the word, then certainly the difficulties of any suitable arrangement become still much more serious. He only will do justice to their works, who will approach them with the distinct presupposition, that they are in every part pervaded by the mysterious power of a poetic tone-life. To wish to comprehend either of these masters from any other point of view would surely lead into danger of getting more and more away from their intentions.

* * * *

These long span communications may easily awaken in you the suspicion, that I cherish a secret rash conviction, that I am the man, whose labors best fulfil the requirements above stated, and that only in them is true salvation to be found. But thereby you would do me decided injustice. The feeling of one's own inadequacy for tasks so difficult could scarcely come over any one with more strength and distinctness, than it has been often enough the case with me. The many errors —to be sure I had for the most part to detect them for myself, without any help of any sort from our professional critics—could only tend to aggravate that feeling. Thus in my earlier arrangements for Piano, when I was utterly at a loss what else to do, I had sinned through easy deviations from the originals; later, when the orchestra came in, I no longer had occasion to persist in those fatal make-shifts of a faulty view. It costs me not the slightest self abasement to confess this in all frankness here; I hope I may always be in the condition to honor more mature experiences by granting them the right of an impartial criticism, and most of all in the case of my own doings: only in this way can a man remain in tolerable equilibrium with himself.—But the fact that I gradually became conscious of the defects, and learned in the course of time to avoid them, gave me constantly new courage to keep on unbewildered in my labors;—every correction, which I accomplished in myself, promised to be of good service to the works, for which no sacrifice seemed great or hard enough for me.

I have already given expression to a similar feeling in the preface to my arrangement of Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music; permit me to close this letter with the words I have used there:

"I am far from believing that I have satisfied all claims, which will be raised from wholly different points of view; but I do hope to see the required solution of the given problem furthered by my labor, and not unessentially. In this sense I shall always be ready not to refuse my joyful sympathy to like attempts which may succeed in coming nearer to the goal for which we strive; and I shall willingly submit to every criticism, which knows how to substantiate itself in such positive manner."

ROBERT FRANZ.

Halle, July 1, 1871.

*Who is there, to whom Mozart's splendid arrangement of the bass air in *The Messiah* "The people that walked in darkness," does not occur here? To minds to a rare consciousness of the value of a good arrangement (*Bearbeitung*), it may be advisable to point occasionally to such achievements, even at the risk of not agreeing with the opinion of the celebrated author of the treatise "*Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*" (Thibaut "On Purity in Musical Art").

## The Ancient Miracle-Plays.—The Passion Play at Oberammergau.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The past centuries have a peculiar interest for me. I look upon this world as a child in the great family of the universe, and I like to inquire into the schooling it has had, from its fumbling infancy, through its thoughtless and trusting childhood, up to its present state of anxious inquiry and tireless activity.

Concerning one curious stage of its education I am moved to write to you now. Before the invention of printing, and for a long time afterward, such education as the people had, beyond the limited and ill-understood experience of each individual, was received through pictures and living representations. These, of course, embodied the superstitions of their time; but superstitions are sometimes the dark shadows of truths, which are luminous on the other side.

In bygone centuries, nearly all the spiritual instruction of the people was conveyed through the medium of Religious Dramas. One class of these, called "Mysteries," or "Miracle Plays," represented stories from the Bible, or from the Apocryphal Gospels, (then much in vogue) strictly according to the letter of the Scriptures they sought to embody. In another class, called "The Moralities," writers took Bible characters, allegorical personages, and Saints in Catholic Legends, wove them into a plot of their own, and invented dialogues for them. Bishops, and I believe one of the Popes, composed these dramas, and the priesthood universally encouraged them, as an efficacious mode of imparting religious instruction to the populace. They were favorite entertainments all over Europe; being performed in not only at universities, and in great cities, but by players who made it their business to go about from village to village, on an ambulatory stage, provided with scenery and dresses. They were not uncommon in England during the reign of James I; but they gradually disappeared there and elsewhere; though still occasionally resuscitated in remote provinces of Catholic countries. An English traveller describes a "Mystery" called the "Creation," which he saw performed at Bamberg, in Germany, in 1783. According to his account, it was a most grotesque affair. Young priests had the wings of great bird on their shoulders to personate angels. Adam appeared on the scene in a big curled wig and a *brocade morning gown*. Among the animals that passed before him, to receive their names, was a well *shod* horse, pigs with *rings* in their noses, and a mastiff with a *brass collar*. A cow's rib-bone had been provided for the formation of Eve; but the mastiff spied it out, grabbed it, and carried it off. The angels tried to wheedle him back, but not succeeding, they chased him, gave him a kicking, and recovered the bone, which they placed under a trap door, by the side of the sleeping Adam, whence there soon emerged a lusty priest in a loose robe, to personate Eve.

So late as 1829, one of the old "Moralities" entitled "The Double of Joseph about the Virgin Mary, his Wife," was performed at Dieppe, in France. M. Michelet, who happened to witness it, published an account of it in *La Mode*, which he edited. He was indicted for blasphemy; but was acquitted by the Parisian tribunal, on his proving that it was a true description of a dramatic performance. I have read this ancient "Morality," and the language in which Joseph expresses his disbelief in Mary's story about her child will not be considered irreverent in modern times.

At the present time there remains but one interesting relic of these entertainments, which were once so universal. It is called "The Passion Play," and is performed at Ober-Ammergau, a village situated in a highly picturesque region, where the first clump of Alps lift their heads above the undulating plains of Bavaria. A large proportion of the inhabitants are wood carvers; and, being like other Bavarians, devout Catholics, they supply the numerous travellers who flock thither with crucifixes of Crucifixes and images of the Virgin and Saints. In the year 1633, a terrible pestilence raged in this village, and the monks of a neighboring convent advised the people to avert divine displeasure by a solemn vow to represent publicly every ten years, "The Passion of Jesus, the Saviour of the World." The vow was made with many religious ceremonies, and the pestilence immediately abated. Every ten years since that, the performance has been repeated on a grand scale, and has become a permanent institution, consecrated to the imaginations and hearts of the people. This custom has had considerable educational influence on the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau. They all take part in the Play, and as they enter into it with great seriousness of purpose and earnestness of soul, it imparts to them a certain degree of dignity. It requires study and thought to conceive distinctly the characters they wish to represent; it is necessary to observe pictures closely, in order to be correct in costume; the musical parts must be diligently rehearsed; having a large audience, they are bound to speak pure German, which differs much from the common language of the peasantry; and they are brought into contact with crowds of travellers, in whom they excite great interest. All these circumstances conspire to raise them above the common level of their class, so that they retain their simplicity without

Digitized by Google

coarseness, and are more than usually courteous, without servility.

The pamphlet which explains this famous Play to the assembled spectators has the following title page: "The Great Sacrifice at Golgotha; or the Sufferings and Death of Jesus, according to the Four Evangelists; with Tableaux from the Old Testament, for contemplation and edification. The scenes represented are Christ's Entry into Jerusalem and his cleansing of the Temple; Pharisees plotting against Jesus; Jesus leaving the Home at Bethany; Dinner at Simon's House, and the annointing by Mary Magdelene; The Lament over Jerusalem; Peter and John seeking a Room for the Passover; Judas caught by the Pharisees; The Last Supper; The Bargain of Judas with the Sanhedrim; The Agony in the Garden; The Betrayal; Jesus before Annas, and before Caiaphas; The Denial by Peter; The Remorse of Judas and his Death; Jesus before Pilate, and before Herod; Jesus crowned with Thorns and scourged; Jesus before the Judgment-Seat of Pilate; The Choice of Barrabas; The Road to Calvary; The Crucifixion; The Resurrection; His Appearances after the Resurrection; Final Scene of Glory. Interspersed with these are Tableaux representing scenes and characters from the Old Testament, bearing on the history of Jesus. The Play is performed in the open air; benches for six thousand spectators being arranged in ascending series, like an amphitheatre. In front of them is a large space for the stage, with scenery representing the streets and houses of Jerusalem. Tableaux Vivantes (Living Pictures) Dialogues and Choruses are introduced. Some of the Tableaux form very picturesque groups, and the actors remain so perfectly still, that one can hardly believe them to be alive. What the Chorus sing is explanatory of the scenes about to be represented, and of the moral to be conveyed. The Dialogues adhere very closely to the text of Scripture, the very words of Jesus being used throughout. The performers are dressed in appropriate Asiatic costumes; long robes of many colors, girdles and mantles, turbans and sandals. All the men preserve their hair long, in readiness for this grand occasion. Joseph Mair, who personates Jesus, was summoned to join the army raised to repel the attempted invasion of Germany by France; but the King of Bavaria gave special orders that he should not be required to conform to military rules concerning short hair, and that he should be employed only in barrack-duty, that he might be kept unharmed to perform in the "Passion Play."

A friend, who witnessed this performance last autumn, wrote to me thus: "Ober-Ammergau is an out-of-the-way place, but on this occasion it is thronged with travellers from all quarters; people of every condition, and in every imaginable style of dress. There was the King of Bavaria and his nobles, crowds of bare footed peasants in all manner of extraordinary mountain costumes, mixed with stylishly dressed travellers from all parts of Europe and America. The day before the representation, the numerous performers were flitting about the streets in dresses of strangely mingled style, half Judean, half Ammergau. The little children had their heads covered with knobs of twisted paper, preparatory to flowing curls. When we asked to have our shoes cleaned, we were told it could not be done, because the housemaid was dressing to be an angel. At four o'clock in the morning of the great day, cannon were fired, bells rung, and a band of music marched through the streets playing tunes more suggestive of our "training days," than of any religious celebration. We hired boys to go at five o'clock in the morning and keep our seats till eight, when the performance commenced. The great concourse of people assembled, in all manner of primitive, picturesque, and fashionable costumes, was of itself a curious and interesting sight. As for the far-famed Play, it was deeply impressive in many parts, and some of the tableaux were beautiful; but if looked at critically, as you would at any other dramatic performance, I should say its merit had been overrated by some enthusiastic travellers. The stage was often too much crowded for effect; most of the acting was wanting in vivacity; the music seemed commonplace and inexpressive; some portions of the performance were very tedious, and some so exceedingly naïve as to border upon the ridiculous. But such a thing should not be looked at from a *critical* point of view. When I reflected that we were in the Bavarian Highlands, among uncultured peasants, going through a performance which had, for generations, been considered a religious duty, I could not but regard it as one of the wonders of the world, to be marvelled at and reverenced. Every one, even the smallest child, enters into it with heart and soul; and this earnest conviction, this seriousness of purpose, invest it with a peculiar interest, which cannot possibly be inspired by even the best of mere theatrical acting. Joseph Mair, a simple wood carver from a primitive mountain town, personated Jesus. He has a noble figure, and a pale face, with a pensive dignity of expression. His long dark hair flowing over his shoulders and parted in the middle, 'after the manner of the Nazarines,' strongly reminded one of the pictures of Jesus seen in the churches. It was a wonderful impersonation. All the while that they were reviling him, dragging him about, and spitting upon him, he maintained the beauty of meekness, the grandeur of patient endurance. There was not a look or a movement to shock the most reverent feeling, or offend the most fastidious taste. His first appearance, riding on an ass, followed by hundreds of people waving palm-branches and shouting Hosanna, was peculiarly impressive. On the cross, he was sublime. But the scene of the crucifixion, though reverently and tenderly managed, was fearfully painful. Such a scene cannot be represented in the nineteenth century without giving a great shock to the feelings. I shall never forget that spear thrust into the side and the blood gushing out.

"The day was beautiful. Alternate clouds and sunshine seemed to sympathize with the incidents represented. Toward the end, in the scenes on the Mount of Olives and Calvary, the heavy dark clouds, and the rain, which formed a light veil between the spectators and the stage, imparted additional beauty and solemnity to the awe-inspiring scene."—*National Standard.*

## Herr Pauer's Pianoforte Recitals.

On the 6th inst., at Glasgow, Herr Pauer gave the first of three pianoforte recitals in the Queen's Rooms, illustrative of the works of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti, &c. The hall was well filled.

Herr Pauer, who was cordially received on coming forward, said the three lectures which he intended to deliver formed extracts of a course of six which he gave last winter in the South Kensington Museum. It was found to be impracticable to deliver the same number here, and accordingly he had compressed some and omitted other portions of the original lectures. On that evening he would confine himself to those illustrious men, Scarlatti, Handel, and Bach, who were the first to break the fetters which chained, so to say, the harpsichord to the organ. Herr Pauer went on to give a brief sketch of the life of Domenico Scarlatti, who was born at Naples in 1683. His pieces, the lecturer remarked, were all original, full of life, replete with technical difficulties, but in purity of writing and in charm of harmonious changes they were sadly deficient. There was a continuous tinkling sound about them which sometimes reminded one of the hurdy gurdy. This might arise partly from the frequent use of the pedal. Herr Pauer then played three lessons by Scarlatti for the Clavecin, as exhibiting these characteristics. Georg Friederich Händel, his life, character, and writings, next came under review. When in Hamburg, in 1703, Handel had a great many pupils. Earnest as he was in everything, and having but small choice of educational music, he composed the greater part of his Suites for his scholars. Herr Pauer noticed the scarcity of musical publishers at this time, and the rather unscrupulous dealing of Publisher Walsh, more especially in connection with Handel's writings. The music of Handel, he went on to say, was much grander than anything that Scarlatti or any French or German composer before had written. There was great power in his preludes, and excellent clearness in his fugues, a characteristic force in his gigues, and a wonderful vigor in his sarabands. In short, he hit the nail on the head everywhere. The lecturer briefly sketched the character of Handel, remarking that his life was a thoroughly heroic one. Herr Pauer next adverted to the characteristics of Handel's Suite No. 6, in F sharp minor, and his air in variations in D minor, from the 3d Suite. In playing the air and variations, the performer first went over the melody, with the harmonies taken from the variations, and then played it a second time as written by Handel. It might have been expected, he remarked, that he would have selected as an illustration the more popular "Harmonious Blacksmith," but he had chosen the air and variations in D minor, as being, he conceived, a greater work of art. Passing on to notice Sebastian Bach, Herr Pauer remarked that Bach for the harpsichord and Beethoven for the pianoforte were the greatest composers. It was no exaggeration to assert that the germ of everything we had attained to in the nineteenth century, even up to Mendelssohn and Schumann, might be traced to Bach. There was scarcely a single chord which could not be dug out of the riches of Bach's mine. As to fugues, there had scarcely been a single one written which could compete with any of his. Bach was the first who tuned the instrument so that all the major and minor keys might be used—the number of keys in which compositions had previously been written having been very limited. He also invented the present mode of fingering. Artists had been accustomed to hold the thumb against the board, under the keys; Bach used the thumb as the starting and resting point of the whole fingering. His English suites were equally distinguished for the striking originality of their harmony and for the charm and richness of their melodies. They possessed great value as works of art, and were well suited for public performance. The English suites (Herr Pauer played No. 3) revealed all the mystery of Bach's art, and knowing them well one might rightly interpret his 48 preludes and fugues. These fugues seemed to the lecturer to resemble a breastwork of solid stone, the waters of time striking but rolling back without leaving the slightest impression. Never was a work written which had remained so fresh, or so completely uninfluenced by lapse of time. Herr Pauer drew a parallel between the lives and characters of Handel and Bach. Handel's life had something heroic, Bach's something patriarchal in it. If the two lives were somewhat different, the men had many affinities in common. Both were born in the same year, in the same country, and both died at an advanced age. They evinced, in common, cordial sympathy with all pure forms of art, and worked for the universe. Both took the deepest interest in all that was lofty and dignified, and both dedicated the purest inspirations of their genius to the Almighty. Both were stricken with blindness in their last years, without losing either the faculty or the love of cultivating their art. It was seldom that two men of the same country, of the same age, and fulfilling the same mission, were in many respects so similar. They shone like two bright stars in the firmament of art. In conclusion, Herr Pauer played Bach's Concerto in the Italian style. This was, he said, one of Bach's least complicated pieces, and he commended it especially to lady amateurs, because it was full of life and melody.

We have had so many opportunities, says the *Glasgow Herald*, of expressing our admiration of Herr Pauer's talents as a pianist, that it is only necessary to add that on no occasion has he played with greater poetry and feeling than he did on the 6th. Few artists living could have so ably interpreted a class of music which in our time is seldom heard properly played. This distinguished artist is not only master of every intricacy of manipulation, but he possesses the yet rarer gift of rendering his music in such style as to show that he is imbued with its true sentiment. The lecture was in every way delightful, and the audience from time to time expressed their enjoyment of it and its numerous illustrations by repeatedly applauding Herr Pauer.

## "The Successor of Liszt."

The London *Choir* gives the following sketch and possibly too glowing estimate of the composer and pianist, ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

When pianists are spoken of now-a-days, we occasionally hear older lovers of music remark, "What can they all expect to do after him, after Liszt? None of them has more than ten fingers, and whatever can possibly be accomplished with ten fingers, that Titan has accomplished. Anything new, anything higher, is absolutely not to be found; at best, only the same may again be seen. But the same thing reappearing in art is no longer the same in its effect."

Fortunately, such thoughts can rise only in the heads of old and surfeited musical gourmands, and would have sense only if the artist and his contemporaries were both to live forever. The former, however, as well as the latter, come and go. New generations are ever appearing to enjoy, and new artists to labor. Assuming, as may well be done, that Liszt has reached the highest point in the *technique* of piano playing, it is equally certain that, since that artist's retirement, Anton Rubinstein is the greatest among all pianists of the present day. To this must be added his high and peculiar excellence as a composer. A short biographical sketch of one who has been honored with such extraordinary triumphs wherever he has hitherto appeared, cannot be unwelcome to our readers.

Anton Gregory Rubinstein was born on the 18th of November, 1829, at Wechwotynetz, a village near Jassy, on the Russian frontier. His grandfather was an Israelite, but his father was brought up in the Independent Greek religion, which our artist professes also. Anton's parents were in good circumstances, but afterwards became involved in litigation respecting their property, resulting in a sensible diminution of their fortune. In his early childhood, Anton already manifested those two principal qualities which shaped his career—a marked love for music, and a consistent, energetic striving to reach a clearly defined goal.

Digitized by Google

His mother, a highly educated woman, who is still an active teacher at the Imperial Seminary at Moscow, directed the children's first instruction, and particularly taught her two youngest sons the piano, of which she was mistress. Nicholas, also, the elder brother, evidenced a great predilection as well as talent for music. Circumstances in part, but principally the wish to provide for the more thorough education of their children, led the parents to remove to Moscow. Here the boys received regular instruction in music. With Anton it began when he was six years old, and not more than two years and a half later he gave his first public concert at Moscow. The sensation which the prodigy caused on this occasion was immense, and, solicited on every side, his parents consented to let him travel to Paris in August, 1839, accompanied by his teacher, Villoing. But, although the ten-year old child excited great sensation in that city also, the reflecting father was still undecided whether he should dedicate his son wholly to music, well knowing that only extraordinary talent can attract notice in a field where so much has already been done. Then it happened that Liszt was present at Herz's. The gifted boy's play filled him with such enthusiasm that, after he had finished, he lifted the child up in his arms and kissed him, exclaiming, "He will be my successor!" The assembly burst forth into shouts of joy, and for a whole week Paris talked of little else than this scene. For a year and a half Anton now earnestly applied himself to study at Paris, Liszt himself assisting with his advice. At the expiration of that time, his first great artistic tour was undertaken through England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, which brought him renown, and was pecuniarily successful. Returning then to his native country, Anton spent a year at home. In the year 1844, the sons, accompanied by their mother (the father's feeble health compelling him to remain behind), arrived at Berlin, in order to finish their studies in the theory of music with Dehn, and their scientific studies at the High School.

Nicholas, the elder brother, subsequently devoted himself to instruction, and now directs the Conservatorium at Moscow and its concerts. Anton's progress in the course of his studies with Dehn, extending over a period of nearly two years, was more and more decided; with the greatest enthusiasm he studied composition, and the works of the masters. Of a most beneficial influence was his acquaintance with Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who showed warm sympathy for the youth of fifteen. Amid this period of activity, Anton's father died. His mother being obliged to return, on account of her other children, Anton thus saw himself deprived of her further assistance, and dependent upon his own exertions. He went, in 1845, to Vienna, where he made a bare living by teaching, devoting all his leisure time, however, to composition. Here, and afterward in Hungary, through which he travelled with the flutist Heindl (who met with so melancholy a death),* he wrote the majority of those compositions, in part nothing more than draughts, which were not published till much later, and under quite different circumstances. Meantime, his wishes not being realized quickly enough, he became gloomy and despondent, and thought of emigrating to America. But it was only a touch of hypochondria, which he soon conquered. The political storms of 1848 drove him from Vienna; he returned to Berlin, and soon to his native land.

From that time forward the young artist's affairs took a more favorable turn. His talents obtained for him the favor of the Grand Princess Helen of Russia, who took him into her service as chamber musician. To this position, that of player and concert-master to the Empress was afterwards joined. A singular accident compelled him to recompose all his works, which in part had before been merely sketched, in part finished. While on his way to St. Petersburg, he had been obliged to leave at the frontier the trunk which contained all his manuscripts, it being suspected that the notes were some secret revolutionary cipher, such secret correspondences, it is said, having at that time actually been discovered. He was taken for an emissary, and came near being transported to Siberia. He was thus obliged to keep himself concealed for a length of time in St. Petersburg, until he succeeded in making known to the Grand Princess, through his patron, Count Wielhorsky, his critical situation, whereupon further proceedings against him were stopped. Notwithstanding the most careful search, however, his manuscripts could not again be found, and he has never seen them since. Rubinstein was, therefore, under the necessity of reproducing what was lost, in which task, by the aid of his superior memory, he was for the most part successful. This, together with new compositions, which now gushed forth in uninterrupted succession, kept him in St. Petersburg until the year 1851.

Rubinstein now thought that the time had arrived for him to step before the world with his works. Generously furnished by his two patrons with the means (the Count alone made him a travelling present of two thousand silver roubles), he three years later entered on his first tour through Germany, France and England, as performer and composer. In the former capacity he everywhere achieved triumphs, while, especially at first, criticism showed itself, with rare exceptions, antagonistic, not to say bitterly hostile, to his compositions. The Leipsic publishers, however, had a better opinion; they published his works, and paid him handsomely for them. Rubinstein's compositions of every kind appeared in large numbers in the music market, which from many sides drew upon him the reproach of being a scribbler. If it be taken into consideration, however, that these works originated during a long series of years, and that only circumstances brought about their publication at one time, this reproach appears to be without a cause.

The space to which we are limited does not permit us to follow minutely his various tours. We shall merely touch upon some principal points in his life. In 1856 he had been called back to the Emperor's coronation ceremonies. Here he composed his Jubilee overture, for the dedication of which he was presented by the Emperor with a valuable jewel. In the suite of the Grand Princess he went to Nizza, and then made a long artistic tour, composing all the time mostly larger works, among which were an oratorio, *Paradise Lost*, and a grand opera, *The Children of the Heath*, the latter for Vienna.

Meantime, Rubinstein's position in St. Petersburg, as well as other circumstances there, had assumed such a shape that he was enabled to undertake the carrying out of a long cherished design with prospects of success. Aided by powerful patrons, there came into existence, within the course of a year, "The Russian Musical Association," an institution rich in artists and pecuniary resources; and a year thereafter the Conservatorium, embracing every branch of the musical art, was also in operation. In behalf of both institutions Rubinstein has displayed a sacrificing activity, attended with salutary effects. As leader of the Conservatorium, for example, not only did its entire management fall to him, but he also organized and superintended the instruction, directed the exercises of the pupils, and finally taught the laws of composition.

In addition to performing so many and oppressive duties, he gave private lessons, and found time to compose. During this epoch of his life were written the lyric opera, *Feramors* (performed at Dresden), two concertos for piano, a grand piano fantasia, another for four hands, chamber music, choruses, songs, pieces for the piano, the Symphonies in A and C major (*Ocean*), etc. So injurious an activity could only be the result of the most devoted love to the institutions which he had called into being and brought to such a high state of perfection, and at the same time it explains that the fear of other influences, opposed to his own views, determined him to take these creations under his personal care in the beginning.

There only remains to give a condensed picture of the composer Rubinstein, as he appears before us to day.

His works are full of originality, soaring, not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," manly, healthy, deep and warm, grand and powerful. He easily commands every form and means; his taste is exquisitely refined, his conceptions truly noble. Viewing the general character of Rubinstein's music, his style of thinking and feeling in sounds, we cannot fail to perceive that it is in perfect conformity with the development of modern ideas, nay, that in some degree it gives expression to this development. The diffuseness of his melody, the richness and refinement of his harmony, stamp him a modern artist in the noblest sense of the term, standing *par excellence* upon absolutely musical ground.

In his composition for the voice he does not seek what is styled the melody of language, but the melody of feeling. Either unable or unwilling to raise himself to the height of expressing philosophical ideas in his instrumental compositions, he, on the other hand analogizes all the various states of mind by pregnant melodies. Most nearly he follows the school of Mendelssohn and Schumann, if indeed one endowed with so much original talent can be said to follow any school. As a melodist, Rubinstein is less elegiac and sentimental than Mendelssohn, less gloomy than Schumann, more powerful than either. His music is in the main good-humored; sometimes it becomes fretful, but the anguish that wails over life and the world is foreign to it. A certain strongly marked, forcible, sharply-cut relief in his themes, and their highly fanciful, ever-novel changes, recall Beethoven's genius and art, while the natural charm of his songs reminds one of Schubert's deep, gushing fountain of melody.

That Rubinstein possesses a large share of high literary, scientific, and social culture, that in society he shows himself a man of the best breeding and of extensive reading, every one knows who has occasion to enter into intimate intercourse with him. As a man, Rubinstein is open and straight forward; in his intercourse he is distinguished by a winning amiability, being modest without derogating from his own worth; in conversation he is intellectual, occasionally witty, kind in judging, communicative toward his friends—on the whole rather grave than gay. Some four years ago he was united in marriage to a young Russian lady of noble birth.

Rubinstein's merits as a pianist have been so often discussed that all we could say here would only be repetition. Ever since Liszt withdrew from the world in that capacity he is without a rival, which judgment will be confirmed by every one who has had an opportunity to hear him.

*Riding past a place where they were firing at a target, he was struck by a glancing ball and killed.

# Music Abroad.

Paris. M. Pasdeloup's Popular Classical Concerts were resumed in the Cirque National on Sunday, November 19, with a crowded audience. *Le Menestrel* says: "The success of the concert was the *écrasante* C-minor symphony of Beethoven; nevertheless we had behind us a lady whom it did not satisfy, and who much preferred to it the sweet Haydn Symphony which had preceded, which proves that there must be something for all tastes."—The second concert offered: Overture to "Loreley," by Wallace; Symphony in A minor by Ed. Millault; Allegro agitato, op. 52, Mendelssohn; Overture to "Manfred," Schumann; Beethoven's Septet. The author of the symphony (now first produced) took the "*prix de Rome*" in 1830, and is now seventy years old. "*Un joli chiffre pour un debutant*"! The work is pronounced "*recommandable*," but wanting in originality and color.—The third programme, at the Winter Circus, contained: Schumann's B flat Symphony; Larghetto from Mozart's Quintet (op. 108), executed by M. Grisez (clarinet) and all the strings; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; "Menuet des Folets" and "Valse des Sylphes" from *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz; Overture to *Oberon*, Weber.—Fourth programme: Overture to *Semiramide*, Rossini; Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Adagio from the 10th and fugue from the 9th Quartet of Beethoven (by all the strings); Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

The third concert at the Conservatoire, November 12, was directed by M. George Hainl and offered the following selections: Symphony in B flat, Beethoven; double chorus (unaccompanied): "Adieu aux jeunes mariés," Meyerbeer; Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture; Hunters' chorus from Weber's *Euryanthe*; Haydn's 51st Symphony, in D.

The *Choir* says: It is no uncommon thing in Paris for an entire concert programme to be repeated at a second performance when it meets with public favor. Thus at the second Conservatoire Concert the whole of the music given at the opening of the season was performed again, a proceeding which is decidedly preferable to the English practice of encoring several items in a programme, thus prolonging the performance to an extent which is as unpleasant to the executants as it is to the real lovers of art among the audience.

Leipzig. At the second Gewandhaus Concert, the programme included the overture to *La Muette*; two Marches, by Joachim; and Mozart's Symphony in E flat major. Herr Demunck, from Weimar, played a Concerto, by Haydn, for the violoncello, as well as a piece by Piatti and another by Vieuxtemps. Madame Peschke-Leutner sang the air "Abscheulicher," from *Fidelio*, a song by Herr R. Wagner, and another by Schumann.

Mdmes. Clara Schumann and Joachim gave a concert a short time since.—The first Euterpe Concert commenced with Spohr's overture to *Faust*, and concluded with Beethoven's Symphony in A major. Mdlle. Franziska Friese performed Herr Bruch's Violin Concerto, and the Adagio from Spohr's Ninth Concerto. Mdlle. Rosse sang an air from *Idomeneo* and the Cavatina from *Euryanthe*.

Digitized by Google

BRESLAU. The Orchestral Association has a new conductor: Herr Bernard Scholz. The first concert under his guidance proved highly satisfactory. The programme included Beethoven's overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses"; Herr R. Wagner's prelude to *Lohengrin*; Mendelssohn's Scherzo to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Beethoven's A major Symphony. The vocalist was Herr Sägemann, from the Theatre Royal, Hanover. He sang Lysiart's air from *Euryanthe*, a song, by Herr Scholz, "Die Höhle des Prochonios"; and three songs by Schumann. The programme of the second concert included Quartet in C major, (Op. 59), Beethoven; Barcarole, No. 4, Rubinstein; Nocturne, (Op. 55), No. 2, Chopin; and Ottet in F major, Schubert.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. The Museum Concerts, under the direction of Herr C. Müller, have recommenced for the season. The principal orchestral pieces at the first concert were Beethoven's fourth Symphony, in B flat major, and Mendelssohn's *Fingalshöhle* overture. Mdlle. Mehlig was the pianist. She played Schumann's A minor Concerto, and Weber's Polonaise in E major (as arranged by the Abbate Franz Liszt). The vocalist was Mdlle. von Hasselt-Barth, who sang Mendelssohn's "Concert-Aria"; "Des Fischer's Liebesglück," Schubert; "Waldfahrt," Robert Franz; and the "Veilchen," Mozart.

BAYREUTH. Herr R. Wagner's project of waking this place up from its sleep of now nearly one hundred years, by his producing his "festival stage-play" *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, has made no inconsiderable progress. One of the summer months of 1873 is fixed on for the performance. The first series of performances will occupy four successive evenings; the second and third series, the next two evenings, respectively. Herr Semper has made clever drawings and plans of the theatre that will have to be erected, while the famous Herr Brandt, of Darmstadt, has undertaken the machinery and decorations. The theatre and stage arrangements are to be ready by the spring of 1872; the erection of the theatre is to be commenced at once. As soon as the stage is completed, the singers and musicians selected by Herr Wagner will meet here to study and rehearse the separate parts of the "festival stage-play" for the space of two months. The number of patrons' tickets, at 300 thalers a ticket, is a thousand; they have been so eagerly bought up that there is no apprehension of any want of funds to carry out the project. First and foremost among the patrons are the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria, and the Grand Duke of Saxony.

BOLOGNA. The King of Bavaria has been invited to honor with his presence the performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* at the Teatro Communale. One would have imagined that King Ludwig had had enough of Herr Wagner's music at Munich. Nothing of the sort! His Majesty has telegraphed to intimate that he accepts with pleasure the invitation. Herr Wagner's detractors assert that the young King has been asked to attend for the purpose of putting a pressure upon public opinion, and obtaining a crowded house on the first night. Herr Wagner's admirers, on the other hand, stigmatize this assertion as a vile calumny devoid of the slightest approach to truth or logic, inasmuch as his Bavarian Majesty may arrive only in time for the second or the third performance, when the opponents of Herr Wagner will be able to hiss as lustily as on the first night itself. According to report—as promulgated by Herr Wagner's friends—the artists are enchanted with the music, and delighted at devoting six hours a day to rehearsals, while Signior Mariani, the conductor, has openly declared he shall joyfully do his very utmost to secure the triumph of so "grand a work."—The season will be inaugurated by an Italian version of Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*.

VIENNA. Twelve subscription concerts will be given during the approaching winter by the orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse, with Herr Otto Dessoff as conductor. The dates are the 12th of November; the 3d and the 17th December; the 28th January, 1872; the 23d February; the 10th and the 24th March. Among the more important works which will be performed, we may mention: Bargiel, "Drei Deutsche Tänze" (new); Beethoven Symphonies, 3, 6, 7, and overture to *Egmont*; Berlioz, "Symphonie fantastique"; Cherubini, overture to *Anacreon*; Esser, "Second Suite"; Rob. Fuchs, Symphony in C minor (new); Grimm, Two Canons in D (new); Liszt, "Tasso"; Mendelssohn, "The Hebrides overture," Violin Concerto; Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Raff, "Wald Symphonie" (new); Schubert, Funeral March (scored by Franz Liszt—new); Overture, Interludes, and Ballet-Music to *Rosamunde*; Schumann, Symphony, No. 2, Pianoforte Concerto in A minor; Spohr, Violin Concerto, No. 9; Volkmann, Overture to *Richard III*; Wagner, "Huldigungsmarsch" (new).

MUNICH. The first series of Ullmann's "Artists' Concerts" was brilliantly concluded yesterday (November 15th). It was the 21st concert given since they began in Breslau on the 23rd of October. The lively interest of the German public for these concerts has throughout been always the same, which was testified by crowded rooms and the disappointment of many who were unable to gain admission. The large room of the Odéon was filled to excess last evening, and Madame Monbelli's charming talent was most enthusiastically appreciated. She was obliged to repeat the aria from the *Barbiere*. Fräulein Anna Mehlig, who, in connection with the Florentine Quartet, played Schumann's quintet, and solos by Chopin and Liszt, received the most flattering ovations. Signor Sivori, who has been heard here before, created an immense sensation. Mr. Oberthür and Mr. Grützmacher were also honored with recalls after their respective solos. Mr. Ullman proceeds from here to Vienna, on a second series of concerts, with a somewhat reduced "personal," inasmuch as the engagement of Fräulein A. Mehlig, Mr. Carl Hill, Messrs. Grützmacher and Oberthür, were concluded at Munich. Fräulein Mehlig will be replaced by Fräulein Emma Brandes, and the other artists remaining will be Madame Monbelli, Mdlle. Bernardine Hamakers, Signor Sivori, Signor Carlo Nicolini, and the Florentine Quartet (Messrs. Jean Becker, E. Masi, L. Chiostri, and F. Hilpert), with Capellmeister Richard Metzdorff as conductor.

COLOGNE. The first Gurzenich Concert this year, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, fell upon Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's sixtieth birth-day. The opening piece in the programme was the conductor's own—"Demetrius Overture." Dr. Hiller gave the accustomed signal, but immediately dropped his upraised arm in mute amazement. Instead of the expected light roll upon the kettle drums, a tremendous flourish of trumpets greeted his ear. Then, armed with magnificent nosegays, the ladies of the chorus advanced, and reminded Dr. Hiller that it was his birth-day. The audience, at first as much taken back as the *"Geburtstagskind"* (birth-day child), namely, F. Hiller himself, now began to understand the joke, and contributed their quota to the proceedings in the form of very hearty applause. The other orchestral composition in Part I. was Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Herr Von Königslöwe played a Violin Concerto by Lafont, a Parisian virtuoso, contemporary of Habeneck, Baillot, and the two Kreutzers. Herr Julius Stockhausen sang the recitative and air, "Tyrannic Love," from Handel's *Susannah*, and a ballad, "Mein Elsass deutsch, Mein Elsass frei," music by himself, words by Herr Hackenschmidt. The second part of the Concert was taken up by the second part of Schumann's *Scenen aus "Faust."* The solos were confided to Mdlle. Löwe, soprano, from Stuttgart; Mdlle. Kneiss, contralto; Herr J. Stockhausen and Herr Otto Wagner, tenors; and Herr Ad. Peltzer, bass. The work was not very successful, there being no applause, except a little at the conclusion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 16, 1871.

## A Life of Schumann.—His Literary Works.

In the correspondence of the London *Choir* (Nov. 18), we find the following:

Sir,—In reply to the correspondent who writes to know whether a Life of Schumann has appeared, let me refer him to the excellent one by Herr von Wasielewski, of Bonn—one of the directors of the recent Beethoven Festival. A review of this work by an unknown, and not very appreciative, critic (who claims himself to have written some studies on Schumann), appeared in the last number of the *Academy*. The work, itself, can be purchased at Kolkmann's, in Princes' street, Hanover-square. If your correspondent understands German, and can write English, he would do well to translate Wasielewski's "Life of Schumann," which has been through two editions in Germany, and, in an English dress, would certainly find numbers of readers. Besides being an able writer and a profound musician, Wasielewski is an admirable performer on the violin; and the reputation of his latest work, "A History of the Violin," is as great in Germany as that of the "Life of Schumann." More than that, the merit of the "History" has attracted the attention of the Prussian Government; and a grant has been made to the author by the Fine Arts Department to enable him to continue the inquiries he had already commenced with success, as to the existence of unpublished violin music by masters of the 17th and 18th centuries in the great Italian libraries, especially that of Bologna. To return to the Life of Schumann, let me warn your correspondent beforehand, that he will not find the author of that work a fanatical worshipper, but only a candid, competent appreciator of Schumann's music.

Yours respectfully, S. E.

The writer of the above doubtless will be glad to learn that Wasielewski's "Life of Schumann" stands no longer in need of an English translator, inasmuch as the labor is already done, both carefully and skillfully, by a young lady of our own New England Boston, Miss Alger. The result is a handsome little volume, which has just appeared from the press of our well known music publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., and will no doubt be widely read.

At the same time we hail with pleasure, and so too will all admirers of Schumann's genius, the following announcement of another equally if not more important labor, also by an American lady, who has undertaken to translate collectively those admirable critical and æsthetic writings of Schumann about music and musicians, of which our columns have for years past presented single specimens. As to the matter of Madame Schumann's dislike to the existing biographies of her husband, that may be natural enough and honorable to the woman and the wife, while at the same time the work of Wasielewski may be worth preserving for its intrinsic merits; at all events it is a work full of information and of interest. We copy from the New York *Weekly Review*:

We learn that Madame Raymond Ritter is engaged on a translation of the literary works of Robert Schumann, and that the book will shortly be placed before the public in an attractive form. Mme. Ritter undertook this translation at the especial request of Mme Clara Schumann, who will lend her aid towards a short biography of the composer, a complete and correct catalogue of his works and other addenda, which will much enhance the value of the translation. This will also be embellished by photographs from original portraits of Robert and Clara, presented by Mme. Schumann to Mme. Ritter, and considered by the former lady to be the best existing likenesses of herself and husband.

It is well known that Mme. Schumann never gave assistance or approval to the biographies of Schumann by Wasielewski or Reissmann; these works, though they may have filled an immediate want, years ago, have been left behind by the views now generally held regarding Schumann and his work, and are often incorrect in their statement of facts. Mme. Schumann has informed Mme. Ritter of her long established habit of collecting letters and materials to serve for a complete biography, in order, as this great artist and devoted wife writes, in a recent letter from which we are permitted to quote,—"to bring my husband nearer to the public as a man; since, as a musician, his writings sufficiently attest the breadth of his mind, and the depth of his penetrating spirit. But the elevated nature of his every day thoughts, the purity and kindness of his disposition, the noble warmth of his heart—and all these more especially in the intimate relations of family life—have never yet had justice done to them by any pen."—

No one can doubt the pleasure with which a readable, interesting, as well as trustworthy life of Schumann would be received, for such a life has not yet been written; but until Mme. Schumann considers the time ripe for giving her memoranda to the world, the lovers of Schumann's exquisite music will welcome with gladness, and may study with advantage, this first complete translation of his unique, critical and miscellaneous essays on his own beautiful art. These writings, when first published in Germany, marked an epoch in modern musical art, and created a profound sensation by their enthusiastic advocacy of progress, and their earnest protest against philistinism and one sidedness in art.

## Matinees of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg.

We could only briefly allude (in our last) to the delightful quality of the first of these purely artistic feasts, which took place in the beautiful Hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association on the 16th ult.

Digitized by Google

Here is the programme in full:

Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, op. 70, No. 1. ............ Beethoven.
Songs. a. Ich hab'im Traum geweinet. b. Allnaechtlich im Traume. c. Fruehlingsnacht. ............ Schumann.
Chaconne (with Schumann's Accompaniment) ...... Bach.
Songs: a. Serenade, Op. 17, No. 2, b. Fruehlingsliebe, Op. 3, No 4, ............ Franz.
Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 121 ........ Schumann.
In Four Movements.

In the well-known "Geister" (Spirit) Trio of Beethoven, the concert-givers had the assistance of a very able and finished violoncellist in Mr. HARTDEGEN, and there was nothing wanting either of effective, clear ensemble throughout, or of vigor and decision in the spirited *Allegro vivace*, of subtle and mysterious fascination in the slow movement, of genial, graceful continuity and fire in the Finale *Presto*. Mr. LEONHARD gave the fine tremulous *pianissimo* divisions of the "Spirit" movement with exquisitely sensitive gradation of accent.

—We well remember how Mr. EICHBERG made his first appearance before a Boston audience some thirteen years ago, in a Sacred Concert of the "Orpheus," when he first introduced us to the beauty and the grandeur of Bach's *Chaconne* for the Violin, Mr. Dresel playing to it Mendelssohn's piano accompaniment. Indeed it was our first experience of the wonderfully rich and vital, in the best sense *modern*, violin solo music of the great old master of all music. At that time we wrote:

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, a grave and thoughtful looking young man, from New York, recently from Germany, who took the first violin prize at Brussels, proved himself a solid classical musician, by the selection of such a piece, and by his firm, pure, expressive rendering. The *Ciaconna*, or *Chaconne*, like most of the old musical forms, was a dance, an Italian dance in 3-4 measure. Here we have a quaint theme, logically pursued and treated at great length, the violin of itself playing several real parts, and exhibiting many of the modern feats, arpeggios, &c. of the instrument. It is no mere show piece, but has meaning and consistency. We found it more interesting than the concert fantasias of the Paganini school. How lovely the *cantabile* melody into which the movement melts towards the end! Mendelssohn's piano accompaniments are just enough—reverent and sparing.

At present we are better pleased with the accompaniment by Schumann, which seems to clothe the work (complete in itself, no doubt, and so Joachim played it to us once) as Bach himself might have clothed it were he introducing it to an audience of our day; with Mr. Leonhard's fitting, the garment certainly set well. Mr. Eichberg was in fine mood and practice, and performed it admirably.

The second of Schumann's Sonatas for piano and violin is a work of rare power and beauty, thoroughly original and characteristic, deep and strong in feeling, free, uncontainable and bold in its excursive development, but never violating the unity of art, and teeming with poetic fancies. It opens in wide spread chords (D minor, 3-4 measure, slow), somewhat in the manner of the *Chaconne*, but soon sweeps away with a swift fiery rhythm, full of syncopation and all sorts of difficulties, but also full of beauty and of meaning. The second movement, in D major, is in the six-eight rhythm of the chase, fresh, bracing and exciting. The interest is more than fully kept up through two more elaborate, yet spontaneous movements. The two artists had thoroughly studied it and played it *con amore*, so that it came home to all.—Mr. KREISSMANN's selection of songs was very choice and rare, and each found full expression in his fervent, chaste delivery, with such exquisite pianoforte accompaniment.

The programme of the second matinée, Dec. 1, was the following:

Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, No. 7, A major ............ Haydn.
Romanzen for Oboe and Piano, Nos. 1 and 3, from Op. 94 ............ Schumann.
Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 96 ............ Beethoven.
Piano Solo. a. Nocturne, Op 9, No. 1, b. Allegro vivace, Op. 51 ....... Chopin.
Quartet for Piano and String Instruments, Op. 47. ............ Schumann.

The clear, bright, happy Haydn Trio, so simple, so sincerely musical, and like ripened grapes full of the sunshine of Art, was played by artists who sincerely felt and loved its beauty. The little Romances by Schumann are charming compositions, full of poetry, and wholly in the spirit of the pastoral oboe, or hautboy, for which they were written, and which was played with much artistic feeling and refinement by Mr. KUTZLER. Many no doubt were surprised to find how beautiful a chamber instrument the oboe is, artistically played. That Sonata Duo, in G, is one of the most fascinating and unique of all that came from the imaginative brain of Beethoven; and it was finely rendered. Mr. Leonhard is always happy in his reading of Chopin; and the selections were worthy of his best interpretation.

Another noble, may we not say splendid specimen of Schumann's chamber music! One great service, if no other, are these concerts doing, in making us acquainted with so many of his creations in this form. Each of the first four ends with a great Schumann work of this kind: first a Sonata Duo; this time the quartet with piano; next time a superb Trio; then the great piano Quintet, and so on. Indeed it is a rich vein to work, and what is thus unfolded cannot fail to deepen and intensify, in all who hear, the growing faith and joy in Schumann's genius. This Quartet is in truth a great work, exciting in the highest degree, the product of a great heart and brain on fire with glorious thought and feeling. In the short brooding introduction and in the Andante, where the strings sing so humanly, it is very deep and tender; while the Scherzo has a most original and independent air in its rollicking staccato movement, alternating with more pensive, quiet moods in its two Trios. The fugued Finale, complicated as it is and difficult, is carried through with a victorious power; at least it *was* so carried through by the four artists (Leonhard, Eichberg, H. Suck and Hardegen), who rendered the whole work with perfect mutual understanding and with irresistible effect.

Of the third matinée, on Thursday of this week, we must speak next time; but our readers must by this time feel with us (and we hope, feel for us) how fruitless are all efforts to find *words* for such impressions!

---

## Theodore Thomas's "Eight Symphony and Popular Concerts."

The week ending with last Sunday has been one continued brilliant feast of rare orchestral music. Eight great concerts in ten days, and by the most perfect instrumental combination in America! In numbers, to be sure, the Thomas orchestra is only half the size of the Philharmonic in New York, and hardly yet as large as that of our Symphony Concerts since this has been winnowed and reduced. But it is wonderfully effective in all parts, except some falling off both in the power and quality of the violoncellos; there our own orchestra, for once, surpasses it. All that we have ever said of the beauty and richness of ensemble, the euphony, the purity of intonation, the absolute precision, the sensitive yet self-possessed regard for light and shade, the steady grasp of all the forces in *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and the power of thrilling climax, or of the fine individuality, toned down to such good keeping with the whole, of all the several instruments, can only be repeated now. The only question can be, whether they do not play now even better than ever before; if that were possible, they should do so, being such select musicians, and kept in constant practice and *rapport* with one another all the year round.

Mr. Thomas's programmes this time, on the whole, have been more interesting and more serious than he has given us in any former visit. In the sense of gratification to the musical curiosity of persons much versed in the progress of orchestral music hitherto and eager to keep the run of it still farther, they have been remarkably rich. One thing about them has been singular: while the Concerts have made appeal as usual, to the "popular," as well as to the cultivated audience, they have for the most part been neither classical nor popular. The light overtures, gay waltzes, solo variations, &c., have occupied not half their wonted space in any programme; while the fine classical selections, counting up well in number, and always admirably played, have yet been overshadowed and weighed down by a vast preponderance of the very "heavy" music of the new aspirants for fame, whether professing themselves to be of "the Future" or not. The "Symphony" element has been represented by but two whole Symphonies (one classical, one new), and single movements from three others (two of which are modern). Of eight piano Concertos, or larger works with orchestra, only two were classical (one by Weber, one by Beethoven), while Liszt alone figured three or four times. Out of ten Overtures, one was by Rossini, one by Weber, one by Beethoven, one each (new) by Schubert and by Schumann, and all the rest by newer names, like Rubinstein, Hornemann, and chiefly Wagner, who appeared in this form four times, as well as in divers Marches and arrangements from his operas. In more than one concert the wild demoniac element appeared to rule,—overstrained compositions of men who came too late to sit with the serene immortals, and who therefore seem resolved to take the kingdom of this world, if not of heaven, by storm. However startling and exciting their effects may be, they soon grow fatiguing.—Moreover, while we note increase of weight and interest in the matter of these programmes, we must still repeat the criticism we have always made on them, that they are too promiscuously put together, and lack all pretention to the art of programme-making as such, which in itself should be a fine art. Each piece stands for itself, regardless of what goes before or after; they are so many specimens of styles and writers, jostling each other as on a bookseller's counter. The contrasts are too often violent, hap-hazard, out of *all* relation (for instance, Wagner's Kaiser March right after the divine Adagio of the Ninth Symphony); no unity of tone and character, as of a good picture, in each programme as a whole; no happy modulation out of one piece into another; no internal bond of union to justify their companionship, in spite of individualities however strongly marked. In a word, none of that art, or instinct if you please, by which a florist culls and combines the flowers and colors into one significant, harmonious bouquet.

Doubtless all these things had their influence, as well as the winter's plethora of musical and all other entertainments, or the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, on the average attendance on these concerts, which has not been as large as in past years. Yet almost any evening one had but to look round a little to see many listeners of the most musical character, earnestly attentive, and quite constant in their coming; and few concerts here have ever been discussed in social circles with more interest. These, more or less, undoubtedly, have felt the want of unity of which we speak; yet they will be inclined, with us, to give Mr. Thomas no small credit for self-sacrifice in his enthusiastic wish to secure an ample hearing for the new composers, even at such cost of unity and of attractive sweetness in his programmes.

In making a few notes on the successive concerts, we of course find our memory failing, and our impressions quite too multifarious and bewildering, after hearing altogether more of music (and so much of it new) than it is good for any one to hear within a single week. It is the state of mind of the traveller who feels he must "improve" his only opportunity of seeing the famous galleries of Art in Europe, and who comes home every evening conscious that he has attempted to see ten times as much as he could possibly take in, or possibly retain the least impression of.

*First Concert—Friday Evening, Dec. 1st.*

Symphony, No. 4, D minor, op. 120 ............ Schumann.
Fantasie on Hungarian Melodies ............ Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.

Kaiser Marsch .................................. Wagner.

—

Mærchen—Ouverture, "Aladdin" .................. Horneman.
Solo for Violoncello, Souvenir de Spa. .............. Servais.
Mr. Joseph Diem.
Saltarello ........................................ Gounod.
Etude Infernale .................................. Rubinstein.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Hungarian March .................................. Schubert.

The Schumann Symphony was exquisitely rendered, particularly the Romanza with its lovely oboe melody and the fine triplet passages for the violins, as well as the tender, thoughtful Trio of the Scherzo. But was it not dragging the soulful-sensitive tone-poem out into the cold, to make it the prelude to such things as followed?—The Hungarian Fantasie is one of the cleverest and most interesting of Liszt's fantastical productions, and Miss Krebs played it wonderfully well. Her clear and pearly touch, her execution altogether, were nearly as perfect as her memory was wonderful before. But in the year since she was with us, the young artist seems to have come out from technical bondage—graceful chains though they were—and to have gained greatly in expression. The "Kaiser March" may suit Emperor Wilhelm and his helmeted hosts in the broad avenue of the Linden, but it is noisy and barbaric for the concert room, nor does the occasional allusion to *"Ein feste Burg"* go far to consecrate such a fierce mobocratic tyranny of sound.—Hornemann's "Aladdin" overture seemed to us more odd than edifying, and to have no more to do with the Arabian tale than with anything else. Why strain to be imaginative? The wind still bloweth as it listeth.—Mr. Diem played a Concerto (No. 2) by Goltermann, instead of the piece set down,—not very interesting either in matter or performance.—The Saltarello by Gounod shows originality and grotesque power; it was much the most interesting of the new things that evening; but this too was like a Saltarello down in the murky and sulphurous regions, something satanic in its inspiration.—The *Etude Infernale* came naturally next. It is the piece, full of fierce upward arpeggios, in which the accent comes constantly upon the "leading note" (or semitone below) instead of the note into which it leads, for which reason it has sometimes been called a study "on false notes." It is extremely difficult, but not so for Miss Krebs.—Any march by Schubert is a relief after a Wagnerian bombardment.

*Second Concert, Saturday Afternoon, Dec. 2d.*

Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi" .................. Rubinstein.
Pastorale ........................................ Bach.
Concerto, No 2, E flat, Op. 32. .................. Weber.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Introduction—Chorus and March, 3d Act, Lohengrin, Wagner.
Overture, "William Tell" ........................ Rossini.
Theme and Variations, Quartet, D minor. Posthumous, Schubert.
String Orchestra.
Polonaise, A flat, Op. 53. ...................... Chopin.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Waltz, "Rudolph Klænge" ........................ Strauss.
Rakoczy March ................................... Liszt.

This was a far more edifying programme. The Overture by Rubinstein we would gladly hear again; but we forbear to characterise it.—The *Pastorale*, from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, was peace and loveliness itself. It is in the same broad *Siciliano* rhythm with that in the *Messiah*, more subtle and complex, and quite as beautiful.—The Weber Concerto which we heard for the first time, charmed us even more than the *Concertstück*, perhaps because the latter has grown somewhat hacknied. It is fresh and vigorous, full of the Weber sentiment and *"Schwung"*, and gives a brilliant opportunity to the pianist, which was brilliantly improved.

The passages which had been put together from different scenes in *Lohengrin* made up a splendid characteristic whole, beginning and ending with an almost painful intensity—we will not say of noise, but of musically pure, penetrating, thrilling tone. Robert Franz in a letter, after hearing *Lohengrin*, wrote: "Wagner's instrumental music rests upon pure *sonority*. Herein he is great, here the most assiduous studies evidently have borne marvellous fruit. It is a true fable world, a true rainbow of tones. Unheard of combinations of sound, but throughout of a beauty incomparable." And this was the charm of what we here heard: the magical sonority, so powerful, so beautiful, so strangely thrilling. The Introduction is half pleasurably, half painfully exciting, the violins strained up to the highest pitch in an unceasing tremolo, while great tuba and trombone sounds reiterate with more and more earnestness some sort of announcement of a solemn pomp as on the eve of a great occasion—the marriage of Lohengrin and Elsa, we suppose. The strain of expectation, getting to be intolerable, is at length relieved by one of the few instances of regular melodic form in which Wagner allows himself to indulge,—the sweet and simple chorus of the virgins in the bridal chamber, which breathes of purity and love, a most delicious blending of the mellow, buoyant tones of harp and all soft instruments. The March is as of a gathering of chivalric hosts. Heraldic trumpets from afar advancing shiver the air with the most sweet clamor (the whole opera is full of heralds and of trumpets), and all is bustle and excitement, pomp and splendor, working itself up steadily to a climax of such full and powerful sonority as to astonish one that it should be within the power of any orchestra to produce it, or of his own nerves to bear it. Wagner as a tone-poet is *par excellence* the laureate of pomp, parade and splendor.

Now, may we not ask, after all this why surfeit us with the "Tell" Overture? Was it that we might compare two blazing pyramids of gems under a Northern and a Southern sun? Or simply two heroic pomps?—But what followed was perhaps the finest revelation of pure artistic sentiment and beauty vouchsafed in all the Thomas concerts: that dirge-like theme from the Schubert Quartet, with its wonderful variations, about which there is nothing arbitrary or mechanical, but each a continuous development, in the most true, poetic sense, of the germ thought. Often as we have admired these variations played by single instruments, we never realized how full of soul and poetry they were until we heard them played by all the strings of this most delicately trained orchestra. The sympathy through all the instruments was perfect; and we look upon this as the highest achievement yet of the Thomas orchestra among their many triumphs of this kind; for not only was the matter more important, but the task by far more difficult.—

Here we must pause, and, as we have no room left to go on in this way, we will present merely programmes up to the limit of our space, intending to return to them hereafter. [The limit is reached.—Printer.]

## Symphony Concerts.

The third of the Harvard series, Dec. 7, was mainly in a cheerful tone,—a picture bright, unique, without monotony, without strong contrasts, leaving a quiet, happy and harmonious impression. These were its elements:

Overture to "Faniska." (Second time) ....... Cherubini.
**Symphony, in G. (Composed on receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, in 1794) Haydn.
—
Scherzo, from the "Reformation Symphony" Mendelssohn.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in F-sharp minor. (Second time.) Norbert Burgmüller.
Concert ["Fest"] Overture ........................ Rietz.

Cherubini is more and more welcomed; this time in his most happy, playful mood. The Overture to "Faniska" is simply charming, and henceforth a favorite. Every instrument had caught the spirit of it. The Symphony, not one of Haydn's greatest, but one of the most fresh and fascinating, as well as most genially artistic, is also full of sunshine and content. The playful themes are all felicitous; the leading theme, however, of the first movement, which comes in leaning on a syncopated dominant seventh tone, has a certain seriousness withal; while the arch little second theme is one which Rossini might have, if he actually has not, borrowed for his "Barber." But the working up (*Durchführung*) of the themes of the Allegro, as well as the enchanting play of color as they are passed from one instrument to another, is masterly enough to justify the statement that he composed this Symphony for Oxford honors. The Adagio breathes a devout, sweet feeling which gives place now and then to a minor passage of great earnestness and power. The Minuet, with its Trio led in by syncopated mellow horn tones, is one of the happiest of a kind in which Haydn's variety is inexhaustible even within so short and uniform a pattern; and the Finale *Presto* has all the careless jollity of a party of students on the homeward tramp in the short hours of the night; the homeliness of the half humdrum melody is positively transfigured by the ingenious surprises of the instrumentation. Was not this Symphony as good a *novelty* for Boston as the "new school" could have offered. We have only to add that it was delicately and nicely rendered.

The Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony,—the one immortal part of it—is perfect youth and Spring and sunshine; its buoyant rhythm and the dewy freshness of its tone-tints, have the irresistible spell of an art creation that came out whole and perfect at one cast. It was not played quite so faultlessly as the preceding pieces, but yet effectively; and it answered the end (for which it was inserted in the programme as an after-thought) of offsetting the sombreness and somewhat too elaborate monotony of the Concerto which followed.

This Concerto is no doubt the product of a man of genius,—at least so Schumann, Mendelssohn and others thought of him—who died before he had reached full expression,—was cut off, in fact, in very early youth. The following data, condensed by his enthusiastic young interpreter on this occasion, tell something of his promising but brief career:

Norbert Burgmueller was born in Düsseldorf, Germany, February 8th, 1810. His father, one of the chief founders of the Rhenish Musical Festivals, gave him his first knowledge of Music. Later he studied under Spohr and Hauptmann in Cassel, whither he was sent by his admirer, Count of Nesselrode-Ehreshoven. In 1831, after completing his studies, he returned to Düsseldorf for the purpose of spending a short time with his parents. He then visited Magdeburg, Dresden, Berlin, London, and found everywhere a distinguished welcome. In London a brilliant engagement was offered him, but illness compelled him to abandon it and return home. He soon after accepted an invitation to visit Aix la-Chapelle with Baron von Ferber from Mecklenburg for the purpose of restoring his health. May 7th, 1836, only six days after his arrival, he was found dead in his bathroom. An epileptic fit seized him while bathing and he was suffocated. Mendelssohn wrote a funeral March for this occasion, which was played alternately with one by Beethoven. Norbert was the youngest of three brothers. Frans, the oldest, joined the army and died in Greece. Frederic lived in Paris for many years and became known as an arranger of popular music for the Piano.—Both Mendelssohn and Hauptmann looked upon Norbert with the greatest expectations. Among his works, published by Kistner, Leipsic, in 1834, these are particularly interesting: a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra; Overture to the unfinished Opera "Dionys," several Songs, and his second (unfinished) Symphony in D. op. 11. The Trio to the Scherzo of the latter was all that was found of the 3d movement. It was completed by Robert Schumann. The Finale has never been written. The work has been given in Leipsic several times with great success. E. P.

The Concerto is not without invention and musician-like merits. The long orchestral introduction is rich in beauties, and themes spring up exciting fine expectation afterwards, which somehow is disappointed; for the elaboration becomes tedious, in spite of the wealth of graceful, brilliant passage work, with which it is festooned throughout, and which give to the pianist opportunities of which Mr. Perabo made certainly the most that could be made; for his performance was throughout most perfect, and in the Finale, especially, a triumphant mastery of continuous and trying difficulties. The composition is the work of a true artist, and yet the effort does not seem to have been inspired. Once, however, in the middle of the first movement, there is an uplifting (syncopated) motive, which is worthy of Schubert, but the development seems forced, so that attention is too prone to drop away. Yet after all we should be thankful for the opportunity to hear such a work, for indeed the great pianoforte Concertos can be counted on one's fingers; and there is hardly one of them that has not figured over and over, in these concerts.—The brilliant Overture by Rietz,—also cheerful and Spring like, in spite of a few clouds, and often reminding one of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, was brought out with splendid animation and precision.

In the Fourth Concert (Dec. 28), we shall hail the reappearance of the favorite pianist, Miss Anna Mehlig, whose arrival in New York will probably anticipate the publication of these lines. She will probably play the Chopin Concerto in E minor (instead of that in F minor as before announced.) The Symphony will be the fourth of Beethoven, in B flat; the Overtures: Gade's "In the Highlands," and Weber's to "The Ruler of the Spirits," new to at least nine-tenths of the audience of to-day.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK, DEC. 5.—The Philharmonic Society, one of the few remnants of really good music left in New York, and the only one that has ever been a success, gave the first concert of the thirtieth season, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening. This Society was founded in the year 1841, by Mr. U. C. Hill. He had previously visited Europe, and thought that such a society might be formed here. It was a long time getting organized, but finally got "under way," and gave the first concert at the old Apollo Rooms, corner of Broadway and Canal street, when Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, Hummel's Septet, and other pieces were played. It was almost the first performance of a Symphony in New York. For the first twenty five seasons the society struggled hard for its existence, scarcely paying expenses. The main object of its members was the cultivation of a taste for classical music in the public, and for that they almost gave their music to the city for nothing. The Society had almost fallen to ruin, when Dr. Doremus was invited to become President. He succeeded in making the concerts and rehearsals one of the most popular things in New York, by enlarging the orchestra to one hundred, and removing the place of the concerts to the Academy of Music. A few years after its commencement, the Society established the custom of admitting such as desired to be present at the rehearsals. This custom has been kept up ever since, and to day the rehearsals are more popular with the public than the concerts. The orchestra numbers one hundred musicians, well balanced, every member of whom thoroughly understands the part he has to play. Mr. Hill, the founder, still holds a conspicuous place among the first violins. In its completeness, this orchestra ranks first among American orchestras. It has, for several years, been conducted by Mr. Carl Bergmann. The concert of Saturday evening presented the following interesting programme:

Pastoral Symphony..........................Beethoven.
Aria "Dove Sono," (Figaro)..........................Mozart.
Mrs. Philip Gulager.
Introduction to Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Wagner
Pianoforte Concerto, (E flat)..........................Beethoven.
Herr Dionys Pruckner.
Song: "In questo simplice"..........................Donizetti.
Mrs. Gulager.
Introduction and Polonaise..........................Weber.
Herr Pruckner.
Overture: "Julius Cæsar."..........................Schumann.

The Pastoral Symphony, one of the most beautiful, and the most characteristic of all symphonies, was exquisitely played. It is the most popular of the nine, with the possible exception of the fifth. What could be more descriptive than the storm, and the enchanting hymn following? If Wagner or Liszt had this storm to interpret, they would probably have used cymbals, trombones, drums, &c. It was an unwholesome dose, to attempt to digest the "Meistersinger," coming as it did after the delicate Symphony, and the Mozart song. A piece more utterly feeble in musical ideas, from beginning to end, has never been conceived. A very poor analysis was printed on the back of the programme.

Mrs. Gulager's singing cannot be called a success. Her voice is very sweet, but small in volume, in such an immense building. Scarcely any applause greeted her.

The Concerto, the noblest ever written, was undoubtedly the feature of the concert. It was fairly played by Herr Pruckner, who made his début. His touch is excellent and execution good, but there is a monotony about his playing, which makes it very tiresome to listen to. He was very well received by the audience.

The concert closed with Schumann's very poor overture. Raff's Symphony, "In the forest," which was to have been played last season, will be the feature of the next concert. The overtures will be Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" and Weber's "Euryanthe."

The first Church Music Association concert is Dec. 19th. The programme is to contain a new overture: "Eine feste Burg," by Raff, Haydn's second Mass, and Weber's "Preciosa" (repeated by request.") A quintet club has been formed here, for the purpose of giving string quartets, and classical chamber music "of the highest order." The first is on Dec. 11th, and the others (there are five in all) will follow on the second Monday in each month. The programme for the first contains a quartet by Raff, one by Mendelssohn, and other pieces, mostly modern. They will take place at Chickering's rooms.

The Liederkranz Society gave a concert recently, at which Liszt's "Prometheus" was performed. The *Messiah* was very well given on Thanksgiving night by the Harmonic Society, with the same soloists as in "Elijah."

W.

---

NEW YORK, NOV. 25.—Since my last letter, Mr. Strakosch has given us Opera as follows: *Faust, Don Giovanni, La Sonnambula* and *Mignon*;—with additional representations of *Martha, Lucia* and *Traviata*. In all of these works, excepting *La Sonnambula*, Miss Nilsson has appeared, and by her perfect art, given freshness and beauty to the least interesting of them, and to the best an added grace.

The fifteenth Opera night has gone, and the above list with the addition of "The Barber," comprises all the opera which has been given,—although Mr. Strakosch in his prospectus led his subscribers to expect more variety. This, together with some other features of his management, has given rise to considerable dissatisfaction, of which I purpose writing more fully when the season is ended: for the present, —though there may be room for fault-finding, there is certainly something to praise.

It is pleasant to find a work of art so rare and so sufficient that we forget to look for its faults; and such a work is Miss Nilsson's impersonation of Gounod's Marguerite. So fully has this been acknowledged, that little has been left unsaid in its praise. The voice and method of the singer are such that even our New York critics,—who delight in pulling down where they cannot build up,—dare not attack them. So they content themselves with vague aspersions like the following: "There is a spirituality about Gounod's music, into which she does not enter." If the writer of a paragraph like the foregoing were asked to define its meaning,—he would doubtless be puzzled to render it in terms less vague than those above quoted.

Now the truth is that Miss Nilsson's delineation is distinguished from all others by the fact that she *does*, most fully, enter into the "spirituality" of Gounod's music.

In *Faust*, more than in any other opera, everything is subordinate to the rôle of the heroine. There are no systems of philosophy to expand, as in the poem, but music, song and story are but the adjuncts of light and shade, the background for that exquisite vision, the Marguerite of Ary Scheffer.

*Faust* has not the continuous flow of melody which characterizes the works of Verdi and Donizetti—and there is not that rare skill in treatment of the orchestra, for which Mozart was preëminent. Were there no Zerlina—or Donna Anna—the divine music of Don Juan would still be immortal: but Marguerite in *Faust* is the one vital element, without which the work would not live or be remembered.

The heroine of Goethe's poem is a simple, ignorant peasant girl, her mind intent on homely cares, and only raised above mediocrity, at first, by the intensity of her passion for Faust and, later, by the greatness of her despair. Gounod's Marguerite is purely an ideal creation, such as can be expressed in music. Other singers have studied Goethe, and, perceiving this difference, have considered the middle ground as their property and taken such positions thereon as individual caprice, or motives of policy, might dictate. Hence we have had various heroines, most of them light and coquettish, and all more or less artificial. But a great artist could make no such mistake; and Miss Nilsson, in undertaking this rôle, took a bold step and made herself the Marguerite of Gounod's music. I say a bold step, for the French—usually so nicely discriminating in matters of art—were slow to receive this impersonation, and it was only in London—which is the best place for cool, sound judgment in such matters—that its merits were fully recognized. The fact that, in New York, it is received with faint praise will surprise no one who has observed the mysterious ways of our critics.

Of *Mignon* anon.

A. A. C.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

---

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Little Daisy. Song and Chorus. 2. G to e. *Balfour.* 35

"Her bright eyes on me beam,
Laughing like the dancing moonlight,
Beaming on the running stream."

A sweet daisy ballad that ought to please everybody.

Susan, Susan, pity my confusion. 2. F to f. *Laburnam.* 40

When the band begins to play. 2. F to d. *Hunt.* 40

Soda Water. 2. G to e. *Merion.* 40

Sung by Miss Ada Wray, whose smiling face adorns the pretty title-page. Comic, of course.

Maidens of Jersey. 3. C to e. *Eikmeier.* 35

"The Maidens of Jersey are pretty and nice."
So says the song. A nice compliment skilfully presented.

Dreaming, still dreaming. F to f. *Thomas.* 20

Apart. 3. C to c. "

Two beautiful songs, as sung by Mr. Seguin of the Parepa troupe. Fine illustrated title. Music smooth, flowing, easy for the voice and elegant in construction.

Yester-eve he was full of Devotion. (Non So). Romanza. 5. A♭ to a. *Bevignani.* 40

Effective Italian concert song.

There's a new mound in the church-yard. Solo and Chorus. 3. E♭ to e. *Porter.* 30

"And the village still is mourning
For gentle Daisy Dean."

Popular style and pleasing.

She wandered down the mountain side. 4. C. to *g* *Clay.* 30

"She wandered down the mountain side
With measured tread and slow,
She heard the bell at even-tide
Down in the vale below."

Fine poem, very well interpreted by the music.

This loving Heart of mine. 3. F to f. *Cable.* 40

"This loving heart of mine
Will share each thought of thine."

'Tis night when thou art gone. 3. A♭ to e. *Vandewater.* 30

"'Tis night when thou art gone,
'Tis morning when thou art here."

Angel of thy Love. 4. F to f. *Gabriel.* 40

"Sweeter than rippling waves,
Or children's laughter ringing,"

In 12-8 time. Exceedingly graceful, and worthy of careful study.

### Instrumental.

Prince Alexis Galop. 2. F. *Hart.* 30

Full of sparkle. Prince Alexis should take it home to his sister.

Mountain Stream. 4 hands. 5 D♭. *Smith.* 1.00

Well-known favorite, newly arranged.

Little Rogue. (Kleiner Schelm). Polka. 3. A. *Faust.* 40

Perfectly charming, and so is the picture of the little rogue on the title.

Mother's Birth-day Polka. 3. C. *Wellman.* 30

Good for any birth-day.

Spring Dream Waltz. 3. G. *Grebeis.* 40

Very pretty melody.

Sophien Polka Mazurka. 3. E. *Conrad.* 30

A little Strauss-like. Brilliant.

Go Ahead Galop. 2. C. *Hart.* 30

Pretty and bright for learners.

Frolic of the Frogs. Waltz. For Guitar. 3. A. *Hayden.* 25

Well-known favorite.

Home again. Polka Maz. 3. B♭. *Chassaignac.* 60

Called a Mazurka de Salon, and is a very graceful thing for the parlor.

Sweet by and bye. 4. E♭. Variations by *Wyman.* 50

The melody fits well into the variations, so that it is sweet now, and by-and-bye, and always.

Rendezvous Galop. 3. D. *Zahonyi.* 30

Very neat and sparkling.

### Books.

BAUMBACH'S NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC. Price, in Cloth, $2.50, Boards $2.00

In turning over the leaves of this fine book one finds very little to criticise and a great deal to admire. It is among the very best, and will "go" without pushing.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 802. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1871. VOL. XXXI. No. 20.

## Dudley Buck's Second Collection of Sacred Motettes.

In the voice of sacred song the Holy Church throughout all the world doth proclaim the Goodness, the Majesty, and the Glory of God. Into this treasury poets and musicians have poured their choicest gifts. Its forms have been determined by the culture of the peoples whose worship it from age to age expressed. In the time of David, the stately antiphon was upborne by the sonorous trumpet.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in."

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:
For his mercy endureth forever."

To the noble strains of the Jewish psalmists the early Christian church added those grand hymns:

"Glory be to God on high,"

and

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

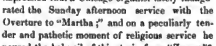
And thereunto each successive age has added its own new experiences and nearer foretastes of the kingdom of God. About a hundred years ago, the great spiritual awakening under the ministrations of Wesley, Swedenborg, Doddridge, and Whitfield, gave rise to a hymnody beautifully lyric in its forms, and gloriously true to the phases of spiritual experience. From this recent epoch come the songs that are now dearest to the Protestant church.

Nor is the musical aspect less varied or interesting. Of the Jewish strains, nothing remains to us. The Ambrosian chants still exist, but, compared with the rich texture of modern music, they are as the Conventicle to the Cathedral. The conventicle may possess more piety; but at all events it hath no beauty that our souls should desire it. The entire creation of modern music goes back hardly more than two hundred years. Within this comparatively brief period the most expressive of the fine arts, and the one best suited to our present civilization, has been brought to its present perfection. With each successive advance in the process, the leading composer of his age has laid his noblest thoughts on the altar of the church. Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven: all these have wedded some of their choicest strains to sacred words. But the elaboration of these master-pieces rendered them unavailable for devotional uses. On festival occasions, with unusual resources, their production added the necessary element of triumph to the feast. But for the daily needs of devotion, they were as if they had never been. The people's worship has sought expression through the Chorales, those broad and simple melodies, the earliest specimens of which came from the Germans. On these patterns the English worked, adding to the peculiarly Teutonic structure an infusion of the pathos more noticeable in Celtic airs. Of this composite order are the old tunes called "Mear," "Avon," "Dundee," "China," and "Coleshill."

The early Methodists and Independents abolished choirs and organs, and restricted their sacred music to the limited forms of the Chorale; and in the absence of trained vocal or instrumental helps, these melodies lost the varied harmonies with which great organists had embellished them, and the people sang only such fundamental basses as could be found out by the untutored improvisation of here and there a worshipper whose deep voice forbade his participation in the melody. In this barren musical faith our Pilgrim forefathers were trained. From this abnormal and uncomfortable plainness there was necessarily a reaction toward greater elaboration. First came the Billings era—a zeal not according to knowledge. Then came Lowell Mason, who sought out bits of the works of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven; cutting out of their musical creations four-line patches here and there. This gave more beautiful melodies and varied and musician-like harmonies. On the pattern so set worked many later comers—with the trifling exception that they discarded the "played-out" strains of the old masters entirely, and wrote new tunes of their own, by the quantity, having simple and often need melodic strains, and plain harmonies. This over-productiveness, it will be observed, was necessitated by the fact that the tunes and entire books had merely an ephemeral existence. Somehow they quickly got stale, although here and there a hale and hearty old chorale marched down a hundred years or so. The rate of infantile mortality of these psalm-tunes was far larger than any board of health would have predicted. In their structure there was a trifling omission: the creators neglected to put souls in the forms. They had no individuality of character.

For this reason they could not permanently supply the needs of the people for chorales embodying typical phases of emotion; while, on the other hand, they were too short and simple to satisfy the appetite of trained singers. Not discerning the signs of the times, the composers simply multiplied their works, without adapting them any more completely to either of the two radically different wants of the market. Had they ever heard of the animal who starved between two bundles of hay? Mr. L. O. Emerson succeeded in some degree in infusing more character into his metrical psalmody, and so attained a remarkable currency—a currency, let it be observed, almost exclusively in the *choirs*, and not among the *people*. Nor is it difficult to see the reason. Each of his tunes is a study for a fitting musical dress to a chosen hymn. Its very nicety of adaptation debars it from use among the people, while the want of musical elaboration prevents it from meeting the permanent appropriation of the choir. By his personal influence in insisting on a right emotional frame in song—that the choir ought to worship God, and not seek a glorification of their musical ability, he has accomplished much good; but the fact remains that a musical formation of eight measures only stands no more chance of permanent success as a musical composition, than a poem of four lines would do. A greater development is necessary in order properly to discuss any topic. On the other hand, all the composers of psalmody have failed in the matter of anthems, and this chiefly for the want of necessary technical training properly to wield the larger forms, especially if to the purely vocal part-writing there be added a suitable organ accompaniment. Yet as musical taste increases, the demand for artistic church music becomes more imperative.

To meet this want a large number of works have been put forth, such as the *Church and Home*, *Grace Church Collection*, *Baumbach's Quartettes*, and Mr. Buck's former *Collection of Sacred Motettes*. Of all except the one last mentioned it should be said that too great a license was used in the introduction of characteristically secular music. To such an extent has this been carried that there are composers who affirm that *all* music is sacred. It was, doubtless, under this impression that a Chicago organist lately inaugurated the Sunday afternoon service with the Overture to "Martha;" and on a peculiarly tender and pathetic moment of religious service he poured the holy oil of this strain from "Zampa"*



A composer of sacred music remarked to me recently on the "ecclesiastical character of the music in the opera of 'Martha.'" But as I had never observed it, the conversation was not animated.

Criticism likewise attaches to the introduction of pianoforte accompaniments, when the arrangement is to be played upon the organ. Were it not for personality, I could refer to a large number of examples of this kind. But after all, the gravest charge I have to make against the books of this class that have come under my notice is, that much of their contents *is not church music*. What music, then, *is* fit for the church? it is asked.

Church Music, I reply, is such as adequately portrays the spirit of the chosen passages from the Psalter or the Hymnal, and in point of elaboration is not too difficult for the class of choirs or singers for whom it is designed. The heavy choruses of Handel and others are truly sacred music, but they are too elaborate for church music. Church music implies the worship of God; if the music be of too trivial or sensuous a nature to convey this emotion, or if it be so elaborate as to fully absorb the singer in the technical act of performance, to the exclusion of any enjoyment of the act of worship on his part, it falls so far short of excellence as church music. Indeed there is reason to believe that much music that passes for sacred has nothing sacred about it. Take the so-called "Mozart's Twelfth Mass" and where in it will you find a devotional strain?

Of Mr. Buck's former collection I would say that, having used it in church for some two years, I am prepared to testify to its general excellence.

* I notate from memory.

Several of the author's own pieces grow better and better as we use them. His "The Lord is King," though marred by unnecessary difficulties in the organ accompaniment, is a most excellent motette. "Brightest and best" is another piece that always pleases. Indeed fully one half the contents of the collection has proved available for our use. Another good thing about it was its general homogeneousness of material. It is possibly a mistake for an author to attempt to suit his book to all tastes. Let it be generally adapted to a certain class of wants, but make sure that it contains enough of some one kind to render it worth buying.

The present work consists of 186 pages of music. There are forty-six pieces, of which three are *Te Deums*, covering 29 pages. Deducting these, we have forty-three pieces of an average length of three pages and a half, two scores to the page. The first piece in the book is a setting of the words "The God of Abraham praise," a hymn tense in phraseology, poetic and scriptural in imagery, of the most elevated sentiment,—in all points one of the noblest lyrics ever written.

Mr. Buck's version ought to be peculiarly acceptable to choirs from the fact that the popular air, to which these words were originally sung, has become unknown, while no new one has been proposed to take its place. As an example of the successful musical illustration of chosen words it would be difficult to find a better than this of Mr. Buck's. Without descending to details, which would hinder us too long, we merely call attention in passing to the manner in which are treated the words: "Jehovah, Great I Am. By earth and heaven confess'd;" then, too the *crescendo* "Who was and is the same," with its climax at "Great I Am," and the reverential *piano*: "as worship Thee;" then, again, how jubilant rises the strain, "The whole triumphant host" And how neatly an air of animation is communicated by the eighth-note motion in the accompaniment! The next piece: "Hark! hark! My Soul," is a setting of a favorite hymn from "Hymns Ancient and Modern." To this extended composition, running through four stanzas, although a different musical setting is given for every verse, a unity is imparted by the clever management of the refrain, "Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night," while the closing climax is made by a more elevated and elaborate repetition of the refrain. In passing, I ought to refer to the soprano solo to the second verse, which is beautiful and expressive, and the passage: "Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing," where a bell-like effect is attained by an easy and unexpected transition from the key of F to D flat.

And so we might go on, mentioning piece after piece: "Give unto the Lord" with its unison canon (the men following the women—a natural sequence); —"He shall come down like rain," a very lovely piece indeed, concluding with a very clever and effective fugue: "Arise! Shine! for thy light is come," a piece I have some curiosity to hear sung. On page 52 we find a nice, quiet Evening Song, in which, as everywhere else, the words are well treated, and the musical proprieties observed; and all this with no sacrifice of musical feeling or freshness of ideas. Indeed, Mr. Buck holds that whoever trusts to purely *musical* inspiration, will inevitably run short of ideas in time; but if one derives his melodies and harmonies from the chosen text, his musical ideas will become fresh in proportion as he seeks to illustrate rich and suggestive poems.

It is perhaps the *Te Deum* feature of this book which is most exposed to adverse criticism. It certainly looks bold to set this sublime hymn to a potpourri from an oratorio; yet if the selected strains happen to be the best and fittest of all musical ventures for the particular verses of the hymn, who ought to object? I confess that my conservation was shocked by this, to me, novel proceeding. Yet a more careful examination has made me a friend to the new movement. Indeed there is no reason *a priori* why the hymn: "We praise Thee, O God," should be restricted to fresh custom-made clothes, while other hymns quite as good ("O come let us sing unto the Lord," etc.) borrow and lend their musical vestments with a simplicity most edifying.

The first of the *Te Deums* in question is from the "Creation." The words are set to the strains from "The Heavens are telling" as far as the verses: "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man," where the duet: "By thee with bliss" comes in, and not badly. "We therefore pray thee" brings several strains from "Of stars the fairest" at the words: "O Lord have mercy," we come back again to the original chorus.

The second is from "Elijah," embracing a good part of "Thanks be to God." The verse: "When thou tookest upon thee," is set to the bass solo and following chorus: "Look down on us from heaven O Lord." The verses: "We believe that thou shalt come," are set to music from "He that shall endure;" "O save thy people" is "Cast thy burden on the Lord," "Vouchsafe, O Lord" gives us a taste of "If with all your hearts;" and at "O Lord, in thee have I trusted" we are led back to the original strain. This Yankee-like propensity of Mr. Buck to make both ends meet is highly commendable, and gives his works a unity we vainly seek for in many anthems,

The remaining *Te Deum* is taken from "Eli," but into its structure we will not enter. Of the one from "Elijah" we must testify that it is a most charming work, and makes a delightful piece for the organ, if one wanted for no other use.

But I have already extended these comments too far. Yet I have not touched upon the choice pieces from Mozart, Liszt, Wagner, André, Haydn (the *Gloria* from the third mass), Beethoven, Rossini (*Stabat Mater*) Neukomm, Barnby, Sterndale Bennett, and others. In a somewhat careful examination I have not encountered an out and out example of bad taste, though there may be such in the book. Some things are weak. The music is not in the old ecclesiastical style, but modern,—*musical*. It is in almost every case exceedingly well fitted to the words. Buck's treatment of the 8th Gregorian tone will, I am sure, please Mr. Buck's, and Oxon's. The taste displayed in making the selections is of the very choicest; and I close this imperfect analysis with a cordial recommendation of the book to choirs who would sing reasonably *Sacred* Music.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

## Popular Art Education.

THE PROGRESS MADE IN BOSTON—SKETCH OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DRAWING INTO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—THE NORMAL SCHOOL OF ART—SUCCESSFUL REPRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF INDUSTRIAL ART EDUCATION—HISTORY OF THAT SYSTEM.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

† The great movement toward a popular art education, which this city has just begun, and in which all the large towns of the Commonwealth are rapidly following, furnishes a topic of really great interest. The subject is indeed one of more than ordinary importance Nothing has been felt more keenly by educated and travelled Americans than the lack of æsthetic culture in their own country. The vast increase in material wealth during the past half-century, which has built up in the United States a large moneyed class, has been followed by no corresponding amount of development in the direction of true art. Cultivated people have grown tired of laughing at the statues set up in public places, and the display of ignorance and lack of discrimination by American picture buyers is proverbial. It is true there are some artists, who paint magnificent pictures, and in the large cities they find a constituency and make a living. But it is not there that the shoe pinches. It is "the people" who want practical knowledge of art. With as large an amount of ingenuity and inventive power as the people of other countries, the Yankees have done the mechanical part to perfection, but the infinite possibility of art in beautifying and adorning the surroundings of life have been but little understood. American manufactures, too, have needed the art element. It has been noticed that a nation so behind hand as the English are in the subjects of common-school education have succeeded in a comparatively short time in making practical a special and technical subject, and the thought has arisen, Why should American manufactures, which need the art element as much as the manufactures of Europe, be deprived of so valuable an element through the want of a system of art education? During the past thirty-six years art education has been made general in England, and it is practically the English system which is now being grafted on the educational system of Massachusetts. It has long been felt, especially in Boston, that something else was wanted besides the general and elementary subjects, in the common schools, and the first effort made to add other subjects was in the direction of music—which has already borne such great fruits. Americans abroad have examined into the subject of art culture and have felt that their own country was far behind in this matter. There have been no more persistent and systematic observers of education in art and science in any part of Europe than American travellers. There is a class of intelligent, educated, wealthy Americans scouring the whole of Europe, knowing every picture in the galleries, attending the *soirées* of the artists, inquiring to the studios into the various branches of art, purchasing everything that is purchasable, and bringing home scores of theoretical knowledge of art and taste, and a desire to see art naturalized in the country. Out of all this has come a desire that art education should become an accomplished fact here.

### ART EDUCATION IN BOSTON.

This brings us to speak of what has been accomplished in this city. In recognition of the laws upon which the success of manufacturing art and the increase of taste rested in Europe, namely, the establishment of collections as types and standards, and the education of the people in the first principles of art, the two agencies have been initiated in Boston and Massachusetts. There we have the Museum of Fine Arts projected, and the foundations of the first wing are nearly completed, which if it ever take its proper place will be Massachusetts, and possibly to all America, what South Kensington is to London and England, or the Louvre and the Ecole des Beaux Arts and the Polytechnique School of Paris are to Paris and France. In fact, with the experience of these famous institutions in Europe before us, there is no reason why a marked improvement cannot be made upon any one of these national organizations by the combination of the best features of each. The one limit to the good to which these efforts may attain will be the difficulty of obtaining works of art of a sufficiently high character to be recognized as a national standard. The supply of masters, although it is not exhausted, in these modern days is actually limited in the number of specimens that exist in the world, and those who possess masterpieces by great artists are sufficiently attached to them to take care that they do not leave the respective countries in which they are at present owned. This applies only to the subject of paintings. All works of sculpture and of metal can be reproduced with absolute accuracy, and the reproductions are just as valuable for the purposes of art study as the originals. Added to this, the other branches of industrial fine art may be so illustrated by reproduction in various ways, that a museum may be established in Boston as valuable to our purposes of education as if it were a *bona fide* antiquarian collection. It is in this respect that the museum of arts will be thoroughly supplied. The museum will afford a receptacle for such of the masterpieces of modern art as are obtainable, and by

Google

creating a public picture gallery to which wealthy citizens who already possess collections of pictures may leave their art treasures for the public benefit, an opportunity will be afforded for the massing of such private collections, and if this be done the museum will soon possess a by no means insignificant collection of specimens of ancient art. It will be found here, as it has already been found in England, that individuals who possess such gems of art as cannot be equalled or replaced will feel that the proper place for them is a public collection, where everybody can enjoy them and where their influence will be most widely felt. . It is understood that the museum is not intended to be a mere lounging place for the idle. It is intended to offer facilities for education in art, to be illustrated by the collections which will ultimately be formed, so that even if professional schools of painting, to include training schools for art matters, be not undertaken by the trustees, if they be undertaken by the State or city as a part of their system of education the means of advanced education afforded at the Museum will be attainable. The prospect of accomplishing that part of the schema is immediate. There are in this city such a number of connoisseurs and highly educated artists that it will be possible to establish professorships of the various art subjects—sculpture, painting, architecture and the technical processes of art. Only the collections at the Museum are needed to make this an accomplished fact.

DRAWING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The successful foundation of a system of instruction in the first principles of art, which is sure in time to be made as universal in this country as the common school system itself, may safely be predicated from what has been accomplished in Boston during the past two years. The great work has been initiated so quietly and in such a brief space of time that public attention has not been much called to it, and perhaps none but those who have been engaged in pushing it forward have understood how finely their efforts are succeeding. To a few members of the Boston school committee, advised and aided by some truly generous artists, belongs the honor of taking the first steps and preparing the way for introducing thorough instruction in art into the public schools. This was done in the year 1870, when the first report on the subject of drawing was made to the school board by a committee, of which Mr. William T. Brigham was chairman, and to whom great credit for awakening the attention of the members of the board to the importance of the subject is due. This report is especially interesting, as showing how feeble and desultory were the attempts made previous to the appointment of the committee, to provide any of the scholars in the public schools with a knowledge of the art. The programme of studies in the twelve wards of the city included drawing, but it was not followed. In the words of the committee: "There was a general feeling among the teachers that drawing was simply an accomplishment for those whose leisure might be amused by its exercise, and that the large majority of the children in their charge would be better off without it; and with this impression, joined to the knowledge that there were no examinations or requirements in this department for promotion to higher schools, it is not strange that the time, already insufficient, was found too short for drawing. In some schools the routine of taking out the books, allowing the children to play with pencil and paper for half an hour, and then putting away the result, often without examination, was virtuously performed. In a few schools instruction, and good instruction, was given by the master and his assistants; but this was very exceptional."

In the High and Latin schools some regular teaching was provided, but there was nowhere any system, from the primary to the high schools, and in the three sections of the city different methods were used in intermediate and upper schools. Practically there was scarcely anything accomplished. The committee made up their minds that the work of instruction must be done by regular teachers, and that a system of teaching to apply to all the schools must be adopted. At this time they perceived that the work of instruction should naturally begin in the primary schools, and they began to look about for means of educating the teachers to enable them to impart the necessary instruction. While considering what should be done the committee corresponded with Mr. Charles C. Perkins, who suggested that the proper thing to do was to send at once to South Kensington for a normal teacher, and urged such action upon the committee, and offered if that was done to procure the necessary models at his own expense and give them to the city. This suggestion was earnestly favored by the committee, and it has resulted in bringing to Boston the present year one of the most eminent teachers of industrial art in Europe, Mr. Walter Smith, to whom the direction of art instruction in the public schools has been given. On the 12th of April, 1870, it was ordered that one hour each week should be devoted to drawing in the grammar and primary schools, and the work of systematic instruction was begun. At the same time an interesting report was elicited from Mr. William M. Bartholomew, who had charge of drawing in the normal school and was for some years the only teacher of drawing in the public schools. In the first report of the committee the whole subject of art instruction was admirably reviewed, and the committee closed it by offering an order authorizing the employment of a teacher from the South Kensington school of art, and another order for the establishment of three evening schools for teaching drawing to adults and persons not in the public schools. The latter effort was rendered imperative by the passage of a law by the legislature compelling all towns and cities of more than ten thousand inhabitants to make provision for free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing.

Under the able and energetic management of the drawing-room committee so much was accomplished that in their second annual report, made in July the present year, they were able to show a rapid advance in the scheme of art instruction. Both the teachers and scholars were found to be enthusiastic in receiving the instruction, and the happiest results were already evident. A system of general supervision was established and the schools were divided into districts, which were assigned to Messrs. Furneaux, Hitchings and Barry, who also had charge of the drawing classes in the girls' high and normal school, the English high school and Latin school respectively. In November, 1870, a free drawing school was opened at the rooms of the Institute of Technology, and over a thousand persons entered their names—many more being turned away on account of the impossibility of furnishing them with instruction. Classes in mechanical, architectural and free-hand drawing were instituted, and also a class in ship-drafting. For instruction in the latter subject an instructor was procured from the navy-yard. The school at once became a great success, and prepared the way for the establishment of other free classes the present season. The city council, which had not been able to sympathize with the efforts of the drawing committee, refused the necessary appropriation, but this did not prevent the making of the experiment in compliance with the law. Over six thousand dollars were expended for this school, the average expense for each student being $15,66. A notable event in connection with the subject was the gift by the American Social Science Association of the fine collection of casts to the girl's high and normal school, which adorns the large hall of that institution and renders it the best-equipped school for art instruction in the country.

As the employment of special instructors in sufficient number to meet the wants of the schools in Boston was quite out of the question, it was decided that the regular teachers could and must do the work, under suitable direction. After a careful consideration of the means to be used to carry into effect this important addition to our system of public education, a consideration which called for an examination of the systems in use in Belgium, France, Prussia and England, it was finally decided that the system in use in South Kensington should be the basis, while the Belgian and French methods, where they surpassed this in efficiency, might be grafted on. The engagement of Mr. Walter Smith as director of drawing in the public schools followed in mid-summer. The committee on drawing having received permission from the city council to employ a graduate of the South Kensington Art School, Mr. Cole, who is the eminent director of that institution, was written to, and in response to the request that he would recommend a competent teacher, Mr. Smith was suggested as the gentleman most competent to fill the position. That our English friends should have been willing to spare their ablest instructor in industrial art certainly speaks well for their interest in the advancement of art in this country. Mr. Smith has been identified with popular art education in England for many years, and has been head master of a number of the most important art schools in the provincial cities.—Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield and elsewhere. In fact he held the best position as an art master in the United kingdom. Previous to his engagement, means were provided to enable him to visit Boston to see what was to be done, and he came out in May last. Finding what a splendid field lay before him he at once accepted the offer of the city in connection with the position of director of drawing for the State, which was also offered to him, and soon afterwards Mr. Smith returned with his family and took up his residence in this city. Before coming to reside here permanently, Mr. Smith selected a series of casts and models to place in the normal school of art of which he is at the head.

The rooms for this school are at present on the upper floor of the primary schoolhouse on Appleton street. There are two small lecture-rooms, and one large hall divided in the centre, in order to furnish accomodation for separate classes of teachers and also for the free evening classes which have been opened here. The accommodations are good in their way but very limited, and the erection of a large building for the normal art school is only a matter of time. The special teachers of drawing in the girls' high and normal school, the English high school, and the Latin school and the Roxbury and Dorchester high schools receive instruction from Mr. Smith, before the classes for the teachers begin, in consultation with him developing the best methods of simplifying education in drawing. The general outline of the plan of instruction is as follows: Every teacher must, once a fortnight, receive a lesson from Mr. Smith, which she will in turn impart to her pupils. Twice each year there will be an examination of every school, when each grade will have a model to draw in a certain time; the drawings will be labelled with the name of the school, pupil and teacher, and collected for Mr. Smith's inspection. In this way he will be able to see when any school falls behind, and where the trouble is, and at once go to that school and correct the faulty teacher; and, on the other hand, when the work shows an ability to profit by more difficult lessons in more advanced grades, the promotion can be made. Thus from the normal school the influence of this system is extended into every school within the city limits, for the teachers reproduce before their scholars the lessons which they receive from Mr. Smith.

[Conclusion next time.]

## Choral Societies an Educational Board.

(From the London Orchestra.)

England is said to be not a musical nation; but the unprejudiced foreigner is free to admit England is no bad judge of the musical doings of other nations. There are thoughts in sounds, logic in harmony, and moral sense in the forms and spirit of compositions, and with regard to these points our countrymen and countrywomen are no mean critics. To those who look upon music as simply amusement —a soothing or irritation of the animal man—a low and often evil way of procuring gratification—music can find its appropriate base and insolent expression. It has its characteristics for all kinds of naughtiness, and there is more than enough of them to be seen in our music halls and the other too well known places of resort. The song and the dance, in their right estate pure and beautiful, can easily be turned and twisted into that which is debased and abominable; so much so as to deter the refined and thoughtful from participating in modes of musical art that are utter failures as means of pleasure or proper incitements to the imagination and the intellect. All this sort of music has its victory for a time, but meets with direct and fatal defeat in the end. It takes no real hold, although fruitful in mischief; it is felt to be injurious to the interests of the commonwealth, and the national instinct remains assured that this prostitution of a noble art is both calamitous and inglorious. It cannot rise, the school has no upward motion; it must descend; it is born of corruption leading to speedy degradation and ultimate dissolution. It possesses no good feeling, and is a stumbling-block to the moral sense.

England is without her grand national opera; for at present we have no composer who has the moral sense in music sufficiently strong to conceive a grand *opera seria*, nor even the range, finish, or accuracy of art to produce the *make believe* of the modern continental opera. Our opera composers have neither the moral sense, the earnestness, or the poetical—imaginative—power requisite to create the great musical drama. They cannot put on the *abandon*—the reprehensible play with sounds—so perfectly at command with our neighbors across the channel, for they have not the artistic resources, nor have they the power to conceal the unworthy, if not vicious, intent. Imitation of the French opera is impossible. The Southern opera is no less inapproachable, so much so, that Verdi is voted a mannerist and a bore, from the very impossibility of imitating him. The German dramatic composer is philosophical, but no dreamer; idealistic, but quite practical; a man, picturing the thoughts and actions of manhood. He can portray in his metaphysical method domestic life, military life, and the transcendental scenes of his myths and supernaturals. He paints them as facts, not abstractions; realities, not mere theatrical scenes. All this is beyond our music-makers. It is useless now to inquire into what might have been the result of the new Mendelssohn opera, but we incline to imagine it would neither have been very new, nor altogether inapproachable. It would have been like his sacred

and cantata music, not too great in art to prove unfathomable, or too singular in feeling to have become unsympathetic. His death to England was a great loss, an incalculable loss, for since the days of Handel he alone was the only composer that used a school which made composers of our musicians. "You were players when I came here," said Handel; there was no one in England who could compose music: now you are all composers, and have ceased to be performers." Remembering the English oratorio—music manufactured here previous to the outburst of the "*St. Paul*," and the effect of the revelation of a mechanism within ordinary reach, although the spirit was beyond grasp, we may truly affirm that the music of Mendelssohn created a real army of composers in this country, and had he been permitted to pass on into the opera, the advantage to our native workers in sounds would have proved beyond measure incalculable. But he lived to make the choral society and the chorus singer. True it is we had our Choral Unions, Classical Harmonists, and Sacred Harmonic Society: there were the "*Messiah*" and the "*Creation*," and Mr. Surman had unearthed the unknown oratorios of the "*Jeptha*," the "*Deborah*," "*Athalie*," "*Solomon*," "*Samson*," "*Israel in Egypt*." "*Judas Maccabæus*," and other grand choral works of Handel. Louis Spohr had toned down the savage Briton, and Neukomm was appeasing his musical hunger with his tasteless hashes from Haydn and Mozart. But there was no real life, no unmistakable delight in oratorio music of modern make, and even Handel was a superstition, rather than a sympathetic faith. The oratorios of Mendelssohn made the choral societies move, brought in new thought and a chorus which could be universally sung throughout the kingdom. In one morning it put aside the cold imitations of Neukomm, and the "*Sinai*," and the "*David*" were never more heard. Mendelssohn lowered his standard in the *Elijah*" and the "*Lobgesang*," thus helping our musicians in modes of oratorio composition, but rendering it difficult to see what he could do either in freshness or power with his projected third oratorio. The *Elijah* became the popular work, not so much for its real dramatic character as for the sweet subjective movements relieving the progress of the creation. The composer gauged the moral sense of this country in music, and it was one with which he fully sympathized. To as much of the hard-hitting common sense of Handel as he could command, he added the tender gentleness and sustained belief of Sebastian Bach. Mendelssohn came with the Bach feeling, if not with the Bach mode of expression. He was forcible in his execution because he was serious, he was soft and gentle because he was tender and true. In his thanksgivings he turned towards Handel, in his litanies towards Sebastian Bach. In either case it was the music which gave joy and delight, and the nation felt that the real purpose and end of music was now put into its hands, and where there was one choral society, now there might be ten. Handel had hitherto been the educator of the national mind, the creator of the moral sense in harmony; now there was one of lower frame with the same intent who could enlarge the circle and give new impetus in the opening up of the many great choral works, so out of hand and so little known. Mendelssohn brought out of its tomb, where it had slept for a century, the great "*Passione*" of Bach; his opinion led to the production of the Grand Mass of Beethoven; Exeter Hall took a new lease, and the country festivals drew in fresh breath and new power. The choral societies increased, and then arose the Handel Festival. All this activity arose from the moral sense in the music and its perception by the moral sense of the country. It was not that the people were turning more religious, but that they felt there were master-spirits dealing with music in its highest form, and portraying subjects of the deepest importance, in a way which their judgment approved, and one not too difficult for their grasp. This unmistakable growth in oratorio performances has led to the successful institution of Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Society; and now we see advertised a proposed gathering up of the metropolitan choral forces in the Royal Albert Hall. The choir in this place is to consist of sixteen hundred voices, under the superintendence of the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and under the guidance and conductorship of M. Charles Gounod.

Mr. Barnby has made the wonderful master-piece of Sebastian Bach a household book in England. Some idea of the education in music amongst the unmusical inhabitants of this country may be gathered from this fact: when some thirty or forty years ago certain enthusiasts proposed to bring out the eight-part vocal motets of Sebastian Bach, Sir George Smart, to whom the proposal was referred, said, "It is impossible, we have no singers here who can sing this music." Mr. Barnby produced a much more difficult work—the "*Passion*"—with but few rehearsals and with the most undeniable success.—Mr. Henry Leslie also has had sung at his concerts one or two of these eight impracticable motets, much to the delight of his numerous auditory. We have now three choral societies of great power and almost unlimited resources.

There are the not well-known compositions of Sebastian Bach, such as his Christmas Oratorio and his Easter Cantata, not to mention his many large and interesting Festival Anthems. There are also the not well-known compositions of Handel. As the Anthems and Oratorios of Sebastian Bach demand re-scoring, so the secular oratorios—the unknown classical dramas of Handel—required revision and remodelling. What magnificent music is there lying in these unknown deposits of his learning and genius, and to which nothing short of the great choral societies, now in existence, can give full justice. The educational result gained by the production of these unknown works would be immense. It is a simple question of the patronage of the public. There is no lack of enterprise, no want of talent.

With M. Gounod and Sir Michael Costa we have towers of strength; but there is one man living to whom we think it most desirable that some work of Handel should be given to re-model in his own way; need we say Richard Wagner?* The undertaking might shed a new light upon Wagner, and teach him to make his rough places plain, and his crooked, straight; and if so, we think it possible that Wagner, Handel, and the British public would all be gainers by the experiment.

*Handel remodelled by Wagner!!!—Ed.

# Musical Correspondence.

Chicago, Dec. 20. The current of events has begun to resume its former tranquillity in this town. Folks that were burned out and ruined have discovered that they still live, and somehow manage to keep the pot boiling. The day after the fire it did look rather discouraging. Of the awful magnitude of the loss no one can really form a true conception. An immense number of people are dependent on charity, and will be for the entire winter. Still there is very little street begging—none I may say. Building has been pushed to the most wonderful extent. Messrs. J. V. Farwell & Co. are now occupying the lower three stories of their new five-story building on Monroe street, built on the site of their former warehouse. This large building is of brick, about fifty by two hundred feet. The *Tribune* makes out that about three miles and a half of frontage have already been rebuilt with permanent and, for the most part, solid structures of brick, many of them with stone trimmings. The recent cold snap (in which the thermometer went down to twelve or fifteen degrees below zero) has temporarily suspended brick-laying. But I have no doubt it will be actively resumed should a warm spell of weather favor us. Soon after the fire an advertisement was widely circulated for situations for music-teachers. Some eight places were offered, and notice was conspicuously given in the *Tribune* and copied in some of the other city papers; but not more than two teachers offered themselves as ready to leave the city. Several others came to see if there were any private relief funds to be given out.

The Messrs. Tiesset, two brothers, of whose excellent doings I wrote you last winter, in the first panic rushed off to Philadelphia. But they are back here again now, and, I hope, doing well. Mr. Heman Allen, probably our best violin teacher, and one of the best piano teachers, has two offices, one on the South side, and one on the West. Mr. Goldbeck is the only man we have with enterprise enough to give lessons on both sides at once, by telegraph—and his is not yet in operation.

In my former communications I find I have failed to award due recognition to that exceedingly argumentative mortal, Mr. Paul Becker. Mr. Becker has been longer resident of Chicago than any other teacher here, but, being of an industrious turn of mind and always full of pupils, he has not found it necessary to make a noise about his being here. He was a pupil of the same master as Theo. Kullak of Berlin; though who that master may have been I have'nt the slightest idea. Besides, this proves nothing, as I infer from the fact that I happen to know a man who was made by the same Creator as Daniel Webster—yet the man I know is not great nor "god-like." But Mr. Becker is an excellent musician of the older school. His pianoforte technique is based on the school of Hummel, and is of unusual extent. His artistic readings are musician-like, but his touch is a little *hard*, which hinders the beauty of his Chopin interpretations. In teaching he makes great account of playing four-hand music with his pupils, an excellent idea—especially if they are pretty and clever. Mr. Becker, however, has no especial predilection for the class I have named; indeed he finds the other sort less distracting. Mr. Becker has written a number of very clever and musician-like pieces for the pianoforte, but they were not significant nor striking enough to gain currency. As the case now stands he is one of our very best teachers, and I have pleasure in performing the agreeable duty of introducing him to the immortality of Dwight's Journal. Mr. Robert Goldbeck, whom I suppose you know for the author of a number of remarkably clever and thoughtful essays on musical topics, is said to be a fine pianist. He has never played in public here within four years, and my testimony to his merits is second-hand only. He tells me he is full of pupils—and that means a good deal, for he has a Conservatory and teaches six in a class. Putting six in a class seems to me to be "cutting it rather fine," so to speak, but probably they know best. I have been trying it myself with three in a class and it works capitally—much better than I thought it would.

In the world of business there are a number of changes. Root & Cady have sold their sheet-music catalogue to the Brainards at a very fair price. They go out of sheet-music trade entirely. Mr. George F. Root has withdrawn from the firm, and with his brother W. A. Root, and his two sons, F. W., and Chas. T. Root, has organized the firm of Geo. F. Root & Sons; they will deal in sheet-music and music-books. Root & Cady continue in their organ, piano, and imported goods trade, and the publication of their music-books. Mr. Wm. Lewis is admitted to the firm. Root & Cady were doing business at the time of the fire, on a basis of upwards of $500,000 a year. Mr. W. W. Kimball continues. His resources were ample, as he bought on thirty days time and sold on long time and easy payments. He has moved his store to his residence on Michigan Avenue, where he has room for about one hundred pianos. Messrs. A. Reed & Sons have taken a room over a livery stable, as the visitor's nose will be likely to inform him. But financially they are in excellent odor, and have a large stock of pianos on hand. J. Bauer & Co. have a store on Michigan Avenue, near Root & Cady, in the same house with a pawn-broking establishment; so a fellow can pawn his coat and buy a fiddle without leaving the premises. This is really handy.

Messrs. Lyon & Healy is the name of a firm comparatively unknown in the east, outside of musical circles. They began business here about six years and a half ago, and the first year sold about $180,000 of goods. The fact that they were the Western representatives of Messrs. O. Diston & Co., gave them a good start from the first; and this notwithstanding the fact that Messrs. Root & Cady at that time seemed to have a monopoly of the music trade of the West. Lyon & Healy began in a small store on the corner of Clark and Washington Sts. The premises proving too small for them, they moved into Smith & Nixon's hall, where they had ample scope. The piano department was carried on by Smith & Nixon, an old and wealthy firm, for seventeen years representatives of the Steinways, here and at Cincinnati. In January, 1870, they moved into a magnificent

Digitized by Google

store in Drake's Block, Wabash Avenue and Washington St., having a frontage of 90 feet on Wabash Avenue, and 50 feet on Washington. The building was five stories high, and the rent even higher—$20,000 a year. Here they had the finest music store ever seen in this country. Their business had increased, meanwhile, to upwards of $200,000 a year, making the largest music trade west of Boston. In September of the same year, they were burnt out. They then took a store on Clark street, where they had four stories, about 180 ft. by 30 ft. The recent fire came within a year of the former one, and caught them with a very heavy stock of all kinds of goods, especially of pianos, of which they had about a hundred burned—most of them Steinway's.

In November 1868, Lyon & Healy commenced the publication of *The Musical Independent*, a quarto of thirty-two pages, sixteen of which were new music. Of the character of this magazine I need not speak. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, you know—and my relations to the dear deceased were of so tender and intimate a character as to forbid my enlarging on the topic. I merely pause here to erect a monument to its memory, which in token of its distinctively Western character I would inscribe

To the Memory of
THE MUSICAL INDEPENDENT.
"It done its level best."
*Requiescat in pace.*

Since the fire Lyon & Healy sold their sheet-music catalogue to your publishers, Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., and so found themselves unable to continue the *Musical Independent* for want of music plates to fill its pages.

This leaves Chicago with just one musical paper, *The Song Messenger*—a name that sounds "sappy," as Mr. Wm. Mason would say. It has a very large circulation, amounting to 12,000 monthly. Brainard's *Musical World* (published at Cleveland) has the same amount of circulation. This indicates, I think, that the field of musical journalism is steadily enlarging. I look forward confidently to the time in the immediate future, when a circulation of 20,000 will not be remarkable for a musical journal.* About the same time I expect musical editors to arrive at the habit of comprehensive treatment of topics coming legitimately before them: a treatment equally removed from puffery and sourness.

Our principal amusements are lectures. These are given in churches and exceedingly well attended.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

*How trashy will a journal have to be to reach that figure?—ED.

---

PHILADELPHIA.—The concert business is lively in the old Quaker City, to judge from the following list which appeared in the *Post* last month:

Nov. 11. Germania Orchestra. Musical Fund Hall. 3½ P.M.
Nov. 16. Carl Wolfsohn's Second Orchestral Concert.
Nov. 18. Germania Orchestra.
Nov. 18 C. H. Jarvis's First Concert. Chickering Rooms.
Nov. 21 to Nov. 25, inclusive. Thomas's Orchestra. Academy of Music. Five evening performances, one matinée.
Nov. 25. Germania Orchestra.
Nov. 30. Carl Wolfsohn's Third Orchestral Concert.
Dec. 1. Wenzel Kopta's Second Quartet Concert. Chickering Rooms.
Dec. 2. Germania Orchestra.
Dec. 2. Beethoven Society. First Concert. Academy of Music.
Dec. 7. Carl Wolfsohn's Fourth Orchestral Concert.
Dec. 9. Germania Orchestra.
Dec. 9. Cross and Jarvis's First Orchestral Concert. Musical Fund Hall.
Dec. 11. Nilsson Opera Troupe. Two weeks.
Dec. 15. Abt. Society. First Concert. Musical Fund Hall.
Dec. 16. Germania Orchestra.
Dec. 16. C. H. Jarvis. Second Concert.
Dec. 19. West Philadelphia Choral Society. 1st Concert. Musical Fund Hall.
Dec. 23. Germania Orchestra.
Dec. 28. Carl Wolfsohn's fifth matinée.
Dec. 30. Germania Orchestra.

The new year will bring us the Germania opera troupe, with Wachtel, in January; the Parepa-Rosa troupe in February; Five concerts by the Wolfsohn orchestra; Two from the Cross and Jarvis orchestra; Five from Mr. Jarvis; Five from the Parlor Concert Club; Two from Wenzel Kopta; One from Mrs. Moulton; One from the West Philadelphia Choral; Two from the Beethoven; Two from the Handel and Haydn; One from the Dolby Troupe. Another season from the Thomas Orchestra, and almost as many more to be announced in the proper time.

We add notices of a few of these concerts from the *Bulletin*:

*Dec.* 11. On Saturday evening, when the first symphony concert of Messrs. Cross and Jarvis's series took place at the Musical Fund Hall, the attendance was very good. The Orchestra was large, well balanced and well trained. The overture to *The Magic Flute* opened the performance, and it was admirably played. Then followed Beethoven's concerto in C minor, in which Mr. Jarvis performed the piano part in most brilliant style. After this came Mendelssohn's violin concerto, op. 64, in which the playing of Mr. Wenzel Kopta was all that could be desired by the most exacting of critics. Schubert's really grand symphony in C concluded the concert, and it was given remarkably well, considering that this was the first attempt of the new organization in a work of such importance. The next concert will be given February 3d, when Beethoven's fourth symphony will be on the programme.

The first "parlor concert," of the twelfth season given under the auspices of Miss Anna Jackson, took place in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, on Saturday afternoon. The audience was a large one for the room, and it included many of our most cultivated musical people. The Philadelphia String Quartet Club played Haydn's No. 1, in G, in the most artistic manner. It is a charming composition, full of grace and feeling, and each movement was interpreted with true intelligence. Mr. Gahlemann's playing in two movements from Chopin's concerto in F minor was also very delightful. One of the most admirable of all the pieces was the concerto by Haydn, for violoncello, in which Mr. Rudolph Hennig's supreme mastery of his noble instrument more than ever delighted his hearers. Beethoven's Serenade, for string instruments, played with the utmost elegance, concluded this very enjoyable entertainment.

*Dec.* 15. The second of Mr. Jarvis's series of classical soirées will be given this evening at Dutton's piano warerooms, No. 1128 Chestnut street. The following exceedingly attractive programme will be offered:

Piano and 'Cello. Sonata, op. 22, A maj Sterndale Bennett.
Messrs. Jarvis and Henning.
Solo 'Cello. Concerto in E minor..................Lindner.
Rudolph Henning.
Piano Solo. "Toccata"........................Schumann.
Charles H. Jarvis.
Violin Solo. "Adagio," 9th Concerto..............Spohr.
Wenzel Kopta.
Trio. Piano, Violin and 'Cello, op. 1, No. 3, C minor.
Beethoven.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopta and Hennig.

These concerts are exceptionally fine, and those of our readers who are fond of good music, presented in a most exquisite manner, cannot afford to remain away from them.

The first concert of the Beethoven Society, for the present season, will be given on Saturday evening next, at the Academy of Music. There will be a full orchestra, and the superb chorus of the Society. The following will be offered:

Overture. "Jubilee"..........................Von Weber.
Cantata, "Erl King's Daughter"....................Gade.
For Soprano, Contralto, Baritone and Chorus.
Miss Clara Lauderbach, Mrs. A. H. Darling, Dr. E. C. Bullard, and Beethoven Society.
Choral Fantasia..............................Beethoven.
For Piano, Chorus and Orchestra.
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn
Four-Part Song—"Farewell to the Forest.".Mendelssohn.
March and Chorus from Tannhäuser............Wagner.

The Second Concert of the present season, will take place at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, February 17th, 1872. The programme will embrace a chorus of Mozart, "The Spring Message," by Gade, "The Spinning Song," from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," a quartet, and "Rains," by Beethoven, and "Legend of the Storm," a chorus for male voices, by Lachner.

The Third Concert will take place at the Academy, on Saturday evening, April 20th, 1872. The programme for this concert will consist of Hiller's cantata of the "Song of the Spirits over the Waters," the "Hymn of Praise," of Mendelssohn, the "Water Lily," by Gade, and "Gipsy Life," of Schumann.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's superb orchestra will give its third grand concert in the Academy of Music on Thursday afternoon next (Thanksgiving Day). An unusually fine programme has been arranged. Five of the six selections are entirely new in this country, and all of them we know are choice and beautiful. Mr. Hennig's solo particularly deserves to be mentioned with enthusiasm. The following is the programme:

Symphony, D major, (first time)..................Haydn.
Overture, "Hebriden."......................Mendelssohn.
Solo 'Cello, Introduction, Andante (first time)....Lubek.
Mr. Hennig
Waltz, "La Bouquetiere" (first time)...........Godfrey.
Husarenritt, Morceau Characterisque, (1st time).Spindler.
Fackeltanz, No. 4, C major, (first time).......Meyerbeer.

DEATH OF JOHN C. B. STANDBRIDGE.

The musical world of Philadelphia will hear with the most sincere regret of the unexpected death of Mr. John C. B. Standbridge, which occurred at his residence, 317 South Twenty-second street, last night. The death of his wife and the more recent death of his son have weighed heavily upon him, and he has succumbed under the pressure and passed peacefully and painlessly away.

Mr. Standbridge was a native of Birmingham, England, but came to this country in early childhood. He was about seventy years of age at the time of his decease. His original profession was that of a druggist, but having cultivated a taste for music, he abandoned his business and confined himself to the profession of an organist and composer. Of an extremely sanguine temperament, and dissatisfied with the church organs on which he played, he conceived the idea of building an organ for himself, and this purpose led to his entering upon the business of organ building as his regular pursuit.

For many years, Mr. Standbridge has occupied one of the most prominent positions among American organ-builders, and his instruments are in use in many of our largest churches, such as the Cathedral, St. Clement's, Calvary, the new Synagogue, St. Andrew's, the Arch Street Methodist Church, and many others. They are celebrated for peculiar brilliancy and variety of tone, and minute delicacy of mechanism and general finish. Mr. Standbridge regarded his business purely as an art, and constantly lavished expenditure upon it, which precluded any considerable profit from his work, over which he often lingered with an almost child-like enthusiasm.

Personally, Mr. Standbridge was a man who never made enemies. Impetuous and nervous in manner, he was always true and upright to the smallest detail. Simple in tastes and habits, devoted to his profession, single minded in all the purposes of life, a good citizen and a faithful head of a large family, he has passed away full of years, and leaving behind him a reputation which those who come after him may well emulate.—*Ibid*, *Dec.* 15.

---

NEW YORK. The concert lately given by Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING has called forth the most glowing newspaper notices, of which a friend has clipped out one for us. She has not a few friends here in Boston who will rejoice in her success.

MISS STERLING'S CONCERT. The spacious Steinway Hall, floor and gallery, was crowded on Saturday evening with a fashionable and intelligent audience, genuine lovers of good music, who came expecting a rare treat, and were not disappointed. There were Mr. F. Ritter, the distinguished musician and composer, and his equally accomplished wife, Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter; Dr. E. G. Bartlett, the most remarkable alto in America, who has persisted for a quarter of a century in restricting his voice to the parlor; Miss Maria Brainerd, the popular soprano; Miss Toedt, the admirable violiniste; Mrs. Jameson, a vocalist of high repute; Mr. Lasar and his daughter, who is already winning high praise in musical circles; Mr. Bowman, the excellent critic of the *Sun*, and hosts of others well known in the artistic and newspaper world, whom to name would occupy a column. It was an audience which, in itself, was the highest possible compliment to Miss Sterling, and a tangible evidence of the appreciation of this distinguished artist's conscientious efforts in the promotion of high art.

Of the performance it is scarcely necessary to speak at length. Every selection was first class and skillfully interpreted by the best musicians. The string quartet, Dr. Damrosch, Messrs. Schuessel, Matzka, and Bergner, played a quartet of Schubert magnificently. The blending of the instruments was especially fine, no one taking undue prominence.

The *Andante* was delicious, and the *Presto* so brilliantly vivacious as to infect the heads of all the audience to nod in unison to its sprightly measures. They also played the Andante con Variazioni (A Major) of Beethoven with superb effect. Dr. Damrosch, with Karl Eisner at the piano, rendered the Andante of Mendelssohn's masterly E Minor Concerto with the pure expression of artists thoroughly imbued with the true meaning of the composition. The introduction of the men's quartet, Messrs. Bush, Rockwood, Beckett and Aiken, gave a delightful variety to the programme. They sang Cook's old but always fresh "Strike the Lyre," and, in response to a hearty *encore*, sang "Retire, my love," by Horsley. These voices harmonized excellently, and unite as one with fine effect. Mr. Mills, one of the very few pianists in this country entitled to the name of a great artist, played, in his usual brilliant manner, a study of Chopin, and his own sparkling "Saltarella."

And now we come to Miss Sterling, the central figure of the evening's delightful entertainment. On her appearance she was most cordially welcomed. The lady who sat next to us remarked that she was magnificently dressed—a little attention which seems to be indispensable to the success of an artist in this day of extravagance in everything. Her selections were: Rec. and Rondo—"L'Italiana in Algeri," Rossini; Songs—*a* "Der Doppelgaenger," Schubert; *b* "Allnaechtlich im Traume," Schumann; *c* "Neue Liebe," Mendelssohn; and "Caller Herrin," by Gow, and for *encores* she gave two popular ballads. Miss Sterling sings the Italian music with as great and unqualified success as the songs of Schubert and Schumann, which she has made peculiarly her own. Her execution on this occasion surpassed herself. It was the performance of a true artist, who, by long and ardent study, has mastered the compositions, and is able to give them their true interpretation. Besides being in excellent voice, Miss Sterling seemed inspired by the cordiality of her reception. We have never heard her sing better, whether in the difficult solos, or in the exquisite glee, "O my love is like the red, red rose," with Messrs. Bush, Rockwood and Aiken, in which she sang the first tenor part. Her chest tones are the most remarkable in her voice, and are round, pure, and free from the roughness too often found in artists of the highest reputation.

But we cannot dwell longer on this delightful concert. It was a rich repast from first to last, and although it continued for over two hours, it seemed scarce half that length. Floral tributes were numerous, the Arion Society recognizing Miss Sterling's merit, by the compliment rarely given by societies to any artist, of a very handsome basket of flowers.

---

FARMINGTON, CONN. That devoted laborer in the cause of classical culture in music,—too loyal to his art ideal to be tempted out of the quiet sphere which he has filled so many years,—Mr. KARL KLAUSER, sends us two more of those choice programmes of chamber music with which he every year regales and educates his pupils in Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. Here they are:

*55th Concert, Nov. 23.*

Sonate, for Piano and Violin, G, op. 30, No. 3 . Beethoven.
Allegro assai. Tempo di Menuetto ma molto moderato e grazioso. Allegro vivace.
Songs, a. "Du bist die Ruh, op. 59, No. 3, }
b. "Gretchen am Spinnrad," op. 2, } .... Schubert.
Sonate, for Piano, B minor ........................ Liszt.
Nocturne, A, No. 4, by Field, transc. for Violin. Damrosch.
Songs, a. "Seit ich ihn gesehen," op. 42, No. 1.
b. "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen," op. 42, No. 2 ........................ Schumann.
Rondo, for Piano and Violin, B minor, op. 70 .. Schubert.

*56th Concert, Nov. 24.*

Sonate, for Piano and Violin, A minor, op 105. Schumann.
Mit leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck. Allegretto. Lebhaft.
Song, "Loreley" ........................ Liszt.
Thirty-two variations, C minor ............... Beethoven.
Three Sonata Movements ........................ Veracini.
Menuett and Gavotte. Cantabile. Gigue. 1685—1750?
Songs, a. "Lenzeslust," op. 8, No 7, }
b. "Am Manzanares," op 11, No. 10. } Damrosch.
Sonate, for Piano and Violin, E minor, op. 63 ....... Raff.
Bewegt, mit siegischem Pathos. Sehr rasch und fein.
Nicht zu langsam. Bewegt, sehr bestimmt.

The pianist was Mr. F. von Inten, who, we learn, has made important progress, having gained in strength and freedom, and playing always with clearness and refinement. The Liszt Sonata was new to the audience, and the Beethoven Variations nearly so. He played them both from memory, besides a Suite by Bargiel, the second Ballade of Chopin and several things by Heller. Dr. Damrosch, conductor of the Arion in New York, is well known as a violinist of the first rank in the rendering of classical works. Besides the things set down for him, he played the second and third movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto.—The singer was Mme. Damrosch, who made a very favorable impression by her intelligent and sympathetic rendering of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, &c. Her voice is not a great one, but she sings from the heart and to the heart.

---

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 30, 1871.

## Notes on the Thomas Concerts.

II.

The third concert, Saturday evening, Dec. 2, offered the following programme:

Overture, "Egmont" ........................ Beethoven.
Andante and Menuetto, Symphony in C, Op. 30 .. Bargiel.
Concerto, No 4, D minor, op 70 ............... Rubinstein.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Einleitung, "Loreley" ........................ Max Bruch.

—

Overture, "Tannhäuser" ........................ Wagner.
Deutsche Tänze ........................ Schubert.
Solo, for Harp ........................ Parish Alvars.
Signor Luigi Rocco and Orchestra.
Waltz, "Thousand and One Night" ............... Strauss.
Humoreske, "Gaudeamus igitur" ............... Liszt.

The two familiar Overtures, each great in its way (but the Beethoven way by far the better one), were capitally rendered. The Schubert Dances followed as delightful recreation after *Tannhäuser*; both in themselves, and in the order in which they were strung together, and in the felicitous orchestration (by Herbeck, if we mistake not), and of course in the rendering, they were exquisitely perfect; no "light," gay music could be more poetic. The movements from the Symphony by Bargiel have left no very marked impression on our mind, yet we remember feeling that we should be glad to hear them again. A clearer character, a more decided charm was felt in the Rubinstein Concerto, which seemed to be a composition with some genius in it, or at least geniality,—not forced or morbid,—and which Miss KREBS played (from memory as usual) not only with ease and accuracy, but with both power and delicacy, and with good expression. The "Loreley" introduction was a rather interesting specimen of one of the most genial of the new composers. The solo on the Harp was a rare and charming piece of virtuosity, certainly well worth hearing. Of the rest we cannot report: but it was Strauss and Liszt, and we all know them and whether we desire more acquaintance of the one or of the other.

*Fourth Concert, Dec. 4.*

Vorspiel to "Die Meister Singer von Nuernberg." Wagner.
Concerto, for Violin, D, Op. 61 1st movem't. Beethoven.
Mr. Bernhard Listemann and Orchestra.
Toccata, Op. 7 ........................ Schumann.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Symphonic Poem, "Fest-Klaenge" ............... Liszt.

—

Serenade, F, Op. 63 ........................ Volkmann.
String Orchestra.
Concerto Symphonique, No. 4, Op. 102 ......... Litolff.
Adagio Religioso—Scherzo.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Waltz, "New Vienna" ........................ Strauss.
March ........................ Schubert.

Save us from more acquaintance with the Introduction to the *Meistersinger*! It is hard, harsh, forced and noisy, ever on the verge of discord (having the ungenial effect of discord, however literally within the rules of counterpoint). It is a kind of music which does not treat you fairly, but bullies you, as it were, by its superior noise or bulk, as physically big men are prone to do who can so easily displace you on the sidewalk. We doubt not there is better music in the *Meistersinger*, for this could never have won the prize before any guild, whether of "old fogy" Philistines or fresh young hearts.—Never have we heard Mr. LISTEMANN to greater advantage than in this last rendering of the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto; it was all clear, broad, strong and full of *verve*; his talent as a solo violinist surely stands among the highest. Miss Krebs had a most exacting and exhausting task in that Toccata by Schumann, in which an extremely difficult and rapid figure is kept up unceasingly, and to the ear almost monotonously, through so long a time. Yet there is a real fire in the movement, and she brought it out with steady and unflagging power.

The Liszt-ian Symphonic Poem: "Festival Sounds," left us in far from a festal state of mind. A wild and demoniacal festivity prevails in it, with moments here and there of an uplifting rhythm and sweet euphony. For the Serenade by Volkmann was substituted something more like a set of dances. We found the *Concerto Symphonique* by Litolff quite interesting and original, particularly in the *Scherzo*, which showed much inventive fancy. The Schubert March of course was an arrangement for orchestra from the piano; a march with a good deal of the eastern Tartar element of Schubert in its short, reiterative rhythm; and all those marches which he wrote for four hands are worthy of an orchestra.

The fifth concert (Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 6) presented the following variety:

Overture, "Rosamunde" ........................ Schubert.
Adagio. Scherzo, Op. 42 ........................ Rubinstein.
Concerto, No. 1, E flat ........................ Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Introduction and Finale, "Tristan und Isolde" .. Wagner.

—

Overture, "Der Freyschuetz" ........................ Weber.
Romance, in G ........................ Beethoven.
Mr. Joseph Diem.
Saltarello ........................ Gounod.
a. Prelude. b. Waltz ........................ Chopin.
Miss Marie Krebs
March ........................ Raff.

All the pieces of Part First, except the Concerto, were given for the first time in Boston. Schubert's Overture to "Rosamunde" is pleasing, but rather light and slight compared with the two other Overtures which we have heard by him. The two movements by Rubinstein were beautiful, full of originality and power, logical in development and rich in instrumentation. To every listener they must have suggested life upon the Ocean. The Adagio in its more tranquil passages even reminds you of Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* Overture, and the Scherzo is full of rollicking, wild sailor sport. It awakened a desire to hear his "Ocean Symphony" entire. This Adagio and Scherzo, published with the same *opus* number (42), were after-thoughts, a sort of appendix to the Symphony, and we are told that they are better than the corresponding movements in the Symphony itself.

The Introduction and Finale to "Tristan and Isolde" is just one of those Wagner pieces about which we would suspend judgment. On a single hearing, the Introduction pleased us much better than the Finale; parts of it sounded as if Schumann might have written it. Liszt's E-flat Concerto (we have heard it now repeatedly by Miss Topp, Miss Mehlig and Miss Krebs) does not begin to captivate us; to our spirit it does not minister as music should. It was wonderfully well played of course.

A grander rendering of Weber's great romantic Overture could hardly be desired; most familiar of Overtures, it was still fresh and marvellous. Beethoven's well known Romance for the Violin did not sound so well upon the 'Cello, nor did the performer put much vital inspiration into it. Gounod's *Saltarello* was a welcome repetition, one of the most original and taking of the novelties which Mr. Thomas has spread before us in such great abundance. The March by Raff is the last movement of the Orchestral *Suite* which we have heard by him, and to our mind the least interesting portion of that composition.

*Sixth Concert, Friday Evening, Dec. 8.*

Symphony, No. 3, "Im Walde," Op. 153 ............ Raff.
Concerto, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, op. 56. Beethoven.
Larghetto—Rondo a la Polacca.
Miss Krebs, Messrs. Listemann, Diem and Orchestra.

—

Eine Faust Ouverture ........................ Wagner.
Prelude ........................ Bach.
Scherzo, "Kapuziner Predigt, Wallensteins' Lager."
Rheinberger.
Tarantelle di Bravura, "Masaniello" ............... Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs.
March, B minor ........................ Schubert.

Instead of the "triple Concerto" of Beethoven, the first movement of his great E flat Concerto was brilliantly performed by Miss KREBS, the orchestra conspiring to perfection. The Bach Prelude, a very bright and animated one, was new to us, and wholesomely refreshing after a depressing and discouraging *Faust* Overture by Wagner, under the leaden and tormented atmosphere of which we had sate too many

Digitized by Google

times before to wish to repeat the experience. Raff's "Forest" Symphony, if not entirely satisfactory, not transporting like a Beethoven "Pastoral," was nevertheless so interesting in some parts that we could desire farther acquaintance with it. Schiller's Capucin's mock sermon was grotesque enough, but in our memory does not stand out distinguishable among the many novel extravaganzas of that whole week of mingled Witches' Sabbath and Parnassus. Schubert's nomadic, restless, oriental sounding minor March seemed genial after that and the Liszt Tarantella.

The seventh concert, set down for Saturday afternoon, gave way, by graceful courtesy on the part of Mr. Thomas, to the musical festival of the 1200 Public School children in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis; and a very beautiful, inspiring occasion that was. But the eighth programme, for that Saturday evening, was by far the finest and the noblest of the whole series, to-wit:

Overture, "Bride of Messina," op. 100 ......Schumann.
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue......................Bach.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Scherzo, Adagio. Symphony No. 9, D minor, op. 125. Beethoven.
Kaiser Marsch.............................. Wagner.

—

Concerto, No. 2, A ..............................Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Theme and Variations, Quartet, D minor. Posthumous. Schubert.
String Orchestra.
Waltz, "Hesperusbahnen"......................Strauss.
Introduction—Chorus and March, 3d Act, Lohengrin, Wagner.

The older we grow in Schumann, the more desire we feel to hear whatever he has written. The Overture to Schiller's "Bride of Messina" proved worth the hearing, has fine suggestions (disappointing on the whole), but is by no means a work of such importance as his "Genoveva" and his "Manfred" Overtures. Those who heard Miss Krebs play Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" in one of our own Symphony Concerts last year, need not be told with what consummate clearness and vitality she played it this time. Indeed it is the very best thing in which to hear her, while the composition in itself is one of the finest ever made for the piano; the recitative and the great chords in the first part are wonderfully impressive.

To hear the Scherzo of all Scherzos and the Adagio of Adagios so exquisitely, so perfectly interpreted as those two middle movements of the Ninth Symphony were by such an orchestra, was something near to heaven on earth:—heaven in vision opening upon earthly rapture in the Scherzo, heaven, pure heaven, lived and breathed in the divine Adagio. What next? Could not the cloven foot be kept out! If it could be followed, in Beethoven's own way, by the double basses breaking out into human recitative and the glory of the "Joy" chorus, why not something sweet and tranquil, something with some religion in it, something at least in less violent contrast than that crashing "Kaiser" March again? It was as if a mob broke in.

The second Concerto of Liszt (played last year by Miss Mehlig) we like much better than the first. Extravagant, to be sure, it has more character. In difficulty of execution it would seem to surpass almost all that has been made for the piano, tasking every power of hand and nerve and head to the utmost. But the fair pianist went through all unerringly, unflaggingly, with a triumphant mastery. And what a treat to hear after this a thing so soulful, deeply edifying as those Schubert Variations once more! The *Lohengrin* selections still confirmed the first impressions. They are taken right out of the heart and best part of the opera, namely the third act, consisting of the excited gathering for the wedding, the chorus in the Bridal Chamber (which should have been followed, if practicable for mere orchestra, by the best part of all, the Duet between Lohengrin and Elsa), and the gathering of the hosts, with trumpet signals, of the Finale.

In place of the seventh concert Mr. Thomas gave on *Sunday* evening, Dec. 10, (the Puritan winter of the City Fathers "made summer by this sun" of Russia) a "*Gala* concert" in honor of Alexis, in which the Handel and Haydn Society lent their aid. The Music Hall was packed, and Thomas was received with many cheers. The programme was decidedly "mixed," sacred and secular in glorious confusion. Think of the *Freyschütz* overture (Zamiel, owls and all) right after "The Heaven's are telling;" *Lohengrin* before "Thanks be to God;" Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus after a trivial mess of Cossack dances! The performance, to be sure, was capital, but one felt strangely drawn asunder between Oratorio and Promenade Concert by a programme worth preserving as a curiosity:

Chorus. "The Heavens are telling." [Creation]..Haydn.
Handel and Haydn Society & Theo. Thomas' Orchestra.
Overture, "Der Freischütz"......................Weber.
Allegretto, 8th Symphony....................Beethoven.
Komarinskaja..................................Glinka.
Farewell to the Forest. [Unaccompanied]...Mendelssohn.
Handel and Haydn Society.
Introduction—Chorus and March, [Lohengrin]....Wagner.

—

Chorus. "Thanks be to God," [Elijah].....Mendelssohn.
Handel and Haydn Society & Theo. Thomas' Orchestra.
Fantasie on Hungarian Airs......................Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Ave Maria. [Adapted to the 1st prelude by Bach] Gounod.
For Violins, Harp and Orchestra.
Comatschoqua. Fantasie sur un theme du Cosaque. Dargomigsky.
Chorus. "Hallelujah." [Messiah]...............Handel.

Last Saturday afternoon (23d), the Thomas Orchestra, on a flying visit returning from the East, gave one *last* concert, with a programme purposely more popular, to wit:

Overture, Anacreon..........................Cherubini.
Andante, from the tragic Symphony in C minor.
[First time in America.] Schubert.
Capriccio Brillant, B minor, Op 22........Mendelssohn.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Traeumerei, [By Request]..................Schumann.
Finale, Prometheus, Op. 43...................Beethoven.

—

Overture, Tannhäuser..........................Wagner.
Fantasie, Don Juan..............................Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Waltz: Wine, Women and Song................Strauss.
Air, Louis XIII................................Orths.
Grand Polonaise................................Bilse.

The two novelties of this programme (from Schubert and Beethoven) were very interesting, but neither of them a specimen of the composer's most remarkable creations. The single movement of the "Tragic Symphony" is sweet, and rich and full of tender feeling, quite in a Mozartean vein in the beginning, but not inspired like the C-major Symphony, Schubert's "Ninth." In the "Prometheus" Finale it was curious to recognize the familiar theme, which Beethoven afterwards developed with much greater power and wealth of inventiveness in the Finale of the Heroic Symphony. The "Anacreon" Overture put everybody in good genial humor, and the "*Träumerei*" transcription, with its super-refinement of *pianissimo*, proved the usual sure bait for applause and *encores*, answered by the little Haydn "Serenade" (from a string Quartet). Miss Krebs played the Mendelssohn Capriccio very brilliantly and evenly, at a most rapid tempo. Never have we heard a more splendid performance of the *Tannhäuser* Overture. Liszt's *Don Juan* Fantasia is largely and significantly planned, the Statue planting itself in the foreground amid the terrible orchestral crashes and "unsettled scales" of the last, (the judgment) scene. The moral logical result thus strongly stated, there follows as typical of the cause, the Don's lawless life of pleasure, a fine serving up of the *La ci darem* Duet. The interpretation was most satisfactory. There was something gaily quaint, unique and taking in the air to which the name of "Louis XIII." was appended in the programme. The Polonaise by Bilse was spirited, and so ended a rich series of orchestral feasts.

---

The Christmas Oratorios. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and Handel's "Messiah" were performed to crowded audiences on Sunday and Monday evenings, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with the Dolby troupe of singers, in a style which left hardly anything to be desired. Never has a Boston audience appeared to feel the power and beauty of the music so profoundly. The solos, by Miss Wynne, Mme. Patey, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Santley, were most admirably rendered; it was an event to hear such music by such artists. Chorus and orchestra, too, were in excellent condition, and the "Messiah" as a whole, particularly the latter part, even the "Amen" chorus, never was sung here quite so well before.—But we have no room for further mention now.

---

We have yet to record two more most artistic and delightful Matinées of Messrs Leonhard and Eichberg. The fifth (Jan. 11) promises us a Beethoven Sonata, op. 69, for Piano and 'Cello; Songs from Schumann's *Liederkreis* by Mr. Kreissmann; a Duo for Violin and Piano by Schubert; a Sonata by Handel and Siciliano by Bach, for Oboe and Piano (Messrs. Kutzler and Leonhard; and the Schubert Trio in B flat, op. 99.

---

Miss Anna Mehlig, after a long, rough voyage in the Bremen steamer, reached New York on Tuesday, needing rest too much to come at once to Boston and perform in Thursday's Symphony Concert. Fortunately the Concerto which she had selected, Beethoven's in G, is one which had been played in these concerts more than once before, and most acceptably, by Mr. Leonhard, who kindly yielded to the request of the Committee and placed himself in the somewhat awkward position of playing it again, and at such short notice, rather than compel a greater change of programme. Neither the composition nor the interpreter can wear out their welcome. Miss Mehlig will play in the *next* concert, *one week* later, Thursday Jan. 4, when also Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and "Melusina" Overture, and Schumann's Overture to "Genoveva" will be given.

Mr. Perabo's Piano Matinées, at Wesleyan Hall, will take place Jan. 5 and 19, Feb. 2 and 16, at 4 P.M. His first programme includes a Sonatina by Krause; Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*; a Serenata and a Gavotte by Bennett; and Schubert's Sonata in B flat.

Mr. Peck gives three more fine Popular Concerts this week (Thursday evening, *this* afternoon, and Sunday evening), with the aid of Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, and many more good artists.

The Parepa-Rosa English Opera—the best English troupe ever organized before—will open at the Boston Theatre, Jan 9.

Two more grand Oratorio performances, with the Dolby artists, will be given on the 13th and 14th, (on the latter evening "Elijah.")

---

## The First Oratorio of the Handel and Haydn Society, Christmas Night, 1815.

Last Saturday's *Advertiser* contains an interesting communication from "S. J.," who has been searching the records, and sounding the survivors, for information of the earliest efforts of our now proud Oratorio Society, organized in April, 1815. After telling of the meetings (of a zealous few) for practice—chiefly of psalm tunes and in the summer season—and of the gradually manifested symptoms of a desire to soar and have "an exhibition," he proceeds:

At the regular meeting of the society on Thursday evening, September 7, were performed "sundry pieces of music, including a part of Haydn's Creation ("The Heavens are telling") and ending with the Hallelujah Chorus. This was without doubt the first time these choruses were rehearsed by the society. (That night there were forty-eight at rehearsal—no female voices, so far as appears.) The latter chorus was familiar, but the Creation they had yet to become acquainted with. As an evidence how little this work was then known, even in the musical centres of England, it is stated by a member of the society who joined it in the following year, immediately after arriving from that country, and who has ever since been identified with its history, not only as one of its most constant and devoted supporters, but for a long period one of its most valued officers and conspicuous solo performers, that he had never heard of the Creation until he came to Boston.

On the 5th of October the secretary was directed to supply each member with a copy of Haydn's Creation, and parts of it were rehearsed. On the 20th, a committee was appointed "to procure the assistance of professional musicians at the contemplated public exhibition and in the necessary rehearsals for the same." On the 30th the trustees selected voices for the parts in Haydn's Creation.

From this time occurs the repeated entry, "rehearsed music for an exhibition," "rehearsed music from third number of Old Colony." The president, Thomas Smith Webb, and vice-president, Amasa Winchester, with Mr. Benjamin Holt, were made a committee "to arrange a list of pieces for an exhibition," which was subsequently reported and accepted. On the 22d of November the use of King's Chapel was requested and obtained; and, to call public attention to the intended performance, the secretary was instructed to furnish the "Register" with the names of the officers and members of the Society, and with such extracts from the constitution as might be thought proper. The time of the performance was fixed for Christmas night.

King's Chapel, or the Stone Chapel, had already become distinguished for public musical exercises held in it. President Washington, on his visit to this city, in 1789, had attended a concert of sacred music there, at which the ladies are said to have "displayed

Digitized by Google

sashes on which the Eagle and G. W. held conspicuous place, and the Marchioness Traversay exhibited on the bandeau of her hat G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants on a black velvet ground."

In October 1812, Dr. Jackson, one of the most celebrated musicians in these parts, and even on the continent, who had received his degree from the University of Oxford, had given a "Grand Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorios, with the assistance of the theatrical band, and many respectable Vocal and Instrumental Amateurs of the "Town," and, later, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1815, the remarkable number of nearly two hundred and fifty performers had been brought together there, to celebrate the treaty of peace then recently concluded between this country and England.

In the course of the seventeen days preceding the public performance, not less than eight rehearsals were held, at one of which, December 16, the "Philharmonic, an association of the most accomplished amateurs of the day, was long famous for its concerts —of instrumental music, chiefly—which were of the choicest character, and highly esteemed by the *élite* of the town.

The last two rehearsals were appointed for the Saturday and Sunday evenings preceding the performance.

Meantime in Saturday morning's Centinel the programme was advertised as follows :—

SACRED ORATORIO.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

will perform

*AN ORATORIO,*

Consisting of a selection of pieces of Sacred Music, chiefly from the works of Handel and Haydn,

On Monday Evening, the 25th instant, in the STONE CHAPEL, in School Street.

To commence at 6 o'clock.

*ORDER OF PERFORMANCES.*

PART I.

[Here followed the list of the recitatives, airs, choruses, &c., comprising the first part of the Creation, and ending with "The heavens are telling." The remainder of the programme we give in full :—]

PART II.

CHORUS—They played an air, &c.
Air—I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.
CHORUS—Sing ye unto the Lord our God, &c.
Air—He shall feed his flock, &c.
CHORUS—Lift up your heads, &c.
Air—Let the bright seraphim, &c.
DUET AND CHORUS—By thee with bliss, O bounteous Lord, the heaven and earth are stored,

PART III.

DUET—The Lord is a man of war.
CHORUS—He gave them hailstones for rain,
Air—'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone, &c.
DUET—Come ever smiling Liberty.
CHORUS—When winds breathe soft, &c.
Air.—Oh! had I Jubal's lyre!
CHORUS—The Lord shall reign forever and ever.
Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

☞ Tickets of admission may be obtained at the Bookstores of Munroe, Francis and Parker, and West and Richardson, Cornhill; of David Francis, Newbury Street, near Boylston Market; Robert Fennelly, Prince Street; and G. Graupner, Franklin Street. Tickets $1.

N.B. Gentlemen who wish to take their *families* are informed that on purchasing *four* tickets they will be presented with a fifth gratis; and those purchasing *six* will be entitled to *two* additional ones.

December 23.

In another column appeared the following editorial notice :—

"HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

"We are happy to see it announced in the papers that this respectable society have appointed a time to favor the public with an opportunity of listening to their performances. If we are correctly informed of the principles upon which the society is instituted, it is certainly entitled to public support and patronage. Among its members are almost all the principal vocal performers of sacred music in this and several of the neighboring towns, and we feel confident that their powers, united with those of many of the principal professional and amateur performers of instrumental music, will furnish an intellectual repast that must prove highly gratifying to the lover of sacred music. We have been favored with a copy of the constitution of this society, and are pleased to find that their views are liberable and commendable: they exclude no sect, but cheerfully unite with all in singing the high praises of God. Their members are not entitled to any compensation for their services, and the moneys that may be collected at their public performances are appropriated to the discharge of all incidental expenses, and the surplus for purchasing scarce and valuable music. One of their most important objects is to create and cherish in the community a love of *sacred music*, and to improve the style of its performance; and as their members emanate from every society of public worshippers, *each* may reasonably expect to derive some benefit from the united exertions of the *whole*. We ardently wish them to persevere in their labors, and most sincerely say, '*Peace* be within thy walls, and *prosperity* within thy palaces.'"

The paper also contained an announcement of the adjourned meeting of the society to be held at the Chapel Church at 5 1-2 o'clock that evening (Saturday), "which the members of the Philharmonic Society are respectfully invited to attend."

* * * * *

Over sixteen hundred tickets have been printed for the coming performance, of which there have been distributed gratuitously to ninety one members—for by this time the list has increased to that number and upwards—two each; to the "ministers," thirty-eight; two to each of the instrumental performers; two to each of the ladies who are to take part; twenty-eight are given to the wardens and vestry of the church. Dr. Jackson, for his musical distinction, receives complimentary tickets; and thirty-one are sent to the gentlemen of the press.

The final rehearsals, as has been said, had been announced for the Saturday and Sunday evenings before Christmas. The last one was ended, and the president was in trouble. It had been far from satisfactory to him; he was indeed greatly discouraged. It was not strange that he should feel peculiar anxiety for the result. The president was conductor of the music as well, and upon him in great measure would rest the reproach of an inferior performance. Little indeed could he anticipate, whatever hopes might have animated him, that the impending exhibition, now close at hand, would be the first of a long series from which, through so many successive years, thousands should go out with ever renewed impressions of delight.

Disappointed and apprehensive of failure, he ordered another rehearsal for Monday afternoon, declaring that, unless it gave better promise, the public performance, even at that late hour, should be abandoned. But his fears were allayed. And so, after the long and diligent preparation, on the appointed evening the oratorio took place, attended by nearly a thousand persons. Ten members only were absent from their seats in the chorus; their names are duly recorded in the secretary's pages. The singers numbered a hundred, ten of whom were ladies; these were reinforced, as was common at the time, by a few of the higher male voices uniting with them on the treble parts. At the organ sat Mr. Stockwell. The orchestra was made up of the two Grangers, Bennett and Warren, violins; Niebuhr, "single base;" Graupner, double base; Alexis Eustaphieve, the Russian consul, a noted patron of the art, and Mr. Cushing, who played flutes; Boquet (?), with perhaps a few others.

The opening recitative in the Creation, "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth," was sung by Mr. Jacob Guild. Mrs. Graupner sang "With verdure clad." Mr. John Dodd made his début in the "Air rolling in foaming billows," in the performance of which he was for many years famous. Other of the recitatives and airs in the first part were given by Messrs. Huntington, Holt, Singleton and Stebbins. In the second part, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung by Mr. Huntington; "He shall feed his flock," by Mr. Brown. In this part Mrs. Graupner is remembered to have sung in brilliant style, "Let the bright seraphim;" this was accompanied by Rawson on the trumpet. Other soloists were Mrs. Withington, Messrs. Winchester, Parker, Park and Phipps. Mr. Webb, the president, took part with Mrs Withington in one duet.

The concert proved an entire success. Within the consecrated walls, underneath the evergreen garlands with which, according to immemorial custom, the interior of the church was decorated, inspired by the influences of the time and place and of the art to which they had come to do honor, all acquitted themselves with unexpected ability. We do not need to be told what a thrill ran through the chorus, with what lively and sympathetic emotion the audience, largely made up of the most cultivated and appreciative residents of the town, kept silence to listen, while a band of singers, associated under names suggestive only of beauty and sublimity, their voices sustained by an organ whose keys tradition said the great Handel himself had touched, stood up for the first time to claim attention and challenge applause on a field upon which they were to win in coming years so many honors. Nor are we left to picture it in imagination alone. "Such was the excitement of the hearers and the enthusiasm of the performers that there is nothing to compare with it at the present day." This was the judgment—have we a right to call it exaggerated?—of one of the chief critics of the day; and the society, by this concert and the repetitions of it which followed shortly after, established a claim to the public regard which it is to be hoped may never be lost. Five of those who took part in that Christmas night's performance still survive to bear testimony to the interest of the occasion. S. J.

# Special Notices.


DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A Year ago. Canzonet. 3. A♭ to e. *Rockstro.* 30
"What lack the valleys and the mountains,
That once were green and gay?"
Declamatory or recitative style, but with music so varied and attractive, it is fine either as a song or "piece."

The Birds were telling one another. 4. A♭ to *a.* *Smart.* 35
"The birds were telling one another,
The May is here! The May is here!"
A very bright affair, English, but borrowing grace from the "Gems of the German" style and the Opera.

Bessy's Mistake. 3. C to e. *Campana.* 30
An Italian here tries to write an English sailor ballad. It is fair to concede that he succeeds better than a native. The "Oh, if young Love come, don't let him go," is charming.

Under the Walnut Tree. 4. A to f. *Linley.* 40
"Gay as Fairy Elves will be
In some Sylvan Shade.
Perfect in its way. A classic fairy lay."

Evening bringeth my heart back to thee. 3. D to e. *Campana.* 35
An easy Italian song (but with English words.) Full of graceful triplets.

Well-a-day. 4. A♭ to e. *Randegger.* 40
"Love comes and goes,
Comes and goes like a spell."
Beautiful words by G. P. Morris. A most effective song for public singing.

Queen of Love. 3. E to e. *Gounod.* 30
"Close as the stars along the sky,
The flowers were in the mead."
Very beautiful.

Love's sorrow. 4. F to f. *Eikmeier.* 30
A sort of German-Italian melody. Requires some execution,—not much,—and is varied and spirited.

In Waves of Light. 3. F to f. *Abt.* 30
"In waves of light the river flows
Toward the ocean swiftly fleeting."
A fine German song, very bright and sunny. Only English words.

Old, old Tale. 4. E to *g.* *Abt.* 30
"And lo! to charm the listening ear,
The bird of night sang full and clear,
Till, all around, the dell and grove
Was hushed to hear the song of love."
First-rate.

Angels took away our Darling. Song and Cho. 3. C to e. *Christie.* 40
"Angels took away our darling
Little golden hair so bright."
Uncommonly beautiful angels, judging from their lithographs on the title, and a charming ballad.

Father's Remembrance. 3. F to f. *Smith.* 30
"I see my Mary's dancing eyes,
My Lily's eyes of blue."
A nice, wholesome home song

Down the Meadow, 'neath the Clover. 3. A♭ to f. *Huntley.* 30
A sweet, pathetic ballad (with Chorus) in popular style.

Beside the Sea. 4. E to *g.* *Gabriel* 30
"While he kissed her tears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,"
A little sad, but beautiful.

Vision of Beauty. 3. F to *g.* *Smith.* 30
"Vision of beauty; fair dream of delight,
Sunbeam in sorrow, and star of my night."
Music as graceful as the words are;—that is, very.

Barney, say you'll not forget me. 3. G to e. *Dumont.* 30
Song and Chorus. Her name was Norah, and what she sings is a very pretty Irish ballad; a farewell to the America-going emigrant.

Morning Greeting. (Morgengruss). 3. D♭ to f. *Abt.* 30
"Morning wind so fresh and joyous,
*Morgen Wind so frisch und freudig.*"
Abt *might*, possibly write a poor song if he tried; but he probably never did; and it is evident that he made no exertion at all in that direction in the present instance. A fine song.

### Instrumental.

Flying Dutchman Galop. 4. E♭. *Eikmeier.* 40
A first-class brilliant, melodious galop.

Christmas Eve Polka Brillante. 4. A♭. *Augusta Gottschalk.* 40
It is necessary to give the whole name of the composer, else one might think it was *the* Gottschalk, of whose music it reminds a player. Bears marks of decided genius, and well worth learning.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music

WHOLE No. 803. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 21.

From Old and New for January.

## The Organ-Blower.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Devoutest of my Sunday friends,
The patient organ blower bends;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering eyes!)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salaams
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,—
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine!
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys!
Though all astonished the player's skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and still:
Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Mammon waits
Behind his temple's folded gates;
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls
Through rainbow windows on the walls,
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,
And all the slumbering echoes wake!

The Preacher from the Bible-text
With weary words my soul has vexed—
(Some stranger, fambling far astray
To find the lesson for the day;)
His talk on truths too plainly true,
And reads the service all askew,—
Why—why the—mischief—can't he look
Beforehand in the service-book?

But thou, with decent mien and face,
Art always ready in thy place;
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,
As steady as the strong monsoon;
Thy only dread a leathery creak,
Or small residual extra squeak,
To send along the shadowy aisles
A sudden wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,
Comes from the church's pulpit end!
Not all that bend the knee and bow
Yield service half so true as thou!
One simple task performed aright,
With slender skill, but all thy might,
Where honest labor does its best,
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned mass,
Through which the breath of being strays,
Whose music makes our earth divine,
Has work for mortal hands like mine.
My duty lies before me. Lo,
The lever there! Take hold and blow!
And He whose hand is on the keys
Will play the tune as he shall please!

## Milton and Music.

Whether we regard John Milton as a polemic, a patriot, or a poet, we uplift him to a high place among the great men of the world. His controversial writings are sledge-hammer blows from a lusty arm. His state papers are trumpet blasts for the rights of all men. His immortal epic exhausts the beauty of numbers on the sublimest of themes.

The most unwearied workers need a versatility by which they may vary the direction of their genius. A monotony of continued achievements is apt to terminate, prematurely, the power that produced them. All vigorous thinkers seek some alcove of meditation, in which the wastage of brain capital may be repaired and readjusted. David turned aside from the cares of government and war, to find recreation in harp and song. Frederick the Great planned and executed stupendous campaigns, while his mind was refreshed with the dulcet notes of the flute. Milton withdrew from the wrangle of party and diplomacy, to invigorate his jaded spirit with the vivifying tones of the organ.

The home education of Milton was of a generous and humane character. Ha had before him, constantly, the example of a father who knew what it was to suffer, in position and estate, for opinion's sake. The youthful John absorbed, with every boyish breath, the love of liberty for which his father paid so dearly. But the training of the home circle was not entirely acrimonious. John Milton, senior, found time to give himself to the study of the noble science of music. He attained to such a degree of skill that he composed an *In nomine* of forty parts, which gained for him a gold medal from a European prince. Several of his compositions found a place in Wilby's selections, and also in Ravenscroft's Psalms.

With such an exemplar in the household, it is not surprising that young Milton became an adept in the art of music. It is not difficult to imagine the domestic circle, with the father at the instrument singing bass, while John carried the melody, Christopher the tenor, and Ann the alto. If Cambridge gave the bent to Milton's mind in the direction of letters, those family concerts in the house of the London scrivener did no less for him in the divine science of music.

In all the experience of Milton's stormy manhood, this sweet comfort of a wearied mind never failed him. If he appears more prominently in history as a statesman and a poet than as a musician, it is only because the world gives more attention to the inviting streams than to the quiet springs which supply them.

After receiving his degree of Master of Arts, he bid adieu to his home and made a tour through the land of song. Already the name which, with that of Shakespeare, was to shine in English Literature, found nobility and literati waiting to confer the highest honor. Artists and titled dignitaries recognized in him a genius worthy of their homage. The treasures of ducal palaces were laid open to his inspection. Galleries of art and ancient libraries invited his thoughtful study. But amid all the scenes of artistic glory and princely magnificence, he carried with him the training of the scrivener's fireside. After reaching Venice, he spent a month in collecting the works of the master musicians of Italy. Luca Marenzo, Monte Verde, Horatio Vecchi, Caba, the prince of Venosa, and others of the best composers of the time, furnished him with a rich treasury of Italian song. Two chests of music books were shipped to England.

At the age of thirty-one he returned to his native land. At once he addressed himself to those political and social projects whose audacity was equalled only by the vigor with which he discussed them. His "Tractate on Education" was as colossal in its conception as it was impracticable in its execution. He was so far in advance of his own age as to appear visionary. It is only in our own time that his broad views have been appreciated, and many of his principles adopted. He maintained that the education of youth should be physical as well as mental; that their minds should be occupied with the whole cycle of human knowledge; and that, among the arts, music should have a conspicuous place. He saw in music not a mere embellishment to set off sterner things, but a profound science and the most inspiring of arts.

Milton never speaks of music without a peculiar and impressive enthusiasm. The depth and virtues of music are glowing themes under his pen. His soul was full of music. His verses sing, because his spirit sings in them. No poet revels more luxuriously in the swelling waves of music. He soars into the very empyrean of lofty song. Coleridge calls him the "musical poet." "Paradise Lost" throbs with the echoes that rang, in incessant anthem, in his musical soul.

Music was his only recreation. In the intervals of severe study, he gave himself to inspiriting song. When he stopped to breathe amid the fierce and acrid controversies of his active manhood, he refreshed himself with the grand harmonies of the organ, or the gentler tones of the flute. He could turn from the "Areopagitica" to a soothing choral; from a state paper of the Commonwealth to an anthem. And when, in his old age, blindness and poverty and royal ban were on him, and the hopes of a lifetime were shattered forever, he felt his way back to the keys of the instrument, and found consolation in the harmony of sweet sounds. And out from that musical soul, whose heavenly harmonies neither violence nor neglect could destroy, rolled the measures of the immortal epic that will sing its way on to the gates of time. L.

—*College Herald, Lewisville, Pa.*

## Popular Art Education.

(Concluded from page 15b.)

An interesting article might be written concerning the free evening classes alone, which are now so successful operation—one at the Appleton-street schoolhouse, one at the Mason-street schoolhouse, and the third at the Institute of Technology; but they can perhaps be better noticed at another time. It is proposed to carry out those branches of instruction which are comprehended under the term free-hand drawing at the Appleton-street school, whilst at the Institute of Technology, and in Mason-street, instrumental drawing will be taught. The very generous offer of Mr. Perkins to furnish a collection of models, such as are used in the South Kensington school of art, was fulfilled, and in addition to this collection a splendid collection of drawings illustrating the stages of study in the English schools of art have been obtained, and they are now being hung for exhibition. Concerning these drawings it may be stated that it would have been impossible to have procured such a collection without enlisting the services of the English government authorities. During the summer months, under the advice of the general superintendent of drawing, an application was made to the authorities at South Kensington for the collection which is now to be exhibited. Through the foreign office the officials of the science and art department had instructions to cooperate with the authorities of Boston in any way that would advance the study of art in America, and to comply with the request which had been made for a series of class drawings. Where specimens were already in the hands of the government officials, these were presented to the city of Boston; where it was necessary to complete the collection by the purchase of valuable drawings from the students, the science and art officials made the

Digitized by Google

selection, the city of Boston paying the actual cost; so that for considerably less than half the value of the works the city has secured the collection to serve as standards for the students here. The money for this purpose was provided by Mr. Perkins, in addition to having already given a considerable sum for models and casts. Furthermore, there has been obtained by appropriation and by private subscription, a very fine collection of drawing copies, casts, reproductions and historical specimens of sculpture, for the purpose of instruction.

In the course of a few days, after the hanging of the drawings shall have been completed, the committee on drawing will hold a reception at the Appleton-street schoolhouse, to which a large number of prominent gentlemen will be invited, and at that time we propose to notice in detail the superb drawings which the English art authorities have sent us.

In connection with this subject it would be a pleasure to give some account of the progress of drawing in other cities, where Mr. Smith is introducing the English methods, but that must be done at another time. The annexed sketch of the advance of popular art education in England, and the foundation of the system which is being adopted in this country, will be *apropos*.

INDUSTRIAL ART IN ENGLAND.

It was between the years 1830 and 1835, that the manufacturers of England were discussing the question of what could be done to improve the character of industrial and manufacturing art; for they found considerable difficulty in procuring designs for their manufactures. They were improving the staples of their products every year, whilst the art element alone was at a stand-still, and in that respect they were falling behind the manufacturers of other parts of Europe,—so much so, in fact, that while everybody admired the material and the finish of the goods made in England, everybody was beginning to laugh at their artistic characteristics. The subject was discussed in Parliament and written about, and at last Parliament decided that this was a matter which the board of trade should take up, and that it should make inquiries as to how it should be remedied. The board of trade decided that it would be desirable to establish schools of design in some of the most important manufacturing towns, in order that the designers and the draughtsmen employed in the works, as well as the workmen who carried out the designs, should have an opportunity of fitting themselves for the work they had to do. The first thing done by the board of trade was to call in some of the artists, two or three amateurs, noblemen, and men of distinction and consult with them; and it was determined that the best course would be to establish a central school of design in London in connection with the board of trade, and to induce various of the large manufacturing towns to establish schools of design for themselves, assisted by the government. Up to that time there had been no public drawing school in England, except the Royal Academy, which might be said to be a professional school for artists, and not for the public. In fact, a man could not obtain admission into that school unless he had displayed great talents in his profession as an artist. The government established this drawing school under the auspices of the board of trade at Somerset House, in the very room in which the Royal Academy was started nearly a hundred years before. The rooms were thrown open to students in the day-time and at night at a comparatively nominal fee, and scholarships were established in connection with the school, so that the most advanced students might have the means of pursuing their studies. The school was opened in the year 1836, and from that year to 1841 there were seven schools of design established in the large towns throughout the kingdom. One of the first difficulties experienced in carrying out this scheme was the difficulty of obtaining examples for instruction. The best artists had been appointed to be masters, and a practical designer had been secured to teach designs for carpets and paper hangings. The board of trade then commissioned Mr. Dyce, who was a rising young artist, and afterwards became the distinguished fresco-painter, to obtain designs for a drawing book which should be a text-book of study in the schools of design. He went all over Europe, and drew from the best specimens of artistic remains a series of progressive ornamental designs, and at great expense to the country that book was published; it has been the best book ever since. The schools of design went on successfully and gradually increased in number. The masters were appointed by the government; the different towns furnished the rooms and premises for the schools, but the government granted an appropriation to each locality sufficient to pay the master's salary, and help defray the expenses. The fees of the students and subscriptions did the rest. The experiment worked well, and a permanent foundation was soon laid by the education of numbers of students who became masters and took positions as head designers in various manufactories. In the year 1851—the year of the great exhibition which was the result of the discussions of the Society of Arts, of which Prince Albert was the head—there were nineteen schools of design in the United Kingdom. As there were scores of towns where such institutions were needed, it was manifest that the problem of art education was only touched upon. In that year a result was brought about of the greatest importance to English art—the creation of a department of the board of trade called the department of practical art. The question was still looked upon as a trade question, and in that respect Massachusetts has proceeded with a similar idea in providing for instruction in industrial drawing. The creation of the department of practical art was due mainly to the results of the exhibition, the fact being established that the English people were deficient in art education, so that they could neither originate suitable designs for manufactures nor could they appreciate them when they were made. There was both ignorance, as it were, at the manufacturing centre and at the purchasing centre. The art of England, in fact, with the exception of high art, was in a barbaric state. The taste of the common people was little farther advanced than that of the South Sea Islanders. In fact, the images and ornaments in the houses of the working classes were scarcely as beautiful as those possessed by most savage tribes. Happily the direction of this movement fell into the hands of a practical man, Mr. Henry Cole, who has had the credit of suggesting the exhibition of 1851, sometimes given to Prince Albert. The schools of design were put into his charge, and he succeeded in making them very nearly self-supporting and making art education general. The first thing he did was to establish a normal school for the training and examination of art masters. It had been found that with the system of appointment which they had practised, namely, the selection of an intelligent and accomplished artist, and putting him at the head of the school, it did not by any means follow that the school was a success; because, although a very good painter, he might be entirely ignorant of the special industry of that locality. It was necessary that the teacher should not only be a painter, possessed of historical knowledge, and a lover of fine art, but also that he should be skilled in industrial art, and joined to this, that he should have practical teaching power. In order to secure this, a training school for art masters was created, and the various schools of design throughout the United Kingdom were asked to send their best scholars to London to be trained as art-masters, the government deeming it profitable to give these men exhibitions and to give them the opportunity to study for a certain number of years, in order to secure competent teachers for the schools of art. In the prosecution of the purpose to make art-education general among the people, and to improve the taste of those who simply bought the goods, as well as of the designers, the first experiments were made in the direction of the public schools, a thing that had not been heard of before in England; and in order to train the masters for this, some of the students in the national schools of drawing in London were asked to teach classes of children a certain number of hours a week in order to familiarize themselves with the young. This was an experiment both as to the teaching powers of the masters and as to whether it was possible to teach the principles of drawing to young children. In various districts in London night classes were also established where the artisans were instructed. These experiments continued for a year or two, and resulted in establishing one fact which has been the key-note of all progress since. It determined that all the children in the public schools could be taught to draw. The night classes also established the fact that there was a large number of working-men and artisans who were ready to avail themselves of the instruction and pay for it. The government furthermore succeeded in inducing the provincial cities to establish training schools, and these have been gradually established, until at the present time there are nearly one hundred and fifty schools of art in full operation, headed by properly educated art masters, and from four to a dozen schools are established every year. During the past twenty years Parliament has annually voted a sum of money to be expended for the purchase of objects of industrial art for the museum at South Kensington, where the national school of art is located. It commenced in the year 1851 with an appropriation of ten thousand pounds for the purchase of the master-pieces of industrial art, and it has been appropriating annually a considerable sum ever since, so that there is now collected there such a mass of art material as exists nowhere else, and which enables students from the Provinces to receive a thorough training in all branches of art. The whole field of art study is systematically divided into six sections. To pass through all these the students are required to give at least six years' hard and constant study. It includes the practice of painting in all its branches, sculpture, artistic design, and every branch of art that is practised in the world, except some of the more technical subjects, such as porcelain painting and stained glass work. During the last thirty six years, which may be said to be the period in which schools of art have existed in England, a very large number of towns have built special schools, with large and handsome rooms, and galleries of pictures for the study of art. One of the last appearances of the present Lord Derby was to open a school of art in Birkenhead, which had been presented to the corporation of Birkenhead by Mr. Laird. With regard to the teaching of drawing in the public schools, in order to make that universal, besides creating a corps of art masters who passed a long and searching examination carried on by the examiners of the science and art department,—in addition to this, in order to establish a constituency for the schools of art, a lower grade of instruction was established at the professional schools, called instruction of the second grade. Masters of the public schools are required to present themselves for examination in this grade, and to obtain certificates. And in addition to this there is a lower grade called the first grade, which is the standard of drawing in the public schools, so that teachers who have not passed the second grade can receive certificates in this grade. It is a distinctive advantage to every teacher to know how to teach drawing because every school is examined in drawing and the salary of the teacher is considerably increased, so that it is a very rare thing in England now to find a school in which there is not a certificated teacher of drawing.

In the change that took place in 1851, one of the most significant points was the transferring of the art educational department from the board of trade to the committee of the council of education, under whom it has ever since remained, and the whole administration is described as a science and art department of the committee of the council on education. The significance is that the subject was relieved of its special character and taken into the general domain of education, and the great work that has been done since is naturally owing to the recognition of drawing as an ordinary subject of education, and the provision for instruction in it, both of teachers and special masters, being regarded as an ordinary business transaction. Since the radical reorganization of the scheme of drawing in 1861 there has been a succession of international exhibitions, in which the influence of art education upon the manufacturers of the United Kingdom has been very easy to trace. Following the exhibition of '51 was the exhibition of '55 in Paris, followed by the exhibition of '62 in London, and again in '67 by the international exhibition in Paris. There was an improvement observable both in the design and manufacture of some of the most important branches of industrial art in the English department in all these exhibitions. The enormous strides to be observed in 1867 in every department of English manufactures, plating, rich iron work and working the precious metals, glass, upholstery, sculpture, ornamentation of furniture, designs for carpets, paper-hangings, book binding, and all branches in which the art element is one of tangible value, convinced the critics and art writers that there was no system of art education in Europe that had produced so much fruit in the same time as the English system. The exhibition of 1862 showed such progress that the French government sent special inquirers into the English system of art education, who reported favorably upon it, and the exhibition of 1867 showed such results that from that time the system has been regarded as a model for the world. Meanwhile in the small German states, in France, in Switzerland, and in other European countries the governments have been actively engaged in making art an important element in their educational schemes, seeing the immediate result upon the manufactures and therefore upon the wealth of the country, resulting from elementary training in the art of drawing in the public schools and special education in technical schools.—*Daily Advertiser.*

## The Church Music Association.

The first concert of the Church Music Association took place last Tuesday at Steinway Hall before the usual large audience of the representatives of fashion, wealth, and refinement, exceeding in number some 2,000 persons. This is the more surprising when it is known that on that evening the elements were not propitious, and that a snow storm had steadily set in and continued during a greater part of the day and night. "Faust" had also been set up for that evening at the Academy of Music; but on this occasion the counter attractions at Steinway Hall had materi-

ally emptied the house, fully convincing the most skeptical that at least one of our local institutions is not without a vitality that can make itself felt when occasion requires.

The success of the Church Music Association is apparent to everyone, and we heartily congratulate its members on the good they are conferring upon the community by steadily persisting in a good course.

At the same time we could wish that, as the society progresses in the estimation of musicians and the public, it would address its attention to works of yet a higher order than those attempted. It is true the works given are very good of their kind; nothing could be more admirably selected than the last programme, but still there must arise opportunities in the future by which the works of Bach and Handel and some more modern, but equally learned musicians' works could be presented.

The elements composing the organization are extremely good. The chorus is now well balanced and composed of the freshest voices to be obtained in the city, and drawn too from a circle of society well sustained by wealth and comfort. The orchestra is large in numbers, never less than seventy performers, and the best that can be obtained; while the musical director and conductor, Dr. James Pech, although we cannot always agree with what he says in his analytical programmes, nor even, sometimes, with his reading and interpretation of the works performed—is a man of erudition, experience and culture in the profession he follows, and is sure, whatever he does, to do it with much intellect and ability.

The programme comprised Raff's overture: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," Haydn's Second Mass and the music of the "Preciosa." In this the orchestra and chorus were complete, and in their laudable efforts were joined by the soloists.

It will be seen, here, that in the selection of the programme there is great variety of thought and character in the compositions selected. The Raff overture is well constructed and developed in a highly scholastic way, and, although ponderous, was a happy precursor to the light and almost effeminate composition, Haydn's 2nd Mass, which followed. In the first we had the richness and generosity of the modern treatment with all the scholarship of Haydn; in the latter an inferior melodic form sustained by a choral writing more instrumental than vocal in its character.

The Preciosa Music was, perhaps, delivered better than any other portion of the programme. There was more life and vigor displayed in the attack of the chorus and as a curiosity, the Orchestra played the accompaniments with more grace and lightness than our Orchestras are accustomed to do in this city. And here we must say, that from the numbers of the Chorus—there could not have been less than 300—the attack and body of tone ought to have been stronger and larger. This, probably, will be achieved in the course of time. The singing of the chorus on Tuesday night, however, was certainly better than on any previous occasion during the existence of the organisation, which now bids fair to become the best singing society in the city.

The principal parts were taken by Mrs. Philip D. Galager, Mrs. Jennie Kempton, Mr. Wm. S. Leggatt, and Mr. Franz Remmerts. If these names are not very wide-spread in the world, they are known and esteemed here as vocal singers of great respectability. They very evidently united their efforts in the best way they could with those of the Chorus, Orchestra and Conductor in an endeavor to give the most finished interpretation to the works of the composers set down for performance.

Altogether the concert was an enjoyable one, and if in the performance there was much to object to, as there must always be in connection with almost any effort in art, still there was much deserving our highest commendation and encouragement. Dr. James Pech, upon whom so much devolves, most decidedly deserves the best encouragement and thanks of the community for the earnest devotion he is giving to the highest interests of musical art in this city.

The next performance will take place early in February, on which occasion Mozart's Requiem in D minor, and a selection from Wallace's opera "Lurline" will be given. The former work has been underlined for rehearsal for several weeks.—*N. Y. Weekly Review, Dec.* 23.

## Gilmore, his Book.

[From the Nation, Dec. 7.]

*History of the National Peace Jubilee and Great Musical Festival.* By P. S. Gilmore. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

It is wonderful what a man completely possessed by one idea, and blessed with blind faith and pugnacity sufficient to carry it out in face of every obstacle, can accomplish. If he is fanatically inclined, he may found a sect, and gather together a vast community, as Brigham Young has done in Utah. If he is musically inclined, he may get up a prodigious festival, that shall set all New England singing, as Gilmore did in Boston two years ago. If his monomania is of a very aggravated type, he may write a book of seven hundred and sixty pages about it. And this, too, the irrepressible Gilmore has done. Even here he does not stop: for he is busy organising another musical festival, to be given in Boston next June, in which not New England only, but all the world, shall take part. Every nation in Europe is to send a band of its best musicians, and a day is to be set apart for each nationality represented. Instead of a chorus of ten thousand voices, one of twenty thousand is to be organized. The orchestra is to consist of two thousand instead of one thousand players, and the building is to hold one hundred thousand people, in place of the fifty thousand who gathered in the Coliseum of 1869. As everything is subjected to the doubling process, we may then look for another volume of fifteen hundred and twenty pages which shall record the affair.

Mr. Gilmore's book is exactly such a production as we might look for. To say that it is egotistical but faintly expresses its character in this respect. From title-page to conclusion it is all Gilmore. What he thought, what he said, whom he saw, what they did and, above all, what he did, is the record of every page. The ingenuous man has even written out and printed the prayer that he offered up in the secret closet in the hour when he feared the whole affair was about to collapse. His hopes and fears, trials, obstacles, and final triumph, are all spread upon the record. Even the names of the ten thousand singers, the thousand instrumentalists, the artillerists, anvil-beaters, and the very ushers at the doors, are set down. A large part of the book is made up of comments of the press on the progress of his undertaking and its culmination. The author has also improved the opportunity to reflect on such persons as failed to give it support. He is particularly severe on Mr. John S. Dwight, of Boston, the editor of the *Journal of Music*. Mr. Dwight is known to all who are interested in musical art, as a man whose life has been devoted, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, to fostering and encouraging the highest and noblest forms of that art. It was absurd in Mr. Gilmore to suppose that he could harness him, and men like him, to his noisy, flaring musical chariot; and it is still more absurd on his part to indulge in foolish abuse of them because they would not permit themselves to be made the instruments of his egregious vanity.

Mr. Gilmore's history is long-winded and desultory. It is without literary merit, but has that sort of interest which pertains to all unreserved narratives of personal experiences. In all other respects, it is merely a literary curiosity.

## P. S. Gilmore at Home.

[From the New York Weekly Review, Dec. 30.]

We learn from one of our contemporaries, that the indefatigable Gilmore has arrived safely at Boston, after an absence of several months in Europe, on his Jubilee mission, and that his efforts have been successful. It is also said that poets of the Boston Papers already begin to pour forth impassioned lyrics, and that their artists have painted in most vivid colors the gigantic Coliseum, and its impressive surroundings. Consequently the music publishers will soon be out with new songs, marches, polkas, &c., glowing with the white heat of enthusiasm, imitating the bells, drums, guns and gongs to be used on that great and notable day in next June, which will make the Hub famous forever, as the grand centre around which all aspiring *fellows* of note will hereafter be doomed to revolve.

The following is said to be a list of music already awaiting the press:

Oh Come to Town and see the Great Big Jubilee.
Song and Chorus..............................Milgore. 30
The Jubilee Maker was never a Quaker. Solo..Morgil. 50
O Hear those Soothing Sounds Ascending,
While Guns, Gongs, Drums and Bells are Blending.
Quartet..............................G. S. Patrick. 75
High Ding Diddle, the Jubilee Fiddle
Got Mad with the Jubilee Drum. Duo.........Patmore.

The grand opening hymn of welcome to foreign delegations, to be sung by 500,000 voices, accompanied by 10,000 instruments, 100 siege guns, 500 anvils, 2,000 gongs, and all the bells of America,—by electricity,—combined, will be as follows:

HIM OF WELCUM.

I.

We greet you, brethren, from over the deep;
You cam here to job-late, then pray do not weep.
You cum to the land where the fiddle is free,
Where millions may jine in the grate Jubilee.

II.

You cum to a land where the power of song
May blend with the cannon, the anvil and gong;
Where Mormons are squelched, with that cuss slaveree;
Then why should we not have a big Jubilee.

III.

Then welcum thrice o'er to our musical feast,
Brave Lions and Eagles, and Bears of the east.
Our bold bird of freedom with pleasure will scream,
To the echo of ten thousand whistles of steam.

IV.

Then jine in our song. As the chorus swells high,
We'll vow that in peace we will live till we die.
And then to Pat Gilmore three cheers will we raise,
While heaven's vast dome is a-roar and a-blaze.

## The Fourth Symphony Concert.

[From the Advertiser, Dec. 19.]

In the rich programme of yesterday's concert the name of Beethoven is conspicuous. Three out of the five numbers were by him; his gayest symphony, his most brilliant concerto for piano and his best song. The opening piece was Gade's Highland Overture, and Weber closed the feast with his overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits." After the Gade Overture Mr. John S. Dwight came forward to explain that Miss Mehlig had arrived in New York, but too late for the concert, and that the Committee had prevailed upon Mr. Leonhard to play in her stead. Mr. Dwight's announcement was received with applause. That there was little occasion for disappointment was the general feeling after the first movement of the concerto. When Beethoven played this concerto for the first time at the concert which he gave at Vienna on the 22d of December, 1808, Reichardt, himself a good musician, designated it as a new piece of immense difficulty, and wrote of Beethoven that "he played it in the quickest time and so excellently well as to astonish every one." This remark might well be repeated of Mr. Leonhard, who excelled himself in his performance of yesterday. All the fire and all the tenderness that the piece called for freely flowed from his fingers. The delicacy of his touch in pianissimo passages and the unerring certainty with which he overcame difficulties of the most formidable kind, were alike admirable. Mr. Leonhard has the courage and possesses the ability of playing a pianissimo in which every tone is just audible, and yet so distinct as to pervade the whole house. The Andante, a noble song of lament, was so exquisitely rendered as to move almost to tears. The orchestra bravely seconded his efforts. The principal motive of the first movement strongly reminds one of a motive in the cycle of songs entitled "*An die ferne Geliebte*" (to the distant sweetheart.)

Mr. Leonhard played the accompaniment to "Adelaide" with his usual skill, and Mr. Gloggner-Castelli sang with fine feeling, evidently husbanding his voice, however, in such a way that, with all his taste and with all the artistic refinement of his style, his rendering produced an impression of sameness. It was the lack of fervor, of passion, resulting, as it seemed to us, not from a want of feeling, but from the fear of overtasking himself.

The rest of the programme was in the hands of the orchestra, and most excellently did our musicians carry it out. We can honestly praise every and all their performances. The sparkling gayety of Beethoven's symphony; the dreamy opening of Gade's overture, with its suggestions of heath enveloped in mist, followed by the exciting chase; the weird, wild ghost scenes, as well as the sweet melodies in Weber's overture, all were rendered unexceptionably, finely, tastefully. The latter piece, which in its present form was first played at Munich, on the 11th of November, 1811, is not one of Weber's most brilliant efforts; still it is good music for a composer of eighteen or twenty. He was about that age when he composed it for his opera "*Rubezahl*," at Breslau. We were glad to notice among the performers the familiar faces of the members of the Mendelssohn quintette club, who are at home again for the winter. The concert was thoroughly good in all its parts.

## The Fifth Symphony Concert.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 5.)

Yesterday's delightful concert was made more attractive than the orchestral selections could possibly have rendered it, by Miss Anna Mehlig's faultless performance. Her selections helped to make the programme homogeneous, and to make it, if we may so say, grandly and characteristically ethnological. The first and last pieces brought up the life and love of German knights in the middle ages, being overtures to two old German legends. The symphony carried the lover to the heaths, the sea-shore of Scotland and the merry-making of her people. The Rondo of the piano-concerto, and indeed the whole of that number was essentially Polish, having all the tenderness and passion characteristic of the Slavonic races. And the "Rhapsodie" opened up to mental vision the *puszta* of Hungary with its grotesque gypsies and their fantastic violins and tamborine music.

Digitized by Google

Miss Anna Mehlig evidently felt quite at home; besides the ease and self-command in her bearing,—the result of her artistic consciousness of the fulness of her powers,—there was that in her mien which seemed to say: "I am glad to be among you again." Her playing impressed as it has ever impressed her audiences. There was no effort; all was grace, delicacy and strength combined. It would be useless to attempt a critical analysis of her playing, which was simply perfect. The concerto by Chopin is well known. The long introduction by the orchestra suffered not a little from being heard immediately after so beautiful a piece of orchestral music as Mendelssohn's overture to "the fair Melusina." There is in much of Chopin's music a whimsicality, almost amounting to sickliness. Some of these traits are exhibited in the *allegro* of this concerto. Many of Chopin's effects are but pretty conceits, pleasing by the richness of the coloring, tickling the senses with delight, astonishing by their mechanical difficulty very often, but hardly warming the hearer, hardly firing the mind with enthusiasm as Beethoven almost always does. It is *genre* painting; still-life with a strong national flavor. Beethoven's is grand historical painting. The most characteristic part of the Chopin concerto is the Rondo, with its pretty, fresh, almost coquettish first motive. The immense difficulties of this composition were overcome so easily by Miss Mehlig, that an uninitiated person, who did not see the agility of her fingers, might have thought the piece quite easy. In the "*Rhapsodie Hongroise*," she had an opportunity to show, not only her dexterity and skill, but also her strength, which is quite marvellous. It need not be said that she kept it within the bounds of the beautiful. Liszt composes as he only can compose who knows all the resources of the piano. And Miss Mehlig called them forth as the master intended. The audience showed the delight caused by her playing by calling her out twice. The orchestra, who were as active in their plaudits as the rest of the audience, played the accompaniment to the concerto most delicately and excellently. So they played the two overtures. Of the symphony, the *Vivace*, taking the place of the *Scherzo*, was played most to our taste. There was some slight unevenness noticeable in the other parts hardly enough, however, to deserve mention.

All the orchestral portion of the concert belongs to the modern school of symphonic composition, and, as the names of the composers, Mendelssohn and Schumann, warrant, to the best class of it. It can hardly be fully understood without a knowledge of the fairy-tale of the beautiful Melusina, or the legend of "Genoveva." The musical listener will discover the principal elements of the former tale in the opening motives, which unmistakeably portray the wavy, undulating element whence the fair Melusina comes among men, and the martial character of the knight who wooes and wins only to lose her. So the thrice-repeated cry of woe is easily recognized, and the pain at parting when Melusina returns to her home in the waves. Schumann's overture is not so easy to fathom unless one knows the legend. Still Golo's ardent passion and the triumph of virtue are depicted with sufficient plainness to be recognized. Mendelssohn's symphony is a landscape full of life, and even without having been in Scotland one can breathe upon the expanse of the moors, hear the thundering voice of the waves and vividly see and feel the storm. The national bag-pipe is unmistakable in the *Scherzo*, the legends of heroic ancestry with their feuds and loves are well described in the *Adagio*, and the exhilarating, swift movement, ending in a hymn of praise, which closes the symphony, is full of glorious reminiscences of sport and open-air life and enjoyment.

## Music at Dublin University.

The general interest excited by our remarks in a recent article on the Royal Academy of Music in Dublin, induces us to present our readers with a brief account of the system pursued at the University in that city for the encouragement of musical education, and of the regulations adopted for the granting of musical degrees. Trinity College, or Dublin University, for they are really interchangeable terms, has a musical professorship which is at present filled by Dr. R. P. Stewart, who was elected in 1861, and holds office as organist of S. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals, besides conducting the practices of the College Choral Society, and assisting in the Academy of Music as professor of the pianoforte and harmony. The books of the university were mutilated and destroyed to such an extent in former years that it is difficult to ascertain who was the earliest occupant of the music chair; but the first professor of whom we have any definite record is the Earl of Mornington, whose name is well known on both sides of the Channel. He appears to have been appointed in 1764, and resigned ten years later. Musical Degrees were conferred for some time after by diploma, the name of the candidate being submitted, according to a regular form, to the whole senate, whose "grace," or permission, was a necessary preliminary to the granting of the degree; and even now, although the system of examinations is strictly enforced, the form is still maintained, sometimes resulting in the exclusion of unpopular or unsatisfactory persons. The chief feature, however, in the arrangements at Dublin, and that in which they differ from the sister universities in England, lies in the regulation—introduced, we believe, by Dr. Stewart—that no person shall be admitted to the degree of Mus. Bac. who has not previously passed a general examination, unless he be already a graduate in Arts. This rule naturally diminishes the number of candidates, but at the same time it must be admitted that it is a salutary provision, well calculated to raise the Art and its professors in the estimation of the public. An additional inducement to candidates to graduate in Arts before they present themselves for the musical examination is afforded by the reduction of the fees for the latter degrees to one half the sum charged to non-graduates. At Oxford and Cambridge, as our readers are probably aware, there is no such general educational test, the only preliminary to the Musical Degree being the production of a certificate from one or two graduates, stating that the candidate is a fit and proper person for admission as a member of the university. It may be added that no residence is called for at Dublin by the enforcement of this regulation, for it is possible to graduate in any Faculty in Trinity College by merely going up to the terminal examinations and paying the fees, so that the additional requirements throw no real obstacle in the way of the young professor, provided he possesses the needful education.

In order to make the matter perfectly clear we append the official copy of the Regulations:—

Preliminary Conditions.—A Bachelor of Music must be matriculated in Arts,* and if he shall not have obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts, must pass, in addition, an Examination in the following subjects:—(1) English Composition, History, and Literature; (2) a Modern Foreign Language; (French, German or Italian); (3) Latin, or, instead of it, a second modern Language; (4) Arithmetic. He must also lodge with the Senior Proctor, at least one month before the day of the Public Commencements at which the degree is conferred, the full score, legibly written, of a piece of Vocal Music, of which a portion at least must be in four real parts, with accompaniments for an organ or a stringed band.

Examination for the Degree of Mus Bac The above conditions being fulfilled, the Candidate (provided his musical composition is approved of by the Board) must pass an Examination in the Theory and Grammar of Music, and in Thorough Bass, to be held by the Professor of Music, assisted by one or more Fellows appointed by the Board. He must also, if required to do so, conduct the performance of his compositions, produced at his own expense, in one of the public Halls of the College, according as the Board may direct. The Proctor cannot supplicate for the private grace of the House till these conditions are fulfilled.

Examination for the Degree of Mus. D.—A Doctor of Music must have obtained his degree of Mus. B.,—and must compose and conduct, under the conditions already mentioned in the Mus. B. Examination, a piece of Vocal Music, of which a portion at least shall be in eight real parts, with accompaniments for a full band. Before the private grace of the House is obtained, the Candidate must pass an Examination on Instrumentation, and such other subjects connected with the Theory and Practice of Music as the Professor of Music may think fit. The Candidate will also be required to write, within a prescribed time, pieces of Harmony on given subjects, or on given basses.

Fees.—Bachelors of Arts in the University of Dublin will in future obtain their Degree of Mus. B. for a fee of £5. This Degree is intended to show that a sound practical knowledge of Music has been attained, sufficient to manage and conduct a choir, or to officiate in Cathedral or Choral Services. Under all other circumstances, the fees will be as follows:—

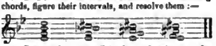
| | |
|---|---|
| For Bachelor of Music | £12 0 0 |
| " Doctor " | 22 0 0 |

N. B.—These fees are additional to the Matriculation Fees above mentioned. Both the Degrees may be taken on the same day, provided all the conditions are fulfilled.

* *Matriculation* may be defined as entering the University, which is done by passing the Entrance Examination in any two Latin and two Greek books the Candidate may select, in English and Latin Composition, in Elementary English History, in Modern Geography and in the Elements of Arithmetic and Algebra. The Matriculation Fees amount to £15.

As a means of showing the nature of the examinations to which the students have to submit, we are enabled to append the following paper, which was set at the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Trinity Term, 1866:—

1. Give the derivation of the word Scale, and explain its meaning as applied to Music.
2. By the Dominant Chord modulations to various keys are effected; assign a reason for this.
3. Resolve the intervals of this chord regularly.
4. How are these intervals treated when the Interrupted Cadence is employed.
5. Give the fundamental basses of the following chords, figure their intervals, and resolve them:—



6. Consecutive or parallel 5ths and 8ths are, for the most part, forbidden in part-writing—can you assign reasons for this?
7. How would you avoid these faults?

*Copies of the following Works placed before the Candidates.*

8. How has Handel avoided the former in the "Halleiujah" from *Messiah*? and how the latter in the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb" from the same?
9. Can you recall any thing in Mozart's *Zauberflöte* Overture which seems to set one of these rules at defiance; and can you explain and justify Mozart's treatment?
10. Define Counterpoint; give the derivation of that term; and describe the various orders of Counterpoint.
11. Give examples of plain and of florid Counterpoint.
12. What is double Counterpoint? Can you point out what description of double Counterpoint is employed in the first movement of Mozart's Sonata in C minor; or Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26); or Mendelssohn's III. Symphony?
13. Harmonize in five real parts, without the aid of a musical instrument, Luther's Choral "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."
14. Harmonize in five parts the same, placing the melody in the second tenor.
15. Harmonize in five parts the same, placing the melody in the bass.

It will thus be seen that the Dublin degrees are of real practical value, and when to the musical test we add the previous examination in Arts we have a definite proof that men who are able to pass through the curriculum are armed at all points. Whether some such modification of the existing rules at Oxford and Cambridge would not be attended with satisfactory results is we think, well worthy of the attention of the professors, but we confess that we look with still greater hope in this respect to the University of London, which from the fact of no residence being required seems specially suited to meet the wants of musicians engaged in active work. The one thing needful at Burlington House is, we imagine, the provision of sufficient funds to defray the cost of the examinations but this ought scarcely to be permitted to stop the way of progress at an establishment where a public test is afforded in every other branch of study, and where a man can now become Doctor of Science or Doctor of Literature—every thing in fact but a Doctor of Music. At any rate Dr. Stewart has taken a step in the right direction, and we trust that ere long his example will be imitated at all our other great seats of learning.—*Choir.*

# Music Abroad.

Leipzig. The programmes of the Gewandhaus Concerts, since our last report, have been as follows:

*Third, Oct.* 19. Overture to "Medea," Bargiel; Recit. and Aria from Bach's "Pfingst-Cantata," sung by Frau Amalia Joachim; Schumann's Piano Concerto, played by Fran Clara Schumann; Songs with Piano ("Zuleika," Schubert, "Gruss," Mendelssohn); Piano Solos (Gavotte, by Gluck; Andante in F, Schumann; Impromptu, Op. 142, F minor, Schubert).—Symphony in E flat, Schumann.

*Fourth, Oct.* 26. Symphony, No. 4, in B flat,

Gade; Beethoven's "Ah perfido!" sung by Fr. Amalia Joachim; Beethoven's 3d Piano Concerto, in C minor, played by Mme. Schumann.—Scherzo for Orchestra (first time), Goldmark; Songs by Schubert ("An die Musik," "Geheimes," "Die Taubenpost;" Piano pieces by Schumann, played by Clara Schumann: "In der Nacht" (from *Fantasiestücken*, op. 12), No. 4 of *Nachtstücken*, op. 23, "Scherzino" from the *Faschingsschwank;* Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

*Fifth, Nov.* 2. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture; Aria from Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris," sung by Frau Isendahl-Eggeling, court opera singer at Brunswick; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by concertmeister Lauterbach of Dresden; Songs: "Es weiss und räth es doch Keiner," Mendelssohn, "Unbefangenheit," Weber; Arioso for Violin, Rietz.—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven.

*Sixth, Nov.* 9. Concerto for two Violins *obligato* (David and Röntgen), Violoncello *obligato* (Hegar), and string orchestra, by Handel (with Cadenza by David); Recit. and Aria from "Figaro's Hochzeit," sung by Frl. Marie Mahlknecht; Concertstück (Introd. and Allegro appassionato), Schumann, played by Capellmeister C. Reinecke; Songs: "Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland," by E. Lassen, "Das Fischermädchen," Schubert; Fantasia and Fugue, for piano, Mozart.—Symphony by J. J. Abert (first time, conducted by the composer.)

*Seventh, Nov.* 16. Part I. Gade's "Comala," dramatic poem after Ossian, (the solos by Frl. Gips, Gutzschbach and Borée, and Herr Gura).—Part II. Schumann's music to Byron's "Manfred," with connecting poem by Richard Pohl, recited by Otto Devrient.—Rather a sombre programme! "Gray upon gray," as the critic of the *Signale* (Bernsdorf) says.

Carlsruhe. At a Museum concert in October were performed: Overture and Garden Scene from Schumann's music to Goethe's *Faust*; "Song of Fate" from Holderlin's "Hyperion," for chorus and orchestra, composed and conducted by Brahms; Songs by Schubert; Scenes from Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, Schumann. The principal solo singers were Frl. Schwarz and Julius Stockhausen.

Prague. The latest novelty, *Svatojanské Proudy* (*The Rapids of St. John*), at the National Bohemian Theatre, is by Richard Rozkosny, who was highly successful with his first essay, an operetta, produced last year. It has made a decided hit. *Svatojanské Proudy* is distinguished by melodic freshness, warmth of feeling, and an elevated style. There is a report that it is to be produced at the German Landestheater. —M. Smetana is just finishing his national opera, *Libusa*. Another new work, *Bukovin*, the first dramatic attempt of a young composer, Zdenko Fibich, will shortly be produced. M. Fibich is said to possess considerable ability. In addition to the above, there will, probably, be produced during the present season, two other national works—comic operas—by A. Dworzak, A. Primaly, and K. Bendl; Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris;* and Spontini's *Vestalia*, not forgetting the two Russian operas, *Rusalk*, and *Russlan and Ludmila*, the former by Dargoomijzskij, the latter by Glinka. It will be seen from the above, that, in the way of original dramatico-musical activity, this capital beats for the moment all the other European capitals—like Colman's two fat single gentlemen—"rolled into one."

Hamburgh. Mad. Joachim and Mad. Clara Schumann appeared at the Second Philharmonic Concert. The following was the programme: Symphony, D major, Bach; Recitative and Air from *Semele*, Handel (Mad. Joachim); Pianoforte Concerto, A minor, Schumann (Mad Clara Schumann); "Rhapsodie," Brahms (Mad. Joachim); Gavotte, Gluck; Scherzo, Mendelssohn; and Symphony, C major, Mozart. Two days subsequently to the date of the above concert, the two ladies gave a Matinée on their own account. The programme comprised Sonata, D minor, Beethoven; Air from the *Weihnachtsoratorium*, Bach; Chromatic Fantasia with Fugue, Bach; "Colma's Klage," Schubert; Nocturne B major, and Scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin; Songs and Pianoforte Solos, Schumann.

At the Stadttheater, a new opera, *Die Rose von Bacharach*, words and music by Herr Scherff, has been produced with decided success. The music is a cross between Weber and Lortzing.

Dusseldorf. Concert of the Universal Musical Association: *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel; Solo Singers: Mdlles. Gips, Assmann, Herren Wagner and Bletzacher.

Leipsic. Third Concert of the Euterpe: Overture, Witte; Air from *Le Nozze*, Mozart (Madame Louisa Reinhold); 2d Symphony, C major, Schumann; Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Madame Reinhold); "Huldigungsmarsch," R. Wagner. —Concert in the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor of the Town: Overture to *Joseph*, Méhul; Air from the same (Herr Müller, from Lemberg); Andante from the *Tragische Symphonie*, Schubert; Concert-Aria, Mozart (Herr Krolop); *Requiem*, for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, Lachner (vocalists: Mesdames Mahlknecht, Friedlander, Kindermann, Herren Müller, Krolop).

## Paris.

The seventh concert at the Conservatory offered the 8th Symphony of Beethoven; Chorus of *Nymphes de Psyché*, by Ambroise Thomas; Symphony to "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn; *O vos omnes*, unaccompanied chorus, by Vittoria; Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber.—M. George Hainl directed.

Sixth Popular Concert, given by Pasdeloup at the Winter Circus, Sunday, Dec. 10; programme: Symphony in D minor, Schumann; Air from the *Prometheus* Ballet, Beethoven; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; *Marche Heroique* (first hearing), Saint-Saens; Overture to *Freyschütz*, Weber.

Carlotta Patti, with several of the first artists, gave a concert, Dec. 19 in aid of the Chicago sufferers.

The programme of M. Pasdeloup's fifth Popular Concert consisted of: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Heroic Symphony, Beethoven; Hymn by Haydn (by all the strings); Fragments of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony;" "Invitation to the Waltz," Weber, (for orchestra by Berlioz.)

Berlin. The musical season at Berlin has fairly commenced, and its first legitimate week has been distinguished by two events of the greatest interest to all votaries of the divine art. One was a concert given by two of its high-priestesses, Mmes Joachim and Schumann. The former is unquestionably the first Liedersängerin—imperfectly rendered by "ballad singer"—in Germany. Gifted with a magnificent voice, the lower register of which reminds one of Alboni in her best days, and with that rarest of endowments, a perfectly correct ear, she exhibits in her vocalization the results of arduous and careful study. Here is one of those rare musical natures that impart something of their own inherent beauty and grace to everything they touch—even to works in themselves so noble and complete, that the most accomplished and appreciative musicians are apt to believe that nought can be added to their native charms. Mme. Joachim's interpretation of Schumann's or Schubert's songs can only be compared to a portrait by the hand of a great painter. The original is there delineated, and to the life; but there is more in the picture than a mere likeness—there are admirable inspirations of genius and evidences of individuality that have sprung up under a master-hand, enhancing ten-fold the delight and value of the "counterfeit presentment."

With Clara Schumann's playing you in England are as familiar as we are in Germany; but I cannot help fancying that she feels herself more in her element here than in a London concert room. Encoring is *contra bonos mores* in Berlin, and wise is the unwritten law that proscribes it as a rule; but we broke the rule the other night, and were not to be denied, in favor of a "gavotte" by Gluck, which Mme. Schumann played with such exquisite grace and finish that the audience, though most cool and critical, broke out into a real tempest of applause.

The second treat of the week was Professor Joachim's Quartet Concert—one of the numbers being Beethoven's monumental quatuor (Opus 130), of all compositions for strings the longest, most difficult, and most sublime. One of the most attentive listeners to this glorious work—executed with rare ability by Joachim and his lieutenants—was Field Marshal Count Von Moltke. As I entered the ante-room of the Academy of Music I met him face to face; he had just arrived, in undress uniform and on foot, without aide-de-camp, servant, or companion of any sort, and was patiently awaiting the end of the first movement to go to his seat. I will venture to assert, that no one in that crowded hall, although every other person present was a musician *aux bouts des ongles*, enjoyed or appreciated the performances of the evening more keenly than did the stern-visaged strategist who has contributed more than any other man to the overthrow of two mighty Empires and the alteration of the "balance of power." His excellency, by his own account, has never enjoyed better health than now; and, indeed, like the king, he walks, rides, and works with as much ease and vigor as though he were a robust youth, instead of having already outstepped the Biblical limit of human life.—*Daily Telegraph (London.)*

Dublin.—A lecture, the fourth of a Series on "Musical Forms," was on Saturday afternoon delivered in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, before an extremely large and fashionable audience by Dr. R. P. Stewart, on "Dance Music." The lecturer commenced by explaining the strict meaning of that department of music classified under the heading which formed the subject of his lecture —namely, the rhythmical arrangement of harmonious sound according to certain laws which, when put actively into operation, tend to produce not unfrequently an almost involuntary tendency to mark the time by a sympathetic movement of the limbs. Savages mark this by clapping the hands, but amongst civilized nations it is performed by movements of the body, the accurate attainment of which has been made an important item in modern education, and forms, when fully reached, one of the most graceful accomplishments. Having traced the origin of the dance from a remote period, and shown that, like most refined arts, it first took its rise in connexion with religion, Dr. Stewart alluded to examples of this shown in the writings of antiquity, and even in the sacred records, as when David danced in thanksgiving to the Lord. He next turned to an account of its cultivation by the Moors and Spaniards, which latter people employed it so freely in aiding their devotions that an aged Cardinal was known to unbend his stateliness in the exercise, and a special dance was at one time composed for the nuns of a celebrated convent, to be employed by them in offering up their hymns. But the dance soon lost much of its connection with religious ceremonies, and became extensively cultivated as a national amusement. In France and Italy it was carried to a still higher degree of perfection than in Spain; and although choirs of boys, with an accompaniment of many instruments, were used to perform the dancing portion of the High Mass Service, just as the early Christians used to employ the dance while engaged in offering up their less complicated form of worship, yet it was chiefly cultivated as a national amusement. Turning first to a consideration of the later and more elaborated and secular forms of dance music in Spain, Dr. Stewart proceeded to enumerate and explain in succession the different dances peculiar to that country. Some were slow and majestic, some sprightly and gay, many remarkable only for the splendor which accompanied their production. Of one of these Dr. Stewart, assisted by several well-skilled amateurs, gave separate examples—that is of the music. The course of the dance in Italy and in France was next traced, and exemplified down to the present time, in a manner equally full and agreeable. Amongst these examples there were given specimens from some of the finest operas—notably one from the ball-room scene in *Don Giovanni*, where that prince of schemers induces his valet to get up a scene of confusion, in order that he may have an opportunity of indulging in his flirtations. Three different dances were played at the same time on Saturday in illustration of this. One on the piano, another on the violin, and a third on the harmonium, and showed very beautifully the conception of the great composer. Alluding then to Germany, Poland, and next to the old English country dance, which has been superseded by the new fashioned quadrilles, &c., Dr. Stewart gave some delightful examples of all, and concluded his discourse by reviewing the melodies of Ireland, introducing, at the same time, one of the Irish jigs which are familiar throughout the country. The lecture, independently of its instructive features, was really a selection of well-rendered music, over a great range, and affording rare gratification to a crowded audience.—*Lond. Choir.*

Jenny Lind in Florence. Florence, notwithstanding gay Paris is once more accessible, is beginning to show a goodly number of winter visitors. The most noticeable at present is the once great cantatrice, Jenny Lind, who with her family has elected this fair city to pass the winter months. Of course all the Americans are on the *qui vive* to see and hear this famous songstress, and an opportunity was given last evening by the fair wife of the American consul,

Digitized by Google

Mr. I. L. Gesham, at her elegant apartments, where a most delightful entertainment was given in honor of Mme. Goldschmidt. Nearly one hundred persons were present, mostly Americans, some Italians and French. Jenny Lind, robed in high-necked gray silk, trimmed with purple, an India muslin cape and fall of lace over the back hair, which is still worn in the same style as when she charmed her audiences thirty years ago, looked somewhat ancient amid the elegant full-dress toilets of all the other ladies present; but her kind face and pleasing manner captivated no less than formerly. Time has not been more lenient to her than to the rest of mortals. She looks fully her age, and that magnificent voice has lost much—very much of its pristine glory and power; but that she can still sing she gave evidence last evening in her exquisite rendering of a *morceau* from Handel's oratorio "Pansieroso," to the piano accompaniment of her husband. Her execution was faultless, and much clearness and sweetness remain to testify to what her voice has been. Her manner to the other ladies who sang was charming. She highly complimented the Italian method of singing, represented by Mrs. D. C. Hall, of Boston, whose fine mezzo-soprano voice in Luzzi's "Ave Maria" gave evidence of culture in that school and much natural taste. The fair hostess gave, with much taste, some Italian arias. Everything passed so delightfully that many will remember this evening passed in the company of Jenny Lind with much pleasure and satisfaction. I have been told that Mme. Goldschmidt says her young daughter, aged fourteen years, promises to surpass her mother in the quantity and quality of her voice.—*Corr. N. Y. Herald.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 13, 1872.

## Symphony Concerts.

The fourth and fifth Concerts of the Harvard series were notable occasions, attracting larger audiences than usual, enjoyed and talked about by everybody. The glowing criticisms which we have copied from one of the morning Dailies may serve as a fair specimen for all of them,—at least in point of enthusiasm. The programme of the fourth concert (Thursday afternoon, Dec. 28) was as follows:

Overture: "In the Highlands"....................Gade.
Fourth Piano-Forte Concerto, in G, op. 58 ...Beethoven.
Hugo Leonhard.

Fourth Symphony, in B-flat, op. 60..........Beethoven.
Song: "Adelaide"..................................Beethoven.
Carl Gloggner-Castelli.
Overture, to "The Ruler of the Spirits," ("Rubezahl,")
Weber.

This programme was a departure from the original design, which had more contrast. That Symphony and that Concerto of Beethoven are not just the two works we would place together; but it happened that Miss Mehlig, who was to have played in this concert, could not arrive from Europe in season for consultation, but had sent word by letter that she would play "Beethoven in G;" when she finally arrived so late that Mr. Leonhard was called upon to take her place, the most convenient thing for him to do, involving also the least change in the programme, was to play that same Concerto. And this he did more admirably than ever before; for on several occasions (in past years) he had played it in a manner so artistic and poetic, with such a delicate appreciation and reproduction of its deep spiritual beauty, that we had all come to associate him with every memory of its witching strains. This time, undertaking it at a day's notice, he made it purely an act of artistic devotion, and the effort was indeed blest. In perfection of technical execution, as well as in poetic aspiration, he surpassed himself, felicitous in each and every part. We doubt if any artist could have brought the pathos and the beauty of that exquisite recitative in the Andante, answering to the stern unisons of the orchestra, more deeply home to every listener with any soul of music in him. His pianissimo, as fine as possible, (yet without soft pedal), was perfectly distinct in every note. The buoyancy and brightness of the Rondo brought inimitable sunshine. The Cadenzas by Moscheles, woven out of the Beethoven themes, but not quite of the same texture, not in the Beethoven spirit, were executed with a brilliant, faultless virtuosity. Such artistic service could not fail of most unanimous and hearty recognition. Mr. L.'s reluctance to keeping himself further in the foreground by playing a solo in the second part, in the place of Miss Mehlig, gave us a welcome, though brief opportunity of listening for once to the refined and highly cultivated vocal art of Mr. Gloggner Castelli, for some years professor of singing in the Leipsic Conservatory, but for the year past established here in Boston as a successful teacher. Mr. Gloggner is much more than a mere singer; he is a musician, and a musical character in the best sense. His tenor voice is not powerful, at least for the great Hall, and a little dry in quality, yet it is very sweet and musical, evenly developed, flexible, and used with admirable method. Seldom have we heard Beethoven's great love song sung with so much truth of feeling, so much delicate, refined expression. If to some it seemed a little cold, it was because the singer had caught cold physically and was naturally somewhat timid in the free use of so sensitive an organ.

The Orchestra, (increased this time by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, giving us eleven first violins and six good 'cellos), played with excellent precision, sympathy and light and shade in nearly every part of every piece. Their rendering in the Concerto was very nice and delicate. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony—which we should call the warmest and most love-fraught, rather than "the gayest" of his Symphonies—went remarkably well, the wind instruments in the Minuet and Trio and the Finale, which *are* gay, leaving little to be desired. The solemn opening (suggesting solitude and silence far above the world) and the exhilaration as of mountain air, in Gade's overture, were impressively brought out. The task of difficulty was the one new piece of the programme, Weber's Overture to one of his youthful operas, "Rübezahl," to which he afterwards gave the name of "Der Beherrscher der Geister" (Ruler of the Spirits). It is thoroughly Weber-ish and anticipates much of the wierd supernatural vein of the *Freyschütz*, while sweeter passages alternately for horns, clarinet, oboe, flute (the fagotto being very active among the subterranean spirits) have more of the charm of *Oberon*. There is a wild, impetuous life in it, full of originality and fine invention, and it has the unity of form, the concentration and conciseness, the color contrasts and effectiveness of a romantic overture in the best sense. Either we overrate it, or the critic of the Daily has failed to see its real worth. As we said, it bristles with difficulties for the instruments, abounding in singular and crooked *obligato* melodies for now one, now another, and requiring thorough practice to bring it out so clearly and effectively as it was given.

For the fifth Concert (Jan. 4) Miss Anna Mehlig was on hand (as also at the Public Rehearsal two days earlier), and this the programme, than which no one has been more heartily enjoyed this winter:

Overture: "The Fair Melusina"...........Mendelssohn.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in E-minor, op. 2.........Chopin.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

Third Symphony, ("Scotch"), in A-minor, op. 56.
Mendelssohn.
Piano Solo: "Rhapsodie Hongroise"...............Liszt
Miss Anna Mehlig
Overture to "Genoveva"......................Schumann.

Here again there was hardly enough of contrast, inasmuch as the Mendelssohn Symphony had to be substituted at a late hour for the promised orchestral arrangement by Joachim of that very noble and symphonic Duo, in four movements, op. 140, by Schubert, which, after some rehearsal, was deemed impracticable for the present. In itself, however, the Symphony in which Mendelssohn, in the fresh, full vigor of his young imagination, has so vividly embodied his impressions of a tour in Scotland, is ever welcome, and this time its every movement seemed to be drunk in with a sincere delight not too soon yielding to satiety. For it was uncommonly happy in the rendering; particularly the frolic, quaintly national *Vivace*, where the wind instruments commingled with most musical precision, delicacy and proportion with their bright bits of melody,—as well as the *Allegro vivacissimo*. The violins, too, were quite up to the mark, sensitively quick and true, and the violoncellos in the *Adagio* were very rich and tender.

The opening and closing Overtures, each a rare product of its kind, while both embody legends of old German chivalrous romance, are yet as different in their individuality as the two men who wrote them, and interesting for comparison although requiring to be set so far apart. The *Schöne Melusine* was never more fascinating in its alternation of cool sportive watery life with a motive of heroic, manly character. Only we thought it opened in too quick a tempo for a wholly clear and even picture. After it, as has been truly said, the long orchestral introduction to Chopin's Concerto seemed comparatively weak and thin,—for with this genius of the pianoforte, in a sense so peculiar and exclusive, instrumentation was not a strong point. Schumann's exciting and impassioned "Genoveva" Overture is one whose power and beauty does not cease to grow upon hearers who are deeply musical (we do not mean learnedly), though they heard it at least for the seventh time, if they have followed up these concerts from the first. There is something about it which makes it always new and always appetizing. With all its restless *agitato*, it yet has perfect unity of form and logical development, still growing to a splendid climax (splendidly rendered this time), while it is relieved at intervals by most delicious and refreshing sounds of woodland life and of the chase, harbingers of hope to exiled injured innocence. In this Overture Mr. Zerrahn and his orchestra seemed to have studied to do their very best, and that was very good indeed. The beauty of the work has never been brought out here half so perfectly before; the breezy horn passages were prompt and true, the phrasing throughout as distinct as could be wished, and the uplifting, joyful climax at the end was wrought up to a pitch almost sublime. Who would not hear it gladly many times again? Doubtless some, who have yet to find the key to Schumann's secret.

But in no one nor all of these good things lay the chief expectation of the hour. That was the reappearance of the admirable young pianist, who so instantly installed herself as first in favor here two years ago, and still holds the place, if we may judge from the warmth of her reception, the intense interest and delight with which she was watched in every note, and the enthusiasm with which she was repeatedly recalled. Miss Anna Mehlig, who had hardly been on *terra firma* long enough for rest after a long and exceedingly rough voyage, came on the stage beaming, full of health, and evidently happy to be once more in the Music Hall before this sympathetic Boston audience. She seemed inspired to do her very best, and did it from the heart as well as from the clear, large brain. All felt that she had even improved much upon herself; that there was in her playing more of power, of delicacy, of fine vitality of touch making the imprint clear in every tone however softened down to *pianissimo*; more of artistic continuity, proportion and warm poetic fusion of the parts in one fair whole; in short more of the insight, certainty and breadth of the mature, genial artist. It was, in every point, as perfect an interpretation of Chopin's exquisite creation as most of us are fine enough in instinct or in culture to conceive of. We have heard it genially and finely interpreted by others, but not with the same clearness and positiveness of *imprint* in every note, making it palpable to every ear in the great hall, and that without the smallest sacrifice of delicacy. It was a new and fresh experience, almost like a second first hearing, and hailed with as much pleasure and surprise as that first debut of hers in the same place, when her rendering of the other Chopin Concerto so electrified the audience. She made a new thing also of the fantastic, freakish, brilliant Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.

The Sixth Concert comes next Thursday, with this programme: *Bach's* Organ Toccata in F, arranged for orchestra by *Esser*; Piano Concerto in D minor, *Mozart*, played by Mr. Richard Hoffman, one of the most sterling, high toned artists of New York; *Gade's* third Symphony, in A minor (first time in this country), a delicate and lovely work.

Digitized by Google

Part II. Adagio and Rondo from a Clarionet Concerto by *Weber* (played by Mr. Ernest Weber, of the orchestra); Piano Solos by Mr. Hoffman (Nocturne and Polonaise by *Chopin*); Overture to "Fierabras," *Schubert*.—Here again, the displacing of a piece in one programme has necessitated a change in several programmes, crowding the Clarionet Solo forward into this one.

## Chamber Concerts.

The third and fourth matinées of Messrs Leonhard and Eichberg were fully equal to the two before, alike in excellence of programme and performance. These were the selections:

*Thursday, Dec.* 14.

Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 21.................Gade.
Adagio, Allegro di Molto; Larghetto; Adagio, Allegro molto vivace.
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
Songs: { "Die liebe Farbe," "Die bœse Farbe," } ...............Schubert.
Mr. Carl Gloggner Castelli.
Concerto for two Violins, D minor..................Bach.
Vivace; Largo; Allegro
Messrs. Eichberg and H Suck.
Piano Solo, Ballade, op. 38, F major..............Chopin.
Mr. Leonhard
Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, op. 63. D minor. Schumann.
In four movements.
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg, and A. Suck.

*Thursday, Dec.* 21.

Sonata, for Piano and Violin, op. 105, A minor. Schumann.
In three movements.
Piano Solo. (Scenes in the Woods............Schumann.
1. Entrance; 2. Hunter on the Stand; 3. Lonely Flowers; 4. Ill-famed spot; 5. Charming view; 6. Inn; 7. Bird prophesying; 8 The Chase; 9. Farewell.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Sonata for Violin with Piano Accompaniment, No. 6, Op. 1, Comp 1748.......................Geminiani.
Affettuoso; Andante; Fuga.
Mr Eichberg.
Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, op. 70, No. 2, E-flat major...................................Beethoven.
Poco sostenuto, Allegro ma non troppo; Allegretto; Allegretto ma non troppo; Finale.
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg, and A. Suck.

The Sonata by Gade is one of the most graceful, fresh and genial of his works; the *Larghetto* particularly charming. Mr. Gloggner-Castelli won great favor by the refined, expressive style in which he sang the two interesting songs from Schubert's "*Schöne Müllerin*" cyclus, finely accompanied by Mr. Leonhard.

The Bach Concerto for two violins won all hearers by the wholesome life and grace of its two quick movements, and by the exquisite sentiment and beauty of the *Andante*. How every note tells in the very abstemious accompaniment for the piano! and how the violinists, Eichberg particularly, seemed to love the music and put their soul into their playing! Mr. Leonhard's rendering of the Chopin *Ballade*—one seldom or never heard in public here before, but equal to any of the four in interest—was sensitively true and tender in the soft introduction, and superb in the grand, exciting storm and climax of the harmony; it was a great success in a most nervous task. Of Schumann's Trio, one of the richest and profoundest of his imaginative creations, mystical yet fascinating in its first Allegro, full of invention and of earnest meaning throughout, we forbear to say more, as it would cost too many words to do it any justice. It was capitally played and made a deep impression. The critic who thought the pianist played wrong notes, was probably misled by the bold use which Schumann makes of passing discords.

The Schumann Sonata Duo and the Beethoven Trio were altogether charming, particularly the *Allegretto* of the latter with its piquant motive. Schumann's cycle of little pieces which he calls "*Waldscenen*" were heard for the first time here in a concert room, we think. It is a deep-souled poet who reports thus of the woods. Each little "scene" is characteristic, some of them bright and animated, others full of musing tender feeling and suggestive fancy. We hardly know which to esteem most beautiful: "*Eintritt*," or "*Einsame Blumen*," (so modest, still and simple), or "*Herberge*," or, perhaps best of all, the last one. The "Bird as Prophet" is a most happy reconciliation of the *art* of music with free "native woodnotes wild," the little snatches of *arpeggio* bird song constantly overreaching or evading the beaten path of the scale, and yet all harmonized and rounded into an artistic piece. The old Violin Sonata was charming, and charmingly played.

Of the fifth Matinée (this week) we cannot now speak. The *sixth and last* will be on Thursday, Jan. 25, when will be given: Beethoven Trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3; an Aria from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, sung by C. Gloggner-Castelli; Piano Solos by Chopin; and the great Schumann Quintet with Piano.

MR. ERNST PERABO gave the first of four Piano-forte Matinées at Wesleyan Hall on Friday, Jan. 5, to an audience select, but not as large as he had good right to expect. The first piece, a Sonatina (op. 10, No. 1), in C, by Anton Krause, seemed to us too commonplace, too like a piece for younger pupils, to figure in so good an artist's programme; yet it is clear and honest music, without modern affectations. A transcription by Liszt of Beethoven's cycle of six Songs: "*An die ferne Geliebte*," the most delicate and tender and poetic of all the songs Beethoven wrote, recalls their beauty as well perhaps as such an instrument could do it; and the rendering was on the whole true and sympathetic, if here and there not quite enough subdued. A pleasing *Serenata*, from a Sonata by Bennett, suffered a little from the same want; but the *Gavotte* in G minor, by Auguste Dupont, a modern imitation of the quaint old forms of Bach and Handel, was capitally rendered. The piece itself is taking, though it is but a clever and somewhat questionable attempt to clothe purely modern moods and fancies in that old form,—putting new wine (not of the choicest vintage) in old bottles. Schubert's Sonata in B-flat (posthumous) was of course very interesting, and happy in an interpreter who plays Schubert *con amore*.—The second matinée will be Jan. 19.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG'S first of Three Piano-Forte Recitals, at Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday last (at 3 P.M.) was altogether a success. Large and appreciative audience, rich and varied programme, and of course admirable, in some things wonderful performance. Need we tell, even if we had the room, how grandly she played the great Schubert Fantasie in C, op. 15 (Liszt's arrangement)—how brilliant in the first part and the Scherzo, with what breadth and wealth of harmony and feeling she made the instrument sing its slow cantabile ("The Wanderer") with its variations; and with what stern majesty and power she brought out the fugued finale? The playful C sharp major Prelude and Fugue from Bach's Well-tempered Clavichord," and the great Organ Prel. and Fugue in A minor, as transcribed by Liszt (as great as that in G minor which she played before) made a fine impression. Then came Schumann's "*Kinderscenen*," in which it was pleasant to hear the "*Träumerei*" in its original and unsophisticated form once more; Chopin's *Ballade*, No. 3, in A flat; two charming revivals of old-time piano-forte memories in Henselt's "Poëme d'Amour" and "If I were a Bird," and an immensely difficult and brilliant *Polonaise* by Liszt.

Next Monday she will play Weber's best Sonata, in A flat; Andantino in A minor, by Mozart; "Etudes de Concert," by Chopin; Mendelssohn's noble "Variations Serieuses"; three *Fantasie-Stücke* by Schumann; and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" marvellously arranged and filled out by Tausig.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, in a series of Piano Recitals, is playing the entire list of Beethoven's Sonatas in course, after the example of Charles Hallé in London.——Mr. J. A. Hills gave the third and last of his Recitals of Ancient and Modern Piano Music, at Brackett's Hall, last Wednesday (same hour, unfortunately, with Miss Mehlig). The selections were a Trio by Bargiel, the violin and 'cello parts by Messrs. Allen and Suck; Mendelssohn's "Autumn" Song, sung by Mrs. Kempton; Mendelssohn's D-minor Concerto, by Mr. Hills, with orchestral accompaniment on a second piano by Miss King; Song by Spohr: "What nerves the Hunter," Mrs. Kempton, with violin obligato by Mr. Allen; and three original compositions by Mr. Hills, viz. the first movement of a Piano Sonata in F, and a *Benedictus* and *Kyrie*, sung in quartet by Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Kempton, Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Ryder.

ORATORIOS. We shall have four to recall in our next. For the present we can only remind our readers that the last chances to hear such music given with the noble singers of the Dolby troupe occur *this evening* (*Stabat Mater*, with choice selections for a second part), and to-morrow evening, "Elijah" once more, in which the Handel and Haydn Society are always certain of success.

ENGLISH OPERA. The Parepa-Rosa company have opened at the Boston Theatre with great success. The company is uncommonly complete, good principals, good orchestra and chorus, and nothing slighted. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Maritana*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Marriage of Figaro*, and *Martha* have been given. To-night (first time) Balfe's "Satanella." Look out for Cherubini's "Water-carrier," as well as Weber's "Oberon," ere long!

"APOLLO" claims our homage and shall have it.

DEATH OF THEODORE HAGEN. The *Musical Review*, the most important of the musical journals of New York, thus announces the sudden death of its editor:

Theodore Hagen expired at his residence in this city at an early hour on Wednesday morning, the 27th of December, in the 48th year of his age. The bereavement has come so suddenly, and is so afflicting, that fit words in which to record it seem very hard to find. By those who knew him intimately Theodore Hagen was greatly beloved. His manliness, his goodness, his generosity, his sweetness of temperament, his wide range of sympathies, and the happy and winning compound of refinement and joviality that he diffused in the every day business of life made him a unique character, and one that was equally admirable and loveable. He has left many true friends; he has not left a single foe. His career as a journalist extended over a period of more than thirty years. He was born at Hamburg on the 15th of April, 1824, and he received a liberal and thorough education in the schools and colleges of his native land. At an early age he went to Paris, and there he became connected with the Press—contributing, also, to papers at Hamburg and Leipsic. From Paris he removed to London, and thence, in 1854, to this city. His relations with this journal—then called the *Musical Review and World*, and published by Messrs. Mason and Brothers—immediately commenced, and they have continued unbroken till this sad hour. He purchased the paper in 1860, and, as its readers know, changed its title, and subsequently, in 1865, its form and general character—to what they now are. The history of his labors as a journalist and a musician is not now to be written. The commemoration of his virtues and his talents—which, as a scholar, critic and composer, were alike solid and brilliant—cannot yet be attempted. Grief for a great loss is still too recent.

NEW YORK, JAN. 9.—After numerous preliminary and supplemental "farewell" nights, the season of Italian Opera has come to an end, the last appearance of Mr. Strakosch's troupe having been on Jan. 3d, in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

On Christmas day Herr Wachtel appeared at the Grand Opera House in "The Postillion of Longjumeau," and was received with an enthusiasm which, need it be said, was amply justified by his admirable singing and acting. Miss Pauline Canissa took the rôle of Madeline.

There was the usual performance of "The Messiah" in the evening, at Steinway Hall, with Miss Kellogg and Miss Antoinette Sterling in the leading parts. The rendering was, as usual, somewhat uneven, the orchestra, in particular, being very unsatisfactory. However, thanks to the artists above named, the general impression left by the performance seemed favorable.

The present week is made specially interesting, to lovers of good music, by a series of four concerts and one matinée, which Theo. Thomas announces to take place at Steinway Hall. If the first of these concerts, which I attended last evening, is to be taken as a sample of those to come we have much enjoyment in store. The following pieces were performed:

Overture, Anacreon..............................Cherubini.
Adagio, 9th Symphony..........................Beethoven.
Fantasie on Hungarian Airs.......................Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Introd. and Finale, "Tristan and Isolde".........Wagner.

Theme and Variations, Quartet, D minor.......Schubert.
Saltarello.........................................Gounod.
a. Nocturne........................................Chopin.
b. Waltz........................................Rubinstein.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Overture, "Der Freyschütz".......................Weber.

No one who has once heard this excellent orchestra need be told of the precision and delicacy with which these pieces were rendered. The Adagio of the Ninth Symphony I have rarely heard so fully interpreted.

The Introduction and Finale from "Tristan und Isolde" were given, the programme informs us, for the "first time." If there were those present who devoutly wished that it might also be the last time, they bore the infliction with patience out of respect to those who are far enough "advanced" in their ideas to enjoy such strange combinations of tone.

The darkly beautiful "Theme and Variations" from Schubert's Quartet was played in the manner so popular in France (I believe it originated at the Conservatoire), that is by massing together all the stringed instruments in the orchestra.

Miss Krebs added not a little to the pleasure of the evening by her clever manipulation of the themes in Liszt's Fantasie, and it seemed as though she had gained some new insight into Chopin's music since last year. The remaining concerts are to take place on the 9th, 10th and 12th inst., with a matinée on the 13th, and a benefit to Miss Krebs on the evening of that day.

I send programme of the second Philharmonic, Jan. 6th.

Overture, "Euryanthe"..............................Weber.
Concerto for piano in F sharp minor..............Reinecke
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Symphony No. 12, in G..............................Haydn.

Symphony, "Im Walde"..............................Raff.

The Haydn Symphony took the place of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, which was at first announced.

A. A. C.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." One of our foreign correspondents, not long since, recognized this melody in Donizetti's opera of *Anna Bolena*, and rushed to the conclusion that Donizetti was the author. But the London *Musical World*, of Dec. 16, has the following paragraphs:

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* asks whether Donizetti or Bishop has the right to claim the composition of the ballad "Home, sweet home." The *Athenæum* thinks "the honor should be assigned to our English composer, as the air was sung by Miss Tree (sister of Mrs. Charles Kean) in Howard

Payne's musical drama, *Clari*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 8th of May, 1823, whereas *Anna Bolena*, in whose mad scena in the Tower, the melody is heard, was only brought out at the Scala, in Milan, in 1830, with Mme. Pasta, Signor Rubini, and Signor Galli in the cast." The fact is that the air belongs neither to Bishop nor to Donizetti, being a popular Sicilian melody. Bishop was even a greater thief than Handel, without one hundredth part of Handel's genius.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In reply to a note in the *Athenæum*, allow me to say that this air is *Sicilian*, and on the title of the original English edition, published by D'Almaine and Co., Sir Henry Bishop acknowledges the source whence he obtained it. Sir Henry Bishop informed me he received the melody from an officer of De Roll's regiment, Captain Alexander Stuart, who served in Sicily, during the British occupation, under General Lord Bentick. I, myself, during my ramblings in Sicily, at the foot of Mount Etna, and in the neighborhood of Palermo and Catana, have heard this melody sung by the peasants whilst gathering the produce of the vineyards, both as a solo and chorus. The melody being made popular throughout Europe by Sir Henry Bishop's arrangement, in 1829-30, Donizetti introduced it in *Anna Bolena*, to the words, *Cielo il mio lunghi;* but there is no doubt of its being an old Sicilian pastoral melody.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

*London, Dec*, 15*th*, 1871.

NICOLAS-PROSPER LEVASSEUR.—Nicolas-Prosper Levasseur, the original Bertram in *Robert le Diable*, the original Marcel in *Les Huguenots*, and the original Zacharie in *Le Prophète*, has just died in Paris, at the age of 81. He was born in Picardy, of humble parents, and entered the Conservatoire when sixteen years old. His *debut* was made at the Opera, in 1813, in *La Caravane*, after which he appeared successively in England and in Italy. In 1828, Levasseur returned to the Grand Opera, and created the *roles* of the Governor in *Comte Ory*, and Mahomet in *La Siège de Corinth*; but his greatest success was made in connection with the works of Meyerbeer. On retiring from the Opera, he became a professor at the Conservatoire, and held the post until within the last three years. The obsequies of Levasseur were celebrated, with due musical honors, at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette.

## A Story About Mendelssohn.

THE FAMOUS ORGAN AT FRIBURG AND ITS KEEPER.

The writer of "Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century," in *Tinsley's Magazine*, tells this story of Mendelssohn:

Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and as an organist. Under his hand each instrument "discoursed" after a manner as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the keyboard than something that can only be explained as similar to a pleasurable electric shock passed through his hearers and held them spell-bound—a sensation that was only dissolved as the last chord was struck, and when one's pent up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a gulp or a sob.

An anecdote relative to this feeling I may here introduce as told me by Sir Michael Costa. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the church of Friburg, in which building the organ is of such world-wide celebrity that few persons—especially those who lay claim to any musical taste—leave the town without going to hear it. At the time referred to the custodian was somewhat of a bear, and most determinedly refused, either for love or money, to permit any stranger to place his fingers upon the keys, although he himself had not the slightest pretension to the designation of an organist, and, so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been "sold," and that all "Murray" and other guide-books had stated was nothing better than "a delusion and a snare.' Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or by crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ was made of.

For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working upon his weak points of character—for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent, that seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Every one who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn, must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestations of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by any one of these peculiarities of his "native worth" in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred. Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first, quietly using the other in drawing the stops, as if to test the variety of their quality; and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash, which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play.

The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was, however, only momentary; for he soon stood, as it were, spell-bound, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain who the master spirit was that made the organ speak as he had never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man's astonishment and let events take their course, or to enlighten him at once, decided on the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm, and gasped out, "Who, in Heaven's name, is that man?" But when he answered, slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. "And I refused him to touch my organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again, as if some mighty spirit entranced him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that, without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated.

## English Opera.

THE EARLIEST PERFORMANCE.

About the earliest and most notable performance of English opera was in 1656, under the management of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The piece was entitled: "An entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Music, after the manner of the Ancients," and was afterward published, in the same year, in a quarto volume. Davenant had just been liberated from the Tower, where he had been confined by Parliament for his complicity in the scheme—originally encouraged by Henrietta Maria, the Queen-mother of England—of carrying out a number of artificers to Virginia. At this time, tragedies and comedies—thanks to the morality of a Puritanical government—were prohibited. Davenant formed the idea of starting an entertainment which should consist solely of music, thus escaping the penalties of the law. This musical drama—of which we have already given the title—he styled an opera, and the first performance took place at Rutland House, Charterham House Row, or what is now called Charterhouse-square, on the 15th of May, 1656. The price of admission was five shillings. Although there were accommodations for 400 people, only about 150 were present. The scene was Athens; and a quaint description of the place and the performance is given in a MS. of the time: "The room was narrow; at the end thereof was a stage, and upon either side two places railed in, purple and gilt. The curtains, also, which drew before them were of cloth of gold and purple. After the prologue—which told them that this was but the narrow passage to the Elysium, their opera—up came Diogenes and Aristophanes, the former against the opera, the latter for it. Then came up a citizen of Paris, speaking broken English, and a citizen of London, who reproached one another with the defects of each city—in their buildings, manners, customs, diet, &c. And, in fine, the Londoner had the best of it—who concluded he had seen two *crotcheteurs* in Paris, both with heavy burdens on their backs, stand complimenting for the way, with '*C'est à vous, monsieur*,' '*Monsieur, vous vous mocquiez de moy*,' &c., which lasted till they both fell down under their burdens. The music was above, in a louver hole, railed and covered with sarsanets to conceal them. Before each speech was concert music. At the end were songs relating to the victor (the Protector). The last song ended with deriding Paris and the French, concluding thus:

" 'And tho' a ship her scutcheon bee,
Yet Paris hath no ships at sea.'

"The first song was made by Hen. Lawes, ye other by Dr. Coleman, who were the composers. The singers were Captain Cooke, Ned Coleman and his wife, another women, and other inconsiderable voices. It lasted an hour and a half, and is to continue for ten days, by which time other declamations will be ready." Such was the "first season" of veritable English opera. The novelty seems to have rapidly gained in public estimation, for the opera was afterwards removed to the Cock-pit, in Drury Lane, and was much frequented for many years.—*Once a Week.*



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Over the Bars. 3. G to e. *Smith.* 30

" 'Twas milking time, and the cows came up
From the meadows so sweet with clover."

A very pretty ballad. A love scene in the morning.

Let thy loving heart believe me. (Nella Breccia.) 6. D to *b*. *Ricci.* 75

Not more difficult than the 4th degree, if one leaves out the trills and a cadenza, but requires a light, fine, flexible organ. Very sweet and taking. Has the character of a Waltz Cantata, and has been introduced in "The Child of the Regiment."

Gypsey Queen. 3. Bb to e. *B. D. D.* 30

"Roam where I may, glad smiles greet my way,
Life is to me a long holiday."

A capital, and very merry Gypsey song, with chorus.

Ye dinna understand. 3. A to e. *Sargent.* 30

" It's nae your fault, my darlin',
I think it most my ain."

Beautiful Scotch song.

Magelone. 4. Eb to *g*. *Keilman.* 30

English and German words. Very smooth and melodious.

The Mountain Sylph. 4. F to *a*. *Hensler.* 40

" In halls where diamond fountains play,
'Tis there we dance till break of day."

The melody is pretty, and not difficult, except that it requires practice to fit it to the light, tripping, fairy-like accompaniment. Pretty exhibition piece.

The beautiful Song she sang to me. 3 D to e. *Harrington.* 30

" The summer moon thro' the pine trees shone
On a maiden fair who was waiting alone,
While she sang to the stars of their golden light,
And sang to the flowers of the loving night."

The *words* of a few of these ballads, if published separately, would make a very acceptable book of poems. Words and music, in this case, alike beautiful.

Bianchi. (Vaga fanciulla). 4. D to d. *Colfieri.* 35

Italian words written on the occasion of the Countess Bianchi Bianconcini Persiani di Bologna (take breath here) saving a youth from drowning. Extremely pretty and piquant melody. Neat translation affixed.

When the Hay was mown, Maggie. 3. D to d. *Hoag.* 30

" When the hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long, long ago."

Very well chosen words set to an elegant melody. Good chorus.

True Happiness. Song and Chorus. 2. G to d. *Keller.* 35

" I ask not for riches. I ask not for wealth,
I seek but contentment, prosperity, health."

A kind of hearty goodness in this song, good sentiment and good music.

### Instrumental.

Starry Night. Un nuit etoilée). 4 hands. 5. Eb. *Smith.* 1.00

The well-known brilliant piece, rendered a little easier and somewhat more powerful, by a 4-hand arrangement.

Serenade de Gounod. (Sing, Smile, Sleep). 6. F. *Smith.* 75

A sort of "gold bound" edition of a favorite song, which every one will confess to be beautiful when varied.

Why don't you? Waltz. 3. *Cumming.* 50

Not "why don't you waltz?" but "why don't you?" as a waltz. The question is asked quite distinctly by the music, which has a very dance-inspiring rhythm.

The Piquant Beauty. Mazurka Elegante. 4. D. *Hoffmann.* 60

Three things in its favor may be said. 1. It is by Edward Hoffmann. 2. It is a mazurka by Hoffmann. 3. It is an elegant mazurka by Hoffmann. Try it and hear for yourself.

Cubana Waltz. 3. Ab. *De Janon.* 40

A rich, ripe, Spanish beauty to the waltz, which is "full and harmonious."

Roses and Thorns. Galop. 2. G. *Fuller.* 30

Very neat. A mixture of gliding and staccato passages, suggesting the flowers and the thorns.

Carl Marwig's Boston Dip Quadrille. 3. Bb. *Funkenstein.* 40

If any persons doubt the beauty of this quadrille, they have only to "dip into it" to the fine music mentioned above, and they will, no doubt, pronounce it a good thing.

L'Esperance. Valse. 4. A. *Cable.* 40

Powerful and very brilliant.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.



Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 804. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 22.

**My Old Red Violin.**

When the gray light fades away,
When the wood-flames laugh and leap,
When the kittens stops her play,
When the babies are asleep—
Then I sit with happy tread
To a treasured nook within,
And from out its silken bed
Lift my old red violin.

Italy its birthplace fair;
Quaintly carved this monkish face—
Wrought with silver tendrils there,
Here embossed with Flemish lace;
Brown and black and yellow blend
Round the classic hooded head;
And the graceful ovals bend,
Steeped in sunshine rich and red.

Grand old palaces it knew;
Thrilled their royal, jeweled throngs;
Touched by wondrous bards, who threw
All their sweet souls in its songs.
Slow and reverently I
Wake its sleeping pulse to life;
Make it sob and laugh and sigh
Only for my winsome wife.

Shall I tell you how I found
Blithesome Bessy Loverin?
Simply by the wealth of sound
Of my old red violin;
She sang sweet in Bethel choir;
I played under "Golden Hill;"
Rose the mournful strain yet higher,
When, lo! every voice was still.

Throbbing to no mortal pain,
Wailed the weird, reverberate string:
Waited all the church in vain,
Bessy wept and could not sing.
Blessed power that day was mine,
Pearl of pearls my bliss to win;
So I held one gift divine
Through my old red violin.

*Harper's Weekly.*

## Wagner's "Lohengrin" in Italy.—An Italian Criticism.

[On the 1st of November, 1871, "Lohengrin" was performed, for the first time in Italy, at the Teatro Communale in Bologna. MR. FANNY RAYMOND RITTER translates for the New York *Weekly Review* the following extracts from an exhaustive article upon the work, written by FABIO LUCUGO for the *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan, which no doubt will interest our readers.]

At last we have heard the dreaded "Lohengrin;" at last the terrible maestro of the future has been judged in Italy also; and yet we have not to pity the wounded, or lament the dead; there has not been even the faintest appearance of a battle! Let him wonder who will, there was no need of battle or of combatants, simply because there was not much opposition and no approbation displayed, that had not its good and true reason for existing.

With our public, the sensations of delight and enthusiasm were positively unanimous; and so were those of fatigue and oppression. These impressions lead us to believe that the judgment regarding Wagner, which has generally gained ground, is the correct one; that is to say, that he unites, as no composer has done before him, the two poles of efficiency and vacuity, of high expression and triviality, of power in the use of artistic means, and absolute forgetfulness of them.

Full, robust, effective, daring, when he treats whole masses of voices and instruments, Wagner is simply, colorless, weaponless, heavy, monotonous, and sometimes vulgar, in the music which he puts in the mouths of his characters. Let it not be supposed that I intend to discuss his melodic inspiration here, to decide whether or not he gives new forms to melody; I limit myself to the assertion that in the melopea, in musico-dramatic recitative, in that intimate part, which, according to Wagner, should constitute the famous "future school" of art, he is wanting in force of creation, contrasts of colors, dramatic truth. Wagner appears a Lilliputian when he exhibits himself in his profession of "futurist," while he rises to a colossal height, boldly advances with the steps of a giant, shows himself capable of great conceptions, of intrepid flights, when he contents himself with the modest character of a great maestro, as other famous composers have done before him.

I do not mean to say that he imitates this or that school, this or that author. No: his truly fine pieces bear an especial stamp; move in a peculiar manner; display an astonishing sonority, and hitherto unheard of boldness. Great artist that he is, he possesses a character, that is his own, and that of no one else, as have done all the more or less great masters, who left the old track to open a fresh pathway.

But while maintaining his own personality, Wagner is obliged, in the culminating points of his operas, to do precisely as others have done, for the simple reason that in art certain laws—fixed, indisputable, and not to be cancelled—exist, which are the soul of art itself.

In "Lohengrin" we find the musical and dramatic action developing itself in great pictures, while the sensations depicted by entire masses—artists, chorus, orchestra, together—reverberate in the mass of auditors; but the principal characters of the drama seem reduced to the condition of parts written merely to fill up. In "Lohengrin," while we share the enthusiasm of the knights of Saxony and Brabant on the apparition of the Mystic Swan, and admire many powerful orchestral pages, we remain indifferent to the loves of Elsa and Lohengrin, to the malice and rage of Ortrude and Telramond; we find it difficult to understand the feelings of the actors (except while reading the libretto), because they are depicted in such feeble colors; because the recitatives resemble each other so much, and are merely conventional, while they ought to bear the principal weight of the development of the drama, since according to Wagner this forms an essential part of his school.

It would be difficult to pronounce a conscientious judgment on the problem—whether this want of expression in individual dramatic life be powerlessness? or a preconceived system? or powerlessness masked by system? but this open, undeniable contradiction between the Wagnerian idea and the result obtained, is a great, a striking one.

The Italian public—for crowds flocked from every part of Italy to Bologna on the evening of the first performance, of "Lohengrin,"—listened with the deepest attention and the greatest respect to Wagner's work; tried to form its judgment with unprejudiced conscientiousness; and pronounced it with such unanimity, that, as I have said above, it met with no serious opposition from partisanship, for or against it; yet spite of the innate courtesy and habitual composure of the Bolognese public, had "Lohengrin" been announced as the work of a composer at the commencement of his career, rather than that of one whose name is surrounded by the mystic aureole of the apostle, it would have fallen, never to rise again, at the close of the 2nd act, notwithstanding the favorable impression produced by the incontestable beauties of the first act.

On hearing Wagner, we are not moved by pleasurable sensations, but rather by those of astonishment and wonder; your heart is not tenderly touched, your nerves are violently shaken. Little by little, Wagner approaches you, entangles you in his toils, magnetizes, transports you; the beating of the heart grows faster; the blood rushes violently to the brain; at a certain point of sonority, it bounds with such an impetus that it excites you to convulsive, involuntary exclamation. This morbid effect was produced in our calm Bolognese public, which, at the close of the pieces that most vividly impressed it, displayed its approbation, not by the ordinary clapping of hands, but by nervous and excited cries. I felt the same necessity, as if the electricity with which my brain was surcharged sought an outlet in this manner.

It is certain that to produce such sensations, a powerful mind is necessary (and no one denies Wagner's possession of this); and if we add to powerful the epithet diabolical, we shall still remain within the limits of the truth.

On the evening of performance the public felt at once that it had to do with a great, a daring master; and after the introduction, executed to perfection, a unanimous demand was made for its repetition, amid general enthusiasm. But the declamation between the King and Telramond was found extremely tedious; then came the recital of Elsa's story, in the ordinary form, but containing a delicious phrase, sweetly repeated by the chorus; the herald's call, the apparition of the Swan, the entrance of Lohengrin, the increasing wonder, the immense burst of enthusiasm. A fine scene, beautiful music, masterly treatment, powerful, irresistible effect. But where was the *future?* The public, applauding vehemently, and with reason, found no trace of it here.

After the beautiful salutation of Lohengrin to the Swan, the reply of the chorus, the long subsequent recitatives, the duet between Lohengrin and Elsa, comes a fine prayer, intoned by the king, taken up as a quintet by the singers, and then by the chorus, with increased effect, yet with economy of means. This prayer struck me as superior to the swan scene, to the introduction even—it seemed to me the best thing in the opera. The phrase is large, grandiose, effective, inspired. Then came the duet, the return of thanks to heaven, the conqueror's triumph, filled with the great Wagnerian sonority, brilliantly closing the first act. Applause was unanimous; the artists were called out, and Mariani (the conductor) received an ovation in the orchestra.

In the second act we navigate the open Sea of *Future Music;* the masses have disappeared, the drama of inward feeling comes to the surface; but if the poet clearly figured this to himself, the maestro did not; an abuse of modulations, rhythms commenced but to be broken off, a tremolo of the string instruments, an incessant lament of the wood instruments, a constant cadence of the voices, make of the duet between Ortrude and Telramond as of that between Elsa and Ortrude, an insupportable continuity of wearisome oppression. I will not mention melody here—'twould be blasphemy; but here is not one ray of inspiration. Where, where is the dramatic recitative of which Wagner is the proph-

Digitized by Google

et? If this be it, then I do not hesitate to declare that nothing can be more flat, more ordinary; this is no more, no less than common recitative, prolonged to an intolerable length. And the worst of it is, that the drama—the poem—is so badly seconded by the music, that it is not possible to interest the audience in the action here.

Through the whole of this interminable scene I found but one fine passage. It is the close of the duet between Ortrude and Telramond—a happy phrase in F sharp minor; the two voices moving in the octave—where, furious from the thirst for revenge, they curse heaven and earth, God and man. The effect of this is so horribly true, that a friend of mine, a learned musical dilettante, said that it deserved to have been adopted by the communists as their hymn of destruction.

But public attention was so wearied, so overstrained, that this passage went by unobserved, as did the music in which Wagner picturesquely describes the dawn of day, the awakening of a city, etc.

This second act closes with a religious march, to the sound of which Elsa advances towards the church, where her nuptials with Lohengrin are to be celebrated. Ortude opposes the heroine's progress, Telramond attempts to oppose that of Lohengrin, accusing him of sorcery; but he is contemptuously driven away—the wedding group proceeds onwards, the people rejoice, the sound of the organ swells above the voice of the chorus;—and yet, with the exception of the religious march, this scene does not offer any remarkable features. The curtain fell; a weak attempt was made to recall the artists; but this was met by a lively demonstration of displeasure.

The third act also commences with a prelude, Wagner says, in his libretto: "An orchestral introduction, descriptive of the joy of a nuptial festival." He has succeeded to the full. This sonorous, striking, beautiful page of instrumental composition was re-demanded amid transports of enthusiastic applause.

Then came the wedding chorus:—light, pleasing music, appropriate to the situation;—then the great love duet between Elsa and Lohengrin. Ah! what bitter disenchantment! the prelude prepared us for different strains; are these the accents that should fall from the lips of newly married lovers? Poor Elsa! surely she must have foreseen in this first interview the life of ineffable ennui that lay before her.

The first part of the third act closes with the death of Telramond.

An annotation in the libretto surprised me: "Lohengrin pulls the bell-rope." Is it possible that in the first half of the tenth century they had bell-ropes, and the relative little bells? My historical research will not suffice to answer the question; I leave to Wagner the responsibility of the bell, which at that period (I must have my foolish jest!) was doubtless the bell of the future.

The last scene carries us once more to the banks of the Scheld; the king, the court, warriors, trumpeters, accompany Lohengrin, who conducts them to battle. But he must leave them; betrayed by his wife,—who contrary to her vow, has asked his name,—and drawn back by superhuman powers to his mystical dwelling place, he declares his origin and rank amid general emotion. Lohengrin's story, woven on the same theme as that of the prelude to the first act, is highly effective, as is the entire close of the opera. It was received with the warmest approbation; the artists, the chorus director, and Mariani, were called four times before the curtain.

From this rapid review of the performance, the reader will perceive where the effect lay, and where the composer did not succeed. He will observe the nullity of individual dramatic life, the great power of massed forces. Sorrow and joy, love and hatred, are narrated to the public, but not felt by the actors; Song is utterly, completely banished; in the fullest acceptation of the word, whatever the partisans of this style of recited drama may declare.

The performance of "Lohengrin" at the Teatro Communale of Bologna was truly marvellous! marvellous in coloring, unity, force, precision: the choral and orchestral forces were conducted with unequaled energy and ability. Not the smallest error or uncertainty in the whole long course of the opera. Mariani was the soul of all; his powerful ability and learning, his lively, nervous temperament, infused an electric warmth into the performance, and heightened every affect. It was the universal opinion, that under a German conductor, the success of "Lohengrin" would have been more doubtful; in such a case the finish of performance might have been as great, but a certain heavy solemnity, a want of accent, would have characterized the performance, the tempi would have been taken slower, with more calm, and the patience of our audience would have been put to a severer trial.

After Mariani and the orchestra, the highest praise is due to the chorus director and to the chorus; last of all to the solo artists—not that they were anything less than excellent—admirable! but because in "Lohengrin" they are of secondary importance.

I fear my readers will have already accused me of discourtesy in so long claiming their attention; but since our subject is an important one, I feel sure they will pardon the further remarks with which I intend to conclude this article.

Wagner's music gives me a distinct image of the desert; the desert with its vast imposing space, but with its dangers and hallucinations; the desert, in all its grandeur, in all its aridity. It has its few oases, but many are the false mirages that confront us there.

It must be remembered that the German public is regular, calm, methodical. A public that must leave the theatre to sup at a certain hour, that can mingle beer with music, that mercilessly cuts (or allows the mutilation of) the greatest operas, in order that the performances may close at the orthodox hour, needs to be occasionally shaken by violent emotions. The German climate, habits, and special nature have little to fear from this aphrodisiacal music.

But the frequent hearing of it would have a fatally overstraining effect on the ardent, impressionable Italian public, nervously, tenderly alive to delicate feelings; and therefore it is the duty of an honest critic to place this danger before the eyes of our people.

And let me not be accused of wanting in esteem and respect toward the German public, for such an accusation would be false. The laws and conditions of nature have made all people what they are; transport the German public into Italy, the Italians into Germany, and in the course of fifty or sixty years, their radical qualities would become so greatly modified that their relative defects and advantages of character would seem to have changed places. But the present conditions of the two publics are unalterable, and we must take them as they are.

Is there then, any serious danger that Italian art may be submerged by this impetuous torrent? I scarcely think so. Wagner is a great artist, an intrepid maestro, a profound, strong mind. And our public has, without prejudice, generously recognized his exceptional qualities—our Italian public, so unjustly accused in Germany, of superficiality and ignorance! However, the result would not be doubtful, should one of our own composers—reviled in Germany for effect-seeking, for writing noisy music!—venture to produce such violent effects, such continuous movement of heavy masses. Setting entirely aside the question of rival powers in regard to flow of ideas, elevation of style, charm, feeling, we find that the Italian maestros, long before Wagner, gave to the recitative a dramatic force such as he has never yet even equalled. I need only to point to the recitatives in "William Tell," those in the first and last acts of "Norma," in Macbeth on the apparition of the dagger, those of *Rigoletto* when he curses his fate, etc., sketches dictated by lofty philosophy and a profound knowledge of human nature and the highest principles of art.

This first performance of "Lohengrin" has been summed up by Doctor Verita in a few lines: "A little weariness, a little confusion, much admiration, little excitement, surprise rather than delight—the surprise which the grandiose awakens. Apparently a triumph; really, the wonder which the aspect of chaos, colossal in dimensions and deficiencies, would excite in its astonished beholder. The marvellous, however, is not wholesome daily bread; but an intelligent, self-controling public may allow itself that luxury—occasionally."

## Popular Art Education.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 11.)

THE ART EXHIBITION AT THE APPLETON STREET SCHOOL-HOUSE. — THE ENGLISH DRAWINGS. — COURSE OF INSTRUCTION EXEMPLIFIED.

The reception at the Appleton Street school-house last evening, under the auspices of the drawing committee of the school board, was not so well attended as it should have been, considering the importance of the occasion and the interesting character of the exhibition. Still the art rooms were visited by a large number of persons, among whom were several of our leading artists and many ladies and gentlemen who have a general or special interest in the promotion of popular art education. The invitations to the reception were distributed especially to members of the city and State government and to the members of the school board. To allow the public to witness the fine collections of casts and drawings with which the normal art school is now supplied, the rooms are to be opened this evening and to-morrow evening between the hours of seven and nine o'clock, and it will be worth the while of every one to visit the Appleton Street school house and witness for themselves the facilities which now exist here for art instruction.

THE PERKINS COLLECTION OF CASTS.

The fine collection of casts given to the city by Mr. Charles C. Perkins naturally attracts a great deal of attention. These casts were selected in Europe, and have been sent over and set up with scarcely any injury. The casts consist of reproductions of the actual size, and identical in form with the best examples of ancient art, including statuettes, busts, masks, architectural ornaments, and casts from nature, both of foliage and the human figure. There are two very large casts from the Trojan forum, one of which is said to be the finest piece of acanthus work in existence. There are some very beautiful drawings of the human figure, of conventional ornament of flowers and foliage, and of animal forms. The outlines of the figures have been drawn from the best specimens of antiquity, and some of the choicest of Greek sculpture. The foliage and conventional ornament has been drawn from the accepted types of different periods of Greek and Roman renaissance and Gothic art. These casts were prepared by the moulder to the British Museum, who has access to the finest collections in the world. Although the casts make up only a fragment of the collection which is usually to be found in a European art-school, yet they embrace representatives of the very best periods of the art, and hardly any accepted type of architecture is unrepresented. The casts from nature are especially valuable. These were first made by Mr. Smith in England. There is a back and front of a thistle leaf, and a spray of blackberry leaf and fruit, than which nothing more beautiful could be brought before the student's eye. One of the rarest architectural casts is a copy of the famous bronze pilaster of the side of the doorway of the Church of the Madelaine in Paris, which is said to be both the finest example of modern acanthus work and the finest treatment of an ornamental subject. There is also a series of casts and mouldings from the celebrated gates of Ghiberti, of which Michael Angelo said that they were fit to be the gates of heaven. Amongst the figure casts are reductions of Michael Angelo's celebrated Tombs of the Medici, and in addition to these perfect artistic works, the collection for the education both of the school teachers and the night-classes includes specimens of modern terra cotta, angelica work, vases, geometric solids, and other subjects.

THE ENGLISH DRAWINGS.

Around the sides of the large hall are hung the drawings which were presented to the city of Boston by the science and art department of the English government, and also some of the drawings which were produced by the students of the free night classes of last year. The drawings by the students of the English art schools are framed, but are not hung in consecutive order. Each drawing illustrates one stage of the art, there being twenty-three stages, the last of which is actual design for manufacture. The finest drawings are arranged, however, to show the relation of the twenty-second stage to the twenty-third. For instance, one of the twenty-second stage illustrates a botanical analysis of plants with a view to ornamentation, and next to it is a design for lace which ob-

Digitized by Google

tained the only national medal awarded in the national schools of art in 1869. In the first drawing the flower analysed is the crane's petal. Both the flower and leaf are taken and the geometric outlines are drawn and the conventional color, to approximate to nature, is tinted upon the outline. The same method was applied to the mistletoe and snowdrop. Another drawing gives an outline sketch of the natural growth of a flower portraying a section of the flower, a side view of it, geometric analysis of the leaves, making a complete ornamental epitome of one flower. This is the preparation for original design. The student went from this to design the lace, which is a most beautiful illustration of the reproduction of floral outlines for manufacturing designs. Another beautiful drawing illustrates the application of a principle of ornamentation to a tea-set. Next to this is a study of drapery upon the living figure, and a painting in water color of a branch of pear blossom, directly from nature. The original design for this painting is among the casts. There is also a design for a small mansion showing the ground plans, the geometric side elevations, and the sections, making the analysis of a whole design for the structure. Another interesting thing is a figure shaded in chalk from the antique, in illustration of the professional study of the human figure. Further along in this line are copies of the geometric models, an illustration of stage 23 drawn from actual machinery, an illustration of drawing in chalk from a model which may be seen in the cast room, a drawing in monochrome from a thistle leaf. A fine thing is shown in illustration of the design of a carpet which has been actually manufactured. The geometric principles employed in the devising are fully shown; also some very fine designs showing how given spaces are filled up with ornamentation. There are in this collection two paintings, the authors of which have become famous since these sketches were made, and the author of one head is now getting five hundred guineas a piece for his works. Instrumental drawing is also fully illustrated, together with anatomical drawing, and carpenter's work. The latter is illustrated by the actual working plans of Exeter Hall and many other of the largest public buildings in England. In addition to this there is a very full set of architectural sketches in water colors, illustrating the best styles of rural architecture. Space fails for a notice of the many splendid drawings; but it may be of interest to state that there is a single monochrome of fruit, the original of which is to be found in the collection of casts, which illustrates the chiaroscuro so beautifully that it alone is said to be worth all that the entire collection has cost the city.

Some of the drawings made by the pupils of the night schools last year are exhibited, together with some very excellent specimens of work done the present term, which show that great progress is making in the free schools since the introduction of the new models. The course of instruction to teachers was fully illustrated by drawings put upon the blackboard by Mr. Smith. A great deal of time was spent in arranging the pictures in order to present to visitors a tolerably accurate idea of the development of the plan of instruction, and the pupil's progress from first principles to actual design. There has never been in this country an exhibition of this kind which is worthy to be compared for a moment with this one. The drawings and casts have all been arranged by Mr. Walter Smith, the State and city superintendent of drawing, who is laboring with the greatest energy and zeal to advance the art education of the people.

## John Braham.

[From the London Musical World, 1854.]

One of the most remarkable singers of his time, and one of the greatest ornaments of the English stage, was born in London in 1777. When scarcely seven years old, Braham became a pupil of Leoni, the professor and vocalist, and the original Don Carlos in Sheridan's *Duenna*. Leoni—whose real name was Levi—when a boy, was engaged by Garrick and brought out in a musical entertainment at Drury Lane called *The Enchantress*, the music written by a well-known character named Handel Smith, who was called "Handel" from his intimacy with the author of the *Messiah*. The boy Braham made such astonishing progress under the instruction of Leoni, that at the age of ten, in 1787, he made his first appearance on the stage, at the Royalty Theatre, as Cupid in an occasional piece called *The Birthday*, written in honor of the anniversary of Queen Charlotte, consort of George the Third. The Royalty Theatre was under the management of John Palmer—Gentleman Palmer as he was called—who afterwards died suddenly at Drury Lane while performing in the *Stranger*. The first public vocal display of young Braham was in the air: "Gentle God, whose sacred powers," an invocation to Hymen, composed by Carter, the author of several beautiful ballads, among which we need only mention "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me." At this time Braham had a voice of extraordinary sweetness and compass, and could already execute florid music with the greatest fluency and the most perfect ease. In Dr. Arne's bravura song "The Soldier tir'd," he was enthusiastically applauded; when singing this song Braham used to appear on the stage in a soldier's coat, which was much too large for him, and never failed to excite the merriment of the audience.

This occurred exactly sixty-seven years ago. How many of all those thousands who then applauded and laughed are now living? Perhaps not one, while the hero of our sketch is still green and flourishing, hale and hearty, happy and full of life. What various vicissitudes of fortune must Braham have witnessed in his time! What changes since public fame first opened to him have happened in arts and science, in manners "domestic and foreign," and in politics. He has lived and flourished under four successive reigns—George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria—and has, perhaps, seen the greatest revolutions of which history makes mention. But Braham never meddled in politics; art was his sole pursuit. From the moment he first attracted public attention, Braham became a special favorite with the nobility, and his intimacy with their Majesties George III., George IV., and William IV. is a matter of notoriety. It has been said of him "that he was a prince among artists as well as an artist among princes."

Having lost his master Leoni, who left England in 1789, Braham placed himself under the tuition of a Mr. Davis, with whom he prosecuted his studies advantageously. In a short time, he had so grounded himself in music and singing, that he was enabled to take pupils, and became the master of several of his fellow students who had begun to learn at the same time as himself. It is even recorded that some time before Leoni went on the continent, young Braham actually taught his own master how to sing some of Dr. Arne's songs, so much even then was thought of his taste and style.

Among the earliest and best friends of Braham were the munificent merchants Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid, who perceived his talents, and took him under their especial protection. Braham was in no small degree indebted for his subsequent career as an artist to those kind patrons, and never speaks of them to this day without expressing his admiration of their generosity.

In the latter end of the year 1789, Braham's voice broke, and he applied himself with assiduity to the study of the pianoforte, taking lessons, among others, from Dussek. He soon became a proficient on the instrument, and acquired a neat and ready execution. But he did not neglect his voice at this critical juncture. By the most careful attention it soon recovered its strength and quality, and Mr. Ashe, the flute player, having accidentally heard Braham, advised him to accept an engagement for the Bath theatre, which he could procure. Braham accordingly went to Bath, and while there took lessons from Rauzzini, an Italian teacher and vocalist, the Velluti of his day. This artist, from his superior dramatic powers, was called the Italian Garrick. It is related of him that, at the end of the *Death of Montezuma*, he acted so naturally that Garrick, who was present at the performance, came behind the scenes and embraced him. Independently of his musical and dramatic abilities, Rauzzini, we are told, possessed a fund of *esprit*, and many amusing anecdotes are cited of his wit and humor. He had so great an affection for Braham that his house and table were always at his command, and he paid Braham for every concert at which he sang—an unusual proceeding for a master.

In a few years, Braham made such advances in the art of singing under Rauzzini, that he began himself to give lessons in Bath; and in 1795 he obtained as a pupil Lady Nelson, then Mrs. Nelson, who was desirous of learning Italian songs to please her husband, Captain Nelson, afterwards the celebrated admiral. The fame of the young and rapidly rising tenor soon spread to London, and Stephen Storace, the composer, went expressly to Bath to hear him, and engaged him for Drury Lane Theatre in the spring of 1796, to make his *début* in Storace's opera of *Mahmoud*. The composer, however, died before Braham appeared at the end of the season.

So great was the success achieved by Braham at Drury Lane, that in 1797 we find him engaged at the King's Theatre, (the Italian Opera in the Haymarket), singing with the famous Mad. Banti and the celebrated tenor, Viganoni, in *Zemira and Azor*. Our young English singer alternated the first male parts—which, at that time, except in Mozart's operas, were always tenors—with Viganoni, during the first season of his engagement, but was afterwards retained as sole *primo tenore*.

Resolved upon visiting France and Italy to gain greater experience in his art, Braham went to Paris with the intention of remaining only a few days. He, however, stayed eight months, and gave several concerts, the first of which was held at the Elysée-Bourbon, under the immediate patronage of Mme. Josephine, wife of General Napoleon Bonaparte. The price of admission was one louis d'or. During his sojourn at Paris, Braham was offered a lucrative engagement at the Italian Opera, which, however, he declined, being resolved not to be diverted from his principal object in leaving England, which was to proceed to Italy, and prosecute his studies under the best masters.

When Braham gave his first concert at Paris—which we have just said was under the patronage of Mme. Josephine Bonaparte—he received a communication from General Bonaparte, in which that illustrious captain expressed his regret that he would be unable to attend the performance. On the same day, the hero of Marengo quitted Paris for Egypt, and seized upon Malta *en passant*. Braham was intimately acquainted with Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, a simple *citoyen*, with whom he used frequently to play whist. On one occasion, alluding to the political differences between France and England, Jerome Bonaparte, with perfect coolness and simplicity, addressed our hero as follows:—"Citizen Braham, my brother the General is determined to invade and conquer England. No power on earth can prevent it. England must fall, and London be laid in ruins. But, *mon cher ami*, do not be frightened. Pray give me your address—the place and number of your house in London—and I promise you I will occupy it myself, and take care of it for you. Citizen Braham, don't be frightened. He liked Jerome Bonaparte, in spite of his rhodomontade, and Jerome had a great regard for Braham, although he was an Englishman. This scene took place in the house of Mme. Montansier, directress of the Theatre de Montansier (Palais Royal).

Braham soon after left Paris for Italy, and was not long in the "land of song" before he obtained an engagement. His first appearance in an Italian theatre was at the Pergola, Florence, in an opera called *The Return of Ulysses*, composed by Basili, in which Braham played the part of Ulysses. Unfortunately, however, the Telemachus was upwards of six feet high, and the Ulysses being barely five foot three, when father and son came on there was a general titter throughout the house. But the singing of the English tenor speedily excited admiration, and Braham's success was unquestionable. While at Florence, Braham was introduced to the celebrated tenor David, the Rubini of his day, who when asked to name the best tenor in Italy, replied, with equal wit and modesty, "Dopo di me, il Inglese"—"After me, the Englishman." A great compliment, however, was intended.

From Florence Braham went to Milan, where he met his countrywoman, Mrs. Billington. This renowned vocalist was then married to a M. Fleisenat, who was so exceedingly tenacious of his wife's celebrity, that he could not endure that she should encounter the slightest rivalry or opposition. Mrs. Billington and Braham were engaged to appear together in a new opera, composed by Nasolini. Nasolini was an ardent worshipper of Bacchus, of which Mrs. Billington's husband took advantage. While the composer was writing the songs for Braham, Fleisenat was with him every morning, and plied him with wine until he was unable to collect a thought or to put pen to paper. With great difficulty Nasolini was enabled to write a song and duet in the opera, which was called *Il Trionfo di Claria*. During all this time rehearsals were held in the theatre, and the manager, who daily applied for Braham's song, was put off with trifling excuses. Things could not go in this manner, and at length Braham's anger was excited. He was determined to have his triumph as well as Claria, and succeeded to admiration. It was the custom of Mrs. Billington to try her song four or five times at the rehearsal, with all the cadences and ornaments she meant to introduce. Braham listened attentively to these, and learned by memory every passage and roulade. Nasolini, at last, sent the air and duet, where Braham had to sing immediately before the *entrée* of the *prima donna*. Our hero accomplished his plan with the greatest success, and in the course of the air, introduced, in succession, every one of Mrs. Billington's cadences which he had heard at the rehearsals. When the lady herself came on to sing, she was so excited and enraged, that she failed to produce the slightest effect. In consequence of the drunkenness and neglect of Nasolini, the opera was produced in a mutilated state, and there was no grand *scena* for the tenor. The public were dissatisfied, and the opera was not allowed to proceed to the end. The manager, Gherardi, who came forward to apologise, was hooted off. On the following day, however, he issued an announcement to the public,

worded in a most humble manner, promising, that, at the next performance, the whole of the opera should be given, and that "Citizen Braham"—it was during the time of the Republic—would sing a grand scena written expressly for the occasion. Fortunately for the impresario, Braham was gifted with an excellent memory, and could sing the most difficult music at first sight, so that in a few hours' study he was enabled to make himself quite familiar with the new composition. Both tenor and prima donna this time met with the most flattering reception, and were tumultuously applauded in their several performances. In after times, Mrs. Billington and Braham frequently alluded to this anecdote in England, and referred with infinite satisfaction to their reminiscences of Milan, the unhappy manager, Gherardi, and the sottish composer, Nasolini.

About this time Mrs. Billington was engaged at Covent Garden, under the direction of Mr. Harris. She was in the zenith of her power, and possessed a voice of extraordinary power and beauty. In an Italian *bravura* which she introduced in one of her performances, she used to take G in alt with the utmost ease. The same feat is recorded of Signora Sinclari, a vocalist of reputation in the time of Mozart, who transcribed some of the most remarkable passages she was accustomed to execute.

From Milan, Braham went to Genoa, where he sang with Marchesi, the Veluti of his day, in the opera of *Lodoiska*, for thirty consecutive nights. At Genoa he studied composition under Isola. While staying here Braham had to submit to a great deal of inconvenience in consequence of the city being besieged by the English under Lord Keith. He applied to General Massena for permission to leave Genoa, and was informed that on a particular day he would obtain an answer; but before the day arrived the English and Austrians had entered Genoa, and the French had quitted it. Massena had done all he could to prolong the siege, expecting that some good news would reach him from Bonaparte; and his expectations were not far wrong, since a few days after the surrender of Genoa, he received an account of the victory of Marengo.

At Leghorn Braham was introduced to Lord Nelson, who took great notice of him. Our hero visited the admiral's residence almost daily, and generally dined there twice a week. After dinner he frequently sang duets with Lady Hamilton, who had a splendid voice, and a real taste for music. One day, at the request of Lord Nelson, Braham tried over a march on the piano, which the hero of the Nile intended should be his funeral march. While he was playing, General Abercrombie was announced; but Nelson told Braham not to leave the room, and requested him to continue his performance. The two illustrious commanders meanwhile walked up and down the saloon and carried on an animated conversation in an undertone. At that moment Braham could hardly have felt the presentiment that he was destined, not long after, to compose the "Death of Abercrombie," and the "Death of Nelson," which during a long series of years he has sung to hundreds of thousands of his countrymen.

Braham did not proceed, as he had desired and intended, to Naples. His engagements in the North of Italy were too numerous and lucrative to admit of his paying a visit to that picturesque abode of fishermen and *lazzaroni*. From Leghorn he went to Venice. It was here that Cimarosa began to compose his last opera, *Artemisia*, for Braham; but, like Storace with regard to *Mahmoud*, the celebrated Italian musician died before the work was completed. Our English tenor took part in the funeral service of the composer with Naldi, and by his pathos and expression profoundly affected the audience. As there are some who are sceptical as to the fact of Cimarosa having composed his last opera expressly for Braham, we extract the following characteristic letter, which has immediate reference to the subject, and will at once set the question at rest:—

*To the Editor of the* MAESTRO.

"SIR,—In reading an account of Cimarosa in the papers of the day, I thought the following communication might not be unacceptable to the musical world. I think it was about the year 1800 I was engaged at the Fenice, at Venice. Cimarosa was the composer of a new opera (his last) called *Artemisia*; the libretto by Il Conte Collereo. I was with the illustrious compositore almost every day. He was evidently dying, though full of wit, spirits, and repartee. He took a great quantity of cicuta. The mistress of the house in which he resided called one morning, and begged he would pray to the saint of her parish, assuring him he was very powerful. Cimarosa thanked her exceedingly, but said he was afraid it would be of no use, as not belonging to her parish the saint would, very probably, pay no attention to him. He knew his time was come, and prepared for death, and died like a good Catholic and sincere Christian. The part of *Tenore Principale* he had written for me, but, never having heard me sing, he composed the principal arias merely from what he had heard of me from others; and surely never was music better adapted. He wrote for me a beautiful scena, con coro, that had a wonderful effect, it was so delightfully instrumented. I regret I could not get a copy of it. The copyist was so outrageously exacting in his demands that I was obliged to leave Venice without the aria. Poor Cimarosa left the opera of *Artemisia* unfinished. Mayer, the celebrated German composer, was requested to finish it, but he, from real modesty, refused. The opera was performed in its unfinished state. The music was applauded to the very echo, mingled with the tears of the audience. Unfortunately the poem was very mediocre. I assisted at Cimarosa's funeral, sang a song, and in a quartetto composed by Bertoni. A funeral movement was performed, and, in the midst of the most solemn and soul-striking harmonies, little snatches of musical phrases, taken from celebrated operas of the composer—from the *Orazzi*, *Ulysse*, and *Matrimonio*—were heard from some wind instruments placed in a distant part of the church: subdued in *pianissimo*—seeming to come from the clouds—they had a startling and unearthly effect. My heart trembled and tears started from my eyes. Little did I then think it would be my fate to sing in the last immortal operas of two of the greatest composers—Cimarosa and Weber—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"GIOVANNI BRAHAM."

"Tenore, ma scrivo con molto omilità un Inglese."

This letter was published in the *Maestro*, a musical journal which was born and died in the year 1844.

On his journey homewards to London, Braham sang at Trieste and Hamburgh, and accepted an engagement at Covent Garden theatre. He made his first appearance in a new opera, called *Chains of the Heart*, written by Prince Hoare, the music by Reeve and Mazzinghi, with a success that is even now remembered.

[Conclusion next time.]

## Richard Wagner's Collected Writings.*

(From the London "Observer.")

The first volume of this collection, which is to embrace all Wagner's critical writings as well as his poems for music, has just appeared. There are to be nine volumes, and the publication will extend up till July, 1873. Of all the professional musicians who have written about their art—and the list is a long one, embracing as it does, of late years at least, the names of nearly all eminent musicians in Germany—Wagner is at once the most voluminous, the most interesting, and the most important. He does not hesitate to state this himself, remembering Goethe's saying, so often repeated by Schopenhauer, "*Nur die Lumpe sind bescheiden*" (Louts only are modest.) He deserves, and he is sure to receive, the attentive consideration of all those to whom musical art is more than a mere means of sensual enjoyment. Many of the dissertations promised in this edition are now for the first time accessible to the general public. They were mostly published as contributions to journals, or as pamphlets, and have long been out of print. What Wagner presents in them all is perfectly clear, distinct and consistent, his tendency being the formation of an ideal drama in which music is to be one of the principal factors, and exercising its influence on all others. But as the publications are, with only two exceptions—*Kunstwerk der Zukunft* and *Oper und Drama*—occasional pieces, they do not present the appearance of a system of musical æsthetics, though they contain ample material for one. They can be classed under the following heads: 1.—On the interpretation of particular works by the great masters. In this we include his essays on the overture to *Der Freischütz*, his programmes to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the *Sinfonia Eroica*, and the overture to *Coriolan*, and that scathing pamphlet "About Conducting" which has of late set all German musicians at loggerheads. 2.—Plans and proposals for the amelioration of existing musical institutions in Germany, or for the creation of new ones, viz., on the reorganization of the Court Theatre at Dresden—on the Goethe Stiftung, the theatre at Zurich, the Court Theatre at Vienna; and the Essay upon a *Conservatoire* of Music to be instituted at Munich, which latter is the only one of his elaborate plans that has as yet borne palpable fruit. The recent examinations at Munich, if the report of Herr Weissheimer in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, a highly competent musician, can be accepted, have shown results such as no similar institution in Europe can boast of. 3. "Novels and Miscellaneous Essays," written for the Paris *Gazette Musicale*; "At Weber's Grave;" "Letters to Brendel, Liszt, Berlioz, and Mme. de Muchanoff." This last is known as the letter on *Judaism in Music*, which created such a storm some years ago. 4.—"Concerning Certain Indirect Connections of the Development of Art with that of Politics; "Art and Revolution;" "About the State and Religion;" German Art and German Politics;" Essays on Great Musicians," and "Reviews of Writings about Music." The most important of these is the latest published of his essays, *Beethoven*, which forms the deepest and most original contribution towards the metaphysics of music since the profound chapters in Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille*. 5.—Lastly, the critical and scrupulously theoretical books referring to his ideal musical drama—*Kunstwerk der Zukunft* and *Oper und Drama*, together with the *libretti* of all his operas.

Any one who has watched the spiritual career of an artist of genius, living or dead, will have observed that his theoretical convictions concerning his art throughout his life are a sort of running comment upon his artistic productions. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that Wagner has written his musical drama in accordance with any preconceived artistic theories more or less eccentric. He has, like all men of strong creative impulse, trodden the long, dim path from more or less instinctive production to a complete mastery of means and ends. His theories and his practice grew together, and, if anything, the former is a result of the latter. Wagner is a poet first and foremost, and his case differs from that of his predecessors only inasmuch as he gave to the world a more elaborate and minute account of the mental fermentation which preceded and accompanied his works of art; and that he has done this ought to entitle him to the thanks of all men who know a poet to be something different from a mere funnel through which the gods pour beautiful thought. He has, in common with Goethe, the very rare gift of becoming perfectly conscious of all his mental evolutions, and of being able to give a cool and complete account,—an outsider's view, as it were—even of his passions. This makes him so formidable as a poet and writer. He speaks always at first hand, talks of nothing but what he has himself seen or felt, and holds his subjects with an intense and passionate grasp. Here is no filtration of other men's thoughts from phial to phial. It was the conflict between his artistic desires and the existing means of realising them which for a time tormented him, and then perforce drove him to criticism.

He felt his way through a maze of theoretical speculation on the musical stage, and its elements, mimetics, music, and poetry, out of which he came forth, after a protracted and laborious search, with his sight strengthened in more ways than one, and his artistic powers increased a hundredfold. There are three facts, we believe, to which nearly all the pen-and-ink quarrels concerning Wagner can be traced. First, that he published his criticisms and abstract theories at a time when his late works of art, by which alone these theories could receive their sanction, were little known, and but rarely and inadequately performed; secondly, that the social and political heresies, which he propounded by way of clearing the air and finding free breathing-space for his artistic ideals, frightened people; and lastly, that he now and then thought fit to point his moral by attacking living men of repute, such men as Meyerbeer, for instance, in a most savage and merciless manner.

About the importance of accurate critical insight to a modern artist there can be scarcely two opinions. We quote Charles Baudelaire—"*Tous les grands poètes deviennent naturellement fatalement critiques. Je plains les poètes que guide le seul instinct; je les crois incomplets; il serait prodigieux qu'un critique devînt poète et il est impossible qu'un poète ne contienne pas un critique.*" Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, often preaches on the same text. In his luminous essay on *The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time*, he points out the immense mark made by Goethe, not only upon German but European thought; contrasts it with the comparatively traceless apparition of Byron on the English horizon, and shows that Goethe had such weight as a poet, not because his productive power was greater, but because his critical exertions and those of his contemporaries gave him a stronger and surer foothold. Among living men one could not find a better illustration of this than Wagner. His principal theoretical books were published between 1849 and 1852, when he was banished from Germany, and had no hope whatever of seeing one of his new dramas embodied on the stage. They raised a paper war, in comparison to which the Parisian squabble in the last century between the Gluckists and Piccinists appears as one of frogs and mice. Ingenious critics, killing two birds with one stone, contrasted his theories with his *earlier* operas, pointed out plentiful contradictions, and proved both to be the outcome of a confused and extravagant head. Some assert

* Richard Wagner's Collected Writings. By E. W. Fritzsch. Leipzig.

Digitized by Google

that Wagner was a mere *charlatan*, who invented theories as a cloak to cover his musical impotence; others that he was a musical genius led astray by metaphysical will-o'-wisps; a third set, by far the noisiest, held him up to public loathing as a furious madman, who would tear down all existing art fabrics, and plant himself on the ruins, "a god of the future." In one respect, and one only, they were unanimous, that a strait-waistcoat would benefit him greatly. Most deviations of opinions on art matters, like nearly all conflicting assertions concerning human life and things, depend, we believe, upon those fundamental philosophic conceptions which men have adopted either with or without previous examination. Wagner sees in art the ultimate outcome and final flower of things terrene, and he looks upon what he calls *Das Drama*, in which man contemplates his own nature in all its dignity, as the highest, and, properly speaking, the only adequate artistic expression of harmoniously developed humanity. The conditions, in many respects new, under which he conceives it possible to realize a drama that shall expand together with ever-growing humanity, form the main contents of his theoretical writings. In *Kunst und Revolution*, and especially in *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, his gyrations round this centre of drama are of enormous width, and flavor not a little of social and artistic utopias. In his largest work, *Oper und Drama*, however, and in the essay on German art and politics, the circles contract into more manageable limits, and he aims at comparatively direct and practical ends. The first volume of his writings under consideration contains a very interesting fragment of an autobiography, up to 1843, which has been out of print for a long time, and of which we shall before long give some account. Besides this, it contains the poems to the first three of his operas, which have been publicly performed: *Liebesverbot*, *Rienzi* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, a series of seven essays about musical matters, contributed to the *Gazette Musicale*, in 1840 and 1841, and reports about Weber's *Der Freyschütz*, Halévy's *La Reine de Chypre* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

---

## Cherubini's "Water-Carrier."

### THE LIBRETTO.

The story of the "Water-Carrier" ("Les Deux Journées") is of the simplest. Count Armand, a French nobleman, President of the Gallic Parliament in the reign of Louis XIII, a friend of the people, and powerful opponent of Louis' notorious prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin, who completely ruled the "grand monarque," fleeing with his young bride, Constance, from the Cardinal's vengeance, is screened and protected by a Savoyard water-carrier named Micheli, whose son's life the Count has saved, and who by his shrewdness and daring contrives to carry the fugitives safely through the camp where Mazarin's Italian mercenaries, inflamed by Romish influences, are assembled to waylay and arrest them, an immense price being set upon the head of the Count. Once out of Paris and among his own political adherents, Count Armand would become overwhelmingly formidable to Mazarin, an important fact well known to the patriotic and grateful water-carrier, as to the diplomatic cardinal. Through the readiest and most cunning devices, concealed under the guise of perfect simplicity and *bonhommie*, Micheli succeeds in his plan so far as to place the count and his bride safely beyond the military *cordon* which encircles Paris; to insure the escape of Armand, and subsequently that of his wife, who in disguise is to follow her husband to his place of concealment in an old oak tree near the village of Gonesse.

On her arrival, however, she finds herself in the presence of two of Mazarin's soldiers, who, struck by her beauty, and encouraged by her apparently unprotected position, make brutal advances to her. This is witnessed from his hiding-place, by her husband, who, forgetful of his own danger, rushes to the rescue of his wife, and is immediately made prisoner. Armand's life is now forfeited; but the faithful water-carrier has not been idle during these stirring events; for, seeing almost irremediable danger, he has already been to the cardinal with the news of Armand's escape; and his holiness, dreading the influence of Armand with the people, has sent him a free pardon.

That this little story has the classical requirements of a beginning, a middle and a legitimate end, there can be no question; that the *denouement* cannot even be suspected until it actually arrives, is equally true. Its themes are heroic patriotism, gratitude, and woman's constancy. Can there be any more lofty or loveable in human life?

In its exciting incidents, and constantly melo-dramatic action, too, it is almost what now would be termed "sensational." Such is the libretto which Cherubini has set in musical gold of the purest and most solid kind; such is the literary material to which his magic pen has given an undying charm. "The Water-Carrier," in Europe the most widely-known work of the man who wrote "Faniska," "Medea," "Lodoiska," "Ali Baba" and "Demofoonte," and whom that musical colossus, Beethoven (who certainly was no flatterer), addressed as the "greatest dramatic writer of his time," is now introduced for the first time to the American public by the Parepa-Rosa management.

Let us now proceed to examine

### THE MUSIC.

The overture (in E major) is probably familiar to the musical public, here as elsewhere, under the title of "Les Deux Journées." For years it has been a stock piece all over the civilized world, and is always played with effect because it is *absolutely* grand and beautiful in itself; still, apart from the drama it so poetically symbolizes, the music can scarcely be more than half understood; for the chivalrous patriotism of Armand, and the no less heroic devotion of his wife, Constance, throw a light upon its merits which necessarily display them still more brightly, and enhance their intellectual value.

In the solemn introduction, forebodings of evil, dreamy prophecies of impending woe fall vaguely on the ear, fixing our attention, yet perplexing us with thoughts of change. But now comes the *allegro*, in the first subject of which we at once recognise the light-hearted *poco-curante* daring of the *preux chevalier*, Armand; in the second, so full of anxious tenderness, the utterances of his devoted Constance. The overture is, indeed, permeated by the same ideas which are the very core and essence of the coming drama; but heroism alone characterizes the peroration, in which both husband and wife seem to be united in one grand resolve. To say that the orchestration is very fine, were not enough. Taking into consideration the small number of instruments employed, compared with modern usages, it is a perfect marvel of science and genius. The rich resonance of the score would suffice to fill the largest building, and as much may be said for the instrumentation from end to end of the work. On the whole, this overture may safely be set down as one of the most classical and really dramatic of operatic preludes.

ACT FIRST. No. 1 in the opera is the Savoyard's song, a most plaintive and touching melody in G minor, 6 8 time, in which Antonio relates how, as a poor wandering boy, he was saved from starvation by a stranger, a French gentleman whom he has never since beheld. Characteristic coloring and unaffected pathos distinguish this melody, which is followed by an equally delightful strain in the major key, where Antonio, with his father and sister, earnestly invoke blessings on his benefactor.

No. 2 is a song in E flat—"Give me Thy Guidance, Bounteous Heaven," in which the Water-Carrier, in his plain simple way, appeals to Providence to help him in saving the unhappy fugitives whose escape he has undertaken to effect. There is no ostentatious display of religious fervor, no pompous piety in the setting of these words, but the music is throughout exactly suited to the plain, honest character of the man.

No. 3, "Our Brave Preserver," is a trio in C major, sung by Constance, Armand, and the Water-carrier. Its theme is the gratitude of the lovers (they are still lovers, although they are married) for the devotedness of the Water-carrier, who responds in his manly, open-hearted way, that he was but doing his duty. It consists of a melody in three parts, martial in character, and varied by those devices of imitative counterpoint of which Cherubini was so complete a master, and which enliven and enrich the score in the most graceful, and apparently spontaneous manner. Nothing can be more natural than that people, animated by the same spirit, and having nearly the same things to say, should say it nearly in the same language; and thus Cherubini's lovers sing musical imitations (colored with charming diversity in the orchestra), probably without the public being aware of any scientific process, so easily and naturally does the whole thing flow. Here, as everywhere else in the "Water-carrier," does the *"Ars celare Artem"* principle prevail.

No. 4, a duet in D Major, for Armand and Constance, illustrates their parting. It consists of an accompanied "dialogue recitative," and an *allegro* movement, one portion of which—we mean the tender and fervently affectionate phrases upon the words, "You, the joy of my life'—will immediately remind musicians of Beethoven (not the only resemblance to be found in this work between the two great contemporary masters). Dramatic power and deeply rooted feeling are the characteristics of this impassioned duet; but a chaste dignity governs the one and tempers the expression of the other. Those who seek here for the sickly sentimentality, or frantic hair-tearing ebullitions of modern Italian operatic lovers, —will be much disappointed. Cherubini understood the "*cum ratione insanire*" of Terence, as well as the "fine phrenzy" of Shakespeare, and never wrote a part to "tear a cat in."

No. 5, "Whom do I now behold," finale to the first act, is a sextet in E flat major, sung by Micheli, Armand, Constance, Marcellina, Antonio and Daniel. It illustrates Antonio's recognition of his benefactor, Count Armand, Micheli's gratitude, the pettish opposition of the simple Marcellina to an arrangement which suddenly deprives her of the pleasure of attending her brother's wedding, and her subsequent acquiescence in the proposed scheme, when she finds it is to aid the escape of Constance. Such is the very simple dramatic matter with which Cherubini had to deal, in constructing that which stands to this hour, and ever will remain, one of the very greatest concerted pieces ever written. The extraordinary combination of musical and dramatic power for which Cherubini is so justly celebrated, finds a striking illustration in the very commencement of this sextet, where the grateful Antonio (his voice faltering with emotion) informs his father and sister how he recognizes in Count Armand the "French gentleman" who saved him from dying of starvation on the streets of Paris.

The son relates, his family almost breathless with anxiety, listen, interrupting the speaker only by occasional questions and exclamations of surprise. The good Micheli's heart swells, and tears are starting to his eyes as the truth becomes more and more evident; but when he is convinced beyond all doubt that it is to the chivalrous Armand, whom as the people's champion he already reveres, that he owes the deliverance of his son (now recognized by the Count), he and all around him, who share his feelings, unite their voices in a glorious hymn of joy, in which the might and majesty of Cherubini's genius shine with extraordinary effulgence.

And by what musical process is this immense effect accomplished? Simply by exciting and constantly increasing in the auditors a feeling of expectation, all through the earlier portion of the piece, till the at last absolutely longed for climax arrives, with the words, "Praised be Heaven."

The dialogue is now resumed, accompanied in the masterly way already described in speaking of other parts of the work where similar means of orchestral illustration are employed. The listeners will probably be much amused with the sudden opposition of Marcellina to the idea of depriving her of the pleasure of being at her brother's wedding, and charmed with the happy manner in which it is expressed in the music, affording as it does a refreshing relief to the more serious parts of the piece.

The refractory young lady exclaims, "I don't choose to remain here!" "This is too bad!" "If I don't see my brother's wedding, consoled I'll never be," and repeats the defiant words over and over again in a comically determined way, until Antonio tenderly appeals to her, while the young Savoyard's song floats on the air like a voice of the past, recalling to her memory Antonio's deep obligation to Armand; and she willingly enters into a scheme which she now for the first time fully understands is absolutely necessary to save the lives of the lovers. And now the superb *ensemble*, "Praised be Heaven," is resumed, and intensified by still richer and more varied harmonies, the whole being wound up with a peroration worthy of the rest, brings the first act to a grand conclusion.

ACT SECOND. The *entr' acte* music heralds the approach of Mazarin's soldiers, who are coming to search for Count Armand and his bride. We hear their measured tramp approaching nearer and nearer. Another fine *crescendo*, similar to that in the sextet, leads up to the chorus in D major, "No mercy show!" which surpasses any chorus of the same kind to be found in the whole range of operatic music. The quick responses between the basses and tenors, "careful guard," "all prepared," are inexpressibly exciting, and the *ensembles* on the words, "No mercy show!" "Such are the orders!" almost overwhelming in their fierce delight. Then there is an odor of sanctity about the solos of the commanding officers, noticeable in those sustained chords and "suspensions," belonging to the ecclesiastical style, with which Cherubini accompanies the words: "And the gratitude of Mazarin deserving, etc.," which reveals how deeply the composer has studied his subject. Cherubini is here characterizing leaders of the Italian mercenaries of the Cardinal Mazarin, sustained by the power of the Pope in a strange land, against the will of the people, and who as papists were as sourly and savagely fanatical as Cromwell's cut-throat saints. This noble chorus has but one fault,—it is immensely difficult to sing well, taxing as it does the extreme high notes of both basses and tenors very

Digitized by Google

heavily. There is not one body of choristers in five hundred that could do it justice.

The next important piece (No. 7), is an intensely dramatic trio, with chorus in B flat, portraying the seizure of Constance by the soldiers. Then comes the finale to the second act, a fine, well sustained movement in E major, "Alla Marcia," written for soloists and chorus. Here, again, the vigor and beauty of Cherubini are strikingly apparent.

ACT THIRD. The delicious *entr' acte* introduction and succeeding chorus of peasants, revive one like a draught of fresh country air. We can almost hear the babbling brooks, the chattering birds and waving trees; nay, even the "tingling silence" of the little village of Gonesse. Here is a pastoral tone-picture, worthy to stand beside Beethoven's well known inspiration, admirable in a musical sense as the eclogues of Virgil.

In the next *morceau d'ensemble*, where Armand is made prisoner, Cherubini has put forth all his strength as an operatic composer. There is a double chorus divided between peasants and soldiers, and nearly all the chief characters take part in the piece, though Constance has the most important solos. This is succeeded in the original score by a chorus in 6-8 time, with which the opera terminates; but the management, adopting the custom of the principal theatres in Germany, makes use of the superb sextet "Praised be Heaven" with added chorus, as a worthier conclusion to so grand a work. This is the only "liberty," if liberty it can be called, which has been taken with Cherubini's score. There is, however, one interpolation, which is Gounod's little-known air from "*La Reine de Saba*," one of the purest and most classical specimens of the favorite French master extant. It is exactly suited to the dramatic situation, and affords Madame Parepa an opportunity she would not otherwise have for displaying all her power, Cherubini having composed no solo *aria* for his *prima donna*. * * * *

We subjoin a copy of the title page of the earliest French full score with the original cast.

"LES DEUX JOURNEES,

OPERA EN TROIS ACTES,

Par le Citoyen Bouilly.

Representé pour la première fois sur le Théâtre de la Rue Faydeau le 26 Nivose an 8.

Mis en Musique,

Par le Citoyen Cherubini

Dedié au Citoyen Gossec, membre de l'Institut des Sciences et des Arts, l'un des Inspecteurs du Conservatoire de la Musique.

A PARIS.

A l'Harmonie, chez Gaveau ainé Editeur Marchand de musique."

| Personages. | Artistes. |
| --- | --- |
| Armand [President Mortier du Parlement de Paris], | Cn. Gaveau. |
| Constance (son épouse) | Madame Scio. |
| Mikeli [Savoyard d'origine, établi à Paris porteur d'eau]. | Cn. Juliet |
| Daniel [son pere], [Vieilard infirme] | Cn. Platel. |
| Antonio [fils de Mikeli] | Cn. Jausserand |
| Marcelline [fille de Mikeli et sœur d'Antonio], | Mad'elle Rosette. Gavaudan |
| Semos [riche fermier de Gonesse] | Cn. Prevost. |
| Angelina (fille unique de Semos accordée avec Antonio], | Mad'elle Desmarres. |
| Premier Commendant, Second Commendant [des troupes Italiennes a la solde de Masarin] | Cn. Dessaulsest. Cn. Georget. |
| Premier Soldat Italien | Cn. Darcourt. |
| Second Soldat Italien | Cn. Garnier. |

Many will doubtless trace strong resemblances to Beethoven's "Fidelio" in the "Water-Carrier;" but it must be borne in mind that the work of "Citizen Cherubini" preceded by four years that of the great German master.


Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 27, 1872.


## Oratorio.—The English Singers.

The present will long remain the memorable season of our old Handel and Haydn Society. Having reached that point of choral strength and excellence, with excellent accompaniment and masterly Conductorship always at its command, that it could worthily co-operate with the best solo singers from abroad, it has at length enjoyed that privilege and used it largely for its own and for the general good. True there have been no new Oratorios produced; but the best of the old ones have been made as good as new by the new revelation of their beauty and their depth of meaning through such gifted, cultivated, true and loyal artists; taken together, by far the best interpreters that we have ever had of the great sacred recitative and song of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c. We have already told how the *Elijah* (in Thanksgiving Week) electrified the chorus and the audience when they sang the solos; how great was SANTLEY in the music of the Prophet; and how *Judas Maccabæus* became a new revelation of unsuspected power and beauty through their singing, particularly that of Miss EDITH WYNNE.

Then came two Christmas Oratorios. *St. Paul*,—loved by most musicians even better than *Elijah*—but less dramatic (if we may say it, less sensational), and therefore less popular—made a deeper mark than it had done before, though the great chorus hardly had become so perfectly at home in this severer task; for that very reason it should be repeated. For neither of the solo singers does *St. Paul* affords the fullest opportunity for a display of their rare powers; all the more therefore could we admire and heartily enjoy the conscientious, loyal spirit, the artistic, devout feeling and love with which each and all of them—we like to name them: Miss WYNNE, Mme. PATEY, Mr. CUMMINGS, Mr. SANTLEY and Mr. PATEY—did their best to illustrate and bring home to us the import of the music and the text. (The manner in which the last two gentlemen gave the short duet: "Now we are ambassadors" is worth remembering). The earnest feeling and fine intellectuality of Mr. Cummings were quite in place here. His tenor voice is very beautiful, and if occasionally it sounds a little hard or forced, or swerves an instant from the pitch, it is because of the very delicacy of so choice an organ, which is easily fatigued and sensitive to weather. —In the *Messiah* the chorus were inspired to sing their best, and never in our memory here have *all* the choruses, even to the *Amen*, been done so well. If Miss WYNNE has not great volume of voice, or the long breath of the large prima donnas, yet the purity and sweetness of her tone goes far and rises above any orchestral *fortissimo*; while her consummate art, her true conception, and her beautiful devotion, merging herself entirely in the music, a certain rapt St. Cecilia-like seriousness, fitted her admirably for the great soprano airs. Nilsson showed more individuality in them perhaps; but it may be a question whether Miss Wynne's rendering will not haunt the memory as long. Mme. PATEY's great contralto and warm feeling also made their due impression. Mr. Cummings in the *Passion* portion of the Oratorio has hardly been surpassed; and even for "Thou shalt dash them" he found rare energy and strength. Need we tell what a satisfaction it was to hear Mr. Santley in "Why do the Heathens rage," and the other bass airs!

On the 13th of this month a miscellaneous programme was given, the first part consisting of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Hacknied as it is,—having been murdered in a "sacred concert," as the sole meet sacrifice they had to offer, by every Italian Opera troupe that ever came here—it has much beautiful and some grand music in it, which was rejuvenated by these singers. Nothing could be better suited to the large, rich, sensuous contralto of Mme. Patey; and no richer voice, unless it were Alboni's, could Rossini have desired for it. It all went admirably well, closing judiciously with the "*Inflammatus*," an arduous task for such a voice as Edith Wynne's, yet it soared bravely, musically, above orchestra and chorus. The best piece in the work, the marvellous unaccompanied Quartet: *Quando corpus*, was sung to perfection.—The second part began with the trumpet Chorale: "Sleepers wake!" from *St. Paul*, grandly sung. Mr. Cummings sang Handel's "Total eclipse" with more beauty and delicacy of tone and expression than ever. Then came a sentimental commonplace Song by Gounod for Mme. Patey, hardly worthy of her: "There is a green hill far away," in which the music does not relieve the bald sectarian creed statement of the words. The Society sang two unaccompanied Part-Songs by Mendelssohn with fine sonority and unity; and then Mr. Santley exerted the peculiar charm of the sustained continuity and large, tranquil, easy flow of his great organ-toned voice, with perfect simplicity of expression, in Gounod's "Nazareth" ballad, wrought up to a climax with orchestra and chorus in the last verse.

The most important of the selections, however, was Bach's Aria, full of pious ecstacy of bliss: "My heart, ever faithful," inasmuch as it was given for the first time here (perhaps the first time anywhere) with the orchestral parts as completed by Robert Franz; this accompaniment, with Miss Wynne's singing, brought out its intrinsic beauty as never before. The concert ended with the "Conquering hero" chorus from *Judas Maccabæus*. The next evening *Elijah* was repeated in the same grand style as before; except that Mr. Santley suffered from a severe cold, which he surmounted bravely in some pieces; while in others it gave us opportunity to know more of the artistic worth of Mr. Patey, who took up the part at a moment's notice and did it with great credit.

The noble group have left us (except Santley, who will sing in Opera awile). Never has Boston parted more unwillingly with any company of artists. They carry with them the sincere, with many the affectionate respect, of all here who can value noble music. Their example will remain a model and an inspiration for our singers; our standard from this day is higher.

## English Opera.

The PAREPA-ROSA troupe conclude their brief, but very active season of three weeks at the Boston Theatre to-night, having given seven performances each week. The repertoire has been large, including two important novelties (for Boston): Cherubini's "Water Carrier"—a masterwork which ought to run a whole week, or (better still) alternately with the other charming novelty to most of us, Rossini's famous "La Gazza Ladra." Besides these we have had "Don Giovanni," and the "Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart; and "Fra Diavolo," "Lucrezia Borgia," Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and "Un Ballo in Maschera," Flotow's "Martha," all in English; and, of English operas proper, Wallace's "Maritana," and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" and "Satanella" (new.) All have been presented with remarkable completeness, conscientious regard to detail, and a strong combination of solo talent compared with any English company we ever had before, or even with the best Italian or German troupes of the last several years. It is indeed most creditable to the united gifts and energies of CARL ROSA, proprietor, manager, Conductor, and his wife, who certainly is one of the greatest, most accomplished, versatile and never failing prima donnas of our time.

For years we have not heard so good a performance of *Don Juan* as these people gave us last week. Mme. ROSA was in her best voice and gave the music and the lofty character of Donna Anna with commanding power and beauty. In the great recitative where she relates the outrage to her lover, with the following aria: "*Or sai*," and in the noble "Letter" aria (so frequently omitted), she was superb, warming the whole beauty of the music into life; and she too was the soul of the concerted music. The difficult and equally important part *musically* (when not abridged) of Donna Elvira, was better filled by Mlle. DORIA (Miss Barnett), than we have seen or heard it for a long while. With a clear, telling voice, neither unmusical nor very sympathetic, well trained and flexible, and evidently with a better basis of general musical culture than most singers show, she sang the music with good style, well in character, and with conscientious care to a consistent impersonation. The great recitative and aria: "*Mi tradi*" was sung with good taste and effect. Mlle. VANZINI's Zerlina was at least bright and piquant, and like her quality of voice very pronounced; somewhat too external, the singer addressing herself too constantly to the audience; but she sang fluently and well, although with little of a Bosio's grace and soulfulness suggesting a fine nature under the rustic garb.

Mr. CAMPBELL, suffering from a cold, made a good Don Juan, both in song, in person and in ease and dignity of action. The "wine" song ("*Fin ch'an dal*

*vino*") was taken at two swift a tempo for him; for this is the one weakness of our young Conductor, that he is too excitable; carried away by the rush of the music he is not quite thoughtful enough to wait on the convenience of the singers. Mr. TOM CARL has a sweet and even tenor voice, of fair power, well trained, and sang Don Ottavio's music quite acceptably. The Leporello of Mr. AINSLEY COOK surprised us by its cleverness and good sense after seeing him in a part so ill adapted to his person as the Duke in *Lucrezia*. His voice, although a little husky, is large and sonorous, and he kept the humor of the part within bounds without any loss of life or interest. The statue found clear, ponderous, startling tones in the organ of Mr. RYSE. Chorus and orchestra were remarkably good, except that the latter was sometimes, as in all the operas, too loud.

In the "Marriage of Figaro," as well as in "Fra Diavolo," we missed the charming song and action of Rose Hersee. But Mlle. Vanzini's Countess and Zerlina, both, were quite agreeable; while PAREPA seems to have gained new vivacity and ease in Susanna, and Mrs. SEGUIN was as pretty and as musical as ever in her old parts of Cherubino and Milady Anglaise. The rest of the cast was as before in each piece—CASTLE, CAMPBELL, HALL, &c., never more acceptable. Seldom of late years has *Lucrezia Borgia* been so well presented, both on the part of the principals (Parepa, Castle as Gennaro, Cook as Alfonso, Mrs. Seguin as Orsini), and the uncommonly good and complete ensemble. Rossini's beautiful *La Gazza Ladra*, an opera of his most fresh and genial period, composed only a year later than "The Barber," it never had been our luck to hear performed before, familiar as much of the delightful music was. Musically it is worth a hundred *Trovatores* and thousands of *Bohemian Girls*. It is a bubbling spring of melody from beginning to end, abounding too in exquisite concerted pieces and brilliant but not overladen instrumentation. The well known overture holds out a promise which is fulfilled throughout. To be sure, the florid Rossini melody, full of roulades, was hardly suited to some of the singers; but Miss VANZINI in the Maid's part sang it with great ease, volubility and grace, and altogether made an excellent impression. The Podestà of Mr. Cook was capital in singing, make-up and acting; while Mrs. Seguin in the pretty part of Pippo, Mr. Carl as the lover, Mr. Campbell as the father, and nearly all the rest were satisfactory.

Unfortunately this fine opera was sung to some three hundred people only, partly because it came so unexpected, but more because "all the world" had set its heart upon the farewell concert of the Dolby singers. It should be given oftener; we can better spare Verdi than Rossini.

"The Water-Carrier" on Wednesday was a glorious success,—too late for notice now. Meanwhile we print in an earlier part of this paper a very good description of the opera, issued in pamphlet form by the Parepa-Rosa management, and written, as we understand, by Mr. Howard Glover.

## Chamber Music.

The fifth Matinée of Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG (Jan. 11) opened with the noble Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, op. 69, in A major, which was finely played, Mr. HARTDEGEN taking the 'cello part. The promised songs from Schumann's *Liederkreis* were omitted on account of Mr. KAMMERMANN's illness; in their place Mr. Eichberg, with Mr. Leonhard, played with true feeling and expression a profoundly beautiful Adagio from one of Bach's six Violin Sonatas; all, we are sure, were grateful for the gift, and would have been still happier if a quick movement also had been given. An Andante and Allegro Vivace from a Sonatina [posthumous] of Schubert, for piano and violin, sounded for all the world like Mozart,—certainly so the Andante; perhaps the Allegro was quite as much in Haydn's vein: did Schubert do this purposely? Mr. KUTZLER's Oboe bore part once more, and most delightfully, in a Sonata in G minor by Handel and a Siciliano by Bach, both compositions very beautiful—the latter having been written, if we mistake not, for the violin.

The concert ended grandly with the superb Schubert Trio in B flat, op. 99,—less seldom heard than its great brother op. 100, in E flat, but not a whit less beautiful and full of inspiration. The rendering by Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg and Hartdegen was altogether worthy of the composition, of themselves and of their audience, the best and largest of the season, who all listened with intense delight increasing to the end.

This week [on Thursday] the series closed with the great Schumann Quintet for piano, violin, &c., preceded by the Beethoven Trio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3; Chopin's Nocturne, op. 37, No 2, and Scherzo, op. 20; and the Tenor Aria: "*Frohe Hirten, eilt*" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, sung by Mr. GLOGGNER CASTELLI. As the printed score contains no accompaniment for this Aria except a flute part and a figured *Basso Continuo*, the concert-givers, rather than entrust so delicate a task to ordinary hands, wrote to Robert Franz to beg that he would make a piano-forte accompaniment expressly for this occasion, which he has kindly done and with his usual skill and intimate acquaintance with the spirit and the art of Bach. The artists, in their gratitude, propose to give one extra matinée in compliment to ROBERT FRANZ, at which we too, in like gratitude, and eager joy, will doubtless all be present.

---

Miss ANNA MEHLIG's second and third Piano Recitals drew more listeners to Mechanics' Hall than we have seen on any such occasion. Nor does the enthusiasm about her admirable playing in the least abate; on the contrary there is urgent call for more Recitals, which we are happy to say will be granted,—*three* more, beginning on Wednesday of next week.

The second Recital (Jan. 15) opened with a novelty for Boston, Weber's grand Sonata in A flat, a work full of interest, with all the Weber idiosyncracy, and extremely difficult; it was rare luck to hear it from such an interpreter, but we do not think it haunts the memory like other matter in the programme. Mozart's lovely Rondo in A minor (set down as "Andantino") shows a finer genius and formed a sweet oasis of repose such as harmonious full life only knows. Four of the wonderful *Etudes* of Chopin followed, in great variety of mood and style, brilliant, delicate, tender, deep and grand, taxing interpretative sympathy and insight, as well as every executive faculty to the utmost; and these held attention breathless to the end. Mendelssohn's noble "Variations Sérieuses" on a theme of his own, op. 54, bringing us back to a more serene and classic, but not less vital and imaginative sphere of art, were rendered in the true spirit of the music with consummate skill and grace. Three of Schumann's little *Fantasie-Stücke*: the *Traumes-Wirren*" [dream bewilderment], the mystical "*Warum?*" (Wherefore?), with a motive like the song of Franz, "Er ist gekommen," and the impetuous "*Aufschwung*," were dainty offerings delicately tendered. A more brilliant effect piece for a finale could not be imagined, than Tausig's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." It is deftly clothed and filled in with rich, at times strange harmony, with intertwining counter-motives in the running passages, and developed into sprayey tendrils of ingenious cadenzas in the pauses; making of the whole a far more full, elaborate, crowded work than Weber dreamed of, far more astonishing, but not more fascinating and poetic than the thing is in its comparatively thin and simple form; for even thus it fully tells its story, and has a better reason for existing than this wonderful arrangement, which was wonderfully played and most exciting.

The third Recital (17th) began with a very clear, artistic and poetic rendering of the Beethoven "Moonlight" Sonata, so called. The concert room does not afford the right conditions for a *perfect* rendering of such a tone-poem; to bring out all its soul and meaning one must be able to forget the presence of a public, which is of course impossible. But we know not when we ever heard it as a whole more satisfactorily presented. Did the opening Adagio to some seem slightly cold? That was because it was the opening [of the concert]; there was need of something first to "*break* the ice." It soon began to melt, however.

The group of three little pieces (*Scherzo*, by Haydn; *Impromptu*, by Schubert; and *Rondo Brillante*, Mendelssohn), followed the Sonata, and followed one another, in charming continuity of contrast; nothing more genial for the Piano could be found in Haydn than that delicious *Scherzo*; and no fresher flower of Schubert's genius than that *Impromptu*. The most important rarity of the concert was Schumann's great *Fantasie*, op. 17, in three long parts, through whose broad and complex web of harmonies there runs a haunting melody, half hidden in the middle part, but ever and anon rising to the surface. The first piece is mystical and dreamy, provoking a desire to understand it better; the second is march-like, bold, triumphant, not quite convincing on the first hearing; the third is in a vein of graceful, tender, sentiment which cannot appeal in vain. It is extremely difficult to play, and difficult to understand at once, however well played, as we must presume it was by one so gifted. It must be heard again.—A couple of familiar Nocturnes and Waltzes by Chopin were exquisitely rendered.—The rest of the concert was all brilliant and of a modern Liszt-ian temper. First, little Schubert Waltzes in a sumptuous Liszt-ian setting; then Liszt's transcription of the "Spinning Song" from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" finally his really immense Fantasia on the ghost scene, the "*La ci darem*" duet and the "Wine" song in *Don Juan*:—on the whole a too protracted blaze of dazzling fireworks, exhausting to the nerves of listeners, if not to the long strained energies of the o'er-generous artist. But great was the enthusiasm, and warmly will she be welcomed back.

MR. PERABO'S SECOND MATINEE. We unfortunately lost the greater part of it, and therefore borrow the report of the *Gazette*:

Mr. Perabo's second matinée on Friday afternoon was notable for some truly admirable piano playing, and a rather weak programme. We cannot conceive the object of playing in public such childish compositions as the Sonatine, by Krause, or such a vulgar and commonplace aberration as Carl Löwe's Biblical Sketch proved to be; though the former is indescribably superior to the latter in everything that distinguishes the good from the irretrievably bad. But whatever the motive, they were played with all the earnestness and fidelity that mark Mr. Perabo's style, though we wish his skill had been exhibited on worthier themes. The Biblical Sketch by Lowe aimed at the higher flight of descriptive music, for according to the programme "the opening discloses a group of houses in the village they are approaching." A group of houses is rather a difficult subject to bring before the mind's eye by musical sounds, and we must confess to our shame that we failed to hear even a brick of it, to say nothing of a front door or a parlor window. The composition throughout was frivolous to an unusual degree. Not so the two posthumous pieces by Schubert, which are charming, and in the composer's best manner. The Adagio is an exquisite piece of work, at times exhibiting all the grace and delicacy of Mozart; in fact, the principal theme is quite Mozartish in style. It was interpreted by Mr. Perabo with rare expression and tenderness. The Allegretto is eminently Schubert-esque, and full of character and originality. Though bizarre almost to a fault, Mr. Perabo's capital rendering of it made it at once intelligible. Mendelssohn's Capriccio in F sharp Minor was clearly played, but, to our taste, with an absence of that airy lightness that seems to us so essential to certain portions of the work. The Allegro Vivace and Minuetto from Schubert's Octet in F major, arranged by Mr. Perabo, brought the entertainment to a close, and gave the artist a favorable opportunity to show how really excellent a performer he is, and how well skilled to execute and to interpret purely classical music. An excellent selection is announced for the next matinée, which will be given on Friday afternoon, Feb. 2.

---

"SLANDERS, SIR." The satirical rogue of the *Gazette* perpetrates the following, "all of which, though we most powerfully and potently believe, yet hold we it not honesty to have it thus set down."

We feel it our duty to enter our protest against the inconsiderate conduct of those ill-bred people who go to the Harvard Symphony Concerts to be seen, and who will insist on disturbing those who go to hear. We grieve to state that young ladies are the principal offenders in this respect. It is not an uncommon thing to see some ambitious sun-flower, full of the belief that she is not born to blush unseen, and determined not to waste her sweetness on the desert air, rise in the midst of a piece of music and shuffle across the hall, to the annoyance of everybody in her path, and take her departure, allowing the door to bang heavily behind her by way of a parting salute. If such have only received permission from their parents to remain out for a certain time, and must return home punctually in order to escape a scolding, it would be better for them to depart at the conclusion of a piece or a movement, rather than disturb an entire audience, and insult the performers, by doing so while the playing is going on. If, on the other hand, the offenders are merely inspired with a desire to exhibit their new bonnets, cloaks or dresses, we beg to remind them that such a result is attained at a sacrifice altogether disproportioned to what is realized by the attempt at display.

☞ The SYMPHONY CONCERT, with Mr. HOFFMANN's admirable playing, the beautiful concert of the new "APOLLO" Club, and more, have to await more room for notice.

LEIPSIC. Mdlle. Erika Lie, a Swedish pianist from Christiana, took part in the ninth Gewandhaus Concert. She performed Chopin's Concerto in F minor, and some pieces by Bach. The vocalist was Herr Max Stägeman, from Hanover, who sang several well known and favorite compositions. Among them were the songs, "Von ewiger Liebe," Brahms; "Frühlingsfahrt," Schumann; and "Es blinkt der Thau," Rubinstein. The orchestra performed Weber's "Jubel Ouverture" and Beethoven's second Symphony in D major.

A new symphony by Herr Abert, of Stuttgart, was performed at the sixth Leipzig Gewandhaus concert, on the 9th. It had only a *succès d'estime*, the work being considered not to realize the expectations raised by his previous *Columbus* Symphony.

On the 29th of November the Vocal society "Cæcilia" gave their first Winter concert in the Hall of the Hotel de Pologne. The programme was Overture to "Iphigenie" by Gluck; "Arion" (*Declamation*) composed by Schlegel; Air and Chorus from "Castor and Pollux" by Rameau, and Romberg's "Lay of the Bell." Mr. M. D. Tottman, the Direc-

Digitized by Google

tor, is accorded great praise for the manner in which the different works were performed.

The last Chamber music Soirée was opened by a Concerto of J. S. Bach's about 130 years old, for two flutes, a solo violin, and string orchestra. Messrs. Barge and Tischendorf performed the flute parts, and Concertmeister David the solo violin part. The A major quartet, No. 3, by Schumann, followed; then the prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn, by Capellmeister Reinecke, and finally Beethoven's C minor Sonata for piano and violin, by Messrs. Reinecke and David. The Soirée was a grand success

In the two last Gewandhaus Concerts, Dec. 1st and 7th (*Concert for the Poor and 8th Subscription Concert*) were performed overture and air from "Joseph," Andante from Schubert's "Tragic Symphonie," a new Requiem for solo chorus and orchestra by Franz Lachner, and Mozart's grand Concert Air for Bass "Alcandro," etc. For the second part of the 8th Subscription Concert, Wednesday, overture to "Schönen Melusine," and Mendelssohn's "Lorley-Finale" with Madame Peschka Leutner. As the Requiem of Lachner's met with such great success at the first performance, the Directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts decided to repeat it at the 8th Subscription Concert with Lachner himself conducting.

BERLIN. In the Second Subscription Concert of the "Symphonie-capelle," Mdme. Hallwachs Heintz was taken suddenly ill; and Mr. Ignaz Brüll, from Vienna, played in her place, and his performance of Schumann's A minor Concerto is pronounced sublime! particularly in the first movement. He also played "Etudes en forme de Variations," (Op. 13) by Schumann. Members from the Hernschen Verein sang in this concert four choruses for female voices and orchestra (Op. 12) by Brahms and Wüllner, of which Ave Marie by Brahms was greatly applauded. The orchestra played Beethoven's overture to Leonora No. 3, and an overture to Körners "Zriny," by the Society's young Director, Mr. Dappe.

ROME. Miss Brewster writes (just after Christmas):

The opera began last evening. On Saturday is the Terza Sera, always a brilliant one of the *giro*. We are to have *Rigoletto*. To-day the fine Sgambati and Pinelli concerts begin. They are "chic" in Rome. On the programme of to-day's concert is the Schumann quartet in Mi flat; Tartini's Sonate in Do min; and two Beethoven Sonatas—the one in Ut min., Op. 30, and the one in Mi., Op. 109. There are to be six of these concerts; they will continue all January—a delightful Wednesday afternoon occupation for an hour and a half—then we drive to some 5 o'clock tea, talk over the concert, the music and our friends, goodnaturedly or illnaturedly, according to our individual dispositions. What agreeable institutions are these 5 o'clock teas! I thank our English cousins for making them the fashion.

COLOGNE. At the fifth Gürzenich Concert, the programme was composed of one work, Handel's oratorio of *Theodora*. The vocalists were Mdes. Bellingrath, Wagner, Joachim, Mdlle. Holmsen, Herren Wagner, and Krolop.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The "Onslow Quintette" gave the second concert of a series of "Soirées Classiques" of Chamber music on Monday evening, Jan. 9th, at Chickering's Hall. The first of the Thomas Concerts came on the same night, so that I can only give the programme of the chamber music which was as follows:

Quartet in E flat, op. 47.................. R. Schumann.
Scena. "Chiamo il mio ben"...................Gluck.
Violoncello Solo. "Fantasie Hongroise"...Grützmacher.
M. Brand.

Trio in E flat, Op. 3, No. 1......................Beethoven.
Songs { a. "Der du von Himmel bist," b. "Kennst du das Land," } ..........Liszt.
Quartet, No. 36, in A, op. 69....................Onslow.

Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist, and her name is a guarantee for the conscientious and effective rendering of the selections assigned to her. These concerts meet a want which has long been felt here, and, as the subscription price is so low that they are placed within the reach of all music-lovers, they certainly deserve liberal patronage.

The second of the Thomas concerts at Steinways' opened with the "Eroica," which was grandly played and seemed to be fully appreciated by the audience, as there was perfect silence and close attention to the music throughout the house. This was followed by Liszt's vague and unsatisfactory Concerto, No. 2, in A, played by Miss Krebs, who seems to delight in surmounting the difficulties which are the only claim to interest that such music offers. The two selections assigned to her in the second part were an "Etude" by Chopin and a Rondo by Weber. Her performance of the latter piece was by far the more satisfactory of the two, the broken *tempo* of the former seeming to be studied, rather than the result of a true sympathy with the composer's mood. In the beautiful Rondo, [E flat, Op. 32] her playing was clear, crisp and delicate, with just the required warmth of coloring. The orchestral pieces in the second part comprised Hornemann's "Aladdin" Overture; Herbeck's arrangement of Schubert's 'Deutsche Taenze;' a Serenade by Haydn [String Orchestra], and the Introduction, Chorus and March from the 3rd Act of *Lohengrin*.

The third concert, Jan 10, presented the following programme:

Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg.......Wagner.
Concerto, for Violin, in D, Op. 61. *First movement.* Beethoven.
Mr. Bernhard Listemann and Orchestra.
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.......................Bach.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Symphonic Poem, Fest-Klaenge......................Liszt.

Serenade in F, op. 62. First time............Volkmann.
String Orchestra.
Concerto Symphonique, No 4, Op. 102, Adagio, Scherzo. Litolff.
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Overture, Egmont..................................Beethoven.

Perhaps the most interesting feature was Miss Krebs's playing of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," a composition in which she appeared to excellent advantage. Mr. Listemann's effective rendering of the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto reminded me of Theo. Thomas in the days when he had not yet exchanged the bow for the bâton.

At the fourth concert, Jan. 12, we had Schumann's D-minor Symphony, No. 4; Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, followed by Schubert's wonderful "Song of Death" (from posthumous Quartet, D minor). Wagner's "Kaiser March" (one hearing of which is sufficient to break down the Constitution of the United States,) closed the programme. Miss Krebs played on this occasion the first movement of Brahms's Concerto, op. 15, and Liszt's arrangement of the *Masaniello* Tarantelle.

At a matinée, this afternoon, Beethoven's Overture, op. 115; the Andante from Schubert's "Tragic Symphony"; and Schumann's "*Träumerei*" will be played, together with a number of light pieces suitable for what is called a "mixed audience." The concert this evening is to be the benefit of Miss Krebs. She will play Litolff's "Concerto Symphonique," No. 4; Liszt's Concerto, No. 1, E flat, and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. A. A. C.

JAN. 22.—A new season of German Opera opened last week at the Stadt Theatre, with three representations of "L'Africaine" by the MULDER-FABBRI" troupe. This evening "Don Juan" will be given with Miss Anna Elser as Zerlina. Notwithstanding the limited accommodations and meagre *mise en scene* which this theatre affords, it is entitled to the distinction of being the only place in New York where there is a regular and permanent opera. It is here, too, that Wachtel sang last fall and, with such a singer, or with Mozart's music, the veriest farthing dip turns to an astral, and methinks the walls even of the black hole of Calcutta would "stretch away into stately halls."

The Dolby troupe gave two farewell concerts at Steinway Hall, on the 16th and 17th, prior to their departure for Europe. Two thoroughly enjoyable concerts they were for those who love the sweet and simple ballads whose infinite popularity age cannot wither nor custom stale. At the second concert nearly every piece was encored. I must own to some regret at finding on the programme none of those beautiful songs by Arthur Sullivan which Miss Edith Wynne knows how to sing so charmingly.

Mr. Santley is to remain with us and will appear in English opera with Parepa-Rosa at the Academy—beginning Feb. 6th. *Zampa* and *Fra Diavolo* are among the impersonations announced. With these two artists and others which the enterprise of Mr. Rosa will furnish, this troupe will be one which has rarely been equalled in America. A. A. C.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

I'm sweet Sixteen. Illustrated title. 2. C to f. *Pratt.* 40

A pretty, serio-comic affair, with a neat melody. Words by Geo. Cooper.

O sing unto the Lord. (Cantate Domine.) 3. Bb to *g.* *Thomas.* 75

The exigences of the Episcopal service require frequent renewals of the musical part of Te Deums, Benedictus, Cantatas, &c. Our native composers are nobly responding to the demand occasioned by this want, and the best class of pieces, of which this is one, will be well received in any congregation, of any denomination.

The man with the Indian drum. Illustrated Title. 2. G to e. *Hunt.* 40

"For his name it was Thingimachum, chum-chum,
And he played on the Indian drum, drum, drum."
Comic, and quite pretty.

Somebody's happy to-night. Song and Chorus. 3. C to f. *McNeal.* 35

"Summer night dreams are bright and fair,
Sleeping among the roses rare."
A very sweet love song. Has a nice chorus, although love songs are not often more than duets.

The Farewell Letter. 4. G to *g.* *Gray* 30

"The night has closed in silence,
The battle shocks are o'er."
An affecting farewell by a wounded soldier.

The Sea hath its Pearls. For 4 voices. 4. Eb to *g.* *Pinsuti* 60

"The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart,—
My heart hath its love."—*Longfellow.*

A magnificent thing, if that term be not too lofty to apply to something which is so delicately beautiful. Try it, and be delighted!

When shall I be a bride? 3. Bb to e. *Keller.* 30

"I wish he would decide, mamma,
I wish he would decide!"

A most useful song,—for ladies who wish to "help along" a bashful lover. No young lady with such a follower should be without it.

A little while. 4. Bb to e. *Marshall.* 40

"A little while, a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me."

Words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Serious, solemn and beautiful.

**Instrumental.**

Qui Vive March. 3. Bb. *Downing.* 30

Something of the style of those marches which a third of a century ago used to be considered the highest grade of music by a large part of our common players and composers. Really very brilliant and effective.

Woodland Whispers. Waltz. 2. G. *Kinkel.* 30

No. 26 of Kinkel's Crystal Gems, a capital collection of instructive pieces.

Blue Violet Polka. 3. F. *Loesch.* 30

A well-chosen name for a very sweet composition. May be termed "fragrant music."

Lord Dundreary Polka. Illustrated Title. 3. F. *Turner.* 40

This prosaic individual appears in all his dreariness on the title. But if you please to Turner-round the leaf, you will find the inside contents to be a most vigorous original piece, written in Mr. J. T's best vein.

Dream in the Wood. Capricciosa. 4. F. *Wand.* 50

Belongs to an order of pieces now coming into high favor with lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Music. Interprets quite successfully the feelings of a musician while listening to forest sounds.

Vienna Galop. (*Ketterer*). 4 hands. 4. F. *Rummel.* 80

A favorite and very brilliant galop newly arranged.

Offertoire and Communion. Op. 31, No. 29. 5. *Battiste.* 1.00

One of the Music Hall Organ-concert pieces. For pedal and manual. Graceful and effective.

Fantasie Comique, introducing the melody "The "Yaller Girl" 5. A. *Pease.* 60

This absurd song happens to have a very merry air, and "grave and reverend" young men are very prone to whistle it. The piece is something in the style of Gottschalk's "Banjo," and has a very taking, comical kind of beauty.

Chanson des Anges. Morceau de Salon. 5. Ab. *Pape.* 1.00

Simple in construction. A pleasing air, varied mostly by a tremolo movement, but including chromatics, arpeggios, runs and all sorts of musical fireworks.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 805. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1872. VOL. XXXI. NO. 23.

## A Dilettante to the Death.

[From the London Musical World.]

Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, was born for harmony. Little suited for the profession of arms, and not desirous of running the risks of any battle, he never appeared at any siege, or at the head of his troops. However, as he ascended the throne when Europe was in a state of continual agitation, he did as all sovereigns then did, waged wars: but he waged them by his substitutes, namely, his generals, who were neither the least learned nor the least fortunate generals of a period as fertile in celebrated men as in great events.

Music was for him the truest of all religions, and he was a most fervent worshipper at its shrine. Having rendered himself familiar, at an early age, with all the mysteries of the science of sounds, he boasted and congratulated himself that he possessed philosophy and serenity of soul, and that he owed them to the cultivation of the divine art.

Early in the morning, on getting up, he had some one to play to him, or else played himself, to disperse the melancholy impressions produced in his mind by agitated sleep, a cloudy sky, or the innumerable causes of vexation incident to his position as a reigning sovereign: he said it was the only way to become a man again—good and humane; that when the hearing is occupied and captivated, it neutralizes the gross appetites of all the other senses, idealizes matter, and makes one believe in the soul. When he felt he was about to give way to passion, he calmed himself, like Saul, by listening to the sweet and tender tones of some melody, especially that of the minuet, "Quel caprice," which he had parodied, for he was a good composer: he used to write some very pretty harmonic canons (with one n), while the cannons (with two ns) of his army were thundering away in Europe. He was so enchanted with the canons played on the piano by a Pole named Kontski, great-grandfather of the present brothers Kontski, that he ennobled him. Kontski served in Sobieski's army, and, by his acquirements as an artillerist was instrumental in compelling the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna. The valiant Pole's double canons must, therefore, have been doubly pleasing to the Emperor. Leopold recompensed in a different fashion the Count de Serin, a noble Hungarian, who had summoned the Turks into the empire. Despite Serin's agreeable voice, which Leopold liked very much, he had the Count's head cut off, so as to prevent his again singing the hymn of revolt and treason. He had two other Hungarian nobles, Nadasti and Franzipani by name, served in the same way.

What this imperial *dilettante* loved most about the victories obtained by his General Montecuculi, by the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and by other commanders, was the pleasure of having Te Deums sung in the Cathedral at Vienna, to celebrate their successes.

Being one of those who signed the treaty of the Peace of Ryswick, he was on the point of taking part in the grand concerted piece, composed with reference to the Spanish succession—the right of Louis the Fourteenth's grandson to the throne of Spain being destined to contestation, a concerted piece which subsequently plunged Europe into war—when he felt that the principle, the springs of life in him were performing a fugue. A philosopher, a Christian, an epicurean, a musician, he sent for his medical man, his confessor, and the musicians of his chapel. He ordered the first to inform him, as nearly as possible, how much time he had still to live—and, on learning, apparently without any emotion, that the torch of the imperial life would be extinguished simultaneously with that day—that in a few hours all would be over for him, he granted an hour of time to the priest, and then, having taken leave of him, exhaled his last sighs, drowned his last gasp, in floods of harmony. His face was brightened by the different emotions produced by music that was religious, martial and sensual in turn. He expired gently, murmuring in a recitative which harmonized with a sweet mysterious melody, some vague, detached words, seeming to say:

> "La musique est pour moi le ciel qui va s'ouvr —
> Elle m'appelí à vivre et m'apprend à mourir."

Thus died, in 1705, Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, a cunning diplomatist, a hypocrite and a coward, for some; for others, an adroit politician, firm or prudent, as the occasion required; a gentle and benevolent philosopher; and, more especially, a man who, by love for musical art, contributed to place Germany at the head of those nations which have distinguished themselves by their taste and their aptitude for the science of harmony.

---

## "Lohengrin" in Bologna.

THE SOCIAL UNIFICATION OF ITALY—BOLOGNA—OBJECTS OF INTEREST—HOW "LOHENGRIN" WAS PRODUCED—ITS EFFECT UPON THE AUDITORS—WAGNER AT HOME—A CRITIC'S ANALYSIS OF HIS MUSIC.

(Correspondence of the Daily Advertiser.)

*Naples, January*, 1872.

I little thought when I was making my digest of the report of the royal musical commission last summer, and noting how there had crept even into that document the natural Italian antipathy general to the *raisonné* coldness that characterizes so much of German music, and especially to the abstruse originalities of Wagner and his disciples, that I should so soon make one of a crowded audience in a great Italian musical centre, in order to hear "Lohengrin" repeated in the Italian language, and by Italian artists. Yet thus has the whirligig of time brought about its revenges; and while Verdi's "Don Carlos" has fallen dead in Italy, and his latest work has been obliged to seek its first public in Cairo, Wagner has crossed the frontier, and with the trumpets of "Rienzi" has summoned to an almost unconditional surrender that stern stronghold of Italian tradition and devotion—the conservatory of Bologna—has triumphed, and has followed the pealing choruses of that blatant opera with the swan-song and the bridal strains of "Lohengrin."

That this is a real triumph, no one who knows Italy at all will hesitate to admit. Scarcely in England can the old established order of things hold firmer sway. To be sure there is the difference between negative and positive to be allowed for; England binds you to an antiquated prescription, while Italy responds to your entreaty for an innovation with a placid "*Non si costuma*"—"'tis not our wont." But the railways are working a wonderful change in Italy in all respects. Not alone do they set at nought the brigand, who still makes the Calabrian roads a peril to the rich proprietor, who would pass them unaccompanied by his escort of *carabiniers*, or trusty family retainers, and open up, as in all other countries, new and easy avenue for the interchange of commodities and the extension of commerce; but they are daily promoting the union of Italians one to another, and of Italy to the nations which lie above and beyond her. In every chief station of Italy can be bought, at a reduction of from thirty to forty-five per cent, circular tickets, valid for from twenty to fifty days, the holders of which can travel over corresponding sections of the peninsula, passing from line to line, and stopping at almost any intermediate point which they may choose, the only formality being the enforced enregistering by the station-masters upon the ticket, at each departure, the name of the next stopping-place selected. In like manner one can pass out of Italy by the Brenner or the Semmering, and make a circuit through Austria, Southern Germany and the Tyrol, re-entering Italy at the opposite point. As yet the Italians do not avail themselves largely of these so-called "international" tickets, for they have no undue fondness for the German language and manners; but they are beginning to journey within their own borders, and to find out that, in spite of the radical differences—and half repugnances, too, sometimes—which exist between Milanese and Neapolitan, Venetian and Roman, there is yet enough of common desire and interest, of kinship and of mutual regard, to be the making of a united, a prosperous and a respected people.

If the Italians, however, do not go out, the Germans do come in, and since the close of the war they are coming in crowds. Strolling in the *Villa Nazionale*, or lounging through the vast corridors of the museum, one hears constantly the Teutonic tongue busy with its consonants and gutturals, or asking information in grammatical Italian from which every atom of melody has been crushed out. I could believe that to-day there are more German visitors in Naples than Americans and English united. And all through Italy are Germans established in commerce, in arts and sciences, and in petty trade. The best demonstrator of anatomy at the great clinical hospital of the city is a German; the chief oculist-professor of the university, though an Italian by birth, is much more a German in education, in habits of thought, and even in accent; many of the strong banking and mercantile houses are German, and there are German professors who teach the rhetorical elegances of Italian to the native pupils, while one of the few known comprehenders and expounders of Hegel is Vera, professor of the philosophy of history to the University of Naples. The completion of the excellent route through the Brenner pass wonderfully developed communication, and the stream that flows to and fro so constantly has as constantly left some trace of itself along the line of its course. New ideas, in North Italy at least, are not such *bêtes noirs* as once they were, and if they are not all and wholly accepted, they serve at any rate to leaven the mass of old thoughts and habits and to quicken them.

Bologna is, in spite of all its self-esteem and self-confidence, a very good place for the planting of new ideas. Its famous old schools were in their highest estate most catholic; they welcomed their ten thousand students from all nations, and taught them according to their talents, not according to their own theories; they let the learned speak and teach in their halls, without distinction of nationality or of sex; they encouraged the discoverer and the inventor, and they gave to science some of its heartiest impulses. And to-day, when those schools hold their glory but as a legacy from the past, one can feel in the character of the city a double sentiment—trust in local tradition and respect for universal intelligence. For this very reason the medical art, which has been in a decadent state in all Italy, shows probably less trace of antiquated dogma and practice in Bologna than in most other cities which have not a considerable number of English or German or French doctors and surgeons to enlighten the whole body of the profession.

And again, it is easy for new ideas to reach Bologna. The city possesses many items of interest, such and so disposed that even the typical traveller who goes about the world "doing places," finds a single day too little for him. The great basilica of San Petronio; the quaint, round church of San Stefano, with its seven subterranean chapels; the academy, rich in its dark, sturdy Domenichinos and Caraccas, its paler Guidos, and the olive Saint Cecilia of Raphael—all pictures to be seen before the religious splendors of the Venetian school; these with the tumbling towers, the miles of shadowy arcades and the curious streets and squares, are a deal in themselves. But beside these, which all lie handily within the city walls, there are the suburban attractions of the old monastery of San Michele in Bosco, where excavations are revealing many things of antiquarian interest; of the high-perched church of the Madonna di San Luca, from under whose colonnades, stretching for a mile along the hill side, are to be had exquisite views of the Appenines, the diversified sweep of town and country at their feet, and the Adriatic, dotted with parti-colored sails, melting away in misty whiteness to the far eastward; and, finally, of the great Campo Santo, most original among burial

Digitized by Google

grounds, and sheltering in the marble galleries which enclose its acres of simple cross-marked sods, so many monuments which delight the eye and which satisfy the mind, not so much perhaps because they are complete and consistent to their last detail, as because their fancy is fond and free, and their sentiment sincere and sympathetic. For myself I know no funeral tribute more touching and more fascinating at once, than that monument of the Maiani family, with its sombre portal of black marble, and its sad, sweet mourner sunk in all the abandonment of desolate grief upon her knees beside it, her clasped hands drooping listlessly, and her head fallen back against the door-post, the eyelids closed and the lips half parted in the deep weariness of silent, tearless grief; again and again have I turned back to it, half-fancying to behold in the dim light of the aisle a real woman, and waiting for the relief of her first sigh to break the still suspense. There, too, are the Pepoli monument, with its twin angels mounting to the Saviour's out-stretched arms; the statue, tall and bold, of Murat, with trophies at his feet; chapel after chapel with carven madonna or saint, and many a commoner tomb, bearing no host or sculptured wreath, but with a handful of immortelles and a little epitaph in which fact and fancy are blended with that delicacy and naturalness which no language but the Italian permits, and which give a pleasure to the loitering reader, even although the name embalmed is all unknown and the story, as such, unheeded.

Few, therefore, of the travellers brought into the spacious railway station of Bologna by the three great lines that centre there from France via Milan, from Germany via Verona, and from Austria via Trieste and Venice, pass on without making some stay in the old city, and it would be a sorry chance if they did not impart as well as derive something.

Accordingly I was quite prepared—knowing that "Rienzi" had previously made almost a *furore*—for the excitement which I found on the subject of "Lohengrin," when I paused in Bologna on my return from Germany in November, to refresh there many a pleasant memory. People with whom I spoke were full of tales of boxes ordered by telegraph, and of curious auditors who had come from all sorts of out-of the way corners of Italy on purpose to hear the extraordinary composition. When the pouring rain in which I arrived had somewhat abated, I strolled out to the theatre to secure a place for the next representation. Although in Germany I had self-sacrificingly listened to about as much Wagner as can be borne in a single season by any but a nerveless man, I was most anxious to see the effect of this opera—on the whole, the author's best in respect of evenness, clearness and simplicity—upon an Italian audience of the best stamp, musically educated and disposed, but of unshaken faith in the idea that vocal music, at least, must have melody for its harmony to cling to, if it is to have any living worth, just as much as a body must hold a soul to be redeemed from common clay. In the theatre I found an old official, most enthusiastic about the performance. "*Lei deve sapere*," said he, "*che per noi altri Italiani, questa non è musica; ma come rappresentazione è bellissima, anzi unica.*"* He verified to me the fact that musical people had come from all Italy to hear the opera, and told me that the machinist, scenic artist and stage director had all been sent to Munich to study the effects with a view to a close imitation. Furthermore, that so many *forestieri*, habituated to higher prices than those of the theatre, and estimating their places chiefly by what they cost, had attended the Wagner nights, that the manager had been obliged to put in one special row of stalls at double the price of the ordinary orchestra seats, which were usually all gobbled up eagerly by such visitors as had purses long enough to lodge themselves at the Hotel Brun. But I could not get from him any hearty indorsement even at second-hand, from his fragments of lobby criticism, of "Lohengrin," for the composer—only for the performers.

On the evening of performance the *Teatro Comunale*,—a spacious and handsome room, finished in gold and white, and having five tiers of boxes, and of perhaps two-thirds the size of San Carlo,—was punctually filled with an audience of intelligent aspect, which gave the closest attention throughout the evening. To my great satisfaction I observed very few of those "nice young men," who are so numerous in most Italian audiences, and who have apparently no other object in life than to wear creaseless lavender kids, to ogle the rest of the company through infinitesimal opera-glasses, to talk aloud in the *piano* passages, and to fall back in their chairs rapt and speechless when the ballet begins. Indeed, at this moment I can only recall two, who occupied one of two funny little triangular pens, built outside of the box range, just at the corner of the stage, against the columns of the proscenium arch. One was a small, pallid, inefficient-looking youth in a Daniel Webster dress coat; the other, big and burly, with hair of the deep, dull Italian red, and a face as flat as a prize-fighter's, who seemed to glory in his ugliness, and in every *entr' acte* rose and plumed himself like a peacock. But their presence was a very slight disturbing element; for when the big one had exhausted himself in a tussle with the *libretto*, and the small one was on the point of being utterly lost in *ennui*, they bethought themselves of a mysterious door, artfully blending with the pannelling behind them, and slipped secretly away, perhaps that "from the cool cisterns of the midnight air" their spirits might "drink repose."

Upon the performance I need not dwell. It was good in all its parts, and in some respects rose to positive excellence. After the *mise-en-scène* and the really perfect *ensemble* of the opera at Vienna,—the only place where I have ever seen operas given as they ought to be, from greatest to least particular,—the spectacular effects and the singing could but suggest unfavorable comparison. But the orchestra left nothing to desire; Signor Mariani, an eminent professor of the Conservatory, directed, and all the purely orchestral passages were given with a German accuracy and an Italian *anima* combined, the whole band moving, not like one machine, but like one man.

I had already had the opportunity of watching the effect of Wagner's music in his own stronghold, Munich, upon an audience of his followers and believers, when "Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" were given, as well as upon the Viennese public (unequalled, possibly, in inherited tradition and taste), when "Lohengrin" and "Rienzi" were performed. Now I had around me an audience of the most sensitive, if not the most sensible, people in the world, so far as music is concerned, and the representation assumed for me rather the guise of an interesting psychological experiment. In Munich one artist, rather inclined to Wagnerism, was won to confess to me that he could not understand the "Walküre," which he thought intolerable after the first act, and to add that he didn't know what would become of the musical world if the author should make an advance upon himself in the two operas, which he threatens to bring out as necessary to continue and complete the "Rheingold" or "Walhalia" series, corresponding to the step he has taken from "Rheingold" to the "Walküre." In Vienna another artist said to me—because I was going away and could not spread his heresy,—"Wagner is a great man and a genius, to make his way into the first opera theatres of the world with even his most peculiar works; but he has done a monstrous injury to the art and cause of music..' In both these cities I saw a certain blankness spread over the faces of the people when what I should call, for want of a better nomenclature, Wagner's mythological music, began; and I could discover a live interest only when he had deigned to adhere to heretofore recognized principles of composition and combination. Astonishment, perplexity, stupefaction almost, there were often; but pleasure and applause only when a rare bit of melody came to refresh, or a choral or orchestral movement to inspirit; such occasional movements were welcomed with eagerness, and the audiences made as though they would fain protract them. At Bologna, I observed the same results, only more easily and clearly, because in a fairly constituted Italian audience the magnetic effect of the national *simpatia* or *antipatia* is felt long before it is manifested. There was no turning away, or yawning or chattering when the *dramatis personæ* were rehearsing their stories or their feelings in measures as calculated and as dry as an algebraic problem, but a peculiar petrifying chill seemed to pervade the room; on the contrary, when a little air, like *Lohengrin*'s swan song, a motived chorus or even a melodic phrase succeeded, there was an instant warmth to be felt kindling, and the *bravos* seemed to say themselves, so spontaneously they rose. As for that wedding of voices and instruments in *Elsa*'s bridal procession, it fairly made a rapture everywhere, and the celebrated introduction to the third act was redemanded with an impetuosity that would not be denied. There was no pretence of "not being quite educated up" to an appreciation of the discordant, nor of being impressed by the vague and abstruse, but honest, straight-forward likes and dislikes, and undisguised reasons thereof. Italy was frank, having no cause to be otherwise; Germany was disingenuous, because—well, perhaps because she is too philosophical to be simple.

I have known something of Wagner ever since the old days when Bergmann used to turn to the audience at the Germania rehearsals and say: "Ve play naow, ouvertyure, Tannhäuser!" and after this summer's experiences I feel as though I had gained a sufficient insight into his ways to pass some comment upon him. *Imprimis*, he sets out apparently with the intention of making his singers deliver their text as if singing were natural—that is to say, in arbitrary musical intervals, as actors do their speeches. Hence, as a rule, no sentence or phrase is ever repeated, but the current of monologue or dialogue flows on steadily, each little group of words being set by some abstract principle, such as the mechanical elocutionist prescribes for the delivery of a given paragraph. In "Rheingold" this plan of continuity is so adhered to that there is not an instance of silence, and the curtain never falls until the end. But this principle is of course false, and should be discarded, because it leads to ungracious results. People do not talk in blank verse or musical measures; therefore, as we accord to the Shakesperian actor a liberty of delivery which we should refuse to a "character" player, simply because when Shakespeare passes from the abstraction of the closet to the positiveness of the theatre the standard must become an artistic instead of an argumentative one,—so in the opera, which is thoroughly artificial in its fundamental idea, should we seek real beauty and delight, no less than approximative philosophical truth. Wagner is unable or unwilling to comprehend a situation *en bloc*; his treatment of it is disjointed and incoherent; no sooner has the tale begun to be told in one form, than it changes aspect, tonality and rhythm, and the ear, deluded by a melodious figure, is shocked by a sequence of strange and irrelevant intervals that perhaps, considered in the light of pure reason, or of the integral calculus, ought to correspond to the exact words of the moment, which is not by any means the purpose and scope of the opera as hitherto understood. Yet Wagner does not lack melody; he rarely denies it to his choruses, his orchestral parts are flowing, and every formal *intermezzo* has two or more voicings as rhythmical and pleasant as one could ask. He seems simply to have set himself determinedly against arias, cavatinas, cabelettas, and all such variety, because he desired to make a revolution, and there was no other way. Verdi has done the same in "Don Carlos," and as a consequence nearly the whole of a long evening is taken up with a drama in *recitative*, which would be a thousand times more interesting if the words were spoken naturally by the artists, and the few airs sung as songs introduced into a play, and the best of the instrumental portions retained as a melodramatic accompaniment to the acting.

Again, Wagner is false to his own canons. He has censured most harshly such of his musical brethren as have had recourse to stage effects for enhancing those of their scores, while never man asked so much of the decorator and the machinist as he. "Rienzi" ends with a conflagration in Rome; the first part of "Rheingold" is under the waters of the Rhine, the second has a pair of giants, and in the third the gods mount up towards the skies over a "practicable" rainbow; in "Walküre" the goddesses ride on barebacked bridleless horses across a bridge of clouds, and for a finale the heroine is burned up in a hollow tree, the flames running furiously all over the stage in pipes imitating the gnarled roots of a giant oak; while at all times thunder, lightning, tempest and clouds of real steam, rising from a perforated stage and tinted by the calcium lights, are elements as common to his hand as processions and banners and bands of trumpets to Meyerbeer, or Halevy, or Verdi.

But above all, Wagner in those later operas which constitute his new manner and which he himself lauds as the true music of the stage, stirs with the human voice no sentiment and awakens no emotion; the priceless instrument is even less in his hands than the humblest integer of his orchestra, and the human element only retains such force or dignity as his studied combinations have been powerless to take away. This is perversity, not poverty; for Wagner knows how to weave a winning melody and how to thrill with majestic harmonies; but he is apparently reckless of results, and resolute to be a new Canute and give laws unto the infinite sea of sound.

## John Braham.

(From the London Musical World, 1854.)

(Concluded from page 172.)

At fifty-four Braham might be said to have been in the zenith of his powers. The cause why singers lose their voices so soon arises either from a want of stamina in the constitution, or from a bad method of vocalizing. Braham's constitution is of iron, and has never been tampered with. Always moderate and careful, from temperament as well as prudential motives, he has never been led into excesses, and at this moment he presents one of the most remarkable instances of age joined to vigor of body and mind in existence. That Braham's method of singing belongs to the best school need, we think, scarcely be

* The gentleman must know that for us, Italians, this is not music; but as a representation it is most beautiful, nay unique.

Digitized by Google

advanced; he has too long stood in public estimation as a model for English singers, to render it doubtful. But, independently of the excellence of his style and method, another cause still more important tended to the preservation of his vocal powers. His voice was naturally so strong and of such unusual compass, that he was not obliged to overstrain it to produce his greatest effects. How many singers have been prematurely lost by exerting themselves to do more than nature intended them! M. Duprez, the celebrated French tenor, while yet a young man, was put *hors-de-combat* for the stage through his forced and continual endeavors to sing the *ut de poitrine* in *Guillaume Tell* and other operas; and Signor Tamburini, the most accomplished barytone the Italian opera ever boasted of, lost the beauty and power of his voice at the age of forty-six, by striving to roar like Signor Lablache in the "Suoni la tromba" duet in *I Puritani*. Braham had, fortunately, no cause to do violence to nature in any music. The strength and physical conformation of his lungs gave him immense force and sustaining power, and scarcely any note written for the tenor voice was too high for him. In a ballad he introduced into one of his own operas at Drury Lane he has been known to sing to D natural in *alt*, in his chest voice. Braham's voice was truly magnificent. Sonorous and metallic in quality, having the fullness and power of a barytone, it was also of exceeding sweetness. He who remembers the tenderness and exceeding pathos infused into some of the Scotch and English ballads must acknowledge how little in the shape of simple singing can be compared to it in the present day. Yet Braham's singing was not always as unaffected and plain as might have been desired. On his first return from Italy he was infected in no small degree with the prevailing mania for florid vocalization. Even the commonest ballads were overcharged by him with a superabundance of *fioriture;* and he was not yet content with that pure and unforced expression which, in a few years after, became one of the special characteristics of his style. Braham, however, may be forgiven for being seduced into that vitiated taste which only followed the exigencies of the age, and conformed itself to popular requirement. These were the times, it must be remembered, of Mrs. Billington, Mme. Mara, Catalani, Tramezzani, David, Robinelli, and others, all singers of the brilliant and extraordinary kind, who led the public by the nose, and induced composers to write exercises for the voice instead of simple tunes. The audiences of those days were not always pleased with the unadorned singing of Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Dickons, or Mrs. Bland. They loved to be surprised rather than delighted, and were not satisfied if their hearts were touched, unless, at the same time, their ears were tickled and their understandings dazzled. Such, at this period, was the state of musical feeling in the popular mind, and to which Braham did not hesitate to subscribe when he came back from the continent. The singer had another motive which tempted him to adopt the prevailing style; his voice was extremely flexible, and no passage was too difficult for him to execute. Most of his early songs and duets indicate his leaning towards the florid school. In all probability at that time he hardly knew where his chief strength lay, and not until he had studied Handel's sacred music did he find out that the grand declamatory style was his forte. In recitative Braham has never been surpassed, and seldom equalled. His delivery of some of Handel's songs, such as "Jephtha's Rash Vow," "Comfort ye, my People," "Every Valley," "Waft her Angels," "Sound the alarm," and others, was particularly grand, chaste, and impressive. It was the excellence of his vocal elocution in sacred singing which procured for him the designation of the Siddons of the Lyric Drama.

Our own earliest impression of Braham dates back as far as 1830, when we heard him for the first time in *Masaniello*. His whole performance struck us as being astonishingly grand and powerful. Braham seemed, indeed, scarcely to act at all, yet so earnest and abstracted did he appear when singing, that we felt no loss in the absence of any histrionic display. Such were our subsequent feelings when we saw Rubini in *I Puritani*. It seemed as if an exhibition of acting would have been but an intrusion, disturbing the intense feeling awakened by his singing. In *Masaniello* we were almost awed at the volume of tone and energy exhibited by Braham in the *morceau* in D flat minor, in the second act: "Uprouse ye, manly hearts," where the Neapolitan fisherman first incites his companions to revolt. Braham's voice sounded like the blast of a trumpet throughout the theatre. We heard the opera for thirteen successive nights with renewed delight, and with increased admiration for the singer.

So great an artist as Braham could hardly have been before the public for more than half a century without producing the most decided influence on his time, and, consequently, all those singers who have aimed at excellence in the declamatory style, have taken him for the model. But, however correct and safe an example Braham offered in his own person, it was by no means an easy task to follow him. The power and largeness of his voice, which rendered his delivery so grand and emphatic, could not be imitated; and without these qualities the singer is precluded from attaining the highest excellence in lyric declamation. Art may effect much to supply the deficiency of voice, but its want must be always seriously felt in vocal elocution. Braham produced a host of servile imitators, many of whom only caricatured his style and manner, but could not catch his beauties or his graces. There existed for many years a Braham-mania among the tenor-singers in England. Those who had strong voices bellowed at the top of their lungs and imagined that this constituted them rivals of their great archetype in energy and power. Those, on the other hand, with weak voices copied his expression and feeling, and fancied by so close an imitation that they had made amends for their want of power. Still the model being good, imitation could hardly have failed to originate some beneficial consequences. Braham's fine elocution, his clear and distinct enunciation, his method of producing the notes, the blending the chest with the falsetto voice—one of his most striking merits—his correct judgment, and refined and classic taste, could not be entirely thrown away for so long a period upon the mass of vocalists; and there is no doubt that at the present time his influence prevails largely wherever oratorios and sacred works are performed.

In the year 1812 to so great a height had Braham's popularity risen, that he obtained almost unprecedented salaries at the two patent theatres, as well as at all the concerts and oratorios. He was also growing rich by means of his musical compositions, at which he labored most assiduously. His music, generally speaking, displays a vein of homely yet graceful melody, well adapted to please an English audience, which it seems was the highest aim of his ambition. For the copyright of some of his operas he was paid more liberally than any composer who wrote before him, and more than many others who came after him. He received, in 1804, no less than one thousand guineas for the music of *The English Fleet* in 1342. (Many years afterwards he sold his ballad, "The King, God bless him!" for eight hundred pounds, a sum greater than that paid to Rossini for *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.)

The operatic works composed by Braham, in whole, or in part, were as follows:—*The Cabinet*, *The English Fleet* in 1342, *Out of Place*, *Thirty Thousand*, *Family Quarrels*, *The Paragraph*, *Kais; or, Love in the Deserts*, *Americans*, *the Devil's Bridge*, *False Alarms*, *Zuma*, *Navensky*, etc. The most popular of these were *The Cabinet*, *the English Fleet*, *and The Devil's Bridge*, which, until modern taste—whether false or true we shall not discuss in this place—drove the ballad opera almost entirely from the stage, were held in special estimation for many years.

Perhaps no singer ever went through a more extraordinary career than John Braham. From 1806 to 1816 he was engaged nearly every year as *primo tenore* at the Italian Opera, and sang invariably at one of the patent English theatres in the winter. At the Italian Opera he sang with Billington, Mme. Grassini (aunt of Grisi), Mme. Fodor, Signor Naldi, etc., etc. He was the original Sesto when Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* was brought out at the King's Theatre. He was the original Max in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, when it was produced at the Lyceum; and Weber wrote the music of Sir Huon, in *Oberon*, expressly for him. It was at the suggestion of Braham that Weber wrote the grand scena, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight to see," which, nevertheless, is far from being the gem of the opera, admired and hackneyed as it is.

To follow the career of Braham from the period about which we are now writing—from 1806 to 1816—to the present day (1854) would occupy more room than we can afford to a hurried sketch in these papers. From the moment that he gained the loftiest position as a vocalist in this country until he quitted the stage, he retained his place and his reputation, unperilled through all changes and vicissitudes, through prejudice and pique, through good and indifferent report, through party spirit and favoritism, through love of novelty inherent in the play-going public, through even the weariness supposed naturally to result from too frequent seeing and hearing the same artist. Indeed, in the case of Braham, it would seem as though his audiences were never tired of calling Aristides the Just. Assuredly nothing but talents and accomplishments of the highest order could have conduced to such a result. Braham, in his earliest days, as a singer, had to contend against the popularity of Incledon, one of the most gifted and remarkable vocalists this country ever produced; but Braham's superior musical endowments, his greater art, and his knowledge and acquaintance with the Italian school, whereby he was enabled to master all varieties of singing, gave him many advantages over his great rival. While Incledon confined himself by necessity to English music—and even there his vocal powers were in a great measure restricted, Braham could roam discursive through every region of song, and adapt himself to each particular style. Incledon nevertheless, was the only dangerous antagonist Braham ever encountered on the English stage. Sinclair, who enjoyed for years a considerable reputation, was a singer of a different class altogether, and had no pretension to be compared to him in any respect; and the other tenor singers of the day, however meritorious and excellent, individually and in their appropriate places, are entitled to little consideration when speaking of Braham.

In the year 1835, Braham built and opened the St. James's Theatre, at a cost, it is said of thirty thousand pounds, and became the manager of an operatic company; and the same year he purchased the Colosseum at a large price, and provided a novel kind of entertainment in that splendid edifice. Both speculations, however, proved ruinous, and the fruits of many years' labor were swallowed up in a short space of time. The St James's Theatre and Colosseum were disposed of at an enormous loss, and Braham again appeared on the stage under another management besides his own. From this time, though occasionally joining the opera *troupes* at Drury Lane, and elsewhere, his exertions were principally confined to the concert rooms and oratorios. In 1839, he played William Tell, in Rossini's opera of that name, and created a powerful impression in the part. None who heard him can easily forget his profoundly pathetic singing in the air with violoncello accompaniment, which Tell addresses to his son previous to his shooting the apple from his head. The music of the part of Tell is written for a barytone—not a high one—but Braham's power in the middle register, and depth in the lower tones, always enabled him to undertake barytone parts with some trifling transposition. In this respect he resembled the renowned Donzelli, whom we have heard one night singing the high tenor music of the Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*, and the next night the barytone music of Count Almaviva in the *Nozze di Figaro*. But both Donzelli's and Braham's voices were exceptional; and we have no singer on the modern stage to which either of them may be compared. About this time, too, Braham appeared as the Don in *Don Giovanni*, at Drury Lane, and sang the music with a peculiar charm. The last time Braham appeared before the public, was in March, 1852, at the London Wednesday Concerts, when he was induced to enter into an engagement to give a series of final performances at Exeter Hall. These performances, in consequence of bad management, were never concluded, and thousands were thereby prevented from hearing Braham. Of the singing of the great tenor on that occasion, we shall only say, that if it were not equal to his best efforts in his best days, some forty years ago, it showed astonishing vigor and energy, and produced an effect, literally impossible to describe.

In one of the essays of Elia, written some thirty years or more since, the quaint and humorous Charles Lamb, writing of Braham in his usual off-hand way, thus adds one to the many opinions so frequently expressed, that to his good sense he was mainly indebted for his high standing in his profession:

> "There is a fine scorn in Braham's face, which nature meant to be of ——. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors for the moment are Egyptians to him, and he rides over their necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. Braham has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition."

It only remains to add that the renowned singer is now [1854] living in retirement, in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. Approaching close upon his 90th year, he is still sound in mind and vigorous in body. That indomitable energy which exercised so powerful an influence over the fortunes of his art has not yet deserted him, and would not fail him in the hour of need. The sun has set on his glories forever, but their memories will remain to illumine the history of his art long after less perishable things have passed away without a record or a name.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Wachtel.

We noticed in the last number of the *Atlantic* an article with the title of Music, and, although a criti-

Digitized by Google

cism on a criticism is perhaps unusual, in this case we trust it will not seem unjustifiable, and may teach the writer in the *Atlantic* that criticism is by no means abuse, and that when a writer attempts to speak of music he should first make sure that he thoroughly understands the subject of which he treats.

In the first place it is stated in reference to Wachtel, the German Tenor, that "he has undeniably a most superb tenor voice," that "there is no good or fine quality that his voice does not possess," and that "it has a magnetic power over the audience that is at times almost maddening." So far so good. But here the praise stops, and we find that Wachtel is "no artist in any high sense of the word," that "his phrasing is vulgar," "his vocalization bad," "his style wanting in dignity and simplicity, and though we may be electrified by his glorious chest C, yet this vocal phenomenon is a small compensation for his gross violation of all that is really artistic in singing."

These with other numerous faults make up a large list. But let us see how it is. Though he may not be called an artist in the highest sense of the word, as that would imply more general culture and refinement of feeling than he possesses, still his method is of the purest, and his voice has received the highest cultivation. He is the only Tenor now in the country and the only one we have had here for years (it is difficult to name another) thoroughly conversant with, and correctly using the three registers of the male voice: the low chest, the second chest, and the falsetto tones; and his transition from one to the other of these registers is wonderfully correct, and shows in itself the skilful and thorough cultivation of the voice. Particularly is this noticeable when he changes from the second chest to the falsetto, and so beautifully does his voice glide into the falsetto, that it is difficult to tell exactly when he changes, and sometimes all but impossible.

His phrasing, it is said is vulgar. If so, what must we call the phrasing of the generality of tenors whom we are forced to listen to in opera and concert? This is perhaps the respect in which it is most difficult to criticize a singer. It is a matter not clearly understood, and we know of no singer who keeps strictly to either the German or Italian method, and here Wachtel is no exception. His phrasing shows his Italian instruction, and is a combination of both schools. But he is not alone; as we have said, there is hardly an artist of the present day who sings in either school alone.

In vocalization it is most difficult to retain the full true tone, and at the same time render the words intelligible; and when we consider how intelligible his words are, without the slightest injury to the complete tones, we must grant that his vocalization is as nearly perfect as possible.

Now, as to his style which is "without dignity or simplicity,"—the true way to use the voice is in accordance with the anatomy of the throat, not straining the tones above or forcing them below their natural registers. Such is Wachtel's method of singing. Can anything be more "simple" or pure? It is true he is wanting in the sickly sentimentalism so common in the singers of to day, and which is so apt to pass for expression and feeling. There is nothing of the sort in the man. What a relief it is to hear a singer free from these mere tricks, and to listen only to full and sonorous tones going directly, and with commanding effect, to the heart. Can we desire a better illustration of true dignity?

Finally, as to his "glorious chest C" so called. This expression involves a contradiction of much of this fault-finding. Is it not wonderful that Wachtel is able to bring his falsetto tones to such perfection that the audience, and among them, our so-called critics, are not able to detect the change from the second chest register to falsetto? And this is exactly what he does and nothing more,—no "vocal phenomenon," but simple pure art. He rarely goes above A♭ with the chest register, and his high C is a pure falsetto note, but so strong and pure that it is far superior to the false and strained tones of the majority of our Tenors, who, by forcing the vocal chords to an unnatural extent, not only ruin their voices but produce what to our ears is no music, only noise.

Our defence of the great singer is quite unnecessary so far as he is concerned, for Wachtel can speak or rather sing for himself; but, being lovers and students of music, we could not consent to allow the article in the *Atlantic* to go unnoticed.

Though Boston may not be pleased with such singing as Wachtel's, allow Philadelphia to add her voice to that of Europe in pronouncing him the greatest living Tenor. D. B. F.

*Philadelphia, Jan.* 24, 1872.

## Wagner's Opinion of Liszt.

A CURIOUS BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In a communication to his friends, recently published abroad by Richard Wagner, he says:

"I met Liszt, for the first time in my life, during my earliest sojourn in Paris, and, moreover, in the second period of that sojourn, when—humiliated, and seized with a feeling of disgust—I renounced all hope of, nay, more, all desire for, a Parisian success, and was in the state of revolt which I have already described at length against the artistic world there. When I met him Liszt offered a complete contrast to myself in his nature and position. In that world in which I had yearned to enter and shine when, in poor circumstances, I longed for greatness, Liszt had from his earliest youth grown up unconsciously, and become its wonder and delight at a time when I, touched by the coldness and want of kindness it had shown me, was cast off so far that, with the full bitterness of one undeceived, I was able to perceive its hollowness and nothingness. Thus Liszt was sometimes more than a man to be merely suspected by me. I had no opportunity of making myself known to him in my true nature, and by my works; the only knowledge he could have of me was superficial, and so was the manner of his meeting me; this was very natural in him—especially when we take into account that he was a man into whose presence individuals of the most different sorts forced their way in large numbers, every day. I. was not at that period, in a frame of mind to inquire, justly and calmly, the motive of conduct which—of itself friendly and obliging—could only wound me. With the exception of this occasion, I never called on Liszt again, and—certainly without my knowing him, but on the contrary, with my entertaining a decided feeling of antipathy against making his acquaintance—he remained, as far as I was concerned, one of those whom we consider foreign and hostile to us naturally.

"What I uttered while in this humor, which was an enduring one, subsequently happened to reach his ear, and at the time, too, when I had created so sudden a sensation in Dresden with my *Rienzi*. Liszt felt puzzled at being so violently misunderstood, as, from what I said, it appeared that he was, by a man whom he scarcely knew, and whom it now struck him as not being quite beneath his while to know. At present, when I look back, there is something unusually touching in the earnest endeavors, continued with astonishing endurance, with which Liszt tried to inspire me with a different opinion of himself. At first he still knew nothing of my works, and thus there was no artistic sympathy, properly so speaking, in his desire to become better acquainted with me; but merely the purely human desire not to allow the continuance of any disharmony, that may have accidentally arisen, in his relations with another; and in this desire there was perhaps mixed up an indescribably tender doubt as to whether he might not perhaps have actually wounded my feelings. Any one acquainted with the boundlessly selfish lovelines and unfeeling regardlessness manifested when we come into contact with one another in all our social relations, but especially in the relations of artists towards each other, cannot fail to be more than astounded, he must feel thoroughly entranced, when he receives such proofs of an individual's behavior to him as were showered upon me by that extraordinary man.

"But I was not yet in a position to appreciate the unusual charm and ravishing nature of Liszt's disposition, which is, above all things, amiable and loving. I at first regarded with astonishment his approaches to me, and even frequently felt inclined to supply that astonishment with almost trivial nourishment. Liszt now attended in Dresden a representation, which he was nearly compelled to bring about by force, of *Rienzi*, and from all possible places visited by him in the course of his virtuoso progress, I received, sometimes through one person and sometimes through another, proofs of his restless eagerness to inform others of the pleasure he had derived from my music, and thus—as I should almost prefer assuming—quite unintentionally, to act as a propagandist for me. This occurred at a time when, on the other hand, it kept becoming clearer to me that I should fail to achieve any outward success with my dramatic labors. Now, exactly in the same degree as this utter unsuccessfulness was more plainly, and at length decidedly, manifested, Liszt managed by his most individual efforts, to establish a supporting asylum for my art. He gave up his peregrinations and—though at home in the utmost splendor of the most flaunting cities of Europe—settled down in the modest little town of Weimar, where he took up the stick as conductor. It was there I met him the last time, when—still uncertain as to the real character of the persecution that threatened me—I was staying on Thuringian soil, during the flight which was at length necessary from Germany. On the day that, from information received, it became clearer and clearer, and at length perfectly certain, that my personal position was one of the utmost peril, I saw Liszt conduct a rehearsal of my *Tannhäuser*, and was astonished at perceiving, from what he did, my second self in him; what I felt when I conceived the music, he felt as he had it performed; what I wanted to say as I wrote it down, he said as he caused it to re-echo through the place. Strange, through the love of this most uncommon of friends, I obtained at the very moment I myself was homeless, the actual and long-desired home, always sought in the wrong place, and never found, for my art. When I was banished, to rove in foreign lands, he who had roved the world through withdrew to a little spot and made it a home for me. Everywhere and evermore thinking of me, always rapid and decided in his help, when help was required, with a heart opening wide to everyone of my wishes, and with the most devoted love for my whole being—Liszt became for me what I never found before, and that to such a degree that one cannot grasp its fulness until it really surrounds him in all its extent."

## Liszt and Rubinstein in a Symphony Concert—What the Critics Say.

1. The *Daily Advertiser*, representing, we suspect, about the average impression of the audience, writes as follows of the Seventh Concert, which (having its imagination so excited with the "Future," no doubt) it unwittingly calls "the *twenty*-seventh":

We confess to something akin to dissatisfaction with yesterday's symphony concert programme; or, to express it more definitely, there was some jarring on our finer musical feelings. There was at least one piece which contained strangely insufficient attempts at beautiful expression of musical feeling. In Franz Liszt's symphonic poem, "*Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo*," the great pianist truly expended much strength in striving to find a suitable garb for his musical thought. To express the lament he repeats a very lugubrious motive by apparently every instrument in the orchestra, which, by the way, he handles with masterly effect. To express madness he hauls in the triangle, the chinelles and the flauto-piccolo; and to express—no one knows what—he employs chromatic passages, which those masters of musical expression, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, reserve for portraying a raging storm of the elements. Mozart, it is true, uses them in his "Don Giovanni" in that terrible ghost and perdition scene. But Liszt, like a third-rate actor, struts and snorts and grows red in the face; like a fourth-rate scene painter he throws potfuls of daubs on the unfortunate canvass. With exceeding strength he wields ponderous engines to lift up a—feather. He exaggerates; he vainly seeks for the strongest expression; he is overpowering, but tedious. It reminds one of the pygmies stealing Jove's thunder and then not knowing what to do with it. There stands Beethoven intent on expressing similar emotions. His "Coriolan" tells us of anguish as does Liszt's Tasso. The loving entreaties of mother and wife in "Coriolan," their plaintive utterances when they see him unyielding, are not so far different, essentially, from kindred emotions in Tasso. Yet how simply do Beethoven's harmonies, how truly do his melodies, how chastely do his instruments express all this. The proper motto for Liszt's piece might read thus: Great skill, very great effort, exceeding much noise, but very little creative genius. Not that we would condemn the piece altogether. There is an abundance of fine instrumental effort; there are some splendid motives, well worked

Digitized by Google

up; there is power and beauty in some parts, but the whole lacks that quality which only genius can give to any work of art,—the simple and true expression of the idea. It sparkles, it glitters, it shines like an overdressed belle, gorgeously got up and overloaded with finery. We are becoming accustomed, now-a-days, to tremendous efforts in the way of music. Meyerbeer, Verdi, Wagner, by their operas, Liszt by his gigantic piano-works, Bach of the utmost force, have educated the popular musical ear down to a point where any amount of noise seems bearable, any harmonic contortions admirable, any extravagance in the conduct of melodies proper. We think that a rare might be effected by restricting the musical public to an exclusive diet of such works of force and pathos. Why not play all the symphonic poems in two concerts! There are nine of them, we believe. Would it not be a wise thing to be done with them once and for all?

The other modern piece was of a different character—Hadnbeck was a man of genius—of creative genius, we mean. And beautiful were many of the motives he employed, and well worked up. And yet the results were not such as the enormous difficulties would warrant. The effect was disproportionate to the means employed. The second movement was very beautiful, tender, pure; the last dramatic to a high degree. The resemblance of the first motive to that hackneyed chorus in "Mirella" did not detract from the freshness of the movement. And yet there was laboring after effect. The idea was not expressed with the fullest truth in many cases. Especially did we find this in several melodies. Strange progressions of the melodic motive, mannerisms in introducing unusual dissonances, and a tendency to prove common. The sense of musical beauty, even, is offended, in two instances at least, where doubling thirds and sevenths makes the chord absolutely painful. After all this, however, we gladly say that the work is good and affords pleasure. Mr. Lang made easy work of the difficulties, "Mirella" and

earnest, are shy of such comparatively modest tasks, and turn too willingly away from them to others which afford a greater opportunity to show their mastery of all the modern problems of pianism. Among Mozart's Concertos, they will readily admit, are found some of the most admirable creations of his genius; simple tasks, it may be, for the pianist, but exquisite in the ensemble with the orchestra, forming perfect wholes too fair to be forgotten. How shall these be saved to the world, where shall they ever get a hearing, if not in just such concerts as these, of which the spirit and the sole aim is to make Art, truth, beauty, genius paramount, and personal ambition of the least account; each individual talent losing (and thus most truly finding) itself in joint production of an artistic whole? Is not the composition of a Mozart a matter of more interest than the personal prestige of any solo player? Will there ever be a perfect concert until vanity and self-esteem give place to the much more delightful and more quickening incentive of a pure devotion to the ministry of Art? We thank the artist, therefore, who is not above helping us to know the worth and beauty of Mozart's Concertos. And we thank Mr. Richard Hoffman for the conscientious manner, and the consummate skill and taste with which he executed his part in that Concerto in D minor, which is commonly understood to be the one that gives more prominence to the piano than the most of Mozart's, while it is reckoned his best Concerto as a whole. Certainly the orchestral part has beauties which a score of hearings would not exhaust, and the musicians all coöperated with zeal and delicacy. Mr. Hoffman won the general sympathy at once by his quiet, manly, and artistic bearing, as well as his youthful, fresh appearance, though he is of middle age and ranked among the best pianists in New York full twenty years ago. He has a clear, crisp, vital touch, and a technique so precise and clean and even, lending a pearly roundness to each tone even in the finest demi-semi-quaver groups, that you get as it were an exact photographic reproduction of the music. But the interpretation was also refined, exquisite in its gradations of light and shade, true in conception and in sympathetic feeling of his author: we could not ask for a finer reading of Mozart. What, for instance, could be finer, more absorbing to the listener than his rendering of the passage in the slow movement where the piano carries on the simple leading melody so long alone? His execution of the Chopin pieces was perhaps more remarkable as an exact, cool reproduction, without affectation or sentimental nonsense, of the written music, than as showing deep affinity with Chopin. The tempo was almost too rigid; yet there was delicacy, grace, light and shade enough, and in the Polonaise a fire, an energy, and a masterly way of working up a long *crescendo*, which were quite remarkable and made a great impression. Mr. Hoffman's playing has its interesting individuality, while it proves the master by the ordinary tests, and his visit to our city (too long delayed) will be counted among the most pleasant incidents of this uncommonly rich season.

The Symphony by Gade was approached not without some misgiving; our experience so far having confirmed the common warning, that though he has written seven symphonies, he has never again reached the height of his earliest, in C minor. This our concerts had verified in previous trials of the second (in E) and of the fourth (B flat.) Most of the audience, therefore, must have been agreeably disappointed by the beauty, the fine imaginative, romantic charm of this one in A minor. If not a *great* Symphony, it is a lovely one; poetic in its mood, refined in every detail of expression; not commonplace if not decidedly original; suggesting Mendelssohn more by affinity of nature than by any imitation. Alike in its serious and its playful movements, it is all tender, delicate, and clinging to the shade, although the instrumental colors are richly blended and sometimes charmingly contrasted. You may listen for some time and not suspect the *Presto* tempo of the first movement, it cuts the air with such an even wing, and in a mood (seemingly) so still and dreamy, that you might fancy it a smooth *Andante*. The *Andante* itself is in a more deeply serious mood, to which you pleasingly surrender yourself. The *Allegretto* is a most delicate, bewitching bit of fairy humor, and the Finale full of fire, and eke of difficult and nervous work for the violins, to which they proved fully equal; indeed the whole Symphony was capitally rendered. It is one of the best works, not of a Titan, like Beethoven, but of a genial, genuine tone-poet of a gentler, less commanding mould.

In the clarionet Concerto, which, though somewhat of a common, older fashion in its form and motives, has yet the Weber individuality and charm, Mr. Ernst Weber showed to fine advantage that beauty and richness of tone, that easy, finished, tasteful execution for which his instrument has been noted for two seasons in our orchestra; his effort met with warm and merited applause; and the brightness of such a solo on the most human of wind instruments added an element of freshness to the programme. Schubert's grandest Overture makes more impression every time that it is heard.

The seventh Concert (Feb. 1) offered the following somewhat exceptional and yet instructive bill of fare:

Overture to "Coriolan" .......................... Beethoven.
*Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo" (Symphonic Poem).... Liszt.
**Symphony, No. 3 (Breitkopf and Härtel), in E flat. Haydn.
Adagio and Vivace assai. Adagio. Menuetto. Vivace.

—

**Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, in G .......... Rubinstein.
Allegro moderato. Andante. Allegro risoluto.
B. J. Lang.
Overture to "Oberon" .......................... Weber.

That this contrasting side by side of new with old; of works of clever, pretentious talent with creations of undoubted genius; of ambitious striving for would-be originality with real inspirations of sincere art, produced precisely the effect anticipated by those who framed the programme, is proved by the discussions which followed in musical circles and by the predominant tone of the newspaper criticisms, of which (in their variety) we have copied some marked specimens on a preceding page. For this was meant to be, as far as possible a pleasing, but mainly an instructive programme in regard to a much mooted musical question of the day. To gratify for once the party who complain of what one has called the "ungenial conservatism" shown in the persistent exclusion of the names of Liszt and Wagner from these programmes,—a party never very numerous in the Harvard audience, and which has dwindled to a very small minority since the liberal allowance of such music granted in the Thomas programmes,—one of the "*Symphonische Dichtungen*" of Liszt, the "Tasso" (promised a year ago, but postponed on account of the non-arrival of the music from Germany), was made a feature of the concert. Time was when this would have been a hazardous experiment with a public of unsettled taste or tendency in art; when mere brilliancy and startling *effect*, like gaudy pictures in a gallery, might have dazzled many and blinded them to a perception of the finer beauties of more sincere and unpretending works of truly inspired genius, to put which in their proper light and make them well appreciated is and has ever been a leading motive of these concerts. But that time seems to have passed; a Boston audience can now be trusted to know wheat from chaff, and after listening with a curious interest to questionable new things, to feel fresh life and charm in true things even if their form be old. And, by the way, "ungenial" is an unfortunate term to apply to this sort of conservatism, so simply and sincerely constant to the old love; for, if there be any virtue which can at all times, and without the smallest reservation, be ascribed to any and every one of the classical masterworks of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., it is the thorough *geniality* of all their music; while the grand objection to these modern strivings after new effects, is, not their departure from conventional form, not their non conformity in any way to long accepted and beloved models, not their reflection, it may be, of the new spirit of the age, not their heroic recognition of the principle of progress and their chivalric ambition to do something "epoch-making;"—but, that, whatever else we may find in them, whatever pleasing details, bold original suggestions, new intensities of instrumental power or color, still we feel they are not *genial*; they do not transport us into that "peace which passeth understanding," that sweet and pure Art atmosphere in which our spirits are in tune with the divine love and wisdom of the Universe; the homeliest old Symphony of Father Haydn can do this for us; Liszt may pile Ossa upon Pelion, he cannot scale the heavens.

The "new school" element in the programme was represented mainly by the "Poem" of Liszt, and in a degree by Rubinstein's Concerto. These were offset by the Haydn Symphony in the middle, and by two of the very best of characteristic classical Overtures, in contrast to each other, at the beginning and the close. For an expression of deep inward pain and passion, of the struggles of a proud gloomy soul with destiny, of a fiery life storming itself out, there was the "Coriolanus" Overture by Beethoven: how intense, concise and brief is the expression! how completely it embodies the whole tragedy! yet how it realizes the repose and symmetry of Art, how it throws the divine, reconciling, comforting Art halo over all, and makes the whole thing beautiful! Then came the "Tasso:" his Lament and Triumph; the poet's morbid sorrows, persecution, madness, and his triumph (too long deferred) when he was crowned at Rome. How different this expression! Madness and grief enough, tumultuous jubilee enough: but what has become of Art the Comforter? how has the bewildering chaos of musical surprises and effects, not without now and then some fleeting mirage of beauty, helped to put our souls in tune?

Liszt tells us that he composed the work when he was asked to write an Overture for a performance of Goethe's "Tasso" on the centennial anniversary of Goethe's birth in 1849. In spite of Goethe, he owns that he was more under the influence of Byron's presentation of the gloomy side of the picture in composing the first part of it. Goethe comes in where the music brightens, we suppose. "Tasso lived and suffered in Ferrara, he was avenged in Rome, he still lives in the people's songs of Venice. These three moments are inseparable from his imperishable fame. To reproduce them musically, we first summoned up his great shadow as it to-day wanders over the Lagoons of Venice; then there appeared to us the proud and melancholy face of him a looker on at the feasts of Ferrara, where he created his masterworks; and finally we followed him to Rome, the Eternal City, which placed the crown upon his head and glorified in him the martyr and the poet."

The composition opens with a lugubrious and morbid motive (*fortissimo*, very slow) in the basses, which reappears repeatedly throughout the work, even in the blaze of triumph at the end. This theme Liszt says he used to hear sung, to the first lines of Tasso's "Jerusalem," by the gondoliers in the lagoons of Venice;—weird, spectral boatmen, one would think, their gaunt forms, like their hoarse voices, magnified through the mist! This theme is ugly, and if it might have been developed into something truly musical by artistic treatment, the composer has not done it. Then follow very sick chromatic passages; then wild outbursts (*Allegro strepitoso*), like a carnival of fiends, spasms of agony and madness; a moment of repose and sweeter music (*adagio mesto*); groans, and shooting pains, and melancholy moans, and furious outbursts again; and then the relief of a graceful minuet-like melody, of a taking and somewhat novel

Digitized by Google

character,—the one thing that haunts you afterward, besides the gloomy gondolier theme. With all the distraction and noise there is a certain dramatic (rather than a musical) progress to the end, culminating in loud, hoarse martial strains of triumph, that fatigue the brain and almost stun you by the weight and din of braying brass and drums and triangles. There are beautiful passages no doubt; charming traits of instrumentation; (violoncellos, taking the burden of almost any theme that is musical, always sound well); there are fine promises, not kept even to the ear. But on the whole we must repeat what we remarked a year or two ago: We cannot but regard that as false art, which seeks new field for originality in giving unredeemed and cheerless, fruitless utterance to those gloomy moods, which, however they may enter into the experience of all, even the noblest souls, and however essential perhaps to the spiritual economy of life in the long run, have really no right to public expression, but belong, by every modest instinct of propriety, to strictest privacy, at least until the discord be resolved,—as it is, for instance, in a true Art work like the *Coriolanus* overture.

We are far from saying that the "Tasso" is without interest or charm in spite of its overstrained and ugly passages. It finds admirers for a time, but the abiding impression is one of distraction and of weariness. The Haydn Symphony, after it, was an "unutterable relief." It was like walking into the Spring air and grassy fields out of a hot and crowded ball-room or a tumultuous mob. And so it was generally felt, notwithstanding the fact that it had scarcely been rehearsed, though new to the orchestra, for Liszt and Rubinstein had consumed all the time. The execution therefore was not as good as it might have been; the theme of the Allegro was begun too *pianissimo* and did not stamp its form at once upon the mind; there were discords among reed instruments, &c., &c. Yet the beauty of the Symphony was unmistakable, and did away with the gloom and weariness of the Liszt piece before the Rubinstein came on.

Now in this Concerto we found more enjoyment than the sterner critic we have quoted. It is not to be counted in the Liszt-ian category. It is at least musical, continuous, and not refractory even to the classical Concerto form. Delicate and winning traits predominate. It would not do to be heard immediately after "Tasso," to be sure; but after a healthy walk with Haydn intervening, it need be neither cloying nor oppressive. There are striking beauties in all three movements; the first has themes and phrases somewhat in the vein of softer passages in Liszt's "Preludes," but not enough to pass for imitations. The *Andante*, with its pensive, tender utterances in fragmentary Recitative, is charming for a while; the fault is, that it becomes prolix and vague. Think, in contrast, of the brief but wonderful recitative in Beethoven's G-major Concerto! The last movement is very dramatic and exciting, full of interest, and, like the whole, full of extraordinary difficulties both for piano and orchestra. The instrumentation is elaborate without overloading, often fine. Mr. LANG played it, we thought, admirably, doing the work all justice, though the task was not one of the most thankful. Hardly a work of genius, at the best half inspired, the Concerto was surely worth the pains.

How splendidly the Overture to *Oberon* came in to prove the quickening power of genius after all this!

The eighth concert will be on *Friday*, Feb. 23, and will consist of a Symphony in C, by *Raff* (first time); Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, played by J. C. D. PARKER; a Concert Overture by *Gade* (first time); Andante and Adagio from Beethoven's "Prometheus"; and the charming Scherzo from Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale."

## English Opera.—"The Water-carrier."

First of all let us correct an error in our former notice: It was not Mme. VANZINI, but Miss CLARA DORIA (Miss Barnett), who took the part of the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," and more artistically than she has commonly had credit for.

An "event" of true importance in this most eventful season has been the first introduction to our public of Cherubini's charming little opera,—a universal favorite in Germany—"The Water-Carrier," or as the French call it, *Les deux Journées.* The music is for the most part of a very quiet, unpretending, thoroughly sincere, artistic character; and there is not a great deal of it—at least only just enough—in proportion to the large amount of spoken dialogue. But the plot (described in our last) is a very fine one; and simply as a play, in dialogue and incident and stage effect, the work is fascinating. Perhaps on this account it had a greater popular success than music so unsensational, so simple and yet so learned, and containing scarcely any personal appeals in the shape of great arias and cavatinas for the singer, could have commanded at a single hearing. For this is music whose beauty is so delicate and true, so unobtrusive, that piece after piece may pass unappreciated, and seem tame and common, though it is sure to grow upon one who has any music in his soul. No one can fail to feel, however, that he has listened to a unique and perfect whole; every note in it tells its story and no more; every phrase is characteristic; every bit of orchestral accompaniment or interlude just pertinent to character and situation, suggesting just enough and no more. Therein the master shows himself, in this masterly chaste abstinence from all superfluous and overstrained expression. To know and to love such a work is of more good to one, than to have all of Verdi's operas by heart. And yet this music, where it seems simple, is not commonplace; where it is learned, it is not pedantic, but compresses meaning, feeling and expression into short forms of subtle texture safe from all danger of becoming hacknied.

The two greatest compositions in it are the well-known superb Overture, which borrows no themes from the Opera itself, yet forms a fitting introduction; and the Finale of the first Act. The curtain rises on a sweet and picturesque domestic scene in the Water-Carrier's house. There is talk enough to explain the story before the first strain of music comes; and this is the song of the Savoyard, his son, a tender, song of gratitude, of melody most simple and yet most refined; true gold in contrast to the sentimental ballad tunes of our day,—some little turn or modulation only, now and then, showing the master hand. This was sweetly sung by Mr. TOM CARL, and its essential melody clings to the character throughout the play. Then comes the Water-Carrier himself,—Mr. AINSLEY COOK, whose admirable make-up, song, action, ready humor, made the part throughout seem real. His song, too, is of an even simpler kind, but full of the heartiness and frankness of the character; its tune returns too in the orchestra to herald his approach in later scenes. Next comes the Countess (Mme. PAREPA-ROSA) and the Count Armand (CASTLE) seeking shelter, and a Trio, of rare skill and beauty, finely expressing the relations of the noble pair of refugees, is worthy of Mozart, rising to intensity of feeling. The great Finale begins with a Sextet, where the son (Antonio) recognizes his benefactor in the Count, and in a series of expressive movements and commingling themes, aided by opportune suggestions every instant from the orchestra, proceeds to portray all the intricacy of the relations of the persons, all the hurry and agitation of the plan of escape, and all the shifting hues of feeling; passing soon into a sublime chorus of gratitude to heaven, which returns again to close the act. The effect was electrical, so that the chorus had to be repeated, and, as it was used again to close the opera instead of the slighter chorus used by Cherubini, it made four times that this chorus was given in an evening and yet not to satiety. Parepa's voice soared splendidly in the high passages of this finale, and the whole piece was most effective.

Act II opens with one of those soft, contrapuntally woven bits of orchestration, which occur ever and anon, and which always mean something, always express the situation better than anything else could do it; while they are beautiful in themselves if listened to attentively, like the finest Organ music. Here the scene is the guardhouse at the gates of Paris; the music means the silence of the early dawn; then the reveille is beaten, and then the splendid chorus of the soldiers rings out crisp and clear; and when allusion to their employer, Cardinal Mazarin, is made (for they are Catholic Italian soldiers) how mysteriously and beautifully the orchestra in undertones insinuates another of those contrapuntal church-like strains! Of the stirring melodrama, the bits of Trio, solo, chorus, &c., that fill out the Act, and the fine march of the retreating soldiers, we can only hint.

The third Act mainly wears another color, opening with an introduction of most fresh and lovely rural music, and a joyful naive wedding chorus of the village youths and maidens, which it is happiness to call back to mind. The tragical ensemble where the refugees are discovered, rising to a climax where the Water-Carrier rushes in with a full pardon, is of the most exciting interest.

All the singers entered fully into the spirit of their parts, Mme. Parepa and Mr. Cook fairly dividing the chief honors. Madame looked positively handsome, acted with great vivacity and naturalness, and sang superbly. The only disturbance of the unique and fine impression of the whole, was her interpolation of an Aria by Gounod, patching Cherubini's music with so ill-assorted and too brilliant pattern, and breaking the spell for a time, although it gave the prima donna an opportunity to show her power, which Cherubini did not think it worth while to provide. Miss DORIA filled the pretty part of Marcellina capitally well; and even the old man's part, Daniel, acquired importance in the hands of Mr. SEGUIN. CARL ROSA had drilled his orchestra very thoroughly, and everything went well, much to the credit of the taste and enterprise and courage of the management and all concerned. The crowded house and the enthusiasm which hailed the first performance, were repeated in like ample measure at the second.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG gave the last of their Six Matinées on the 25th ult. The selections were: Beethoven's early Trio, Op. 1, No. 3, in C minor; a Tenor Recitative and Aria ("Frohe Hirten eilt"), from Bach's Christmas Oratorio; a couple of Chopin pieces (Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo, op. 20); and for a glorious finale the great Schumann Quintet, op. 44, for piano and strings. A true artistic glow pervaded the entire performance, felt throughout the well filled room. The Quintet went to a charm, the solemn march-like second movement with its wonderful variations making a profound impression. Mr. LEONHARD was most happy in the Chopin interpretations,—two of the choicest inspirations of that piano poet. Mr. GLOGGNER-CASTELLI sang artistically, but in rather a dry voice, the florid (*coloratur*) Aria of Bach, the effect of which was much heightened by the masterly piano accompaniment arranged from the incomplete score by ROBERT FRANZ expressly at the request of the concert givers. In gratitude for this service, they announced their intention to give this week an extra Matinée in compliment to Franz; but to gain time to make the demonstration more substantial, it has been postponed for some weeks. Due notice will be given.

NEW YORK, FEB. 5.—The third concert of the Philharmonic Society was given, at the Academy of Music, last Saturday evening, with the following programme:

Symphony, No. 4, D minor....................Schumann.
Aria, "With verdure clad"....................Haydn.
Mlle. Henriette Corradi.
Concerto, for violin....................Max Bruch.
Sig. P. Sarasate.
Overture: "Macbeth"....................Heinefetter.
Aria from "Il Poliuto"....................Donizetti.
Overture: "Leonore," No. 3....................Beethoven.

The most interesting number was of course the Schumann Symphony, the same which was played at the Thomas concerts last month. This afforded a good opportunity for comparing the two orchestras; and it seemed to me that, while the Philharmonic is the stronger and in some respects the better balanced of the two, yet in that delicate shading and fine *ensemble*, which can only be attained by long and constant practice, the Thomas Orchestra excels. Still the Symphony was very well played, and those who braved the storm to go and hear it were repaid for their pains. Signor Sarasate merited and received much applause for his rendering of the Violin Concerto. Mlle. Corradi was hardly passable in the Aria from the *Creation*; and the insertion, in the programme of a Philharmonic Concert, of a piece like the second one assigned to her (an aria from *I Martiri*) must be regarded as an innovation, in gross violation of good taste and, unhappily, not without precedent in the annals of the society.

The musical event of last week was a concert given by Miss ANNA MEHLIG at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, (her first appearance in New York since her return from Europe).

The programme presented the following choice selections:

Grand Fantaisie in C, op. 15....................Schubert.
Miss Mehlig.
Solo for Violin. a. Air from Suite in D major.......Bach.
b. Gavotte....................Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.
Canzonetta, "Quando miro quel bel ciglio."......Mozart.
Miss Antoinette Sterling.
Solo for 'Cello: "Souvenir de Spa"....................Servais.
Mr. F. Bergner.
Piano Solos. a. Ballade, A flat....................Chopin.
b. Invitation à la Valse....arr. by Tausig.
"Dichterliebe;" Two Songs. Nos. 13 and 14...Schumann.
Solo Violin: Airs Hongroises....................Ernst.
Fantasie for Piano: "Don Juan"....................Liszt.

This noble list of pieces could hardly receive better treatment than it did at the hands of Miss Mehlig and the trio of excellent artists who assisted her.

Schubert's great Fantasie was superbly played, and the "Wanderer" was never more pathetic than when sung under the artist's fingers in the *Adagio*. The finale, too, afforded the pianiste an excellent opportunity for the display of her talents. In Tausig's fine arrangement of Weber's "Invitation" she played beautifully and received a hearty encore, to which she responded with one of Chopin's *Nocturnes*. In this and in the *Ballade* her playing was, to me, a trifle less satisfactory: it may be because there is in Chopin's music a certain sentiment which, in the concert room, is apt to elude both performer and hearer; it is emphatically *salon* music, and the hearers, as well as the player, need to be chosen.

Miss Sterling's rendering of the two Schumann *Lieder* was as near perfection as any thing it has been my fortune to hear, while Messrs. Bergner and Kopta bore their share in the honors of the evening.

Among the other concerts, during the past fortnight, mention must be made of a matinée given by S. B. MILLS at Steinway Hall, Jan. 27. He was assisted by Sig. Sarasate, Mr. Bergner and others. Among the selections played were the "Kreutzer" Sonata and Mendelssohn's C-minor Trio. This is the first of a series of similar matinées. The second is announced to take place on Saturday, Feb. 10.

Digitized by Google

On Monday evening, Jan. 22, a series of Chamber music concerts was begun by Dr. DAMROSCH and Herr PRUCKNER, at Steinway's smaller Hall. The programme offered a fine selection of classical pieces, beginning with Beethoven's Sonata in G, op. 30 (piano and violin) and closing with Schubert's Trio in B flat, in which Mr. Bergner took part. Miss Helene Damrosch sang several songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann.

Last Monday evening Miss CHRISTINA LASAN gave a concert at Steinway's. She sang the "Ah! non credea" and the following Rondo from the *Sonnambula*, and a Ballad, "She wandered down the mountain side." She was assisted by Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Mills. At the Stadt Theatre, *Don Juan* has given place to *Ivanhoe*, which will be followed on Wednesday by "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The PAREPA-ROSA English Opera begins this evening with "A Masked Ball;" but SANTLEY will not appear until next week, when *Zampa* is announced.

A. A. C.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 26.—The 204th Concert of our Musical Society last week, under the directorship of Mr. Balatka, brought several novelties, to the main very agreeable, though perhaps a trifle too "Wagnerian" to suit the taste of well balanced minds. The programme was as follows:

"Ocean," 2d Symphony, C major.........A. Rubinstein.
a. Allegro maestoso. b. Adagio con moto. c. Allegro. d. Adagio et allegro con fuoco.
"To thee, noble Edifice, my Greeting" aria for Soprano, from "Der Tannhaeuser"..................R. Wagner.
"On the Open Sea." By general request. Chorus for male voices with orchestra accompaniment F. Moehring.
"Fantasie Caprice," solo for violin.......H. Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Henry De Clerque.
"The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God." Full chorus with orchestral accompaniment......L. van Beethoven.
"Thou art gone far away." For Tenor....Hieron Truhe.
Scene and Ensemble from "Der Tannhaeuser." Septetto, with accomp. of full cho. and orch..........R. Wagner.
Fantasia on "National Air." Paraphrase de concert for orchestra..................................H. Balatka.

The performance of such difficult compositions, left much to be desired, of course, from a critical point of view. The orchestra, however, acquitted itself well, as usual, being composed entirely of professionals, and Rubinstein's Symphony was generally appreciated as the most substantial portion of the intellectual feast of the evening. To criticise the work itself, after one hearing, is out of the question. The Fantasie Caprice, by Vieuxtemps, was performed by Mr. De Clerque, formerly of Chicago, in a truly artistic manner, and pleased the audience so much that an *encore* resulted, to which Mr. De C. responded with the "Reverie" by the same composer. I could but think, however, that something more novel or classical might have been offered to the public. The Caprice has been played, fiddled and scraped, by professionals and amateurs during the past twenty years. The fragments from "Tannhaeuser" might have been omitted, I think, with profit to audience and singers. They appear rather tame in the concert-room. The Soprano solo was sung by Mrs. Geisberg, an old favorite of concert-goers here, and she was loudly *encored*. Her voice, however, shows signs of decay, and will hardly enable her to attack such compositions as flow from the prolific pen of Herr Wagner. The Septet from the same opera suffered materially at the hands of the tenor, a young man of more than ordinary self-assurance, but possessing very little voice or method. His attempt to sing the high C brought down the house with laughter. He shall remain nameless here. Beethoven's noble hymn "The Heavens are telling," sung by the Society's chorus, is a grand composition, and was given with precision and effect. The tenor solo, "Thou art gone far away," might have been omitted with propriety. The young amateur who sang the piece needs a little more voice and schooling to make his efforts agreeable in the concert-room. Balatka's Fantasie on a National Air (The Star Spangled Banner), is a pleasing composition, of fine instrumentation, and did not fail to rouse the usual patriotic feelings among the audience.

F.

VIENNA. The Philharmonic Society opened, as usual, the concert season for the winter. The first programme included, among other compositions, Cherubini's *Anacreon* Overture; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Op. 64 (played by Herr Robert Heckmann, from Leipsic); Herr R. Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch," and Beethoven's A major Symphony.—Herr Ullmann's Concert Troupe have been here, but, if report speaks true, they did not on this occasion turn out a pecuniary success.—Herr Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, and brother of the violinist, has announced a concert.—Herr Hellmesberger has begun his usual Quartet Concerts.—At the Imperial Operahouse, Herr Franz Doppler's *Judith* has been revived, with Madame Dustmann in the principal part. The next revival was Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, by some persons considered his best opera. This was the first of Marschner's works ever performed in the new house.—At a recent meeting of the Männergesangverein, it was resolved that the Schubert Festival shall be held in May. The precise date is not definately fixed. The proceedings will include a grand concert and *Liedertafel*, in which other Associations will be invited to take an active part. A medal will be cast to commemorate the event. The excavations are already made in the Park for the foundations of the pedestal on which the Composer's statue will stand.

MILAN. Signor Francesco Lucca, a music publisher, has given Signor Strazza a commission for a full length marble statue of Donizetti. When the statue is completed, it will be placed in the vestibule of the Scala, Signor Lucca having offered it to the Town Council for that purpose, and the Town Council having accepted the offer thus liberally made.—The management of the Scala has issued its prospectus for the ensuing season. The prospectus promises no less than five operas, among which will be *Aida*, Verdi; *Il Giuramento*, Mercadante; *Il Franco Arciere* (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; and *La Forza del Destino*. The season will be inaugurated with the last-named opera.

BAYREUTH. The committee appointed to select a site for Herr R. Wagner's *Nibelungen* Theatre here have chosen the Stückberg. The Stückberg belongs to Herr Rose, a large sugar-refiner, who may not feel inclined to sell it, but no very great apprehensions are entertained on that score. The site, close to the Brandenburg suburb, is a tolerably elevated piece of table-land, commanding to the east and south charming portions of the Fichtelberg and French Switzerland. Besides being, in the opinion of the committee, particularly well adapted by its magnificent position for the performance of an eminently poetic work, it possesses another advantage: excavations for deep "sinks" can be made without coming upon water, which is not the case elsewhere in the vicinity. The ascent, too, is very gentle, and consequently by no means fatiguing. The choice of the committee meets with general approbation. There is a second question which may be regarded as no less satisfactorily solved: the lodging, and providing for, from 2,000 to 3,000 visitors.

RECENT GERMAN WORKS ON MUSIC.—For new books on music one has always to go to Germany, and the publications of the last three months present much that is interesting. First and foremost is the collection of "Popular Lectures on the Formation of a Critical Musical Taste," by Hermann Küster (Leipsig: Breitkopf and Härtel), which should be read by every one who wishes to enjoy music understandingly. The lectures are clear and well expressed, and are full of excellent examples. The "Catechism of Composition," by J. E. Lobe (Leipsig: Weber), and the "Theoretical and Practical Study of Harmony and Music" of Leopold Heinze (Ober-Glogau: Handel), will carry the reader further into the practical knowledge of music. Among books of musical history and biography we must note "German Composers," by Dr. Emil Naumann (Berlin: Oppenheim), a series of lectures delivered at the Victoria Lyceum in 1870–71, devoted to the chief German composers, since Bach. The treatment of Meyerbeer and Wagner in one chapter is exceedingly singular. "The Great Piano-forte Virtuosi of Our Time" (Berlin: Behr), is a very entertaining collection of reminiscences of Liszt, Chopin, Tausig, and Henselt, by W. von Lenz, well known to the musical world by his studies on Beethoven. Lenz is now very old, and it can be seen from the title that the "our time" is not the present day with its Bülow and Rubinstein. Persons who remember Mendelssohn's description in his letters of his playing before Goethe will perhaps be interested in "Goethe and his Relations to Music," by W. Von Bock (Berlin: Schneider). Some new letters and recollections of Mendelssohn himself have just been published by his friend Eduard Devrient. We are glad to see the first volume of the complete writings and poems of Richard Wagner (Leipzig: Fritzsch), which contains, besides "Rienzi" and "Der Fliegende Holländer," the various sketches he published when he was earning his bread in Paris in 1840 and 1841. The best of these is "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven." Wagner then had much humor, and his style was pleasanter than now. His last brochure, "Beethoven," is very hard reading. The Beethoven Centenary of 1870 called out a number of memories, of which the best is "Beethoven Festival and the Art of the Present," by Ludwig Nohl (Wien: Braumüller), the biographer of Mozart, and an adherent of the new school. Ferdinand Hiller, the successor of Mendelssohn, and a violent partisan of the old school, has also published a charming essay on Beethoven, which is printed separately and also in his little book, "From the Tone-Life of our Time," (Leipsig: Leuckart). This book contains in addition articles on Rossini, Hauptmann and Bach, and an amusing sketch called "Too Much Music," directed against the tendency to riot in musical noise at dinners and balls and in gardens of all sorts.—*Nation.*


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Over where the Shamrock grows. Song and Chorus. 3. C to f. *Dumont.* 30
The sunset, my darling, is now on the waters. Pretty Irish ballad.

Chicago Rediviva. 3. Eb to e. *G. U. D.* 30
Good words from "Punch" set to music. For one voice or four voices.
Chicago's been burnt down in timber to-day,
Chicago'll be built up in marble to-morrow.

Bird of the Night. 3. C to e. *Hackleton.* 30
Bird of the night,
I with thee would be taking my flight.
Very neat "bird-warbling" accompaniment, and sweet song.

The Sailor's Story. 3. D to d. *Smart.* 50
A very fine narrative song for a bold, manly voice. Easy and effective for a concert.

Two Castles. 3. A to f. *Tours.* 40
"I built a fairy castle,
It hovered in the air."
Musical story of the destruction of an air-castle, and very musical.

O that we two were Maying. 4. Eb to f. *Gounod.* 40
"O that we two were maying,—
O that we two sat dreaming,—
O that we two were sleeping,—
And our souls at home with God,"
are lines which hint at the quality of the quaint, rich poetry by Kingsley. The music shows Gounod's fine workmanship; German ingenuity and French elegance and taste.

Te Deum. Aria from "Hamlet." 5. *G. S. C.* 1.25
If one hesitates, for a moment, to approve of a solemn Te Deum arranged from a new, popular opera, it must be remembered that this is a serious opera, and that a sacred piece would not be out of place in it. Requires skilful performers.

The Mississippi Twins. 3. G to f. *Dumont.* 40
"We are a pair of frisky mokes
Who never borrow pain."
Mrs. Sippi's handsome pair of twins appear on the illustrated title. Their sensation song and dance is very spirited.

I would if I were you. 3. F to f. *Pratt.* 40
"Speak out, and ask her like a man,
I would if I were you."
A pretty, comic love song. Illustrated title.

### Instrumental.

Breakdown on the Swanee River. 4. B. *F. W. Root.* 35
Introduces "Old Folks at Home," and a kind of Banjo melody, in a very characteristic, piquant and brilliant way.

Willetta Waltz. 3. Ab. *Parker.* 30
Very brilliant and dance-able.

Sovenir de Pesth. Mazurka Etude. 4. D minor. *Zikonyi.* 35
A very beautiful and delicate Mazurka. The name of the author suggests Poland, and the music is worthy of one bred at the home of Chopin. But he may be Hungarian after all.

Cachuca Caprice. 5. Eb. Op. 79. *Raff.* 1.00
A fine piece and a peculiar one. Opens with two pages of music on the bass staff, something like a violoncello solo, followed by a succession of brilliant responses of right to left hand, and vice versa. Then comes a powerful page of octaves, and another of "chord melodies." Next we have a left hand melody accompanied. After this come variations full of arpeggios, staccato and grace-note passages, and at length three or four pages of a rapid, half-trilled "finale." Effective exhibition piece.

Love's Greeting. (Liebesgruss). 3. G. Op. 291. *Jungmann.* 30
Op. 291 "sounds old," but there is no lack of youthful grace and beauty in this sweet piece, which is quite worthy of one who is always a Jung-mann (Young-man.)

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

## A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 806. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 24.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.
Published every other Saturday,
BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

JOHN S. SPOONER, PRINTER, 31 FRANKLIN STREET.



## Advertisements.

J. A. HILLS,
*Pupil of the late Carl Tausig,*
TEACHER OF
Piano, Organ, and the Theory of Music.
Address at Chickering & Sons', or 149 (a) Tremont Street, Suite 64. 806

**Music Store For Sale.**

DESIRING to confine my business in future to Selling and Selling Pianos and Organs, I offer for sale my entire Stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Pianos and Musical Merchandize. Purchaser can continue business in the splendid (new) "Temple of Music" building, of which I have a lease for 4 years. He must agree not to deal in Pianos, Organs, Stools or Covers. Store, one of the largest and handsomest in New Orleans, rent low, location good. Stock in perfect order and free from dead stock, business established 15 years. Terms, $6000 cash and $1000 per month for 10 months.
A. E. BLACKMAN,
806-6 New Orleans, La.

**FOR A SUPERIOR CLASS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS;**
For CORNETS, ALTOS, BASSES, and all used in
BANDS,
For VIOLINS, VIOLONCELLOS, and all used in
ORCHESTRAS,
For GUITARS, FLUTINAS, ACCORDIONS. For FLUTES, FIFES, CLARIONETS. For PIANOS and MELODEONS.
For STRINGS for Violins and Guitars, and all things needed in the use and repair of Musical Instruments.
For Pianos, Sheet Music and Music Books,—all at, or send to the store of
JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 Court St., (opposite Court House), Boston.

**CLARKE'S NEW METHOD**
FOR
**Reed Organs.**
Compiled by an Organist who has a pre-eminent power of pleasing the public, both by his playing and his compositions. Sells quickly but flows on the first appearance, and is acknowledged to be a Standard Work of the first rank.
Price, $2.50.

Beautiful Song. TRUE HAPPINESS.....*Keller*. .35

**HAYDN'S METHOD FOR GUITAR.**
A new and improved method, with Progressive Studies, Instrumental Pieces, and a collection of Popular Songs.
Price, $3 00.

A list of 25 very good easy Piano pieces for beginners.
GOLDEN SCHERZO.....*Mack*, each .30

**EATON'S NEW METHOD**
FOR THE
**CORNET.**
Learn to "blow your own horn," by studying this new and excellent method, full of Theory, Exercises, sparkling Melodies, Trios and Variations, with, if you please, Piano accompaniment. Price $1.50.

The above Songs and Pieces, sent, post free, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**EASTER MUSIC.**
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO, New York.
LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER. *J. R. Thomas*. 1.00
" " *Cappele*. .50
" " *Rev. Edwin Cone*. .30
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY. *Andrews*. .30
" " " *Lloyd*. .40
EASTER ANTHEM. *Foster*. .50
EASTER HYMN. (Morning breaks upon the tomb.)
*W. H. Clarke*. .50
EASTER ANTHEM. (Christ the Lord is risen.) *H. Wilson*. .75
CAROLS FOR EASTER AND CHRISTMAS. (Book.)
*A. P. Howard*. .50

**TWELVE MUSIC BOOKS**
WHICH CONSTITUTE A
**Complete Musical Library!**
1200 *or* more Songs and Pieces for Pianoforte or Reed Organ. Worth from $300. to $400.
Sold in book form for $30.00 !!
THE MUSICAL TREASURE *Vocal and Instrumental.*
The most recent work. Very popular.
THE SILVER CHORD. *Vocal.*
Large number of the best Songs.
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. *Vocal.*
The very best Songs of Deutschland.
GEMS OF SACRED SONG. *Vocal.*
A choice collection.
GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG. *Vocal.*
Selected from a large mass for. The best.
WREATH OF GEMS. *Vocal.*
Popular Songs. More recent than Silver Chord.
OPERATIC PEARLS. *Vocal.*
Comprised most of the favorites of Standard Operas.
SHOWER OF PEARLS. *Vocal.*
Comprises filled with the best Songs.
PIANIST'S ALBUM. *Instrumental.*
In the mass or Home Circle, Vol. 2.
PIANOFORTE GEMS. *Instrumental.*
In the mass or Home Circle, Vol. 4.
HOME CIRCLE. Vols. I and II. *Instrumental.*
These fine books gave a name to the whole set, which is often called The Home Circle Series, all the books being of uniform binding and size, and filled, not with the most difficult the most severely classical music, but with that which is genial, bright, popular, and fitted for the entertainment of the happy "circle" at home.
Price of each book, $2 50 in Boards; $3.00 in Cloth, and Full Gilt, $4.00. Sent, post-paid, for the above prices.
O. DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York. LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

A TENOR SINGER desires a position in some Quartette Choir, in or near the City. Address, Tenor Singer, Box 3076 P. O. 806—7

**VOICE BUILDING.**
A new and correct theory for the mechanical formation of the
**Human Voice,**
BY
Dr. H. R. STREETER.
Price, $1.00.
806—7 WHITE & GOULLAUD, 36 Tremont St.

**EDW. SCHUBERTH,**
**Foreign & American Music Depot,**
No. 610 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. 795—

## New Music for February.

**VOCAL.**

A year ago. Canzonet.....*Rockstro*. 30
The Birds were telling one another.....*Smart*. 35
Bessy's mistake.....*Campana*. 30
Under the walnut tree.....*Linley*. 40
Evening bringeth my heart back to thee. *Campana*. 35
Well-a-day.....*Randegger*. 40
Queen of Love.....*Gounod*. 30
Love's Sorrow.....*Eckmann*. 30
In Waves of Light.....*Ganz*. 30
Old, old Tale..... " 30
I'm a great Sinner. Illustrated Title.....*Pratt*. 40
O sing unto the Lord. (Cantate Domino) *Thomas*. 75
The man with the Indian Drum. Illustrated Title.....*Hunt*. 40
Somebody's happy to night. Song and Chorus. *McNeal*. 35
The Farewell Letter. 4. G to g.....*Gray*. 30
The Sea hath its Pearls. For 4 voices ...*Pinsuti*. 60
When shall I be a bride .....*Keller*. 30
A little while.....*Marshall*. 40
Over the Bars.....*Smith*. 30
Let thy loving heart believe me. (Nella Beaucia.) *Rice*. 75
Gypsey Queen.....*B. D. D.* 30
Ye dinna understand.....*Sargent*. 30
Magdelena.....*Kreisman*. 30
The Mountain Sylph .....*Hensler*. 40
The beautiful song she sang to me...*Harrington*. 30
Blessed. (Vage fanciulla.).....*Gaffori*. 35
When the Hay was mown, Maggie.....*Hoag*. 30
True Happiness. Song and Chorus.....*Keller*. 35

**INSTRUMENTAL.**

Prince Alexis Galop.....*Hart*. 30
Mountain Stream. 4 hands.....*Smith*. 1.00
Little Rogue. (Kleiner Schelm). Polka...*Faust*. 40
Mother's Birth-day Polka.....*Wellman*. 30
Spring Dream Waltz.....*Chassaignon*. 60
Sophien Polka Mazurka.....*Conrad*. 30
Frolic of the Frogs. Waltz. For Guitar. *Hayden*. 25
Home again. Polka Mazurka.....*Chassaignon*. 60
Blue Danube Waltz.....Trans. by *Wehli*. 1.00
Neck and Neck. Galop..... " 75
Polka Bohemienne..... " 1.00
Marche des Vivandieres, Morceau descriptif." 1.00
Floating on the Breeze. Romance..... " 75
Kaiser March.....*Wagner*. 60
Qui Vive. March.....*Downing*. 30
Woodland Whispers. Waltz.....*Kinkel*. 30
Bine Violet Polka.....*Leuck*. 30
Lord Dundreary Polka. Illustrated title. *Turner*. 40
Dream in the Woods. Capriccioso.....*Wenzel*. 50
Vienne Galop. (*Ketterer*). 4 hands .....*Rummel*. 80
Offertoire and Communion. Op. 31, No. 29.
*Battiste*. "1.00
Fantasie Comique, introducing the melody "The Yaller Girl."....*Pease*. 60
Chanson des Anges. Morceau de Salon...*Pape*. 1.00
Starry Night. (Un nuit etoilée). 4 hds. *Smith*. 100
Serenade de Gounod. (Sing, Smile, Sleep.) " 75
Why don't you ? Waltz.....*Cumming*. 50
The Fisquet Beauty. Mas. Elegante. *Hoffmann*. 50
Cubana Waltz.....*De James*. 40
Roses and Thorns. Galop.....*Fuller*. 30
Carl Marwig's Boston Dip Quadrille. *Funkenstein*. 40
L'Esperance. Valse.....*Cable*. 40
Flying Dutchman Galop.....*Eckmann*. 40
Christmas Eve Polka Brillante.
*Augusta Gottschalk*. 40

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

MRS. JENNY KEMPTON,
**Vocalist & Teacher of Singing.**
Address, care of OLIVER DITSON & CO. 798-

DUDLEY BUCK, (late of Chicago), Organist of St. Paul's Church, Boston, gives Instruction on the Piano and Organ, also in Harmony, Composition and Orchestral Writing. Address, Care of Oliver Ditson & Co. 790—2 mos.

E. J. BUTLER, private pupil of Carl Reinecke and Dr. Pepperitz, will receive pupils in Piano Playing at 114 Tremont St., Room 3. 800—3mos.

SINGING AND PIANO.
MRS. FANNIE P. FOSTER,
No. 6 Boylston Place. 790—

MRS. C. A. BARRY, Vocalist and Teacher of Vocal Music. 124 Chandler St., near Columbus Avenue. 792—1y

**PROF. & MRS. EDGAR A. ROBBINS,**
Academy of Music.
715 -tf 6 Bedford Street, Boston.

S. F. PRENTISS,
Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony,
Address, care Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

L. O. EMERSON offers his Services as Conductor of Musical Associations or Conventions during the coming season. Address, care of O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass

G. E. WHITING
Gives Instruction on the Pianoforte, Organ, and in Harmony.
Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 623

**Mendelssohn Musical Institute**
Was established in April, 1856. Its claim to the still great merit as an educator in every department of Music, is mentioned by a constantly increasing patronage from all parts of our country. Schools and communities are provided with skilful and earnest instructors, on application to the Institute.
Address, EDWARD H. OLIVER,
5 Columbus Sq. Principal, Boston, Mass.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gives Instruction on the Pianoforte. 53 Hancock Street.
444

MR. W. O. PERKINS will make engagements to conduct Musical Conventions the coming season.
Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. (657-tf

**Junius W. Hill,**
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
Address at O. Ditson & Co's, or 154 Tremont Street.

L. W. WHEELER,
FORMATION OF THE VOICE,
ENGLISH AND ITALIAN SINGING.
Address at the New Building, 645 Washington Street.

ELLIOTT W. PRATT,
GIVES INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANOFORTE,
Address at Oliver Ditson & Co's.

G. ANDRE & CO.
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,
1304 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.
A large assortment of AMERICAN MUSIC constantly on hand.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, Teacher of the PIANO FORTE, SINGING and MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Residence, Coolidge House. Communications may be left at Ditson & Co's Music Store. 717—tf

WINSLOW L. HAYDEN,
TEACHER OF GUITAR,
No. 130 Tremont Street, Boston. 631—6m.

E. AUGUST SCHULTZE, TEACHER OF VIOLIN, is prepared to receive pupils, and offers his services as accompanist for classical compositions for Piano and Violin. Address, Oliver Ditson & Co., or Koppitz, Proeter & Co., 30 West St. 790—3m

F. H. TORRINGTON,
(Organist and Director of Music at Kings Chapel,)
TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO AND VIOLIN, AND CONDUCTOR OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES.
Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., New England Conservatory of Music, Music Hall, or Midland Street, Savin Hill, Dorchester. 794-3m

MR. GEO. E. SHUTE, having completed his studies abroad, under the instrument of some of the first Artists of modern times, will now receive pupils in Piano and Organ Playing, also in Theory of Music.
Address Oliver Ditson, & Co. 794-3m

We are now prepared to fill orders for our new *low-priced* double-reed Organs, "No. 55."

The case is solid walnut paneled, molded and carved brackets; is finished with two carpeted pedal boards, and Knee Swell, and is more beautiful in design and finish than any now made in the world for the price, and we *guarantee* that the qualities and power of tone will be superior to any we have seen of rather makers. The instrument has two full Five-Octave sets of reeds and combines *six stops*, viz:

PRINCIPAL BASS,
DIAPASON BASS,
TREMOLO or VOX HUMANA,
PRINCIPAL TREBLE,
DIAPASON TREBLE,
KNEE SWELL.

Our Patent Graduated Swell is furnished in this, the same as in our higher-priced instruments. The price is fixed at the very moderate sum of $125, and there can be no deviation from these figures.

Orders will be recorded in regular succession, and filled each in its turn.

GEO. A PRINCE & CO.

Agent in New York.....G. T. Gordon.
Agent in Philadelphia.....James Bellak.

Also the principal Music Dealers in each City and Town in the United States and British Provinces. 740—

G. W. DUDLEY,
Concert Vocalist and Teacher of Singing and Voice Building.
(Dr. H. R. Streeter's Method) Room No. 8, Mason and Hamlin's Building, 154 Tremont St. 797

MR. G. H. HOWARD,
PUPIL of the Leipzig Conservatory, also of J. W. Tufts, J. C. Lobe, August Haupt, and Theodor Kullak, will receive pupils in Piano Playing and Theory after Sept. 1st., 1871. Address at 22 Eliot St., or care of Oliver Ditson & Co.
792—3m

**CHURCH ORGANS,**
Manufactured by E. L. HOLBROOK East Medway, Mass. Purchasers are invited to apply for a circular containing testimonials

**LYON & HEALY,**
**MUSIC PUBLISHERS,**
CHICAGO, ILL.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Our stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Musical Instruments, etc., is the largest and most complete in the Northwest. Our connection with O. DITSON & CO., enables us to furnish their publications to Western Dealers, at our Boston Prices
☞ In addition to the publications of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., we keep on hand and furnish all Music and Music Books published in America, together with a choice stock of Foreign Music. 618-tf

MADAME CHARLES LEWIS, of London, for several years a pupil of the celebrated Signor Garcia, will be happy to give Lessons in Singing, and to accept engagements for Oratorios and Concerts.
Communications to be addressed in the care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street. 794—3m

**ROCK OF AGES!**
A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL
**HYMN FOR FOUR VOICES,**
*By J. R. Thomas.*
Price 50 Cents.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

*Cabinet Organs.*

**SIXTY STYLES!**

Prices $50, $65, $100, $125, $133, $140, $160, $175, $200, $225, $250, to $1000 each.

MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.

*The most popular and extensively sold large Musical Instrument in the world;* in plain and elegant cases for all uses.

**One to Thirteen Stops.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLUTE, | MELODIA, | BOURDON, |
| PRINCIPAL, | DIAPASON, | GAMBA, |
| OCTAVE, | DULCIANA, | BASSOON, |
| FLUTE D'AMOUR, | HAUTBOY, | VOIX CELESTE, |
| TRIANGLES, | FIFTEENTH, | VOIX D'AMOUR, |
| VOX HUMANA, | CORNAMUSE, | VIOLA, |
| AUTOMATIC SWELL, | COUPLERS, | PEDALS, |

We are daily receiving from our factories a few EXTRA STYLES, in superb Cases, surpassing in attractiveness any before offered.

*There can be no more Elegant and Valuable Present.*

Our assortment of styles is very much larger than any other in the country; PRICES ARE FIXED AND INVARIABLE; and it is a pleasure to exhibit our instruments to all who may be sufficiently interested to call.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.,
154 Tremont St., Boston.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.

THE FALL TERM will begin on MONDAY the 18th of September next. The BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL was incorporated in May, 1867. Its object was to furnish a complete education in all the branches of Music, the PIANO-FORTE, SINGING, ORGAN, NOTATION, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT and FUGUE, COMPOSITION with reference to Music Form and Instrumentation in Chorus Singing, Violin and all Orchestral Instruments.

*Board of Instruction.*—John W. Tufts, J. W. Adams, F. F. Ford, George H. Howard. E. P. Baker, *Secretary* and *Treasurer*. Marlin Block 22, Eliot St., Boston, Mass. Circulars may be obtained at the School Rooms or at the principal Music Stores. 790—

**The Choral Tribute**
BY L. O. EMERSON,
the most satisfactory of all the modern Choir and Singing School Books.
Price $1.50; $13.50 per dozen.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

J. SCHUBERTH & CO. Publishers and Dealers in Foreign and American Music, 439 Broadway near 13th Street, N. Y. 807

The Attention of Musicians
IS CALLED TO OUR
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
OF
**BRASS INSTRUMENTS,**
OF THE MOST APPROVED MANUFACTURE
Embracing one of the Largest Stocks in the United States, at low prices.
VIOLINS—The Best, from $2 to $50 each.
Flutes of every variety of Quality and Price, including Cocus Wood Flutes.
MARTIN'S CELEBRATED GUITARS.
FLUTINAS AND ACCORDEONS.
CLARINETS, FLAGEOLETS, FIFES,
And all other descriptions of Musical Instruments.
Together with
EVERY VARIETY OF STRINGS
For Violin, Guitar, Violoncello and Double-Bass.
**PIANOS AND MELODEONS**
FOR SALE AND TO LET.
Our facilities are such as enable us to furnish the above; also, MUSIC BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC, AND CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS, AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, at prices and terms, that cannot fail to prove satisfactory to purchasers.
JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT STREET, (Opposite the Court House)

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 806. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 24.


## Nilsson's Madman.

A PRISON SOLILOQUY.

Mad! say you—mad! Who is not mad for her?
Am I more mad than yonder raving crowd
That nightly split their leathern palms at her?
Nay, not more mad, but only more outspoken.
Poor brain! if flawed, 'tis as a crystal vase
O'erstrung by musical vibrations. None
Can be her listener and maintain his poise.
The Slavic Prince, who towers above his kind—
"*Facile princeps*"—is her "bounden slave."
And thou—wise judge!—that didst this body doom
To strong walls so unjustly at her quest—
Poor fool!—had she so willed it, thou had'st shed
My very life-blood, powerless to refuse.
"Blow! blow, thou winter wind!" now howling round
My prison-bars, for in thy moan I hear
My own Lucia wailing her defeat.
"'Tis now the witching hour," when crowds are tranced.
O Violetta! lives the sage too sane
To screen thy frailties with his pardoning arms?
O Mignon! walking 'mid the burning shores
Barefoot and pure—or only stocking clad—
O happy hose to press her dainty feet!
Deftly articulate for her slender toes.
What envy gnawed us when her lover rushed,
And safe through "sulphurous and devouring flames"
Bore her sweet form: "Villain! the chance was thine!"
O, Margurita! When subdued you fell
Upon his neck—his neck, alas! not mine—
That inappreciative tenor's neck,
I could have throttled—ground him to the dust;
For O! she loves me. Aye! smile on!—I know
She loves me. Yet, with woman's sweet perverseness,
Cloaking her preference 'neath a veil of scorn,
At moments breaking forth. Once, when I stood
Within the "upper circle," near the dome—
"The first you reach as you descend from heaven;"—
She threw me a kiss—a wild, transporting kiss—
That—were I not already there—ha! ha!—
Had wafted me apace "among the gods."
And when, grown bold, I sought her, to return
The boon they stole my freedom. What care I?
They cannot bar her image from my soul.
What's liberty to one no longer free?
I glory in my bonds, nor wish to break,
Till comes the blessed hour—and come it will—
As unto scenic lovers the last act—
When trials, anguish, cruel parents past,
Through "hideous ruin and combustion" saved,
They rush to footlights—to each others' arms
Grappled with "hooks of steel." O yes! I feel
Our lives in sweet communion yet shall blend:
Humbly perchance, yet amply fed, and clad—
With shoes—dear Mignon! for thy precious feet—
When we shall sit at even's hour of calm
Beside our cottage-door, and sing sweet songs
Indeed. I'll rave no more! Then call me daft,
Half-witted, if you will—ha! ha! poor fools!
We're rabid all alike; yet may we boast
At least it took a sun to strike us mad. T. W.

—*N. Y. Eve. Post, Dec. 16, 1872.*

## Theodora, an Oratorio by G. F. Handel.

*Theodora* is the only *dramatic* work of the great composer founded upon a Christian story. It was composed in July, 1749, and produced for the first time on the 16th March, 1750. Handel evinced a particular partiality for it, although, or, perhaps, *because* it was not favorably received by the public. Many observations, half angry, half humorous, made by him with reference to it, have been handed down to us. To a speculator who wished to take all the boxes for an approaching performance, Handel said: "You are a fool. The Jews will not come, for it is a Christian story, and the women will not come, because it is a virtuous one." He is reported to have thought more highly of the final chorus of the 2nd Part than of the Hallelujah in *The Messiah*. But a man's judgment, even that of a man possessing the intellectual energy of Handel, must not be accepted as an exclusive standard for his own works.

Since Handel's death, this oratorio has half fallen into oblivion in England, while in Germany it was never known except to the few persons who possessed the old, and as it was called, complete, though faulty, edition of his works. The translation made by Gervinus for Chrysander's edition was the first ever published. The work was never performed in Germany. As, however, we are now rehearsing, and intend performing it on the 19th inst., at the Gürzenich, a few words concerning it may, perhaps, prove acceptable to many of our readers.

Chrysander informs us that the words are by Th. Morell, who names a work by Boyle (London, 1687), and a French play, as the sources whence he obtained his materials. One can hardly understand his requiring so much for so paltry a poem. The story of the latter is somewhat to the following effect.

Under some Roman Emperor (the particular Emperor is not named, but he must, at any rate, have come after Augustus and before Constantine) Valens holds the post of governor at Antioch. He hates the Christians with a fine Roman hate. On his Emperor's birthday, he determines to institute a public festival and sacrifice to the gods, every one who will not take a share in the proceedings is to be subjected to the full rigor of the law. The care of seeing this carried out is confided to Septimius, a Roman "officer." Septimius, somewhat softened by a friend, Didimus, who has been secretly converted, seeks out the Christians when piously assembled, and endeavors to move them to obedience, but Theodora, "a Christian maiden of noble race," answers him in a manner displaying such pride of conviction, that he has her cast into chains. She is ordered to bow down before the gods. Didimus, who loves her, succeeds in obtaining permission to see her in prison, and prevails on her to leave the place in his armor instead of him. When, however, she learns that, on his having boldly avowed he saved her, he has been condemned to death, she gives herself up to Valens, that she may die with her Beloved—happy in her purity and in her faith. The verses are skilfully written, and their form is favorable for the musician. But there is not much poetry, properly so-called, in them. We find tame thoughts; washed-out pictures, and very frequently insipid reflections. Gervinus's translation preserves the common character of the original, though in other respects it is much freer than the views entertained by the author of *Handel and Shakspeare* ought to have permitted it to be. But, in addition to these views having rendered the work accessible to us, they possess the merit of completely disguising in many places the indelicacies (to use a mild expression) of the English author—indelicacies which in England are considered as accounting for the neglect into which the work has fallen. We do not see, by-the-bye, why the said indelicacies could not have been altered in the original as well as in the translation.

Besides the personages above mentioned, namely, Valens, the governor (bass,) the two "officers," Septimius and Didimus, (tenor and alto,) and the noble Christian maiden, Theodora, (soprano), we have another Christian girl, Irene, (alto), who scarcely takes any share in the action, and choruses of Pagans and Christians. Valens has several airs, in which he praises Jupiter, and the Emperor, expressing himself with all a Roman's pride, and savage delight in prosecuting others. The airs are all striking in form, and treated with characteristic curtness—arrogantly violent and partially vigorous in spirit. When we reflect how much brass and how many dissonances would be employed now-a-days, to depict a false and hardened persecutor of Christians, we might almost feel inclined to say Handel has treated him very indulgently. Septimius, the adjutant of Valens, is one of those figures which would drive a less resolute composer than Handel to despair. Now an humble servant, now an obliging confidant, he generally gets rid of people with a few well-meaning and not inelegant sentences. The composer punishes him by making him the representative of bravura singing. Long preludes introduce his airs, while endless runs adorn them—they are, as a rule, old-fashioned, and could at most interest us only if executed by very eminent representatives of this class of singing. As such, however, are no longer to be found, the best course would probably be to omit most of the airs, though we cannot deny that the very intelligible way in which they are drawn musically, and their bright but not glaring colors, must impart a feeling of repose to the general effect.

Forming a sharp contrast to the Christian portion of the work, apart from the airs given to Valens, are the choruses of the inhabitants of Antioch, especially of those devoted to the service of Venus; they are, in a high degree, fresh, easy, and jocund. But the great importance of the work must not be sought in this direction. It is to be found in the choruses of the Christians, in the songs of Theodora, Irene, and, partially, of Didimus, which are certainly some of the most beautiful and most feeling Handel ever created. There is a tender, mournful, and yet elevated, holy inspiration spread over all these tone poems. It seems as if Handel's genius, which generally comes before us like some proud general, who leads his hosts to victory, with a full consciousness of his strength, had retreated within itself for the purpose of seeking out the most inward recesses of his soul. And what mournful songs, and what endless woe—but, at the same time, what hopes full of faith, and what sublime views did it find concealed there! And it tarried and experienced a peculiar kind of happiness in sinking, in weaving itself a home in these depths, which contain the very best that has been bestowed on us, and which we so seldom are able to seek out, or wish to seek out, when life has once grasped us with its energetic power. And after our great tone-poet has thus listened and overheard the profoundest emotions of his soul, he fashioned them with his mighty hand into shape—and they became the airs of Theodora and Irene, and the choruses of the secret Christian congregations at Antioch. But, in reality, they are only tears of love, of mourning, and of hope, which creative genius has crystalized into tone!

It is the predominance of the elegiac character, indeed, in *Theodora*, which probably rendered that oratorio less acceptable to the listless public of a great capital like London, than the composer's brilliant works taken from the Old Testament. But it would be a bad case, if in our own profoundly-feeling Germany, this tone-poem did not gain a vast host of friends. We must not expect to find in it the thunder-bursts of *Israel in Egypt*, or the triumphal songs of *Maccabæus*, or the choruses of exultant jubilation such as are contained in *The Messiah*—the most beautiful element in *Theodora* is its inward soul-like nature, to be felt rather than applauded. The stronger the resolution the hearer brings with him to abandon himself to his emotions, the more richly will he be rewarded. DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

—*Cologne.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Wagner in Italy.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* has at last been produced upon an Italian stage, and whatever may be its ultimate and lasting success in a country apparently so unfitted and unlikely to appreciate its characteristic merits, however strong the under-current of opposition or over-current of fictitious and not entirely genuine enthusiasm may eventually prove to have been, the performance of this remarkable work cannot be counted as anything short of a momentous event in the musical annals of the Peninsula,—possibly even in those of musical history itself. The mere fact that Italy should have been foremost among nations foreign to the composer in giving Wagner's opera a fair and impartial hearing, and even to acknowledge, to a certain degree, his merits as a musical writer, is at any rate by no means insignificant.

That the copyright of all Wagner's works had been purchased years ago by the editor, Lucca of Milan, was well known; for *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* had successively made their appearance with Italian words in neat octavo Piano-forte scores; but performing them on the stage was a different matter altogether, as the publisher soon discovered to his cost.

At the first attempt in this direction a formidable opposition raised its head, and the antagonism which

Digitized by Google

made itself felt on all sides, soon threatened to consign the Last of the Tribunes and his brethren, the bright heroes of Teutonic legend and mythology, to the cobwebs and dust of obscure book-shelves. As for the Scala at Milan, it absolutely refused to have anything to say to them; San Carlo at Naples shut his doors in the face of the stately demi-gods and glittering knights, and the Pergola at Florence ignored the matter altogether. In short, for a considerable period, no Italian director was to be found who would consent to undertake the responsibility of the task, until at length the city of Bologna, generally foremost in artistic enterprise, boldly picked up the gauntlet and entered the lists as champion. And thus it came to pass that one fine October day the public was informed, to its great amazement, that *Lohengrin* was actually going to be performed on the 9th of November.

Could it be possible? What director could have undertaken it? Who would be able to sing music notoriously impossible for the human voice? What orchestra could grapple with the difficulties of a score full of abstruse musical combinations, wherein each single instrument was taxed to the fullest extent of its capabilities? Where were the Italian choruses to come from who should submit to the drill necessary for a performance of the wildest vagaries ever hatched in the brain of a semi-crazed musician? And, supposing even difficulties such as these to have been successfully overcome, who was to listen to the very incarnation of Teutonic barbarism set to music? What Italian audience was likely to relish strains which had required fifteen years untiring effort to obtain a hearing in the very country which gave birth to them? What was it to make of music "devoid of all melody and harmony," as this was represented to be, and not only "the product of ingenious mathematical calculation" as some would have it, but manifesting a corrupt taste for discord, and revelling in unheard of rhythms? "Alas," said a respectable critic, shaking his head, "to think that Italy should have fallen so low as to run after such stuff, and renounce what she formerly taught as indispensable conditions of the musical art!" "And then," muttered an aristocratic *connoisseur* to a dandy *dilettante* friend, over a glass of Vermuth at the café: "who ever heard of an opera without a ballet, forsooth!" "All this may be very well," philosophized one of the University professors, as he smoked his cigar in the *passeggiata*, "and no doubt this famous work is full of German science and learning, but who is to stand three hours of German mysticism? and do they seriously think that an educated, refined Italian audience is to be bamboozled by a compound of demigods, heathen sorceresses, miracles, enchanted birds and symbolical allegories? What school of æsthetics ever heard of a musical drama in which the tragic catastrophe was not death, or the *dénouement* a happy conjugal union?"

Such remarks as these might have been overheard in all quarters a few days previous to the eventful occurrence; for the probable fate of so bold an undertaking was discussed everywhere, in most cases the wings of the modern Icarus guilty of this conspiracy against public taste and musical morals being mercilessly clipped by anticipation, and his neck broken in the charitable apprehension of the goodly fellowship of benevolent critics, would be *connoisseurs* and knowing *dilettanti*. Yet, alas! for the accuracy of human foresight, experience has been cruel enough to give it the lie; what it had mistaken for Icarus has turned out to be nothing less than Pegasus himself, Pegasus with all the spring and elasticity of wing to bear him to the loftiest regions! To make a long story short, where ignominious defeat had been prognosticated, signal victory was achieved, and for the present, at any rate, *Lohengrin* does not seem likely to lose any of its *prestige* with its novelty, the success of the work having rather increased than diminished since it has been repeated several times. True, the principal parts are not sustained by stars of the first magnitude or brilliancy; but the excellence of the orchestra, choruses, and general *mise en scène*, amply compensates for any deficiencies on their side, the result being a most creditable performance of a totally different stamp from those usually presented by an Italian stage. Perhaps even no harm has been done by thus rendering the chief *dramatis personæ* less prominent than they are wont to be in Italy, if it were only by way of a practical illustration, that operas need not always be constructed upon that stereotype *ballet* pattern, which seems to have taken so firm a hold upon the lyric drama in this country, that it requires no slight effort to make an attack upon its infallibility.

It would be no difficult task to explain the intimate relationship in which Ballet and Opera stand to one another in the minds of Italian composers and Italian audiences, by a natural affinity. I confess, for my own part, that I can never see the one without being instantaneously reminded of the other. In fact when I see in a ballet the *pas seuls*, with their obligato *adagio* introduction and inevitable concluding *cavatina* for the legs! or the *pas de deux*, with its symmetrical *solos* for the man and woman dancer, and its *duet* conclusion; or the *pas de trois* and *de quatre* with their *ensemble finales*,—they always seem to me to be the exact counterparts of the set forms of the modern Italian opera. [By this I mean, of course, the opera as it is appreciated in Italy, and do not refer to works by Italian authors, like Cherubini or Spontini, who wrote for foreign stages and foreign audiences.] As far, indeed, as dramatic action goes, it is in both cases more or less sacrificed to the individual display of *virtuoso* proficiency; whether the *cavatina* be executed by the *ballerina*, and its final *fermata*, shake and cadence carried out by legs and toes, or whether the *polacca* be danced by the voice and lung. Is it not the same muscular power displayed now in long sustained notes, now in impossible positions? Is the aim not identically the same in both cases: viz.: the exhibition of the artist's agility or skill? Again the *corps de ballet* and opera choruses present similar features of resemblance, their respective functions being usually limited to stage decoration or interspersing the *soli* with occasional *refrains* and *amens* of an exceedingly mild character; no attempt on their part being made to meddle with what evidently does not in the least concern them. Finally the Overture is in the one case, as in the other, an instrumental introduction, mainly serving to silence the chattering audience, and bearing little or no reference whatever to the piece it pervades, beyond an occasional flying reminiscence of some theme sung afterwards by the *prima donna*, or danced by the *ballerina*. All this we must bear in mind if we wish to fully appreciate the audacity of Wagner's innovation,—others call it revolution, he himself would say rather restoration,—and the difficulties it had to overcome in Italy.

Just imagine the world turned upside down and inside out; an opera with real dramatic declamation and action, without any set forms whatever, with no *solo* terminating with a *pirouette* on one leg, without a single opportunity for individual display, where the choruses take a lively part in the drama, and greatly contribute towards heightening the dramatic effect. Fancy an opera in which the words are neither sacrificed to the music nor the music to the words, in which the action is simple and natural, and which exacts the highest pitch of artistic excellence and intellectual culture in those who perform, if they are adequately and faithfully to convey the composer's intentions, while it affords no opportunity to ring down cheap applause. Realize all this, I repeat, as brought at once before an Italian audience, not only entirely unprepared for it, but accustomed to loll in their boxes, yawning and lazily fanning themselves, gossiping with their visitor, or sauntering in and out of the pit to some neighboring café, only directing their attention towards the stage when their favorite singers sing their choicest *morceaux*, and returning to their former occupation or relapsing into their previous indolence as soon as these are finished! Picture to yourself what must be the amazement of Italians who now saw for the first time that it was possible to keep up their attention or interest for four consecutive hours, without having recourse to any one of those elements or expedients which they had been taught all their lives to consider as indispensable. Nevertheless, this ordeal has been gone through with perfect success, and *Lohengrin* has come forth victorious!

Now, what can have been the reason why *Lohengrin* should have met with a more favorable reception in Italy than in any other country at first sight, Germany not excepted? Simply this: that an Italian audience after all is an impressionable one, and has preserved sufficient *naïveté* and genuine artistic instinct to enable it to recognise instantaneously a work of genius under whatever form it may be set before them, and that it is sufficiently candid to show and express its feelings without disguise. In Germany, where a vast amount of traditional prejudice and preconceived theoretical notions have to be overcome, ere people will consent to believe their own senses, and above all, before they can be brought to avow their own natural impressions (when they have any), Wagner's works encountered a most formidable systematic opposition, which prevented them in the beginning from being heard at all, and when this point had at last been gained, threw serious impediments in their way for long after. In France and England, far more trivial, though no less influential, causes prevented and still prevent Wagner from obtaining an impartial hearing; for while, in Germany, at any rate, convictions of some sort, whether based upon traditional ideas or abstract theory, were at the bottom of the opposition; in the latter two countries it was mainly the weight of critical infallibility, and still more fashion and its all powerful influences which lay in the way, aided by a too strong reliance upon hearsay evidence, the veracity of which had never been tested. It is notorious that unless previously approved by the *Revue des deux Mondes* or some other influential *journal bien pensant*, and supported by the Jockey Club, it is useless for a musical work of any importance to expect a favorable reception in Paris. And it is equally well known that London for years has been accustomed to follow the Parisian lead, and seldom if ever ventures to think for herself in artistic matters. Paris had but one chance of testing her own impressions and rectifying her ideas with regard to Wagner, and all the world knows what came of the only performance of the *Tannhäuser* which took place there. Both *Revue des deux Mondes* and Jockey Club began by placing it under solemn interdict, and virtually themselves played the part of that benevolent gentleman, who, when asked what he thought of the Opera, replied: "Well, really, to tell the truth, I was so busy hissing during the whole performance that I did not even hear it!" An opera thus pre-condemned in Paris became of course impossible for London, and thus the English audience has never yet had the smallest opportunity of exercising its own judgment in the matter. The only attempt which has been made, to my knowledge, at performing Wagner's operas in countries foreign to Germany, besides the recent successful one in Bologna, was made in Holland, where the success was quite as great in spite of most unfavorable circumstances. In fact for the last twelve years both *Tannhaeuser* and *Lohengrin* have been extremely popular in that country. It is therefore, we repeat, an event of no small importance, that the Italians should be foremost in giving *Lohengrin* a thoroughly impartial hearing and a hearty welcome to boot.

The work itself is based upon an ancient legend, according to which Knights of the Round Table who have especially distinguished themselves by their

Digitized by Google

valor and virtue are called upon to exercise the lofty privilege of guarding the Holy Grail, a precious vessel supposed to contain drops of the blood of Our Saviour, preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, and renewed periodically by a dove (the Holy Spirit). Occasionally one or the other of them is allowed to descend to earth and defend injured innocence and calumniated virtue. They are then even permitted to remain for a time and to contract terrestrial alliances, but on the one peremptory condition: that their origin be not inquired into nor the sacred mystery of their life be traced. The opera opens with the public accusation made in the presence of Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, and all his court, by Frederick of Telramund, next male heir to the dukedom of Brabant, against the youthful Duchess Elsa, of having wilfully made away with her younger brother in order to reign in his stead. Unable to prove her innocence, and the King having ordained that it should be tried by single combat, she solemnly invokes the aid of Heaven by sending her a champion in the hour of need to defend her cause. After two vain appeals, followed by a dead silence, a third is made, when a murmur of astonishment is heard among the assembled crowd, which continues increasing as a bark glides up the river drawn by a swan, and bearing a knight clad in bright silver armor, who takes up the gauntlet, requesting as his reward for her defence the maiden's hand, which is vouchsafed him, and making as sole condition that she shall not ask his name nor ever seek to know whence he comes. After a short combat, in which his adversary is soon disarmed, he claims his prize and the first Act closes with rejoicing.

In the Second, Frederick, under sentence of banishment, and his wife, Ortrud, a heathen sorceress, who is the real culprit and has changed Elsa's brother into a swan, hold consultation how they shall contrive to regain what they have lost, and instil perfidious doubts into Elsa's mind as to the sanctity of her supernatural champion. In a short interview between Ortrud and Elsa, the former seeks to undermine the latter's confidence in her lover, and to induce her to inquire into his origin before giving him her hand in the cathedral of Antwerp. The presence of Lohengrin himself, however, soon dispels her incipient misgivings, and she finally enters the church with him followed by her wedding procession.

The third act, preceded by an extremely effective Wedding March, opens with the Bridal Chorus by which Lohengrin and Elsa are conducted to their apartment, where they are soon after left to themselves. Two-thirds of this Act are taken up by the duet between these two lovers, commencing with the expression of rapturous delight at having found each other, and passing from this sentiment by a clever progression through different phases by which the author ultimately brings about the tragic catastrophe. This consists in Elsa's insisting upon knowing the origin of her mysterious spouse, and is ingeniously motived in Wagner's *libretto* not by curiosity, nor even by doubt on her part concerning his worthiness or the sanctity of his mission, but by want of confidence in her own power to retain and suffice to one so greatly her superior. Simultaneously with this climax in the duet an attempt is made on the part of Frederick to assassinate Lohengrin, he having previously contrived to conceal himself in the apartment. The knight, however, is on his guard, and despatches his enemy with a stroke of his sword.

The final conclusion of the opera is Lohengrin's answer, not delivered to his bride in private, but in the form of a recital to the king and his assembled court at daybreak, on the banks of the Schelde. He relates at length his story, proclaims his divine origin, but at the same time the necessity of his leaving them to return to his bright abode and post of trust. The swan, seen slowly advancing to fetch the knight, is re-transformed, on the prayer of Lohengrin, into Elsa's brother, the young Duke of Brabant, falsely supposed to have been murdered by her; while a dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, takes his place and draws away the bark and its bright occupant 'mid the sorrowful amazement of the bewildered throng and Elsa's despair at the loss of her celestial bridegroom, and her consciousness of having herself been the cause of his departure.

It is difficult to imagine a more poetical idea than that embodied in this beautiful legend, viz.: that faith must not be too closely investigated if we would preserve it, and too often vanishes entirely when submitted to scrutiny. A happier mode of applying it to dramatic purposes could also scarcely be imagined than that adopted by the author of the poetic *libretto*, who, as all the world knows, is no other than Wagner himself; it being his custom not only to write the music but the words also of all his operas.

In harmony with the views of this most original composer regarding modern opera, according to which all the arts, plastic, lyric, and dramatic, ought to combine in producing the future Work of Art—as he names it—the *mise-en scène* in *Lohengrin* is of unusual brilliancy, and, it is almost superfluous to add, especially well cared for in the Italian performance. In spite of a strong dislike to what is generally termed theatrical display, Wagner does not in the least disdain to make use of choregraphic effects when adapted to his purpose. Thus, the scene on the banks of the river in the first act, with the king and his retinue, the herald, the arrival of Lohengrin himself in the bark in his shining armor, the single combat and the final *tableau* are as near approaches to ballet effect as possible. Again, the nuptial procession at the doors of the Cathedral of Antwerp, at the close of the second act, and the last scene of Lohengrin's departure in the third, afford every opportunity for the scene painter, costumer, and stage manager to show their capabilities.

Any attempt to enter into general considerations or appreciations of the composer's treatment of music and the place allotted to it by him in the lyric drama, would of course be out of place here, and lead us beyond the limits of an article like this. Suffice it therefore to say that he has remained true to his principles in this especial work, using music as a co-operative means of adding vigor of expression where words alone do not suffice to convey the full extent of the idea, or whole power of the sentiment he is portraying. Wagner never, like other composers, treats music as a separate thing, and here it is that we must look for the clue to what most embarrasses those who hear his works for the first time. It is next to impossible to detach purely musical—whether instrumental or vocal—passages from any of his later works, precisely because in his operas words, dramatic action and music stand in so intimate a relationship to one another, and form so complete a living organism, that it is hardly possible to dissect it without endangering the life of the whole.

Three or four such passages might perhaps be lifted, as it were, out of their frame, and exposed thus isolated; but it is clear by the above that they will infallibly lose much of their pristine value and characteristic effect by the process. The musical element pervades the entire work, now refining, sublimising the supernatural sides of it, now vivifying and intensifying the depths of human passion and tragic despair, till it renders them almost painfully acute.

The Italians seemed, as it is natural they should, to relish most those parts which, musically speaking, offered least striking contrast with their own artistic views and habits. The two introductory instrumental pieces: the Prelude or Overture, and the Wedding March which precedes the last act, met with enthusiastic applause, and were encored both at Bologna and at Florence, where *Lohengrin* was subsequently transported for the space of three evenings. Several choruses seemed to give equal satisfaction, if we are to judge at least by the frequent interruptions caused by the enthusiastic reception, they encountered, and which was duly merited on their part, not only on account of the quantity and superior quality of voice displayed, but also of the care with which they had been studied. The soli, especially of the second act, were not appreciated in the same degree by any means; nor can this be attributed entirely to the short-comings of the singers, although they may in great part be held responsible, as an unusual amount of dramatic talent is requisite to give this part of the opera its full weight. The principal reason lay, no doubt, in the total absence of those forms to which Italians are accustomed, the lack of which gives them a feeling as if they had lost their compass and were in open sea. However, barring those portions of the opera where the purely Wagnerian recitative form prevails, which, by the way, is not a mere recitative like those of other German or French composers, nor anything resembling the adagios, airs, cavatinas, &c., we find elsewhere, they seemed astonished to find the music of *Lohengrin* perfectly intelligible. A few of the more intelligent among them even, who had looked at the score and heard the opera several times, began to suspect the existence of a different order of symmetry from that clearly defined outward species which their ears vainly sought. Perhaps that happy artistic instinct which seems innate in them, led them to detect the subtle fact, that if the outward semblance of unity in detail was wanting, an inner substance replaced it, that inward unity of cohesion by which the whole work is characterized; that if the harmonies did not always caress the ear, if the melodies were hardly of the kind to be used for Pianoforte capriccios or violin fantasias—not to speak of barrel organs—a harmonious atmosphere pervades the entire opera, the musical themes being strictly in harmony with the subject and the situations to be expressed, whereas the reverse is for the most part the case in their own productions; such anomalies as a climax of despair being rendered by an exhilarating galoppade movement, revenge and hatred expressed by the sweetest of melodies, or a hero at his last gasp performing a series of acrobatic feats with his voice, which is hardly compatible with exhaustion, being too familiar to all who are acquainted with modern Italian opera, to need my calling them to mind. In fact they found here the ἀφανὴς ἁρμονία in lieu of the φανερὴ ἁρμονία of which the ancient philosopher was wont to speak.

The sobriety, originality, ingenuity, and variety exhibited in Wagner's mode of handling the orchestra, was to them likewise novel, being as far removed from that Italian carelessness and neglect of study in detail, which in general consigns to it the part of a "*monstrous guitar*" accompaniment, as from that crushing, elaborate preponderance allotted to it by modern composers of other countries, which forces the singers to task their lungs to excess, if they will be heard at all.

In short, the Italian audience has on the whole been not only agreeably surprised, but evidently gratified by the result of their first voyage of discovery in the Land of the Music of the Future. Since the successful attempt which was made in bringing the whole thing to Florence last month, there is a talk also of making a similar experiment in Rome, Naples, and even Genoa. Who knows if later on it may not prove worth while for some London *impresario* to do the like, provided there be one able and willing to divest himself for a while of French influences and musical prejudice? J. LAUSSOT.

*Florence. Jan.*, 1672.

## Mendelssohn and Goethe.

FIRST VISIT OF THE COMPOSER TO THE POET.

In a pamphlet of some fifty pages, Dr. Karl Mendelssohn has published a narrative of his father's boyhood and relations with Goethe. That the poet, who was as indifferent as Gallio to any cordial intimacy with Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber, should have at once adopted "the young Berliner," is one of

Digitized by Google

the many pieces of evidence in proof of the qualities, social and artistic, which secured for Mendelssohn the life-long regard of the wisest and most famous men of his time.

Zelter's correspondence with Goethe is contained in three bulky volumes, and imbedded in these are to be found letters of deep interest on the subject of Zelter's favorite pupil. It is impossible to read Karl Mendelssohn's work without feeling gratitude to Zelter, who, although a proverb in Berlin for roughness, uneven temper, and Spartan discipline, assuredly did his duty by Mendelssohn with a thoroughness and conscientiousness that were never forgotten by his famous pupil. One of Zelter's peculiarities consisted in his hoarding and gloating over a private collection of Sebastian Bach's works. The Passions-Musik, the B minor mass, the glorious Magnificat were to him golden fruit in the garden of Hesperides, and he the dragon to watch them. On Friday evenings his pupils, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn included, were allowed the high honor of practising Bach's music, to the passionate delight of their souls, and, it must be added, the imminent danger of hurting their voices. But this early apprenticeship to such noble study was of priceless value to Felix, who in after years succeeded Zelter as "restorer of Bach to the Germans." Mendelssohn's father never uttered truer words than the following: "It is an undoubted fact that without Zelter your own musical tendencies would have been of a totally different nature." Felix was Zelter's debtor for another good turn—a personal introduction to Goethe. The prospect of this visit to Weimar threw the whole Mendelssohn family into a flutter. "Just imagine (his mother writes to a relative in Paris), the little urchin has the good luck before him of visiting Weimar with Zelter. Zelter wishes to introduce him to Goethe. You may imagine what it costs me to part with the dear child, although only for a few weeks. Still, I reckon it no small advantage to be introduced to Goethe under such circumstances, to live under his roof, and receive the great man's blessing. I am glad, too, he will have this little trip as a diversion; he is naturally inclined to be over-studious for his age." Old Zelter and the brilliant boy arrived at Weimar. They put up at "The Elephant," and Felix, who seems never to have lost a single moment, made a sketch of Cranach's house, and informed himself of the extent and powers of the Weimar church organ, before making his youthful bow to the Geheimrath. After dinner the boy played Bach's fugues, and extemporized for a couple of hours in Goethe's presence. From that moment Goethe became his friend. Mendelssohn literally came, saw, and conquered. His glorious powers received the imprimatur of Hummel, and after he had passed the dreadful ordeal of playing at sight Mozart's and Beethoven's music from manuscript, Goethe made up his mind that an infant prodigy was no myth or delusion. Goethe had heard Mozart as a boy of seven years old play at Frankfort, and he told Zelter that, as compared with Mendelssohn's performance, when the latter was a few years older than Mozart, it was "as the lisping of a child to the refined conversation of a full-grown man." It is delightful to read of Goethe presenting the young musician with a manuscript sheet of "Faust," and the poet's delight at receiving Mendelssohn's translation of the "Andria" of Terence, and saying "it would be a resource to the scholars and artists at Weimar in the long winter evenings." After a fortnight or more of Mendelssohn's music Goethe could not endure a common-place performance. He soon sent another invitation to Felix, and this time Mendelssohn's parents came with their son. Once more Goethe himself opened the piano, with the words, "Come and wake up for me all the winged spirits which have been so long asleep here. You are my David. Should I become miserable and ill, banish my evil dreams with your playing; I will never, like Saul, hurl a spear after you." To see how faithfully Goethe abided by his promise, we must refer our readers to Dr. Karl Mendelssohn's interesting pages. After a lapse of five years, when Felix had developed such exceptional powers, it is curious to read of the lad being taken to Paris, the father wishing to consult Cherubini as to the son's adopting music as his vocation. The old Italian was the terror of young artists, and merciless in criticism even of such men as Halévy and Auber. In spite of himself he was awed into an unwilling prophecy. The lad played the pianoforte part in a quartette of his own, and Cherubini and a number of Parisian artists were present. The oracle thus delivered himself:—"Ce garçon est riche, il fera bien, il fait même déjà bien, mais il dépense trop à son argent, il met trop d'étoffe dans son habit." As a preventative against this over-tailoring, he added, "Je lui parlerai, alors il fera bien." Mendelssohn's criticism on his Mecænas is really admirable; he compares Cherubini to "a burnt out volcano, which flashes forth flame occasionally, but is completely covered with ashes and stones."

## Cherubini and Berlioz.

A writer in the London *Musical World* has been culling out from the recently published "*Memoires*" of Hector Berlioz, (which consist mainly if not wholly of the "*Voyages en Allemande, Italie,*" &c., which appeared a long time ago during the author's life-time), the several passages below, in which he relates his interviews with Cherubini. No doubt the old master was severe and bearish in his manner towards those whom he suspected to be little better than upstarts; but, after all, Cherubini's music is to-day more fresh and interesting than ever; how is it with that of Berlioz (outside of Paris)?

Cherubini and Berlioz were, in music, as far as the two poles asunder; the one was an out-and-out romanticist; the other, an intolerant classic. War was declared between them the very first day they met. Their meeting, which took place in the library of the Conservatory, was a genuine comedy scene. The foes were about to separate, and definitively lose sight of each other; it was after the second performance of the *Symphonique fantastique*. According to the regulations governing the course to be taken by the "*grand prix,*" Berlioz was on the point of leaving Paris to make his way across Italy to Rome. To quote his own words:—"The reader may imagine the rage excited in Cherubini's breast by all these heterodox questions (romanticism in music), and all the noise to which I had given rise. Cherubini's trusty followers had furnished him with an account of the last rehearsal of the *abominable* symphony; the next day he happened to pass the door of the concert-room as the public were entering it. Some one stopped him and said:—'Well, Monsieur Cherubini, are you not coming to hear Berlioz's new composition?'—'I do not require to know *how to do a thing as it ought not to be done,*' he replied, in his bad French, and with the air of a cat, down whose throat you might attempt to thrust a quantity of mustard. Matters were very much worse, however, after the concert had proved successful. He appeared as if he *had* swallowed the mustard. He spoke no more; he sneezed."

Some few days afterwards, he sent for Berlioz.

"You are going to start for Italy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your name will be erased from the registers of the Conservatory; your studies are terminated. It strikes me though that—that—that you ought to have come and paid me a visit. Peo—peo—people do not leave this place as they would a stable."

"I was," remarks Berlioz, "on the point of replying:—'Why should not they do so, when they are treated like so many brutes?' But I had the good sense to restrain myself, and even to assure our amiable director that I had never thought of leaving Paris without coming to bid him good-bye and thanking him for all his kindness."

At one of his early concerts, Berlioz and the old Italian *maestro* had another passage of arms, somewhat similar to their meeting in the library

To be allowed the use of the large hall of the Conservatory, Berlioz required the authorisation of M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, Superintendent of Fine Arts, and, moreover, the consent of Cherubini. M. de la Rochefoucault made no difficulty in granting Berlioz's request. Cherubini, on the contrary, directly the project was mentioned, flew into a rage.

"You wish to give a concert, eh?" he inquired, in his usual graceful way.

"Yes, sir."

"You must obtain the permission of the Superintendent of Fine Arts."

"I have obtained it."

"Has Monsieur la Rochefoucault given his consent?"

"Yes, sir, he has."

"But I—I—I do not consent. I oppose your having the hall."

"You cannot have any good reason for refusing it me, as the Conservatory is not using it at present, and as, for the next fortnight, it will be completely free."

"But I tell you I will not have you give the concert. Everyone is in the country, and you will take nothing."

"I do not reckon on gaining anything by it. My sole aim in giving it is to make myself known."

"There is no necessity for your being known. Besides, to give a concert, money is requisite. Have you any to spare?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh—well, wha—wha—what do you intend performing?"

"Two overtures, some fragments from an opera, my *Cantata on the death of Ophelia*——"

"What—the Competition Cantata? I will not have it! It is bad; it—it—cannot be performed."

"That is your opinion, but I am glad to say that I, too have an opinion about it. A bad pianist may have been unable to accompany it, but that is no reason why a good orchestra should not be capable of the task."

"Then you—you—wish to offer an insult to the Academy?"

The polite answers with which Berlioz responded to Cherubini's objections, only exasperated the Italian *maestro* all the more. "I will not have it!—I will not have it!"—was his sole answer to all Berlioz urged. At length the latter had to have recourse to official intervention of the Superintendent of Fine Arts. "Be kind enough to read that, sir," said Berlioz, handing Cherubini the order signed, "La Rochefoucault." From being white, Cherubini turned green. After reading his superior's letter over and over again, he returned it to Berlioz without uttering a single word.

# Music Abroad.

VIENNA. On the 7th of January, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, our young Boston tenor singer, after several years of study in Berlin and Milan, gave his *first* concert, choosing Vienna for the place. He succeeded in winning the warm sympathies of a cultivated audience. His programme included an Aria by Bach: "Ich will nur Dir zu Ehren leben," from the Cantata for New Year's Day; Recit. and Andante for the violin, by Spohr (played by Herr Grün); two songs by Schubert ("Erstarrung," from the *Winterreise*, and "Halt," from *Die schöne Müllerin*); Piano Sonata, op. 2, No. 3, by Beethoven (Fräulein Joël); Songs: "Kommen und Scheiden," Schumann, and "A Dream," Rubinstein; Bach's *Chaconne* for Violin; and three Songs by Robert Franz: "Du hast mich verlassen, Jamie," "Schlummerlied" (Tieck), and "Frage nicht" (Lenau). The *Kunst-Blaetter* says:

—— "The concert-giver was somewhat nervous, so that his voice seemed constrained in the Aria by Bach. But later, in the Schumann song, having gotten over his embarrassment, the singer unfolded all the richness and charm of his beautiful voice, which through the warmth of feeling enkindled and transported the listeners. The two Schubert songs, too, exercised the same penetrating effect. Osgood is a genuine Schumann *mood*-singer, one who sings with understanding and with deep, warm feeling. His delivery is tasteful and noble, as fascinating as his voice, which has the sympathetic ring of a pronounced, clear tenor, is perfectly equal in all the registers, and of good power and compass. . . . One saw on his first appearance, that he had here to do with a well-schooled singer, who is in earnest with his art.

"Both 'Word' and 'Tone' have been equally a matter of careful culture with him Every word, every syllable could be heard in the farthest corner of the hall, and even in *pianissimo* passages were distinctly perceptible. But this excellence of distinctness is the fruit of long years of searching studies, (such as few of our German singers care to undertake).

"As we hear, Osgood made his studies at first with Sieber in Berlin; and afterwards for two years he was under the instruction of Lamperti in Milan as a concert and oratorio singer. His knowledge and ability are really remarkable. He knows well how to deliver, to characterize, to individualize, and, what is the main thing, how to reach the heart. The formation of his voice, his mode of taking the note, is correct, and he is master of the technical means which enable him to overcome the difficulties of florid music, even the *coloraturen* of Bach and Schumann.—There are few singers who, like Osgood, in their youth combine a thorough school with the most fortunate natural endowments. Nothing is wanting to this artist, to make him fully recognized, except a little more courage. . . . The concert-giver was distinguished by repeated and persistent plaudits and recalls."

Other critical notices agree substantially with the above, some adding that Osgood has studied with Robert Franz in Halle, as well as in Berlin and Milan.

From the Vienna correspondence of the *Signale*, Dec. 15, we translate the following:

"ANTON RUBINSTEIN passes the winter with us in a three-fold capacity: as virtuoso, as composer, and as artistic director of

Digitized by Google

- - - - est, thou fair - - - - - est of all wo - - - men?
- - - - ste, du Schön - - - - ste un - ter den Wei - - bern?

O thou fair - est, fair - est of all wo - men?
o du Schön - ste un - ter den Wei - bern?

fair - est of all wo - - - - - - men?
Schön - ste un - ter den Wei - - - - - - bern?

fair - - - - - - est, fair - est of all wo - - - men?
Schön - - - - - ste un - - - ter den Wei - - bern?

*p*

**Alto Solo.**

*p*

Is it..... possible? Is it..... possible? Can I be - -
Ist es..... mög - lich? Ist es..... mög - lich? Kann ich

*f* *p*

Whither is thy be - - lov - ed turn - -
Wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt,.....

*mf* **Tutti.**

hold it? Whither is thy be - lov - ed turn - - - - - ed a - side, thy be-
schauen? Wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt,..... wo hat sich dein

Whither is thy be - - lov - ed turn - - - - - - - ed a - side, thy be-
Wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt,..... wo hat sich dein

Whither is thy be - - lov - ed
Wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge -

*mf*

Digitized by Google

- - - - - - ed a - side, thy be - lov - ed turn'd a - side?
..... wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt?

lov - ed turn - ed a - side, thy be - lov - ed turn - ed a - side?
Freund hin - ge - wandt..... wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt?

lov - ed turn - ed a - side, thy be - lov - ed turn - ed a - side?
Freund, dein Freund hin - ge - wandt, wo hat sich dein Freund hin - ge - wandt?

turn - - - - ed a - side, thy be - lov - ed turn - ed a - side?
wandt,..... wo hat sich dein Freund hin - - ge - wandt?

*p*

**Alto Solo.**

Ah! my Lamb in ti - ger's clutch - - - - - - - - - es, in
Ach! mein Lamm in Ti - ger - klau - - - - - - - - - en, in

*p*

ti - ger's clutch - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - es!
Ti - ger - klau - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - en!

Ah! where is my..... Je - su gone? Ah! where is my
Ach! wo..... ist mein..... Je - sus hin? Ach! wo ist mein

Digitized by Google

Je - - su, my Je - su gone? Ah! where is my Je - su
Je - - sus, mein Je - sus hin? Ach! wo ist mein Je - sus

O! would we knew the way to
So wol - len wir mit dir ihn

Tutti.

gone?
hin?

O! would we knew the way to find .....
So wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - - - -

O! would we knew the way to find .....
So wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - - - - - - - - - - - -

O! would we knew the way to find .....
So wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

find ..... Him, would we knew the way to find Him.
su - - - - - - - - chen, wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - chen.

..... Him, O! would we knew the way to find Him, the way to find Him.
- - - - - chen, so wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - chen, mit dir ihn su - chen.

Him, O! would we knew the way to find ..... Him, to find Him.
chen, so wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - - - - - - chen, ihn su - chen.

.... Him, O! would we knew the way, O! would we knew the way to find Him.
- - - - - - chen, so wol - len wir mit dir, so wol - len wir mit dir ihn su - chen.

Digitized by Google

Alto Solo.

Ah! what.... shall I..... say to my soul, when she .... anx - ious - -
Aeh! was ..... soll ich ..... der See - le sa - gen, wenn sie ..... sich wird .....

p

- ly doth ask me: Ah! .....
- ängst - lich fra - gen: Ah! .....

.... where is my Je - su.... gone? Ah! where is my
..... wo.... ist mein Je - sus .... hin? Aeh! wo ist mein

Je - su, my Je - su gone, Ah! where is my Je - su gone?
Je - - sus, mein Je - sus hin, Aeh! wo ist mein Je - sus hin?

## No. 37. RECITATIVO. CORO I.

Evangelist.

And they that had laid hold on Je - sus, led Him a - way to the high
Die a - ber Je - sum gegrif - fen hat - ten, führ - ten ihn zu dem He - ham-

Piano-Forte.

Digitized by Google

the 'Society of Friends of Music" and its Singing Society. In the last character Vienna had had no opportunity to know him until the first Society concert; and although the waiting public received him coldly as he came to the director's desk, the ice was quickly broken by the performance of the *Eroica*. Even in the first movement, which Rubinstein took rather more moderately and broadly than was usual, there was but one voice in the hall about his talent for conducting; even to the minutest detail it showed the thinking and experienced musician. So too, in the second concert, Schubert's C-major Symphony was received in the same way, though many thought the Scherzo and Finale taken too fast. Of Handel's Coronation Hymns (George II., 1727) Nos. 1 and 4 were selected, the latter making the greatest impression. Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, like all the similar works of this master, enjoyed this time its usual effect; while, on the contrary, of Bach's Cantata: "Ein feste Burg," only the closing Chorale made its usual impression. Two *a capella* choruses were greatly applauded: a hearty Christmas Song in a popular style, and an Offertorium: *Non nobis Domine*, by Haydn. The latter, hitherto unknown, celebrated as it were its centenary resurrection, and made a surprising impression by its serious and lapidary character, so different from Haydn's usually cheerful style of writing. Both score and parts have just been published by Rieter-Biedermann, and this chorus (originally with organ accompaniment) will surely soon become domesticated in churches and in singing societies

"The first Philharmonic Concerts brought us a Symphony by Raff, entitled "*Im Walde*," whose weakness of invention is vainly covered by external effects; the public showed no liking for it. All the more noisily was Wagner's *Huldigungs-Marsch* received, which many strangely took for the *Kaiser-Marsch* and demanded a repetition. Concertmeister Heckmann from Leipzig played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto The excellent pianist, Sophie Menter, hardly recovered from a sickness, did not play Schumann's Concerto with her wonted ease. The *Anacreon* Overture, the seventh Symphony of Beethoven, and the music to *Rosamunde* (Schubert) were the remaining numbers of the two concerts.

"The Singakademie in its first concert produced, among other things, for the first time a Christmas Song, both text and music by Peter Cornelius, and repeated Handel's *Allegro ed il Penseroso*. On this occasion the Vienna Männergesangverein brought out Mendelssohn's 'Œdipus in Colonos,' the declamation and connecting poem being given by the best talents of the Burg theatre." These are but a few of the concerts reported of.

The operas given up to Dec. 15 were: *Rienzi* (Wagner) 6 times; *Romeo, Domino noir, Faust, L'Africaine*, 5 times each; *Tannhäuser, Don Juan, Lohengrin, Mignon, Meistersinger*, 4 times each; *Fra Diavolo, Euryanthe, Prophète, Favorita, Norma*, "Flying Dutchman," *Trovatore, Judith*, "Marriage of Figaro," 3 times each. Fourteen other operas were given once or twice. Wagner had the most evenings (21); then Meyerbeer, 11; Gounod, 10; Mozart, 9; Auber, 9; Weber and Donizetti, 5 each; Thomas and Verdi, 4 each. The other composers (Gluck, Adam, Flotow, Halevy, Marschner, Boieldieu, Beethoven) had to content themselves with one, two or three evenings.

---

COLOGNE.—Through the performance of Handel's *Theodora* the fifth Gürzenich concert became the most interesting of the season, and in the general opinion the finest. The principal singers were: In the part of Theodora, Frau Bellingrath-Wagner; Irene (Contralto), Frau Joachim; Valens (Bass), Herr Krolop of Berlin; Septimius (Tenor), Herr Wagner of Cologne. Ferdinand Hiller, who conducted, had with a discreet hand (says the *Signale*) given the work the livelier coloring of a modern instrumentation. (See Hiller's description of the Oratorio on another page).

---

LEIPZIG. The 10th Gewandhaus Concert (Dec. 21) offered: Overture to "Manfred," by Reinecke; Aria from the opera "*Der Haideschacht*," by F. von Holstein, sung by Frau Peschka-Leutner; Beethoven's Concerto in G, played by Herr Wellenstein of Frankfort; Symphony (No. 1, in C) by S. Jadassohn; Songs: ("Das Maiglöcklein," by Reinecke, "Du bist die Ruh," Schubert, and "Ich wandre nicht," Schumann; Rondo Brillant for piano and orchestra, Mendelssohn; and Overture to *Der Freyschütz*, this being the fiftieth anniversary of its first performance in Leipzig.

The concert of Chamber Music (Dec. 4), by Reinecke, David, Röntgen, &c., presented Beethoven's string Quintet in C minor, op. 104; Trio in B flat, op. 52, by Rubinstein; and Schubert's Octet for strings, with clarinet, bassoon and horn.

—At the Euterpe Concert of the next day were given: Schumann's Overture to Schiller's "Bride of Messina;" Aria from Gluck's *Orpheus* (Frl. Minna Borée); Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (Concert-meister Rich. Himmelstoss of Breslau); Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony; Songs by von Holstein and Taubert; Romance for the violin (first time), by B. Scholz.

The operas given at the Stadt-Theatre in December were: "Oberon," "Flying Dutchman," "Zampa," "Huguenots," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "Tannhäuser;" Kreutzer's "Nachtlager von Granada;" Halevy's "Jewess;" the "Meister-singer;" "Der Freyschütz," and Gounod's "Faust."

For the 11th Gewandhaus Concert (Jan. 1) the programme was: Overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart; Aria from Spohr's *Faust*, sung by Frl. von Hasselt-Barth of Coburg; Unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Introduction and *Rondo brillant* (op. 70, B minor) by Schubert, arranged for solo violin and orchestra by David, and the solo played by him; Songs by Schubert and Mozart; *Sarabande* and *Tambourin* for violin and figured bass, by Léclair, arranged with piano accompaniment and played by Concertmaster David;—Part II. Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Leopold Auer played Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto, and pieces by Paganini, Bechrich, and himself. He was warmly applauded. Mdlle. Hänisch, from Dresden, sang a cavatina from Rossini's *Semiramide*, and songs by Schubert and Bach, without creating any particular sensation. The orchestral pieces were symphony D minor, Schumann; overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; and overture to *Richard III*, Volkmann; the last was new here.

---

HAMBURG. The next novelty at the Stadttheater will be a grand five-act opera, with ballet, entitled *Cantarini*. The libretto is by Herr M. C. Lindau, and the music by Mr. Henry Hugh Pierson, who has resided for some years in Stuttgart.

---

DRESDEN. A new opera, *Hermione*, by Herr Max Bruch, has been accepted at the Royal Operahouse.

DUSSELDORF. At the fourth concert given by the General Musical Association, the programme comprised the overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; a "Rhapsody," Brahms (Madame Joachim); Concerto in G major, Beethoven (Madame Clara Schumann); Pianoforte Solos, Schumann, Gluck, and Mendelssohn; Songs, Schumann, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann.

---

STUTTGART. A new opera, *Dornröschen* (*The Sleeping Beauty*), words by Herr Pasqué, music by Herr Gottfried von Linder, has been produced with unequivocal success. Though the libretto is entitled romantic, everything takes place according to the regular laws of nature, as in *La Dame Blanche*, the well-known story being simply related. The music is among the best new music heard on the stage for some time, and, considering it is a first effort, augurs well for the future career of the young composer. Herr Breon, Herr Schütky, and Mdlle. Tolini, representatives of the three principal parts, acquitted themselves admirably; so did the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Abert.

VIENNA. M. Anton Rubinstein lately gave a grand concert. Among the audience were the Abbate Franz Liszt, and Herr Hans von Bülow. M. Rubinstein's opera, *Feramors*, will be produced at the Royal Operahouse.

---

FRANKFORT-ON-THE MAINE. On the 3d inst., Weber's *Der Freischütz* was played here for the 250th time. It was preceded by a *Festspiel*, written in honor of the occasion.

---

PARIS The programme for the Conservatoire Concerts of Jan. 7 and 14 was the same: 1. Symphony in D, Beethoven; 2. Fragment from "*La Damnation de Faust*," Berlioz (including Air of Mephistopheles, by M. Caron; Chorus of Gnomes and Sylphs; Ballet of Sylphs; Recitative; Chorus of soldiers and song of students); 3. Midsummer Night's Dream music, Mendelssohn. The Berlioz pieces were encored, as they were also in M. Pasdeloup's Popular Concert of the same week, of which the programme was this: March by Meyerbeer; Beethoven's C-minor Symphony; "Menuet des Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes" from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*; Serenade for violin, alto and 'cello, Beethoven; Overture to *Oberon*, Weber.

For his concert of the week following M. Pasdeloup offered: Symphony in B flat, Haydn; Air from the Ballet "Prometheus," Beethoven; Marche Héroïque, Saint-Saens; Beethoven's Septuor (with all the strings); Overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, Méhul.—For Jan. 21st: Marche funèbre, in memory of Henri Regnault (first time), by Lenepveu; Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony; Intermezzo, Lachner; Quintet in A, Mozart; Overture to *Leonore*, Beethoven.

---

BERLIN. *Dec.* 9. Symphony Soirée of the Royal Orchestra: Overture ("*Namensfeier*"), op. 115, Beethoven; Symphony in E flat, Haydn; Dance of Furies and of Blessed Spirits from Gluck's *Orpheus*; Unfinished Symphony by Schubert; Overture: "*Weihe des Hauses*," op. 124, Beethoven.—Subscription Concert of Deppe's Sinfonie-Capelle: Overture to "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Aria from Handel's "Semele" (Frl. Borée, of Leipzig); Spohr's 11th Violin Concerto; Beethoven's 9th Symphony with Chorus.

*Dec.* 15. Bach's Mass in B minor, at the Singakademie.

*Dec.* 22. Fourth Symphony Soirée of the Royal Orchestra: Beethoven's 1st Symphony, in C; Overture to "Ali Baba," Cherubini; Ov. to "Euryanthe," Weber; C-major Symphony, Mozart.

At the Royal Opera, Dec. 25–31: Weber's *Freyschütz*, Gounod's *Macbeth*, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Wagner's *Meistersinger*, Mendelssohn's *Antigone* music, Mozart's *Don Juan*.

---

## London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Handel's *Deborah*, revived on Dec. 10, 1869, was repeated yesterday week to the satisfaction of a numerous audience. Unquestionably there are vitality and power in this work such as the composer could hardly have imagined when, stimulated by the unexpected success of his first oratorio, *Esther*, he used up a lot of old matter and produced his second. In 1763, Handel wanted money to carry out a desperate operatic enterprise, and the construction of *Deborah* shows that he knew how to subordinate art to the exigencies of a failing treasury. Perhaps no more conspicuous example of musical book-making exists. Out of fifteen choruses ten are adapted from the Hamburg *Passion*, the *Coronation Anthems*, and the *Dixit Dominus*, composed at Rome; while the airs, with one or two exceptions, show more regard for *ad captandum* effects than for genuine merit. There is, indeed, reason to conclude that the master regarded *Deborah* as a *pièce d'occasion*. Otherwise, he would not have given the parts of Barak and Sisera to a couple of male altos, because he happened to have them in his company: nor would he have omitted tenor airs altogether, because, at the moment, he kept no tenor vocalist in pay.

It will not do, then, to look at *Deborah* from the stand-point of high artistic purport. Handel was no hero when putting it together; but simply a man who wanted to turn an honest penny by humoring what seemed the passing fancy of the public. Yet, even so, he could not help producing music for all time. When twitted with the long days spent upon his *Creation*, Haydn answered that the work was meant to last; and we know that it is the things of slow growth which endure. Handel could be independent of those natural laws. If he blew a bubble to give momentary pleasure, it hardened into a crystal sphere by contact with the breath of his genius. There is music in *Deborah*, no matter whence it came, able to atone for greater faults than we have pointed out—music of the noblest character, genuine Handelian thunderbolts. But in what work of importance by the same hand do not these excellencies appear? Therefore, while giving the Sacred Harmonic Society credit, because of the revival of *Deborah*, we should be glad to know that other revivals are at hand. *Theodora*, the last but one of Handel's oratorios, and the pet child of his old age has recently commended itself to the music-lovers of Cologne, while London amateurs know no more of it than "Angels ever bright and fair" or "He saw the lovely youth." Here, at all events, is a reproach which the society would do itself honor by wiping away.

Digitized by Google

The performance of *Deborah* gave just satisfaction, inasmuch as the choruses, with hardly an instance to the contrary, were rendered vigorously and well. To name all the successes would be to go through the concerted pieces number by number. Enough, therefore, if we single out for special praise "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," "O, blast, with thy tremendous brow," "See the proud Chief," and the finale, "Let our glad songs." These are masterpieces, and in a masterly manner they were performed. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington did all that was possible with the thankless part of Deborah, whom neither the librettist nor the composer shows to advantage. Her delivery of the invocation, "By that adorable decree," was marked by appropriate dignity; while "Choirs of angels all around Thee," and "In Jehovah's awful sight," received fitting treatment at the hands of this favorite artist. Miss Elton gave the music of Barak with spirit enough to atone for the incongruous association of a military hero and a women's voice. She was much applauded after "All danger disdaining," as well as after "In the battle fame pursuing," to the success of which, however, Mr. James Coward's organ *obbligato* greatly contributed. Thanks to Sir M. Costa, Sisera was presented by a tenor, Mr. Kerr Gedge, for whom the recitatives and air, "At my feet extended low," had been adapted. Mr. Gedge sang carefully, and thus helped to make the absence of a second hero with a woman's voice additionally acceptable. The two airs of Abinoam were given by Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose delivery of "Tears such as tender fathers shed," gained the chief honor by winning the only encore of the evening. A word in praise of the song would be superfluous, and we can hardly go further in praise of the singer than when we state that he did justice to his theme. Mrs. Sidney Smith and Mr. Smythson undertook the subordinate solo parts, and Sir M. Costa conducted, earning double honor by being also the author of discreetly written and effective "additional accompaniments."—*Times*.

Crystal Palace. The fourth Concert contained among other points of interest two novelties at these concerts, namely Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, and Reinecke's Notturno, for horn and orchestra; the overtures were "*Idomeneo*" (Mozart), and "*Leonora*," No 3 (Beethoven); and the Symphony Mozart's in G minor. The novelties were only remarkable for the exercise of memory shown by Mr. Dannreuther, who played the Liszt concerto without the book. As music there is nothing to be said in its favor. It is a mere chaos and formless void, with here and there a glimmer of the potential light which never fully comes. Mr Dannreuther achieved plenty of *tours de force*, and his playing generally was in excess of the intelligence of the composition. Reinecke's Notturno for horn and orchestra has nothing specially objectionable about it, and equally nothing specially meritorious. The master pieces of Mozart and Beethoven were admirably performed and served to sandwich the German novelties perfectly. Mdme. Bentham Fernandez and Mr. Bentham were the vocalists, and sang extracts from "*Don Giovanni*," "*Le Nozze*," and "*Il Trovatore*" with every grace of expression.—*Orchestra, Feb.* 2.

Monday Popular Concerts.—On Saturday the 400th concert of the series was celebrated in a worthy fashion. Besides the usual quartet, appeared Mme. Goddard as pianist and Mr. Sims Reeves as singer. The room was naturally crowded. The chief piece was Mozart's D major quintet, with Mme. Néruda, MM Straus, Ries, Piatti and Zerbini: the closing quartet was that in B minor by Mendelssohn. Mme. Goddard, who played Handel's 'Suite de Pièces" in E major, including the "Harmonious Blacksmith," was encored as a matter of course; and Mr. Sims Reeves's fate in "Adelaide" was equally easy to predict. On Monday Mme. Arabella Goddard reappeared for the purpose of offering a tribute to the memory of Dussek, whose sonata in C minor (one of the three dedicated to Clementi) held the place of honor on the programme. It was a first performance. The composition is in three movements—a bold opening allegro with good contrasts of episodical subjects—an interesting adagio marked by tender and pathetic melody and containing clever modulations—and an animated rondo, wherein the brilliancy of the themes affords every opportunity for a pianist like Mme Goddard. The whole work is admirably laid out—the form is perfect, yet the composer's genius shows itself unconstrained. It need not be added that the execution was all that those acquainted with the artist were entitled to expect—a finished performance, in short. This sonata will be heard again with increased interest. Mozart's sonata in B flat for piano and violin brought the two ladies together.

Schumann's string quartet in A minor and Hummel's well known D minor septet made up the instrumental programme, the latter taking in Mme. Goddard (pianoforte), MM Radcliffe (flute), Barret (oboe), Paquis (corno), Sharp (viola), Piatti (violoncello), and Reynolds (double bass). The vocalist was Mr. Bentham, who sang Glock's "Sin dall' età," and Schobert's "Evening Breezes" in a thoroughly praiseworthy manner. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied with customary delicacy.—*Ibid*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 24, 1872.

## Chamber Music.

[The brevity of several of these notices is owing to the fact that we wrote them for our last number, while our space was growing "beautifully less," and they failed to gain admission after all.]

Ernst Perabo's third Matinée (Feb. 2) offered a more interesting programme than before. Beethoven's short Sonata in two movements (op. 78, F sharp major), one of his most unique and beautiful, was very finely played, saving a tendency to hurry in the fiery first Allegro. Mr. Perabo's arrangement for two hands of the Andante from Norbert Burgmüller's unfinished Symphony, op. 11, grew in interest as it went on. A Prelude and Minuet by Krause, op. 13, had more of life and individuality than the preceding specimens of that composer. A four-hand arrangement (played with Mr. Lang) of the heretofore unknown "Tragic Symphony," in C minor, by Schubert, in four movements, which is by no means comparable to the great one in C major, made a very agreeable impression; the slow movement has a deep and tender beauty. We sympathize to a great extent, however, with those who ask: "Why play *arrangements*, when there is so much fine music written for the piano which we have not heard?" Besides, four hands on the piano give a very vague idea of a Symphony which one has not heard already from the orchestra.

Very much to our regret we had to lose Mr. Perabo's fourth and last Matinée, with the most interesting programme of them all. We look to Mr. Perabo alone among our concert-givers for a hearing of that last of Beethoven's Sonatas, of which he has made a special and a very earnest study; and strange as the work is, he always interests his audience with it. The *Advertiser* says:

Mr. Perabo's Fourth and Last Matinee Concert was given at the Wesleyan Hall yesterday afternoon in the presence of a fine audience. The programme was of unusual interest, including two numbers which were heard in Boston for the first time. The concert opened with Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 111, which was rendered in a very thoughtful and zealous, if not imaginative, style. The *serenata* from Bennett's Sonata, op 13, and the *gavotte* by Auguste Dupont, from "*Trois Danses dans le Style ancien*," which were given by Mr. Perabo at one of his earlier concerts, were repeated by request, and it gives us pleasure to say that Mr. Perabo improved greatly upon his former rendering of the serenata, making a great advance in the delicacy of his treatment. Four of a set of *praeludien*, by Friedrich Gernsheim, op. 2, compositions new to this city, made up together the third number of the programme. They proved to be bright and interesting little *morceaux*, the fifth and sixth especially being full of what the Germans call "fresh life," and they lost none of their interest under Mr. Perabo's vigorous hands. The great feature of the concert, however, was a symphony in B flat major by Schubert, composed in 1815, arranged for four hands by Hugo Ulrich, and, in that form only, just published in Leipsic. The symphony was in four movements: a. *Allegro;* b. *Andante con moto;* c. *Menuetto;* d. *Finale—Allegro vivace;* and it was finely performed by Mr. Perabo. Without attempting any analysis of so extended a work we may say that it was of great interest throughout and that its second and fourth movements were peculiarly beautiful and inspiring. The *Allegro* abounded in pure and strongly-defined melody, but was more like a movement from a sonata than from a symphony; and on first impression it seemed as if the Menuetto might have been written by any well-instructed composer. But the Andante and the Finale were noble in their strength and breadth of style, and impressed alike by the richness and suggestiveness of their melodies and by the warmth and fullness of their harmonies.

Mendelssohn's Birthday was celebrated on Saturday evening, Feb. 3, by the Quintette Club which bears his name, at the house of Mr. Thomas Ryan. A goodly number of the old friends of the Club were present as invited guests; the adornments of the rooms were in the highest degree æsthetic and appropriate; the whole sphere and spirit of the place in triumphant contrast to the bitter storm that raged without; and the music (all from Mendelssohn) was most choice, fraught with dear associations with the first days of the Club (founded in 1849), and all executed *con amore*, Mr. Lang taking the part set down to Mr. Parker, whom the storm detained.

Quartet, No. 1.
Duet: "O wert thou in the cauld blast."
Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Sawyer.
Andante and variations for Piano and Violoncello, op. 17.
Messrs. Lang and Fries.
"Song. "Zuleika."
Mrs. Weston.
Songs without words, for Piano.
J. C. D. Parker.
Quintet in B flat, op 87.

---

Miss Anna Mehlig has given a second series of three Piano-forte Recitals in Mechanics' Hall, before audiences of the same appreciative character, if not quite so large in number as before (that was not to be expected), yet increasing from concert to concert. The first occurred on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 7, offering perhaps the finest programe of either series. It began with Beethoven's "*Sonata appassionata*" (op. 57, F minor), as some publisher has named it. It is full of fire and passion to be sure, both in the opening and the final Allegro with its wild fugue-like impetuosity, and of deep, solemn, tranquil feeling in the Andante and its thoughtful variations. Miss Mehlig was soon absorbed in the spirit of the music, and through all its phases of expression did rare justice to the work. For all its strength and all its delicacy she was in feeling, in understanding and in technical ability prepared. One reads this in her look and action, as well as in the tones struck out or flowing from her fingers.

Then came a great piano work by Bach, which had been played in one of the Symphony Concerts by Miss Krebs: the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. Admirably as it was then brought out, with what seemed perfect clearness and precision, the present rendering made it still more beautiful; for to those qualities Miss Mehlig added a more subtle and poetic charm. Our only question was whether those great mountain chains of full chords, which alternate with the wonderful fragmentary recitative of the first part, had better be run both up and down in *arpeggio* phrases, as Miss Mehlig played them, and according to what we understand to be the traditional way; or whether they would not stand in grander contrast with the recitative by being built up solidly from base to summit without the descending process. The loveliness of the Fugue, in F major, was made quite appreciable to all, however slight their technical acquaintance with the Fugue principle and form.

The *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, No. 1 of Op. 33, in A minor, one of the most fresh, original and beautiful of his smaller creations, was a charming piece to follow. And Schubert's quaint, half-playful, piquant *Impromptu* in B flat—Andante with ingenious, fascinating Variations, was "recited" to a charm. Three little pieces by Schumann followed fitly: first, a Romanza in F sharp; then two of the most characteristic of the *Waldscenen*, so fragrant of the woods, namely: "The bird as prophet" and the "Hunting Song," of which we spoke not long ago when Mr. Leonhard played them. They were most welcome again, and suffered nothing in the execution, though somewhat in their isolation from the charmed circle of the dozen little pieces. The familiar Chopin Polonaise in A flat, played with a superb fire and freedom, closed a concert that was thoroughly enjoyed.

The second Recital (Saturday, Feb. 10) offered these selections:

Digitized by Google

| | |
|---|---|
| Fantasie and Sonata. | Mozart. |
| a. Allegretto | Haydn. |
| b. Impromptu. A flat | Schubert. |
| c. Caprice | Mendelssohn. |
| Etude Symphonique | Schumann. |
| Impromptu. A flat | Chopin. |
| Gnomenreigen | Seeling. |
| Barcarolle | Rubinstein. |
| Valse | " |
| Tannhaeuser Marsch | Liszt. |

The best known of Mozart's piano works, perhaps, the Fantasia in C minor, with its great length, so apt to prove fatiguing in a public performance, and still requiring the Sonata in three movements for its completion, was a pretty good test of the pianist's power of keeping the interest alive throughout a very long and (many would say) somewhat faded classic of our school days. That the work at every point is beautiful, poetic, full of meaning, every one knows who ever studied it in the right moment by himself; but it is a dangerous task for any but an artist of the first rank in a concert room. Miss Mehlig met its full requirements. The little Rondo of Haydn blazed up as cheerfully after it, as the sudden rekindling of the fire upon the hearth after you have long sat musing while the room grew dark; and that whole triplet of little pieces was most charming, the artist entering fully into the mood of each.

Of Schumann's "*Etude Symphonique, en forme de variations*,"—one of his earlier, but decidedly one of his very greatest pianoforte works—we had occasion to speak once before, some five years ago, when it was played for the first time here by Mr. Perabo in a Symphony Concert. We do not remember that it has ever been played here again until now. Schumann takes for his theme a very pregnant, grand and solemn melody in C sharp minor, invented by an amateur, and first states it with an almost orchestral breadth of harmony, in a style most grandiose and impressive. Then he proceeds to develop and bring out all its hidden meaning in a series of twelve remarkable "variations," or rather transformations,—such variations as Beethoven sometimes wrote; for each one is a marvellous surprise, a positive addition to the thought, although the outlines of the original theme are always discernible and bind the whole together. There is great contrast in them; they traverse a wide range of shifting moods and fancies, with a deep feeling always underlying; and the series concludes with a powerful march, which is worked out at length as if with an inexhaustible momentum. Very few piano compositions (which *mean* anything) are nearly as difficult, and so tax the whole strength as well as finer faculties of the performer. Miss Mehlig's rendering was a signal triumph both in execution and poetic reproduction.

The other pieces were all made as interesting as need be in their several ways; the "Dances of the Gnomes" by Seeling (whoever he may be) being a pretty fancy; the Rubinstein *Barcarolle* quite true to its title; while in the Minstrels' March to the Contest, from *Tannhäuser*, Liszt shows his great gift for transcription in a unique and most successful manner.

Monday afternoon, Feb. 12, brought the series to a close which seemed too speedy. Here is the programme as printed:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, D minor. Op. | Beethoven. |
| Præludium and Fugue, G minor, for the Organ. Arranged for Piano by Liszt. | Bach. |
| Nachtstueck | Schumann. |
| Toccata | " |
| Waldesrauschen, Elfenreigen and Ave Maria, Etudes de Concert | Liszt. |
| Soirees de Vienne | Tausig. |
| Scherzo, B minor | Chopin. |

The Beethoven Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2,—sometimes associated with Shakspeare's "Tempest"—was interpreted with a fine and true poetic feeling. Technical finish, light and shade, &c., are presupposed in all this lady's renderings. The great Organ Fantasia and Fugue of Bach in G minor, as transcribed by Liszt, was no novelty to those who had heard Miss Mehlig during the two past years. Yet it can never be other than new and grand and inexhaustible, however many times one hears it played in such consummate style. After this gigantic work, another followed: a repetition, by request, of the "*Etudes Symphoniques*," instead of the two less important Schumann pieces set down in the programme. Of course on further acquaintance the audience were still more impressed by it, and the interpreter seemed almost to have improved upon her own admirable rendering.

The three pieces by Liszt were strange enough, and affected various listeners in widely different degrees of liking and dislike. The "*Waldesrauschen*" (which we suppose means the rush of the wind through the woods) was to us more wild and fearful than it was musical. The "*Elfenreigen*" (Dances of the Elves) had been played here by Miss Topp, and is a pretty fairy fancy. The *Ave Maria* had a certain as it were mystical monotony, keeping one a long time on the rack of expectation of something coming, which must have come while our thoughts were wool-gathering if it came at all.

Miss Mehlig will return next month to play in a couple of concerts to be given by Mr. Peck.

---

Mr. B. J. Lang began his second series of four Concerts, at the Globe Theatre again, on Thursday, Feb 14, at 3 P.M. The attendance was flattering both in character and numbers; the social and artistic atmosphere and the surroundings very pleasant. The programme consisted of three numbers, all classical and choice, and works of importance. He had the aid of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who contributed the opening piece, the genial and beautiful string Quartet by Mozart (No. 8) in F. It was impossible not to enjoy it, especially the slower second movement (*Allegretto*), although the four instruments had not established so perfect a mutual understanding as they might have done. There was a good deal of scrambling through the intricate mazes of the swift Finale. Next, for a Piano Solo, Mr. Lang played a very large and serious *Nocturne* by Chopin in C minor (op. 48), one very seldom heard in concert rooms, but one of the noblest and profoundest of them all in its deep mood of feeling. Beginning calmly, grandly, it is treacherously easy for a while; but as "the heart muses the fire burns," the music grows excited and more full of movement, offering strange problems for the fingers with no time to think how they may best be solved. Mr. Lang had no difficulty, however, and made all clear and effective to the end. To eke out its brevity he also played one of the most admired of Chopin's *Ballades* with rare grace and finesse.

The *pièce de resistance* was the second Piano Concerto of Beethoven, in B flat, op. 19, never played but once before in Boston, we believe, and then by Mr. Lang himself with orchestra in a Symphony Concert. This time he had for accompaniment a second piano (Mr. Sumner), the string Quartet (Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries), a Double Bass and a flute (Heindl). It is not one of Beethoven's three *great* Concertos; the step from this to No. 3, in C minor, is about as wide as that from the second to the Heroic Symphony. The first movement (*Allegro con brio*), with a long orchestral introduction, is a little thin and commonplace for Beethoven, but genial and Mozartish, and summed up with a good deal of effect in the *Cadenza* by Moscheles, and Mr. Lang made the most of it. The *Adagio*, with its wealth of delicate florid embellishments was rendered with the utmost evenness and fluency; and the piquant Rondo (*Allegro molto*), 6-8 measure, was made as bright and crisp as possible. It was an admirable rendering throughout.

Mr. Lang's second concert will be on Thursday, Feb. 29, the programme consisting of Beethoven's String Quartet in F minor, No. 7; four Nocturnes by Schumann, op. 23; and Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, op. 58, for Piano and Violoncello.

---

Nilsson Opera. The Swedish singer with all her fascination is again with us,—only for these two weeks, and, sad to say, upon a Farewell visit! The operas this week have been *Mignon* (first time), *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia*, and *Trovatore*; and "Mignon" will be repeated, there is no need to tell, *this afternoon*. Of the brilliant success of the opening night, and Nilsson's most unique and marvellously beautiful and touching impersonation, both in voice and action, of Mignon we must speak next time, for now we go to press too early on account of the Nation's Holiday.

---

Robert Franz. The concert to be given by Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg, in honor of this noble song composer and interpreter of Bach and Handel, will take place next Saturday evening, March 2, at the beautiful Mechanics' Hall in Bedford Street. Tickets, at $2,00, sold privately. Programme of the very choicest.

---

George L. Osgood. Under the head "Music Abroad" will be found an account of our young Boston Tenor's first concert, given in Vienna, and with marked success. For four years and a half he has been studying hard in Germany and Italy, and is now beginning to show the fruits. On the 27th ult. Mr. Osgood was to sing in the Singakademie at Halle, at the personal request of Robert Franz, who esteems him as a singer admirably qualified to give the true expression to his songs. (Mr. Otto Dresel, still in Leipzig, was to go over to play his accompaniments). On the 6th Feb. he was to sing in Hamburg in the first production of the Franz arrangement of Handel's "*L' Allegro ed il Penseroso*;" and again in the Hamburg Philharmonic Concert an Aria and songs. Afterwards in Dresden, Berlin, Breslau, &c. People in Germany seem to be astonished that "an American" should become a German "*Liedersaenger*."

After a brief stay in London, Osgood will probably return to us next summer, and be of great service to us in the Oratorios and nobler kinds of concerts.

---

Wagner in Italy. The letter from Florence on the first pages of this paper comes to us from a distinguished source: Madame Laussot, who is the soul and actual conductress of the "Cherubini Society," of whose doings we have given some accounts from time to time. Her views are well expressed and entitled to high consideration. But we may question whether she has rightly guessed the secret of the interest which the Italians have begun to feel in Wagner. We do not think the Italians are any fresher and more open to new manifestations of genius than the Germans; nor are the latter any more, nor half so much the slaves of theories and of traditions, as the former. Is it not rather due to that sensationalism, that eagerness for new "effects," &c., to which the Italians have been so long educated through their own Verdi and the like?"

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, Feb. 12.—The representation of three really *good* operas (two of which are new to most of us) in one week, is certainly a subject for congratulation, and this is what the Parepa-Rosa troupe has done, besides giving us three works of ordinary merit.

"La Gazza Ladra," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Water-Carrier"—all are so beautiful that I can only make use of the expression once applied to Dickens' novels, and say, "the best is the one I last heard."

First in order came "La Gazza Ladra," an opera which, though it is performed in Paris, has not been given, I believe, in New York, for twenty years. The lively, but somewhat absurd story, on which the Libretto is founded, can be traced back to a French drama "La Pie Voleuse," which, it is said, caught the eye of Paer, who thought he would like to set it to music; but cruel Rossini, learning of this, coolly sat down, scribbled for a day or two, after his usual manner, and created a work which ranks with "Wm. Tell" [?] and the immortal "Barber." If the work itself is new to us, not so the beautiful overture which every one knows as well as the old story of the young man in the pit [query: was his name José?] at Mi-

lan, who was so irritated by the roll of the drums, in the opening, that he swore he would have the composer's blood, and went about for days with a stiletto in the hope of meeting him.

The opera was given here in four acts, with Mrs. Van Zandt as Ninetta. She sang well, and gained much applause, particularly in the famous cavatina: "Di piacer mi balza il cor." The opera also contains some charming music for the contralto, which was agreeably rendered by Mrs. Seguin, who pleased also by her acting, a point in which most of the troupe fail.

One of the finest numbers is the magnificent *preghiera* in the first act: "Ah nume benefico," which is suggestive of Mozart. Mr. Rosa deserves the gratitude of the public for giving us this admirable work. By all means let us hear more of it.

Next came Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," which was sung with the usual abridgement of the last act, Mme. Parepa, of course, taking the role of Susanna, and, as there are so many beautiful numbers in which she takes part, this evening was perhaps the most enjoyable of all.

This brings us to the "Water-Carrier," the analysis of which was recently published in your columns This noble work (and here again Mr. Rosa should be thanked) was produced last Saturday evening. One hearing of such a work can convey but a faint idea of its merits, although the overture and one of the *entr'actes* are not new to me.

No better interpretation could be desired than that which Mme. Rosa gave to such music as fell to her share, and in her only solo she was most heartily encored.

Some fault might be found with the chorus, and the want of a good tenor was painfully apparent in this, as in all the representations during the week. The orchestra was too loud, thus marring the effect of the first number (Savoyard's Song, G minor), but this is apt to be the case. The other representations given during the week, were: "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Maritana," and (Saturday Matinée) "The Bohemian Girl."

The audience was good throughout the week, and at the matinée, the house was literally crammed.—Query,—If a more namby-pamby opera than the "Bohemian Girl" could be written, would a building like the Boston Colosseum be large enough to contain the crowds of delighted hearers it would attract?

Leaving the Academy it is but a few steps to a dimly lighted room, at one end of which we descry two grand pianos. This also is well-filled, and the crowd extends far out into the great Hall which opens behind it. Here there is such hushed and breathless attention to the music that we might imagine ourselves at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, were it not for the absence of that frequent and quick murmur of approbation, during the performance of a *morceau*, which does more to encourage the artist than the solid round of applause which follows.

It is the second of those agreeable matinées at Steinway's which I mentioned in my last letter. Here is the programme:

Trio. F major, op. 80........................Schumann.
Messrs. Mills, Sarasate and Bergner.
Cavatina. "Betly"..............................Donizetti.
Mrs. Philip D. Gulager.
Fantasie. On Gounod's "Faust"..............Sarasate.
Senor Sarasate.
Duo. Sonate in A, op. 69.....................Beethoven.
Mr. S. B. Mills and Mr. F. Bergner.
Fantasie. "Midsummer Night's Dream"........F. Liszt.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Song. "Love Dreams," (with Violin Obligato.) .Duchauer.
Mrs. Philip D. Gulager and Senor Sarasate.
Malancolie.............................................Prume.
Senor Sarasate.
Duo for two Pianos. Rondo, C major..............Chopin.
Mr. Wm. F. Mills and Mr. S. B. Mills.

* Schumann's noble Trio and the Beethoven Duo were executed in a masterly manner, as might have been expected.

Signor Sarasate gained much applause in his *piece de resistance* (Fantaisie on Faust) and played for encore, a lovely cradle song (violin and piano). The other solo pieces I did not hear. The well-known Rondo in C major which ended the programme was well played. How wonderfully beautiful it is no one who has ever heard it need be told.

The Onslow Quintette Soirée is announced for tomorrow evening at Chickerings, and Santley will sing in "Zampa" this evening. Some of the papers naively hope that "his previous success in the concert room will be confirmed in the more trying ordeal of of Opera."

A. A. C.

---

CAIRO. M. Reyer, the well-known musical critic who had gone to Egypt expressly in order to be present at the first representation of Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, sends a long account of the new work by the author of the *Trovatore* to the *Journal des Débats*. After having been present at three performances, and after a careful study of the score, M. Reyer is of opinion that Verdi's new opera is "a very remarkable and interesting work, certain to be appreciated in France as well as in Italy." Verdi, M. Reyer thinks, has made decided progress.

"Certainly the old Verdi still survives; we find him, in *Aida*, with his exaggerations, his sharp oppositions, his negligencies of style, and his wildness (*emportemens*). But another Verdi, touched with Germanism, also manifests himself, with a clever manner, with a science and tact of which we did not think him capable; with all the artifices of fugue and counterpoint, coupling tones with rare ingenuity, breaking the old forms of melody, even those of his own preference, . . . giving to the accompaniment more interest, often more importance than the melody itself. . . . Those who know the abrupt nature and the undisciplined character of the Italian master will see something more and something better than vague promises for the future in the aspirations and tendencies which *Aida* reveals."

The manner in which the libretto of *Aida* was written is somewhat curious. M. Mariette, the celebrated Egyptologist, first wrote the story in French prose; it was then turned into French verse, by M. Camille du Lode, and finally put into Italian verse by Signor Ghislanzoni. The scene of action is at Memphis and Thebes, at the "time of the power of the Pharaohs"—not a very precise date, as M. Reyer remarks. The curtain rises on the garden of the king's palace at Memphis. The high priest, Ramphis, enters to announce to Rademès, Captain of the Royal Guard, that the Ethiopians are in revolt, and threaten to invade the valley of the Nile. The sacred Isis has been consulted, and has named the warrior who is to repel the foe. Radamès mentally hopes that he may be the leader chosen by the deity to save his country, in order that he may be allowed to wed Aide, the favorite slave of his royal master. He is unaware that Aida is really the daughter of the king of Ethiopia, whom he hopes to help to conquer, and that Amneris, her mistress, is in love with himself. It is soon announced by the King that the choice of the deity has fallen on Ramadès, who is solemnly invested with the sacred armor in the temple of Vulcan (*sic*). The solemn scene in the temple, with mystic dances and religious hymns, is said by M. Reyer to be one of the most successful, as well as one of the most highly colored, of the whole opera. The second act opens in a saloon in the palace of the Princess Amneris. Here Aida, led on by the kindness of her mistress, confesses her love for Radamès. A violent scene of jealousy takes place, which is broken off by the return of Radamès in triumph, after a victory over the father of the unfortunate Aida. This return of Radamès is of course the occasion of a splendid procession, which is closed by a group of Ethiopian prisoners, amid whom is Amonasro, the father of Aida. The king gives his daughter Amneris to Radamès, as a recompense for his success. The next scene shows us Amonasro begging his daughter to steal from her lover the secret of his plans against the Ethiopians, who have again risen in revolt. Aida promises, hoping to be able to fly to her own land with her father and lover. She obtains the secret from Ramadès, who is at once surprised and denounced by Amneris. The last scene shows Radamès and Aida in prison, both condemned to die. The curtain falls on their lamentations and hopes of meeting in another world.

M. Reyer can find no words sufficient to express his admiration for the scenery and costume, both of which have been executed under the superintendence of Mariette-Bey, and are consequently of rigorous archæological exactitude. "The execution is excellent." In short, M. Reyer is in ecstasies; but, as he tells us that he has met with an excellent reception from the Khedive, we may perhaps ascribe some of his enthusiasm to the natural partiality of a musician for a Prince who brings out new operas on such a magnificent scale.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

---

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Annabel Lee. 4. E to e. *Leslie.* 40

" It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived that you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee."

The well-known lines by Poe, set to pretty music, with the appropriate "shiver" in the melody.

Mendie and the Blue bird. 2. C to d. *Hackleton.* 30

" Gay little blue-bird, up in the tree,
Merrily singing a song for me."

A beautiful little song for a girl or boy. As such songs are not over plenty, secure it for your juvenile friends.

Shall I win her if I woo her? 3. Bb to f. *Fernald.* 30

" Love was never deeper, truer,
Where the angel footsteps fell?"

Sweet song by an anxious lover. Anxious lovers will please notice the price and enclose;—will be sent, post-paid, &c.

Love is at the Helm. Barcarolle. 3. C to f. *Thomas.* 40

" By shores of chilling sadness,
Where sorrows overwhelm,
We'll glide in peaceful gladness,
For Love is at the helm!"

A Barcarolle or boat-song, with a very graceful, gliding movement. Composed for Santley.

There's a heart beating for somebody. 3. Eb to g. *McFarren.* 30

" Rainy and rough sets the day,
There's a heart beating for somebody."

The well-known beautiful words by Chas. Swain. One of the sweetest of "welcome home" songs.

**Instrumental.**

Elk's Galop. 3. F. *Wellman.* 40

Dedicated to the N. Y. Lodge, B. P. O. E., whatever that may be, and is spirited, pretty, easy, and brilliant, and has a handsome title.

Rays of Sunlight Galop. 3. Bb. *Fernald.* 40

Quite easy with the exception of the octave passages, and pretty throughout. Fine portrait of C. H. Phillips on the title.

Taubert's Cradle Song. 3. D. 30
Farfaletta Mazurka. 3. C. 30

are Nos. 25 and 27 of Kinkel's "Crystal Gems." The author has the happy tact of arranging music simply without spoiling it. Very good instructive pieces, as are the others of the set.

Stockton House Quadrille. 4. *H. Sanderson.* 60

Fine view of the great hotel mentioned above is on the title page. The Quadrille itself is massive, brilliant,—powerful,—in the characteristic style of the composer. Must be splendid when performed by a full band, for a large company of dancers, such as might be assembled in the great halls of the "Stockton."

The Rocky Mountains Waltzes. A Set of Waltzes for the Far West. 3. *Daly.* 40

Not the "Far West," as the "Rockies" are now somewhere near the centre of civilization. The waltzes are well put together, have a bright, metallic brilliancy, and most, in those regions so recently a wilderness, be agreeable substitutes for the music of the dances of our copper-colored brethren.

Six Recreations Enfantines. *Becker.*
No. 1. Rondino. 10
2. Sad Story. 10
3. Cuckoo's Galop. 10
4. Let us play Soldiers. 10
5 Hunting Song. 10
6. Evening Song. 20

They are about of the 3d degree of difficulty, and very correctly and "classically" composed. Will please teachers who need short and cheap pieces for young scholars, a little advanced in their studies.

**Books.**

THE OFFERTORIUM. A Complete Collection of Music for the Catholic Church. *Wm. O. Fiske.*
Cloth, $2.75; Boards, $2.50
Masses, Vespers, Anthems, Hymns for Offertory, Benediction, and all Special Occasions. A Requiem Mass, Holy Week Services, Responses, &c.

A large number of pieces, most of them having the recommendation of being not difficult, and within the reach of ordinary singers.

WILSON'S BOOK OF CHANTS. *Henry Wilson.* Organist at Christ Church, Hartford Conn.
Boards, $1.75; Cloth, 2.00

Includes many Chants which have been great favorites in Hartford, and will be, no doubt, wherever practised.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# A PAGE FULL OF POPULAR MUSIC,

Not by the Great Masters, but by men who understand the present needs of common singers, and who can feel the musical pulse of the public. Men who have the talent of making melodies simple and easy, but which are yet graceful and correct. Men, in short, who have the gift of creating the most salable kind of Music.

Any one of the Songs and Pieces below sent, post-paid, on receipt of retail price. Order of

**OLIVER DITSON & CO.,** BOSTON. OR **C. H. DITSON & CO.,** NEW YORK.

## *EDWIN CHRISTIE'S SONGS.*

ANGELS TOOK AWAY OUR DARLING. Song and Chorus. 3. C to e. 40
*Very beautiful Illustrated Title!* Group of Angels bearing a child.

"Angels took away our darling
We shall listen nevermore
To those merry little footsteps
That would meet us at the door."

Words by *Geo. Cooper.* Exceedingly well imagined, both in words and music.

THE MERRIEST GIRL IN THE VILLAGE. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. C to f. 40

"I'm the merriest girl in the village,
My heart is as free as the air,
And I live in the beautiful sunlight,
And have not a sorrow or care."

A very merry song, and *Beautiful Illustrated Title.* Croquet Scene, with the Merriest Girl in the foreground.

DOWN BY THE SEASIDE. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* Ballad and Chorus. 3. Eb to e. 40

"Down by the seaside sadly I weep,
Dreaming of days that are fled,
Still in my bosom sadly I keep
Hopes that are withered and dead."

Sad, but beautiful. *Illustrated Title.*

O, SHALL I EVER MEET THEM AGAIN. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* Song and Chorus. 3. G to f. 30

"I dream of my home though far o'er the deep,
Still do I sigh each weary step I go,
I think of my friends while sadly I weep
As soon my remain each heart that I know."

A pleasing reminiscence of home.

MAKE ME A JACKET OF PA'S OLD COAT. 2. F to f. 40
*Fine Illustrated Title.* Picture of the brave little fellow who wished to wear what had belonged to his soldier father.

"Mother, dear mother, you've weeping I know,
Tell me the reason I pray you, tell,
Always at twilight so weary you grow,
Tell your own darling who loves you so well."

The queer fancy of the boy is prettily expressed in the song, which has a fine melody and a good chorus.

LITTLE SISTER'S GONE TO SLEEP. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 2. G to e. 40
*Beautiful Illustrated Title.* Charming picture of a sleeping child, roses and angels, &c. Song and Chorus.

"Gone to yonder happy home,
Angels round her bed we weep,
Angels bade our darling come,
Little sister's gone to sleep."

Many songs of this affecting character have been written, but the better ones never cease to interest, and never should, since there can be nothing that will cause emotion sooner than Childhood, connected with Sleep, Death and Immortality.

THE ANGELS ARE COMING. Ballad and Chorus. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. G to e. 40
*Beautiful Illustrated Title.*

*Chorus.* "O bless me, dear mother, and weep not for me,
The beautiful home of the angels I see;
Sweet voices are calling and I must obey,
The angels are coming to show me the way."

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE LANE. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 2. C to d. 40
*Fine Illustrated Title.* Pretty picture of the pretty Schoolma'am, surrounded by her pupils, on the way to the District School-House.

"It stands beside the mossy way,
In sunny's dream again,
And still I hear it day by day,
The School-house in the Lane."

Has a good chorus, and a very agreeable melody.

OUT IN THE STORM. Words by *E. Fielding.* 2. D to d.
*Illustrated Title.* Snow storm, and those who are "out in the storm."

"Out in the street
Chorus on I roam,
Cared for by no one,
Left all alone."

Song and Chorus. Same general style as "Out in the Cold." Simple, affecting and pretty.

The above songs, with other good ones, also popular, as "Meet me Addie by the Oak tree," "The Little Church," "Dreaming ever fondly dreaming," agree in having the general merit of being easy to sing, in having pleasing melodies and good choruses. Their titles are of uncommonly pretty design.

## *W. F. WELLMAN'S SONGS.*

KISS THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* Song and Chorus. 3. F to g. 40
*Illustrated Title.* Portrait of Miss Bessie Ladlow.

"Still in pure delight I ponder,
While I dream of them and thee,
Don't forget, tho' far I wander,
Kiss the little ones for me."

A LITTLE AFTER EIGHT. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 2. F to d.

"I never shall forget the day
I met my darling true
The year was at the dewy May,
The birds were building too."

Miss Bessie Ladlow's face graces the title page, and her voice has contributed not a little to the popularity of this, as of the last song, and the one next noticed.

MOLLIE ADAIR. Portrait of Miss Ladlow on the Title. Song and Chorus. 3. G to g. 40

*Cho.*—"I dream of my darling, wherever I go,
She's fair as the lily and pure as the snow,
As bright as the dew-drops in sunlight so fair,
My darling, my angel, my Mollie Adair."

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE, TILL TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. F to f. 30

"So when some distant care annoys
Take this advice, now do,
And never trouble trouble, boys,
Till trouble troubles you.

A Motto for every man, and gracefully rendered in music.

WATCH AND PRAY. Sacred Song, Duet and Quartet. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. F to f. 35

"Sow thy seed with golden grain,
Rest ye not in sun and rain,
Unto thee shall fall the gain,
Watch and pray!"

These golden words are set to appropriate music, and so constitute a charming sacred piece.

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE, LOVE! 3. Eb to g. 40
*Fine Lithograph Title.*

"Don't borrow trouble Love,
Heed not the morrow,
Good time for grieving, love,
When comes the sorrow."

The "moral" of this is contained in the Chorus.

## *Three Beautiful Songs by Three Talented Authors.*

SPERO MELIORA. (I hope for better things.) Words by *Mrs. A. L. Angier.* Music by *Rev. L. H. Angier.* Song and Chorus. 3. Eb to e. 30

"Spero Meliora! tho' trouble be near.
This motto the sorrow-bowed spirit can cheer,
Spero Meliora! this watch-word can give
Fresh courage to labor, new motive to live."

An unusually graceful and classical composition combining the beauties of Italian and English song.

TENDER AND TRUE. 4. Db to f.
By *Gaston Lyle.* 40
*Beautiful Illustrated Title.*

"He stole from its nest, in my golden hair,
A knot of ribbon blue,
He placed on my hand a jewel rare,
And whispered soft, as he held it there,
Tender and true! Adieu!"

KISSING AT THE GARDEN GATE. 3. Ab to e. Song and Chorus. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* Music by *M. Loesch.* 40
*Beautiful Illustrated Title.*

"The silver stars were peeping in the twilight,
The jeweled moon was rising in her queenly state,
When to my joy I clasped you gently, and
Stole a kiss beside the garden gate."

Digitized by Google

# JAMES M. WEHLI'S COMPOSITIONS.

Messrs. Ditson & Co. beg to draw attention to the publications of this eminent and popular composer. Among the pieces enumerated below will be found all classes of compositions to suit the brilliant as well as the junior pianist. Some of the pieces are well adapted for school teaching. We annex a few "opinions" by persons who have heard the compositions.

## SILVER BELLS, 75 Cents.

"An exquisite little work of the caprice order"—*Herald, N. Y.*

One of the most popular pieces of the day, and has sold by thousands.

## SLEIGH RIDE, 75 Cents.

"A brilliant, characteristic work in semi-galop style. There is dash in it from beginning to end."—*Herald, N. Y.*

## HARPE AEOLIENNE, 60 Cents.

A beautiful study in arpeggios, with a simple pretty melody attached. Admirably adapted for young ladies at schools.

## MARCHE DE NUIT. $1.00.

"A composition of great merit, both as to melody and treatment."—*Weekly Review*

## SANS SOUCI GALOP, 75 Cents.

One of the most effective and brilliant Galops ever written. It is a splendid concert piece, and is admirably adapted for private concerts.

## MINNEHAHA "LAUGHING WATER," 75 Cents.

Rather difficult, but an exceedingly useful study. Very descriptive, and if well played sounds like falling water.

## NECK AND NECK GALOP, 75 Cents.

Well adapted for junior pupils. It is brilliant, and improves Octave playing.

## "FLOATING ON THE BREEZE," 75 Cents.

"A most charming composition. The melody is beautiful in itself, and the arpeggios surrounding it make it a perfect drawing room piece. Nothing has been written of late years that will make so much effect with so few difficulties."—*Times.*

## MARCHE DES VIVANDIERES, $1.00.

"A rousing military piece. We could almost fancy the Zouaves marching past as we heard it, and the celebrated 'pas de charge' created an immense enthusiasm. M. Wehli played it as he can only play, but we should like many of our amateurs to take it up, as it is a piece that will always win the admiration of the hearer."—*New Orleans Paper.*

## POLKA BOHEMIENNE, $1.00.

A quaint and odd piece. The melody is perfectly beautiful, but the treatment quite novel. Destined to be the most popular piece of the day.

## BLUE DANUBE. Strauss.

### Transcribed by Wehli. $1.00.

Brilliant, effective and sparkling. The best concert piece ever heard. Will always create an enthusiasm, being so popular and taking.

## HOME SWEET HOME, 60 Cents.

FOR LEFT HAND ALONE.

The only *correct* copy of the transcription, and which Mr. Wehli plays with such success.

Mr. Wehli's other compositions include the well-known

## MARCHE DES AMAZONES, $1.00.

One of the most striking pieces ever published. Also his

## POLKA DE CONCERT, $1.00, and ROMANCE NOUVELLE, $1.00.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**

**CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.**

Immense Success of Ditson & Co.'s

# "MUSICAL TREASURE!"

**1,500 Copies Sold in 10 Days!**

***A Second Edition Now Ready.***

"Ditson & Co., have exactly met the popular taste by this publication. We find here such songs as Nilsson's "Spring and Autumn," Hullah's "Storm," and "Three Fishers," "Birds in the Night," and "Hush thee," by Sullivan, with a variety of flavored and choice College Songs, and many compositions of Handel, Kreutzer, Spohr, Claribel, Rent, and others; with the unique, inspiring, &c., of Strauss, Offenbach, Jungmann, Gottschalk, Spindler. Von Suppe, Kinkel, Budik and many others. We have not space to enumerate the best pieces from the TREASURE's extensive Catalogue, but we do not hesitate to say that it is the best collection we have ever seen, being entirely composed of new and popular music."—*Christian Union.*

"This is indeed a rare and complete collection, and we have seen nothing for years which is so admirably adapted to the general use of the musical public as the MUSICAL TREASURE."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"Just the Book for the Parlor and Home Circle; containing over 150 selections—being the Cream of the Music of the Day—both Vocal and Instrumental."—*N. Y. Star.*

Price $2.50; Cloth, $3 00; in Full Gilt, $4.00.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

# THE SONG GARDEN.

By Dr. Lowell Mason.

**Annual Sale 50,000 Copies.**

THE SONG GARDEN, No. 1 is for beginners, and contains "the first steps" in Musical Notation, with many pleasing songs. Price 50 cts.

THE SONG GARDEN. No. 2 is adapted to the middle and upper classes of common schools. Price 50 cts.

THE SONG GARDEN, No. 3 is for High Schools and Seminaries. Price, $1.00.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

# BUCK'S
# Second Motette Collection.

A work of unusual merit. Said to exceed in beauty even the first collection, which has been received with great favor. It contains about 50 Motettes, one-fourth original, and the remainder skilful adaptations to Church purposes of music by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Liszt, Cherubini, Neukomm and others.

Mr Dudley Buck, the author, is one of the lovers by the Great Fire, but fortunately never his reputation, which is among the highest as a composer, and his Motettes, which should be to him a new beginning of good fortune.

Price, in Cloth, $2.75; in Boards, $2 50.

Sent, post-paid for the above price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

CHOICE LIST for MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

# TEN SPLENDID CANTATAS!

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AS THE HART PANTS. Mendelssohn. | | 38 cts. |
| COME LET US SING. | " | 38 " |
| HYMN OF PRAISE. | " | 50 " |
| NINETY-EIGHTH PSALM | " | 75 " |
| SPRING. From Haydon's Seasons. | | 50 " |
| SONG OF THE BELL. Romberg. | | 75 " |
| MORNING. Relm. | | 50 " |
| ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Van Bree. | | $1.00 |
| WOMAN OF SAMARIA. Bennett. | | 1.50 |
| MAY QUEEN. | " | 1.00 |

Liberal discount to Societies.

# BAUMBACH'S
# New Collection
OF
# Sacred Music.

Those who have been anxiously waiting for its appearance may now send their orders; and *not one* will be disappointed in the quality of music. Te Deums, Benedictes, Responses, Glorias, Anthems, Solos, Duets, Sentences, and all first class.—none better. Large, clear, legible type, a great recommendation.

Price in Cloth, $2.75; Boards, $2.50.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 807. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 9, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 25.

## Robert Franz.

(Translated for this Journal from the German of A. W. AMBROS.*)

The genuine artist is like the man in the Gospel, who prepares his banquet without asking what sort of guests will sit down at his table, or even troubling himself as to whether there will be any guests at all, and whether he may count upon their thanks. It is a real blessing for him that he has one friend to comfort him and compensate for all: and that is Art. How else could Sebastian Bach have lived in his very narrow Leipzig Cantor's chamber, up in his gloomy *Thomas Kirche* organ choir; taken to task by the venerable periwigs, his superiors, because his organ playing was too artistic, his style of composition not church-like! Ah! one could weep tears of blood to read his *Promemoria* to the Court of Dresden, and find mentioned there the "innocently suffered mortifications," and the "shortenings of the emoluments" (which must have caused anxiety enough to father Sebastian with his host of children, especially as the said "emoluments" at any rate were rather meagre)—and how Bach wants nothing but the title of a court composer; and, to prove that he is not inexperienced in the church style, appends the *Kyrie and Gloria* of a certain Mass in B minor to the petition, all written out in parts, as neat as copper-plate, with their own hands, by himself and his devoted, helpful wife—(actually he was so fortunate as to be decorated, in 1736, with the proud title of a "Royal Polish and Electoral Saxon Court Composer"!) Or how would Mozart have lived, on whom a high protector set his valuation of "*talent decidé*" (as if there could have been any doubt about that!), and who by meagre concert receipts, meagre pay for lessons, and meagre remuneration from publishers, helped himself along meagrely and wretchedly, until he had worked himself to death and did not leave enough behind to pay for—a grave? Or Franz Schubert, to whom the publishers sent back his manuscripts (such manuscripts might be called, after the analogy of a well-known bookseller's term, "*Autorskrebse*") "because the compositions were too difficult, or because they, the publishers, had their hands full with the works of Frederic Kalkbrenner?"

When Schubert died, there was scarcely anything of his works in vogue, except "The Maiden's Lament," the "Erl King" and the "Wanderer;" the last indeed enjoyed especial favor. The noblest part remained for some time unregarded. On the contrary, the song sparrows, who came flying along behind this nightingale, were heard twittering on all sides. These after-born of Schubert, for whom the world, of which it is written: "*extra non est vita, et si est vita non est ita,*" ceased where the point of St. Stephen's tower could no longer be seen, and whose thoughts had not crossed the line (by which is to be understood here not the equator, but the so-called outermost "lines" of Vienna, *Wall* and *Graben*), were also true eclectics. Schubert—a very weakened and diluted Schubert to be sure—furnished the foundation. He was strongly tempered with Bellini, whose not ignoble, but mournfully elegiac, tamely sentimental, languishingly world-dolorous (*weltschmerzlich-matte*), nervously unstrung music ravished the dilettanti, patrons of the Italian Opera, and reigned over the operatic stage, like the real *Katzenjammer* after the champagne intoxication of Rossini. Even Spohr's sevenths and ninths and suspensions were occasionally laid under contribution. Sometimes, too, an accompanying French Horn or violoncello was awkwardly lugged in (*herbeiin commodirt*), to mingle its "tones full of swelling longing" with the song. While to the North, above all in Leipzig, as the central point, a new era announced itself, and the sets of Mendelssohn's Songs, with and without words, began, like blooming beds of flowers, one after another, to shed abroad lustre and color and fragrance, these gentlemen under the shadow of St. Stephen's tower were cooking their coarse cheap soups, for which they had their "great public," as Mephisto rightly prophesied, at least wherever the nobler elements did not exist to counteract them. Every public official's daughter, who loved her father's secretary dearly, but alas! (for the distinction of ranks was too great) without hope, bathed her sentimentality in Proch's "Alpine Horn" or "Farewell," and when she came in the last song to the words: "Fare thee well, beloved life, ne'er may fortune turn from thee," how she would sing out of tune for love and love's sweet woe, if she had not been singing out of tune before,—by no means an uncommon thing!

Where are they now, with all their glory, after scarce a single generation? Where the "works" of Frederic Kalkbrenner? The "Alpine Horn" and the "Farewell"? And in what imperishable lustre shines the fame of Schubert! How popular he has become! I almost think, the genial (*gemüthliche*) child of Vienna would laugh right heartily at the sight of the marble tablet on the modest house in the Vienna suburbs with the inscription, in gold letters: "Schubert's Birthplace;" or were he, who bore among his friends the comical nick-name "Schwammerl," the next time he walked out into the city park, to see his own corpulent "Schwammerl" figure set up on a pedestal in monumental bronze. The old Bible saying always occurs to us, that we build costly monuments to people, who have not (to be sure) slain our forefathers, as the Bible goes on to say, but have at least left them unregarded. But, by Heaven! it is almost better so, that a noble genius, undisturbed by importunate admirers and the shouting chorus of applause from all the multitude, should round out and complete the pure circle of his activity, in a quiet, obscure life, and that his apotheosis, like that of a Roman Cæsar, should be spared until after his departure from this earthly sphere; better so than that a *numen* and a *lumen* should come borne onward upon the great idolatrous car of Juggernaut,—a crowd of followers and admirers drag the heavy vehicle along, others of "the party" push behind, and the greatest enthusiasts, mad with jubilee, throw themselves under the wheels and let themselves be crushed to death. Is it any wonder, then, that such a Triumphator should all in silence, or even *not* in silence, esteem himself a God? Weber, on the contrary, after the unprecedented success of the first performance of *Der Freyschütz* in Berlin, writes in his day-book: "*Soli Deo gloria!*"—Beethoven replies to a young lady enthusiast who wrote him a letter: "Give the laurel to Mozart and Haydn, but *to me not yet.*" At the right time the laurel comes, and turns at last into a crown of stars.

Every man, especially the artist, is always judged in public opinion either by the best or by the worst that he has done or made. Often a single work of an artist obstructs the view of all the rest, at least for the public. Weber on this account had finally a spite against his *Freyschütz*. So too for most people Schubert was merely a "song-composer;"—his Symphonies, piano-forte works, &c., remained comparatively in the shade.

In an attractively and amiably written book,* rich in fine and intellectual traits, which has recently appeared, I find this passage: "By far the most eminent amongst Schubert's followers in the realm of Song, are Felix Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, and indeed the latter in a higher degree than the former." To these two names I would add a third, making the harmonic trichord complete, the name ROBERT FRANZ, the singer of songs (*Liedersänger*) to whom I on this special field perhaps would reach an even fuller laurel than to Schumann, great as the internal affinity between their songs may be.

I read on farther, and I find the expression: that, "although we are indebted to a Mendelssohn for much that is most deep and from the inmost soul, yet neither of the two, in the poetic contents of their songs, is to be placed by the side of Franz Schubert; for the one as well as the other lacks that *naïveté*, which distinguishes Schubert in so high a degree, and which is evermore the sign of genius." This remark, it seems to me, goes to the heart of the matter; and I will add to it this further one: that to me Robert Franz seems worthy of that fuller laurel, because in him I think I recognize that "depth and inwardness" of Schumann united with the *naïveté* of Schubert. Granting that Franz has in his songs, with finest artist hand, know how to use the last and highest means of his art; granting that for the *technique* of his accompaniments he has availed himself of the entire perfection into which the modern treatment of the instrument has shaped itself; granting that every detail with him is worked out and finished with the fineness of a miniature: still his songs seem as if they had streamed forth, of themselves, without pains, without reflexion, (which you feel very sensibly at times in Schumann), from a rich, deep, beautiful soul's life, just as the flower exhales its fragrance. The Schubertians, who would like to bury Beethoven's "*Liederkreis an die entfernte Geliebte,*" his "*Wachtelschlag,*" "*Nachtlied,*" songs to Goethe's poems, &c., as deep as possible beneath the master's Symphony scores, lest some one or another should deem the "Quail" song and the "Mignon" song comparable to the analogous compositions of Schubert, and should venture to remark how, after all, Beethoven was by far the *higher* spirit as compared with the freshness of perception and quick sensibility we find in Schubert,—the Schubertians will exclaim high treason, if I openly declare, that to me Robert Franz in the worth and beauty of his songs stands by the side of Franz Schubert, if not also in the fulness and the richness thereof; for who among modern writers can claim for himself that fulness of motives, that variety of characterization, which knows always how to find the right tone amid themes as different as

* "*Bunte Blätter: Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst,*" von A. W. AMBROS. (Leipzig, 1872. F. E. C. Leuckart).

* "*Deutsche Tondichter von Sebastian Bach bis auf die Gegenwart,*" (German Composers, from J. S. Bach to the present time), by Dr. EMIL NAUMANN.—The book contains lectures which the author had delivered before young ladies—for this end as excellent as possible, and earnestly to be commended therefore to reading ladies. It is a sort of genuine ladies wine—the finest Muscat-Lünel. Occasionally, too, our author presents *nous autres* men with a glass of "genuine Constantia from the Cape." As such I reckon the intelligent, deeply searching remarks on Handel's Oratorios in comparison with Bach's religious music, the valuable discussion upon Mozart's *Figaro*, &c. I wish the book may have the widest circulation, and that the young ladies may find in other intellectual departments a teacher as amiable, as noble in his tone of thought, as well informed, as they do here in music.

Digitized by Google

possible, that freshness of life, or, if you will, that delight in all the forms of life, that high originality, which we find in Schubert?

A striking remark is made by the unknown author of an essay upon Robert Franz (in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung*, Oct. 27, 1860), in which a comparative glance is also cast upon Franz Schubert; to-wit: "Schubert for the most part chooses picturesque situations for his subjects (a Winter journey, Miller songs, Ossian songs, Goethe's Gretchen, Erlking, Suleika, &c.); and here the accompaniment to the melody stands out with very independent, graphic prominence; of pure *mood* songs, songs expressing states of mind or feeling merely, Schubert knows almost nothing; of Heine's songs he has composed only six." I would add: "If Franz Schubert is the blue, golden sunny day, whose light irradiates and transfigures all the fulness of the world with its phenomena, so is Robert Franz the still, serious night beneath the wide, eternal starry heavens, where all the outlines blend together in great quiet masses fading into twilight. His muse is like the Lotus blossom of his own wonderful song, which unveils its flower face to the rising moon, and *"blüht und glüht und leuchtet."* Robert Franz, quite the contrary to Schubert, has composed almost only "*mood* songs;" hence it is just Heine's poetry which he prefers to treat; and that of Lenau also. At any rate, if we name Mendelssohn and Schumann as the legitimate followers of Schubert, we must name with them as the third (or as the foremost) Robert Franz. Whoever is fond of play upon words, suggestive alliterations, may please himself with noting how singularly the names: "Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Robert Franz" run into one another in their very sound.

The name Robert Franz is everywhere named with the highest respect. "Justly," says the author of the essay above cited, "is he counted with Schubert and Schumann as the third German song composer." (Again another *Triad!*) His songs are becoming recognized and praised as classic flowers of German Tone-Art. But could the songs themselves take up the word, they would perhaps exclaim, after the analogy of one of Lessing's epigrams: "We should like to be less praised and more sung." Our parlor singers, of both sexes, are shy of a Franz song; it makes demands upon them which go far beyond the twelve tables of the law of the Salon; and the young man who has to accompany Miss Adalberta Zephyrina in a song of Franz, casts a glance into the book and on the piano accompaniment, and thinks "he must study that over first." The concert singers finger over the leaves of a volume of our master's songs, seeking in vain for songs of which the concluding phrases are a translation into music of the ancient *vos plaudite* (Applaud, good people!).

What should they make, for example, of such a song as *"Es hat die Rose sich beklagt"* (The Rose complaineth to itself), Op. 42, No. 5, which flies by like a fleeting breath of rosy fragrance? Yet would the singers only search more carefully, they would find some things well adapted for setting a hundred or more pairs of hands in motion in a concert room; like that one pulsing with the fieriest life, *"Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,* (Op. 4, No. 7). This song, to be sure, with its excited and impassioned impetus, over-reaches the most peculiar style of the composer, that which forms the ground feature of his music. I have already likened this ground feature to the solemn, silent, dreamy night—perhaps it speaks the purest and deepest from that incomparable song in this sense: *"Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge"* (Op. 9, No. 3)—no official *preghiera*, but a prayer out of the deepest soul; in a somewhat different vein is the majestic *"Ave Maria,"* transfigured in the golden glow of sunset.

Franz, as we have said, inclines to Lenau's poetry, and he has composed a set of his *"Schilflieder"* (Op. 2). But to the poetry of Heine he is drawn only where the poet allows his feeling to speak out purely, without killing itself, as he sometimes does, in the last verse, by an ironical dagger thrust. He also likes the poetry of Eichendorff, with its dreamy murmur of fountains and lilac fragrance. Also those reflective poems known under the name of Mirza Schaffy, where from beneath the Oriental turban a European eye looks roguishly and confidingly out at us, are welcome to him. In every instance Franz chooses his texts with a fine feeling—better indeed than Schumann, whom, with all love and reverent appreciation, I cannot acquit of some mistakes in this regard; for, to give a definite example, to compose a poem like *"Die Kartenschlaegerin,"* or *"Die rothe Hanne,"* is a mistake; and the choral refrain (*ad libitum*) in the latter song: *"Gott sei der rothen Hanne gnädig, der Wilddieb liegt in sich'rer Hut,"* shows an inconceivable want of taste (I really can find no milder word) for a Schumann. What miserable song texts Weber had to put up with! He has preserved the mostly very little poets, whose names we read at the head of his songs, in the *spirit* of his music, where they have kept well to the present day.

(To be Continued).

## Richard Wagner.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

*From the London "Observer."*

The sketch in question forms the opening number of vol. I. of Wagner's collected writings, which we reviewed some weeks ago, and extends up to 1842. As we are in a condition to supply additional facts, we think it would be worth while to give some extracts, and to carry the sketch on to the present day. The literature concerning Wagner's artistic doings has reached dimensions of surprising magnitude; ever since 1845, when *Tannhäuser* was produced at Dresden, all manner of competent critics have assaulted the musician of the future, or broken a lance in his honor, so that long before our day their unfortunate victim has attained the distinction of being, if not the best understood, certainly the best-abused artist in Europe. * * * *

Wagner's books and dramas must be made to speak for themselves; but if ever a biography be written it would be best done by himself, and on the scheme of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, wherein all that appertains to the author's spiritual development is carried out in full, and personal details are but slightly sketched, or even colored, as artistic necessity would dictate. In the mean time the following facts may not be unwelcome:—

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born 22d of May, 1813. His father, an officer of police, died six months after his birth. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, was an actor and a painter, as well as the author of several comedies. He took his family to Dresden, and had the intention of bringing up Richard as a painter, but the boy was invincibly awkward at drawing. Geyer, too, died early, and just before his death, Richard, seven years old, was taught to play several tunes on the piano, and it was then first surmised that he might possibly possess talents for music. At nine he was sent to the Kreuzschule, at Dresden, with a view to the usual university career. His sisters at that time learned to play the piano properly; he listened without receiving instruction himself. At length a tutor was propounded, "Cornelius Nepos." He was induced to give him pianoforte lessons. Soon after the first finger exercises, the boy was caught studying by ear the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The master thought him a hopeless case and was not far wrong, for Wagner has to the present day continued playing the piano in an abominable fashion. But music, though he was enthusiastic about it, was but an accessory to his studies, Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history being the main points. He made poems too. Once, in his eleventh year, the task of making a poem upon the death of a lately deceased member of the school was proposed to the pupils; Wagner's, being the best, was printed, after the removal of much bombastic excrescence. Now, of all things, he wished to become a poet. He sketched tragedies in the ancient Greek form, and he passed muster in the school for a clever fellow *in literis*. As a member of third form he translated the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*; he learnt English, too, so as to be able to read Shakspeare properly, and he translated him metrically. As a fruit of this study an immense tragedy was projected by the lad, a concoction made up of *Hamlet* and *King Lear* on a grand scale. Forty-two men died in the course of it, and he was obliged to make the greater number return as ghosts, so as to keep the last act sufficiently stocked with *dramatis personæ*. He was at work on this play for two years, left Dresden during its progress and came to Leipsic. Here, at the concerts of the Gewandhaus it was, that the works of Beethoven and Mozart, especially the former, made an enormous impression upon him, and, in imitation of Beethoven's *Egmont*, he wanted to add similar music to his play. Meanwhile his family had discovered that he had allowed this pursuit entirely to supersede his attention to philology, and there were, of course, endless troubles and recriminations in consequence. But he was not to be stopped. He wrote overtures for grand orchestra, a sonata, a quartet, &c. One overture, which he describes as the culminating point of his musical absurdities, was actually performed at the Leipsic Theatre. The public laughed at it, but the composer was much impressed by this first appearance in public.

Soon after this, and while he was a student at the Leipsic University, he felt the necessity of a strict and regular study of music, and he found the right man for his purpose in Theodor Weinlig, who was *cantor* at the Thomas School. With him he went through a thorough course of counterpoint, and laid a solid foundation for his future artistic development. Now were brought forth a considerable number of works, an overture, a symphony, the libretto, and some musical numbers for a tragic opera, &c. The year 1833 he spent at Würzburg, on a visit to a brother, an experienced singer, composing an opera in three acts, *Die Feen*, for which the story was taken from Gozzi's *Woman Snake*. After this, another opera, *Das Liebesverbot*, after Shakspere's *Measure for Measure*, was completed. It was a difficult subject, and he was imprudent enough to give a performance of it at Magdeburg, in 1836, where for two years he had been conductor at the theatre, after only twelve days' preparation. The result was null, though some numbers which had been tolerably sung were applauded. The Magdeburg Theatre failed soon after this, and Wagner went to Berlin, with the hope of getting his opera performed there; failed of course, and then, penniless and encumbered with debts, he accepted a conductorship at the theatre of Königsberg. There, in 1836, he married, and composed an overture, *Rule Britannia*. In 1837, we find him conductor at the theatre of Riga, and making sketches for his five-act tragic opera, *Rienzi*, which, as is well known, was the first of his works that has gained acceptance at most European opera houses. He executed it on an immense scale, so as to make it suitable for the largest theatres only. With two acts of it finished, he started without money or connections, and without the smallest definite plan of action, for Paris.

At Boulogne, where he rested some weeks, he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, who, after seeing the score of *Rienzi*, gave him letters of introduction to the musical and theatrical notabilities of Paris. In consequence of these, things looked bright for some little time at Paris, but he soon found that to gain a hearing in Paris without the aid of influential friends on the spot (Meyerbeer did not stay there for any length of time during the two years of Wagner's sojourn) was a Herculean task beyond the reach even of such indomitable energy as his. He kept himself alive by writing articles for the *Gazette Musicale*, composing songs to French words, and, lastly, when things took a particularly unfavorable turn, by making arrangements for publishers of operatic tunes for all sorts of instruments. We have ourselves seen airs from Donizetti's *Favorita*, arranged by Wagner for the cornet-à-piston. Of serious work, during these years, an overture to Goethe's *Faust*, the final three acts of *Rienzi*, and the poem and music to his *Fliegende Hollaender*, which latter was composed in seven weeks, must be enumerated. Giving up all hopes of Paris, he sent the score of *Rienzi* to the Court Theatre of Dresden. It was accepted, performed with immense success, in 1842, and Wagner, who had followed it to Dresden, found himself of a sudden the most popular man there, and the King of Saxony's court *Capellmeister*. A performance of *Der Fliegende Hollaender* followed on the 2nd January, 1845; and now, amidst the arduous duties of a principal conductorship at the Dresden Opera, one of the largest of German theatres, at which the performances are continued all the year round, and the *rèpèrtoire* is most varied, he conceived and executed the poems and music to *Tannhaeuser* and *Lohengrin*, the cantata, *Das Liebesmahl der Apostel*, and the poems to *Die Meistersinger* and *Siegfried's Tod*.

The revolution of 1849, in which Wagner took active part with written or spoken addresses, put an end to his connection with Dresden; he had to fly, and to seek refuge at Zurich. During the next ten years he appeared before the public, if we except a few concerts which he conducted here and there, amongst which we may mention the eight concerts of

Digitized by Google

the London Philharmonic Society in the season of 1815, only as a writer on musical æsthetics. In 1852, he was at work on the poems of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, the composition of which was completed in 1854, and in '55 he began *Tristan und Isolde* and *Siegfried*. It had, during ten years of exile, been impossible for him to witness a performance in German of any of his dramatic works. *Tannhaeuser*, *Der Hollaender*, and *Rienzi* had become prime favorites everywhere in Germany, yet it was not until 1861 that he was allowed to return to his country. On the 9th of May in that year he heard *Lohengrin* for the first time at Vienna. Two months before that *Tannhaeuser* had been hooted off the stage at the Grand Opera of Paris, by the members of the Jockey Club. In 1863, he appeared at Vienna, Prague, Leipsic, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Pesth, &c., conducting orchestral concerts with brilliant success; and in May, 1866, King Ludwig II. called him to Munich where, in 1865, *Tristan*, in 1868, *Die Meistersinger*, in 1869, *Das Rheingold*, and in 1870, *Die Walküre* were performed, for the first time; the last, too, without the composer's co-operation. In August of that year he was married a second time, to Cosima von Bülow, née Liszt.

It would seem that his artistic career is about to reach its culminating point in the course of next year, when his most elaborate works—*Der Ring der Nibelungen*, a trilogy; *Die Walkure*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, with a preparatory evening, *Das Rheingold*, are to be produced under his own direction, at a theatre to be built for the purpose at Bayreuth. The shares, issued for seats during three successive performances of four evenings each, have been eagerly bought up; and thus the pecuniary difficulty, which so long stood in the way of Wagner's realizing this, his most cherished project, is at last overcome. Let these performances turn out a defeat of Sedan for his opponents, or of Waterloo for him; it is, at all events, beyond dispute that they will be the most interesting, and the most carefully prepared musical performances, that Germany has ever seen.

## Handel's First Oratorios.

However ancient may be the musical mystery and the Roman oratory drama, it is very clear the Handel oratorio is a growth upon the Racine, Lulli, and Rameau *concert spirituale*, or sacred drama, invented by Mme. de Maintenon for the gratification of the French king and the display of her troupe of beautiful girls in the convent of St. Cyr. Lulli's "*Athaliah*" and "*Esther*" set to the opera or drama by Racine was not the "*Esther*" of Handel, which Colman described in his diary as "an opera without acting, the singers being in a sort of gallery," for it was written in the right theatrical vein, and had all the advantage of suitable action and representative dress. Such was the French oratorio. At the first presentation of Handel's "*Esther*" in England—Handel takes the Racine and Lulli subject—it was played in character by the Chapel Royal boys; but when afterwards given to the general public the drama was performed without dress and action. From the construction of the dramas of "*Esther*," "*Deborah*," "*Belshazzar*," "*Joseph*," "*Jephtha*," "*Joshua*," and others of the Biblical cast it is plain Handel had the scene and the stage in his mind's eye, and would have mounted his sacred operas with all due dramatic accessories, had not English tastes and customs forbidden the experiment.

Handel's first attempts in oratorio were modelled on the prevalent fashion of songs and duets, and but short choruses. In this country it was difficult in his day to get native singers capable of singing his solo music, and the Italians were not always at hand, nor at his disposal, nor qualified to sing in the English language. It was necessary therefore to make a change, and to rely more upon the chorus than the solo singer. Although when Handel displaced Dr. Pepusch as Chapel Master to the Duke of Chandos, he had composed some large anthems, still it was not until ten years afterwards (1731) that he commenced to write his big choral compositions for the oratorio.

The "*Acis and Galatea*" was first remodelled, and then the "*Esther*," which in its new form was produced in 1732 "in the manner of a Coronation Service." After this came the "*Deborah*," given, 1733, in the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket. It was advertised as an opera, "a dramatic entertainment," and the house was to be filled up in "a particular manner." "*Deborah*" was a great success, and it led to the "*Athaliah*"—another Racine drama and also a great favorite.

With "*Deborah*" Handel began his odd, strange, and curious way of "making up" his sacred dramas. With the "*Israel in Egypt*" he borrowed from his neighbors—with the "*Deborah*" he pillaged from his own works. In 1717 he composed his now well-known *Passione* music; in 1707 he had written some Vesper Psalm choruses at Rome, and in 1727 he had composed the new anthem music for the Coronation of George II. The "*Deborah*" has some gorgeous choral music written expressly for the work, but much of the oratorio is a compilation from the Vesper Psalms, the *Passione* and the Coronation music. The chorus "Plead Thy just cause" is manipulated out of the "Dixit Dominus," and so also is "See the proud chief." "The King shall rejoice" supplies the music to "The Great King of kings," and the choruses "Let thy deeds," and "Despair all around," together with the two Hallelujah choruses, are selected from the Coronation music. The grand choral opening "Immortal Lord" terminates with a make up from the Queen Anne's Birthday Ode for 1713. As it is with the choruses so it is with songs—some of which are transplantations from the "*Passione*," others from the Birthday Ode. But there is in the new music a manifest advance in form and size. Bach, in 1729, had appeared with his great double choir and double orchestra "*Passione*" of the St. Matthew, and by 1732 it may well be conceived that Handel had heard of this gigantic undertaking, and had made up his mind to do something equally large should opportunity and means allow him. He had imitated the Court oratorio of St. Cyr, taken the "*Esther*" of Lulli for his model, and would now condescend to take a leaf out of the folio of the great Leipsic contrapuntist. In general brilliancy of melody, a clear, rolling on accompaniment, simple, straightforward counterpoint, grand and noble points, and a perpetual swing of unmistakeable rhythm, Handel well knew he could enter the field with any living composer, and beat him perhaps in all these points. His long experience as a dramatic composer had taught him the strength and the weakness of human ears and human heads, and no one knew better than he what was required to create and sustain interest. He could write with superlative grandeur, with expressive force, with great pictorial effect, and with the deepest pathos, but he had the wit to feel that these were things to be held in reserve, and that for ordinary attraction—a go on—trot, trot, trot, and in rather a sublunary style, was the order best adapted to suit our English public. Artful contrivance, and appropriate and deep-seated expression might do in Leipsic, and in a Leipsic church, but would fail in London, and in a London theatre. Handel relied then on his fire and energy, his unexampled command over mechanism, his good memory, his ready wit: and in his first oratorios his exuberance, ingenuity, and felicitous execution, his stately and ever-moving accompaniments, his quick and characteristic expression take the place of those sublimer bursts which so mark his later oratorios. It is not that his science is less deep, his harmony less profound, his feeling less acute, his perception less vivid; but in these first works, introducing the new thing called an oratorio into this country, Handel had to be cautious and wary, and in some sense to feel his way.

The great charm of Handel's early work is its freshness; the composer seems to rejoice over what he is doing, and is neither in lack of matter or time to say it. Perhaps the most effective piece of writing in the "*Deborah*" is the chorus which ends the first act—the Hallelujah chorus, from the Coronation Anthem, "Let Thy Hand be strengthened." It is not so long as the "Hallelujah" which ends this oratorio, and which is taken from the Coronation Anthem "The King shall rejoice;" nor is it so elaborate. It is simply conceived in the best Italian way, and there is nothing to check its clear conception from the first bar to the last. In power it is enormous, and the effect is beyond measure exhilarating. As a model for church music to be used in a cathedral, it is not only unexceptionable but unparalleled. What a charm would be the services in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral if music like this could be heard in these two high churches! Its best recommendation remains; it is as easy to execute, as it is grand in result, needing but little rehearsal from either singers or players of but moderate pretensions. Although we describe it as an early work, the term must be received with some qualification. George II. was crowned in 1727, Handel was sixteen years of age at the commencement of the century, and he was therefore forty-three when writing this Coronation Music. He was in the prime of life, and it must be borne in mind that although he did not really commence oratorio composition until 1731, he had composed over forty operas, and had never ceased writing from the time when he first took up the pen to write the music for the Thanksgiving Day Service celebrated in St. Paul's, in the presence of Queen Anne, for the peace of Utrecht.

The public are now familiar with the opera, or oratorio, of "*Deborah*," and there remains the unheard oratorio of "*Athaliah*." The "*Athaliah*" proves the third of what may be termed Handel's early oratorios, and it is a most lively, genial, brilliant, and magnificent composition. A great favorite it was in Handel's day, and it still retains all its elements of popularity.

"*Athaliah*" was repeatedly performed at Exeter Hall in the days when Joseph Surman was sole monarch of that place, and why it should ever have been laid on one side is beyond comprehension. The overture is one of the best Handel ever made; the Baal music is altogether charming; the priests' music is superb; and the destruction of "*Athaliah*" and her idolatrous crew is gorgeously fine and overwhelming. If from its reproduction Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" should lose some little of its interest, the musical public will be the gainers, and may learn how the young oratorio composer of 1847 studied at the feet of the great oratorio composer of 1733. No doubt there have been found out many new ways of making music during the intervening century, but none even yet has been produced which can rival or approach the strength and solidity of the Handelian system. It is a method that made both Handel and Bach, and its secret is not generally known to music makers. Every presentation of an unknown oratorio of Handel will be a republication of his method of composing, by which our modern composers will be enlightened, the singer instructed, and the general public delighted.—*London Orchestra.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Wm. Mason's Piano Technics.

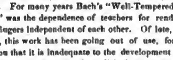
BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The modern art of piano-playing dates no further back than Hummel, and in its more distinctive development, only so far as Thalberg, Liszt, and Chopin. The pianoforte itself in its present sonority, delicate action, and expressive tone, has been achieved for the first time by manufacturing firms still in the full tide of successful operation.

The first great attempt to provide a course of exercises calculated to develope all the necessary muscles was by Hummel, and filled a book of five or six hundred pages. By diligent study of this work it was possible for one to acquire a technique adequate to the performance of classic music; but for the works of Liszt and Chopin it affords no adequate preparation. For many years Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" was the dependence of teachers for rendering the fingers independent of each other. Of late, however, this work has been going out of use, for the reason that it is inadequate to the development of a sufficiently vigorous touch to elicit the sonorous tone that modern taste requires.

There are also a large number of "Studies" by Czerny and others, each designed to meet some particular mechanical deficiency. But excellent as these are, they require too much time; and this because they are not sufficiently radical. The few simple principles that underlie the use of the hand in piano-playing are therein nowhere developed. The same is true, but in a less degree, of Plaidy's excellent system of technics. Too much stress is laid upon the so-called "five-finger" position of the hand, to the serious neglect of certain important classes of muscles (as will hereafter appear), and not enough provision is made for that *variety of touch* and emphasis which expressive playing so largely requires.

All these elaborate systems meet one formidable adversary in the fact that the great piano virtuosi have each some favorite exercise, always of a simple character, by the diligent practice of which they manage to keep their hands in serviceable condition. For instance, Thalberg used scales with accents; Liszt uses this exercise:




played ascending and descending with each pair of fingers in turn. This same exercise, if I am correctly informed, is Miss Mehlig's usual dependence. Dreyschock practiced arpeggios. Wehli depends on scales. Now it stands to reason that if elaborate volumes of *Etudes* like Czerny's and Köhler's are necessary to develop the hand to a reasonable efficiency, a similar course of practice will be necessary in order to keep it in that state when once attained. But

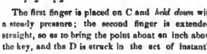
that simple means serve to keep the hand in an efficient state, the practice of the great virtuosi referred to, sufficiently proves.

A more complete system of practice than those of Thalberg, Liszt, or Dreyschock, and a far more simple and radical one than those of Czerny, Köhler, and the others, has been developed by Mr. William Mason, and after undergoing the test of a number of years' use in teaching, was published in the last part of "Mason and Hoadley's New Method for Pianoforte" in 1867. My first knowledge of this system was drawn solely from the book when first published. My first impression was that the distinctive feature of the new system was the *accentuation*, and the use of this I found to be very much to the advantage of my pupils, as it gave their playing a decision and characteristic energy which before was wanting. I found also that it greatly improved their sense of rhythm; but at the same time, especially in the case of those who practiced on poor pianos, or who were wanting in a delicate musical ear, I found that the practice of accentuation in groups of twos, threes, and fours, if long continued, had the affect to render the touch exceedingly dry and unmusical.

Nearly two years ago I had the opportunity of observing the method in which Mr. Mason himself applied the system, and then I learned that it was his practice to keep the pupil but a very short time on the proximate accents (the twos, threes, and fours), and to go immediately to the larger systems of grouping, the eights, nines and sixteens; and that especially the nines held a very high place in his estimation. By degrees, also, I discovered that the great distinguishing trait of his system of exercises was not in the accentuation, but in the peculiar combination of arpeggio and scale practice, together with his own modification of Liszt's two-finger exercise; and that this combination was based on a practical experience of the benefit therefrom derived, as well as from a philosophical analysis of the various groups of muscles employed in piano-playing. And of this rationale of technics I propose now to speak.

In playing the pianoforte there are three classes of motions employed by the fingers. First, and simplest, the direct vertical action of the fingers, as required in the five-finger exercises, the hand remaining quiet but not rigid. Second, the lateral adjustment of the fingers so as to bring each over its own key. This class of actions enters into the performance of all scales, arpeggios, and, in short, all passages except five-finger exercises. And this requires the careful training of the lateral muscles of the fingers—a point fatally overlooked in elementary practice hitherto. Third, the complete flexion of all the joints of the fingers, as partly illustrated on pages 40 and 62 of Mason and Hoadley's Method. These three classes embrace, I believe, all the *finger* actions that enter into playing. There remains the action of the *hand* in chords and octaves, and the training of the arm to measure skips accurately. Let us now discuss in detail the exercises resorted to for each of these three kinds of action.

Contrary to precedent, Mr. Mason spends very little time in the practice of the first class of motions, for these enter into all the others, and a moderate amount of attention at the outset is sufficient to establish the proper method of performing them. The beginner takes first the two finger exercise, thus:




The first finger is placed on C and *held down* with a steady pressure; the second finger is extended, straight, so as to bring the point about an inch above the key, and the D is struck in the act of instantly shutting the finger, as illustrated in the case of the whole hand by the cuts on pages 40 and 62 as before mentioned. This exercise is to be played very slowly, not more than one note a second, up and down the scale one octave, at least ten times. Then comes exactly the same thing with the second and third fingers, and then with the third and fourth. A similar routine is gone through with the left hand. The points on which caution is necessary are two: See that the first key is held down exactly until the second is struck; Second, take care to have the second key struck with a *sweeping* motion of the point of the finger as it passes from its raised position extended to its point of contact with the palm of the hand (as when the fist is doubled up); this finger strikes the key in passing, and the moment of contact between the finger and the key is as *short as possible.* Both keys are struck somewhat firmly, so as to give out a bold, sonorous tone. In this way great strength and independence of finger are acquired. In time, however, a certain hardness will begin to manifest itself in the touch, and this must be met when it appears with the rapid and light practice of the same exercise, the motion being now confined to what anatomists call the joints of the first phalanx of the fingers. In giving this exercise to pupils the teacher should play it in concert with them; in this way they acquire the proper movement much more rapidly.

Of this exercise much might be said. These two kinds of touch, the *clinging* and the *staccato* or *elastic*, afford a summary of the art of phrasing; for the *clinging* touch we use to carry a melody, and the *elastic* or *staccato* to terminate a phrase. It brings into action in the simplest and surest way possible, the sustained tension of certain muscles in prolonging a tone, and the *instantaneous* flexion of *all* the joints of the fingers and all the contractile muscles.

In a twenty years' diligent study of the piano and piano-teaching, I have never found another one exercise that would alone go so far to keep the hand in good condition as the systematic practice of this for twenty minutes a day.

Mr. Mason's second "best holt" (as somebody out West says) is the arpeggio of the diminished chord and its changes, as treated in the Method before referred to. A new pupil is first given the chord by being made to place his thumb on C, and then omit two keys and put down the next finger, and so on till all are down. Thus is obtained the diminished chord of C; and so learned the pupil will never forget it. The first few weeks' practice on the arpeggio of this chord is done by the hands separately, the left hand coming up four octaves, and the right hand playing down. This is done at first without accentuation, until the pupil playing slowly can easily find the right keys to strike. It is then accented in *fours*, beginning with the first tone, according to the pattern given in Nos. 174 and 175, on page 195 of Mason & Hoadley's Method. When the diminished chord can be well done in these ways, the "harmonic changes" are introduced, with small scholars one at a time; with larger ones, two changes at a lesson. The value of the changes lies in this, that each new adjustment places the lateral or *lumbrici* muscles of the fingers in a different relative tension. And the value of this arpeggio in general consists in the separation it gives the fingers, and in using the third finger as often as the first and second, whereas the scale employs this weak finger only half as often. As soon as the accentuation at *eights* has been well mastered, the pupil is introduced to that of *threes*, and through that to *nines*, as in Nos. 177 and 178 in the same book. The reason of placing the threes and nines after the fours is that in the latter the accent falls on the same finger throughout the exercise, while in threes and nines the accent never falls on the same finger twice in succession.

The grouping of *nines* makes it necessary to carry the arpeggio up and down nine times before it terminates with an accent on the lower key. And this at once affords the pupil great assistance in *sustained performance*, one of the greatest difficulties the beginner meets; for in this case the whole mind is given to the effort to come through successfully the whole nine times, no attention being diverted to the effort to follow notes with the eye. As soon as the individual arpeggios are carried through each nine times easily, the pupil is given a *routine* performance, embracing the diminished chord and the six harmonic changes, (Nos. 180, 181, 182, 187, 188 and 189), each of which in succession is played up and down once, in the accent of nines, and the whole routine is repeated nine times, in all *sixty three times* up and down the key-board. This exercise looks formidable in the description, but if led up to properly, it is easily understood by small scholars, and practiced with great interest.

The advantage of using the hands separately in this way consists in a greater certainty that the left hand accents and plays cleanly, as well as the right; and as each one is carried in its easiest direction, a finger touch is more readily obtained. That the playing is to be perfectly *legato*, I need not say. Should there be any difficulty about this, have the exercise practiced very slowly (one note a second) and while the finger holds the key, let the next finger be raised preparatory to striking the next key, so that the moment when the stroke begins the point of the finger is at least an inch from the key. The advantages of the accentuation are to be found in the cultivation of the pupil's sense of rhythm, the more intelligent training of the finger to strike heavy or light at will, and the consequent cultivation of the ear to discriminate and listen for equality or emphasis, according to the artistic requirement of the moment. After a thorough course of this kind extending through at least two diminished chords and their changes, both hands are employed together in sixths, according to Nos. 196, etc.

In scale practice, Mr. Mason employs the accent of *nines*, chiefly, through a compass at first of one octave, then of two and four; and in each compass through all the major scales. At first rapidity is not sought. The fingering is made more certain and the hands more independent by the *canon* form, as in No. 147 of the book; only he uses here also the accent, beginning with the first note of the left hand. This canon form is extremely valuable, and scholars practice it with great interest. Next in gradation of difficulty comes the scale practice in *velocity*, according to the directions given on page 41. This is at first to reach but one octave; then let it be extended one or two notes at each lesson until four octaves compass is reached, which you may be sure will not be in a short time. At every lesson, however, give a different scale. What is wanted is perfect equality in all keys. This velocity practice requires a firm and resonant tone to begin with, a *leggiero* touch in passing, and a sharp, quick blow on the final key—like the crack of a whip.

These, in brief, are the elements of Mr. Mason's finger technique. I ought to add that the chromatic scale is treated with accents, canon and velocity, the same as the diatonic, but with less persistence. It remains now to speak of his method of combining them into a system of daily practice. And this can quickly be explained. *Forty five* minutes a day practice on these exercises will give an excellent parlor *technique;* and an *hour and a quarter* a day will give a concert *technique;*—at least, so says Mr. Mason. To the forty-five minute part of the rule I can bear testimony. The work is divided as follows: two-finger exercise, ten minutes; arpeggio, twenty minutes; scales, (in the different methods) fifteen minutes; total 45 minutes. And from frequent experiments I have no hesitation in declaring that this amount of practice so distributed is easier done by the pupil, and results in a more brilliant, flexible, and delicate technique, than two hours a day exclusively devoted to the best exercises of Czerny, Köhler, and the others. And in this way the pupil, out of two hours' practice, has an hour and a quarter left to study *real music*, and this, after all, is the true chief end of piano

lessons. Technique is only a means of artistic performance, and must be kept in due subjection thereto; but it cannot be kept in due subjection by the allotment of twice as much practice to *exercises* as to music. Whatever the teacher may say, the pupil will always regard as of the most importance the points on which she spends most time.

Should these observations have the effect to cause some other piano teacher to break his "lasting silence," I shall be exceedingly glad; for methods are to be improved only by free interchange of criticism.

## Mlle. Nilsson in Opera.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser, March 4].

Boston has said farewell to the great singer whose magic skill has brought so many of us under a spell more complete and more enchanting than that which any other artiste has been able to weave. The programme of Friday evening, offensive as it was to that sense of harmony and of unity which is keenest in the most highly cultivated minds, had the merit of introducing Mlle. Nilsson in three representative yet strongly contrasted impersonations; and the pathetic and poetic loveliness of her *Lucia*, the gay witchery and vivacity of her *Martha* and the subtile delicacy and intense, restrained passion of her *Marguerite* will linger long in the memories of the listeners, heightening the remarkable versatility and creative power of the artiste who presented them.

It would seem as if the series of performances which was given on Friday night would be of itself sufficient to settle the question of Mlle. Nilsson's rank as an operatic performer with every sensitive and appreciative mind. But we are bound not to forget that the consciousness of her superlative merit, how clear soever it was at first, has steadily grown and developed in every one who has faithfully followed and studied her impersonations: the better she is known the more complete and wonderful does her genius appear; and in this fact alone we discover the application of a test of real greatness which seldom or never deceives. From this judgment, which has been passed upon Mlle Nilsson by the best critical as well as popular opinion of Europe and America, we are aware that some persons in this country of genuine musical taste and unquestionable culture dissent; but the explanation of their disagreement will be found, we suspect, in the circumstance that they have seen but little of her operatic performance, and have formed an opinion upon insufficient consideration. Such an artiste as Nilsson cannot, of course, be comprehended, even as to her method, in a few scattered hearings. And if all who are competent to judge of her rank as a performer, would but follow her carefully through an entire series of her operatic assumptions, we do not think it presumptuous to assert that their verdict would be practically unanimous as to her extraordinary rank. We make no account, we hardly need to say, of those who are so jaundiced by personal prejudice or so blinded by personal interest as to be incapable of doing justice, or of those pitiful clamorers whose simple theory of criticism consists in valuing artists in inverse proportion to the price of tickets affixed by their managers. But as things are, what reason can be urged against the claim which is made in behalf of Mlle. Nilsson for the first place among the operatic artistes who have appeared in this country since the days of Grisi? We have never heard of but one, and that was founded upon the ludicrous conception of what alone constitutes a great singer which may be described as peculiar to America. Very many of us insist that our vocal music, like our oratory, must be delivered *ore rotundo;* that the loudest in song and in speech are alike entitled to the highest honor. Mlle. Nilsson's voice, these persons tell us, is not so inflexibly true to the pitch, not so full, so strong, so brilliant and so sonorous as Mme. Rosa's, for example, and therefore she is not so great a singer as the latter, or as some other artistes of similar qualifications. It is vain to suggest to such critics that Nilsson's voice is exquisitely and wonderfully sweet, that it has a delicacy of tone which is literally incomparable, that it is perfectly cultivated, remarkably flexile, and very pure; to all this they merely reply that it does not fill their ears as do the big, sonorous organs. And if one goes further and asserts that for the expressive quality, which is the first and highest characteristic of a great singer's voice, Mlle. Nilsson's is preëminent, the remark is very likely to be met with sheer uncomprehending vacancy. We do not mean to say that people of good taste have not the right to prefer one order of voices to another, according to their capacity for pleasing the ear; but we do protest against the absurd, crude and inartistic judgment which insists upon despising and depreciating all voices which are not of a certain calibre and style; it would be only just as barbarous or as childish to sneer at a tea rose for not being a cactus, or to scorn the fragrance of the lily of the valley because it is weaker than that of the magnolia.

In discussing the question of preëminence upon the operatic stage, however, the standard of comparison has one element which is absolutely certain, and which may be fairly called self-evident. Assuming, in two candidates for the highest places, voices of decided power and of great beauty, sweetness and cultivation—though the degree of eminence in these qualities may be widely different—that one will *inevitably* carry away the palm who has the higher capacity for the expression of thought and feeling and the greater gift for exciting the emotions of her audience. And, judging by this unfailing rule, the unprejudiced critic is compelled to assign to Mlle. Nilsson the first position among all the artistes who have appeared in opera in this country during the past fifteen years, and the second place among all those who have ever favored America with their impersonations; and this without derogation or depreciation of the high and honorable claims of other great and eminent performers. The test first mentioned is indeed one which is easily applied, and whose results it is impossible for anything but the blindest perversity to misinterpret.

Mlle. Nilsson inspires her listeners with "thoughts above the reaches of their souls"; she interprets the idea of the composer so that it is carried home to the consciousness of the dullest spectator; and she sways the hearts of those who hear her as with the very inspiration of eloquence. Look into the faces of her auditors, and you shall see something far better and far higher than that expression of half-animal enjoyment which comes from drinking the sweetness of melodies. It is not alone that she is—as her few detractors carelessly admit—a great actress; she is that indeed, but she is also a great dramatic *singer*. Her faultless phrasing and her perfect grace and finish of style do much to make her so, but she adds to these that inexplicable power of charging her music with the exact degree and shade of feeling which her genius recognizes as demanded by the composition and the situation. Oftentimes indeed,—as we have said on other occasions,—she transcends the conception of her composer, and gives to his work a fulness, a fervor and an intensity which proceeds rather from her own soul than from his. The power of interpreting her music emotionally, of extracting from it, as it were, every smallest portion of its sentiment, is exhibited in the minutest details as well as in the main conceptions of her renderings. The grand ideas of the aria, recitative, or declamatory passage are grasped most accurately yet most imaginatively, and every delicate phase and variation of the thought is followed and expressed with a subtile skill which is almost pictorial in its character.

Almost numberless illustrations might be given of this marvellous double power, but some of the most striking are to be found in Mlle. Nilsson's renderings of "*Non conosci il bel suol*" from "Mignon," of her part in the "*Leggiadre Rondinelle*" of the same work, of "*Ah! fors è lui*" from "La Traviata," of the recitative and air in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," of "*D'amor sull ali rosee,*" from "Il Trovatore," and of all her music in the great third act of "Faust." And this gift of emotional expression in her music is of course supplemented and intensified by her commanding powers as a purely dramatic artiste. As an actress, as all who have seen her admit, she is really great; her power reaches from archness and coquetry to the highest form of passion and of agony; everywhere it is vital, magnetic and impressive. We have not even taken into account the personal beauty of the artiste, her perfect grace of motion, and the marvellous skill and freedom in action and gesture which at once delights the eyes and stirs the minds of all who see her. Outside these things, and beyond all that has been rehearsed, there remains the gift of unquestioned genius, which informs and vitalizes all her operatic assumptions. Nothing short of this will account for that undefined and indefinable charm which rests upon all her works as an artiste; nothing else will explain the swift electric power which flashes at single moments from single tones and looks and gestures; nothing but this could avail to make the efforts of other performers, who are unquestionably great, seem dull and tame and colorless beside hers. That she has the producing power of genius has, in truth, been seen again and again; she created the part of *Ophelia* in Thomas's "Hamlet;" she recreated his *Mignon:* she has substituted a poetic and passionate *Lucia* for Donizetti's insignificant heroine; she has made the commonplace *Leonora* of "Il Trovatore" absolutely grand in her intensity; and she has interpreted the *Marguerite* of Gounod with a subtilty, an insight and an imaginative grasp which have never been approached upon our operatic stage. Mlle. Nilsson came to this country after she had won the high favor of the first European critics and had conquered the audiences of its two greatest capitals. The unprecedented success of her American career speaks well for the taste of the leaders of our public opinion and for the susceptibility of our people to the best and noblest interpretation of the divinest of the arts.

## The Musical Pitch.

Musicians are a combative race—they revel in pitched battles. The diapason dispute is again revived, and vibratory movements are the order, or rather disorder of the day. It is no longer a prima donna or a tenor who has commenced the conflict, but a select body of amateurs, artists and manufacturers, who, in a conclave at the Royal Albert Hall have passed a pronunciamiento proclaiming the pitch of 528 double vibrations of the C, adopted by the Society of Arts some years since, and which is the standard agreed upon at Stuttgart, in 1834, at a congress of professors. This Swabian diapason is to be the ruling fork at the recitals of the next International Exhibition, provided Her Majesty's Commissioners ratify the resolution. It may be remembered that the Stuttgart pitch of the Adelphi mathematicians and musicians was never adopted except on paper; but the Oratorio Concerts opened originally in St. James's Hall with another pitch—that which was made the subject of an Imperial Decree in France, the C = 522, and which now prevails in that and other countries. But Mr. Barnby, after fighting a good battle, had to strike his flag and revert to the Philharmonic pitch, which has existed so many years. A ludicrous attempt by the National Choral Society to use a pitch C = 508, suggested by Herr Maons, was a complete fiasco in Exeter Hall. Now it is agreed on all hands that some uniform standard is highly desirable; but it is a vexed question amongst musicians, at home and abroad, whether it is necessary to disturb the status quo, for the outlay would involve a large expenditure throughout the country, and the query, "Who is to pay?" has never been satisfactorily answered. The fact is, that without legislative enactment no uniformity will ever be attained, and Parliament as yet has not manifested any very special sympathy for musical matters. As things stand, after last Saturday's manifesto there will be in the present season divers diapasons. Assuming that her Majesty's Commissioners sanction the Stuttgart pitch, the Royal Albert organ must be altered, and the leading instrumentalists playing on the wood and brass must purchase new instruments. At the Royal Italian Opera, Mme. Patti has carried her point with the Impressario, who will enforce the French diapason. The Sacred Harmonic Society, and Philharmonic Society, the Crystal Palace, etc., will assuredly adopt the Stuttgart pitch. We shall have some curious *charivaris* arising out of the varied standards of tonality. One curious fact connected with the Stuttgart pitch does not appear to have transpired at the recent gathering, of which Mr. John Hullah was president. There is a famed tenor in the Wurtemburg capital, with a magnificent chest voice, who can launch the high C sharp with electrical force. It was at the instigation of this artist, Herr Sontheim, that the congress to change the pitch was held, the King of Wurtemburg having been alarmed at the notion of losing such a popular singer for a few vibrations more or less in existing diapasons. But after the expense had been incurred, and it was considerable, of establishing the newly adopted diapason, Herr Sontheim disliked the change so much, that he insisted upon a restoration of the original pitch, and he sings with no uncertain sound, to the old standard, at this very time. Mr. Sims Reeves, who took such a prominent part in the agitation for altering our Philharmonic standard, proclaiming it to be destructive to his voice, has never, during his career, been singing more finely, with his organ in better condition, than since the pitch of the Oratorio Concerts was abandoned. The fact is, that transposition can always be resorted to to relieve a singer in distress. The C = 538 of the opera houses and concert rooms will never be altered, until the financial outlay is provided for, and the hard working and ill-paid artists, who will have to provide new instruments, are compensated.—*London Orchestra.*

---

COLOGNE.—Third Soirée for Chamber Music: Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann; String Quartet, in C minor, Op. 25, Gernsheim; and Quintet, C major, Schubert.—Sixth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; tenor air from *Euryanthe*, Weber (Herr Augustin Ruff, from Mayence); Violin Concerto, Bruch (Herr Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg); "Nordische Sommernacht," Gernsheim; Andante and Minuet, from the first *Canonische Suite*, Grimm; Violin Solos, Ries and Auer; and Second Symphony, Mendelssohn.

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1872.

## Italian Opera.—Nilsson.

The brief farewell season (eight nights and two matinées) of the fascinating Swedish singer and her lyrico-dramatic associates is of the past. Despite the enormous prices, the multitude of other entertainments, musical, theatrical, literary, the inclement weather much of the time, and despite fashionable Lent, it was a fortnight of crowded houses (except on one or two "off nights"—meaning in this case *sans*-Nilsson nights), and success almost unprecedented. Indeed so great was the enthusiasm about this fine and rare individuality in song and lyrical impersonation; so almost universal had become the conviction of her positive *genius*, in addition to the charms of voice and person; so versatile and subtile had she proved herself in throwing all her own individuality into the individuality of each successive rôle, however different, and re-creating it and giving it a new life, hacknied as it might have been for years, that even such wretched trash as Verdi's *Trovatore*, with Nilsson in it, drew two crammed and eager houses. We do not believe that any other singer at this day could keep the same hold on an experienced music-loving public with so indifferent and commonplace a repertoire; for the whole fortnight offered only one new piece, *Mignon*, and of the old familiar pieces not one great one, not one work of genius ever fresh, except Rossini's *Barbiere* for an "off" night. The well-worn and fatiguing names of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Il Trovatore*, *Martha*, *Fra Diavolo* (the last two really bright and charming if not heard too often) exhaust the list.

Miss Nilsson's Lucia, in the general opinion, even transcended her revivification of the part when she was here before. Her subtile genius clothes itself in the cast off garments of so outlived heroine, and quickens into life the unsuspected ideal which it found within there. The virginal purity and sweetness, the tremulous forebodings of a young heart fearing its own too great happiness, in the first scene; the tragic pathos of the betrothal; even that most painful of all things to witness on the stage, ordinarily, the crazy scene, all became beautiful, consistent, luminous with Art's pure imaginative halo, in her new reproduction. And how exquisitely she sang! How wonderfully the pure, silvery voice revelled in the florid ecstacy of the bravura in the mad scene!—*Martha*, on the other hand, for Nilsson, is pure play and self recovery almost; with inimitable grace and archness her elastic voice and spirits go with the gay current of the music, her every look and motion musical as her song. In such things she never quite repeats herself; it is hearty, sincere play and partly improvised. All the more natural the tenderness, when her heart feels the serious side of the adventure. Verdi's *Trovatore* we had not ventured to witness for at least a decade. The impression that we got of it when we heard its first performance in this country, in New York, and which we recorded then at length, was never modified by further hearings. In plot most barbarous and cruel; in its would-be characters unreal,—some of them mere scarecrows of a sensational melodrama; in its music hard and overstrained, with plenty of ingenuity, but not a spark of genius, and, what is worse, devoid of human tenderness, effective only, not emotional,—the pervading musical *motive* of the piece being a sort of *idée fixe* in the crazed brain of a gypsey woman of the whirling flame and smoke of her mother's burning at the stake, and the famous *Miserere* of the last scene being but the dismal prelude to another burning,—its popularity is only to be accounted for upon the same principle with the vulgar passion for reading of horrible crimes and murders in the newspapers, besides the charm which strong, brilliant, *quasi* impassioned, intense singing has for the peculiar class of music-lovers who still cling to the modern Italian opera as their ideal of strong if not healthy musical expression. This time we heard it once for the sake of the new Leonora. But the play as a whole, the characters, the music were the same as of old, only more so; too much good music, too many works of genius had intervened, widening the gulf between true Art and *bugaboo* productions of this cheap order. Its iron-clad and soulless melodies, full of jerk and perpetual *sforzando*, so trying to the voices—tunes which seem to have been forged upon those gypsey anvils—have just the charm of acrobatic feats. Of musical working out of themes, of subtile and fine traits of accompaniment, of true artistic development, of pervading geniality, there is nothing. The *Miserere* is effective, by many admired; but is it not morbid, artificial, without religion or a deep sincerity of any kind, and does it not dismally pall upon repeated hearing? The one relief was Nilsson; the one part that admits of any ideality, such as she would be sure to find in it, is that of Leonora. That she did put life and soul into the only human personage in the absurd plot,—and even that a tame one without a Nilsson—must be admitted; and it is new evidence of her creative power that she could make it beautiful, touching, noble,—in action always, in song wherever the cold, wilful music would admit,—and this amidst such ghastly companionship, a ray of pure white light in such a lurid atmosphere, was proof enough that her power transcends the mere sensational, that her Art is sincere. Yet why may we not hear her in music better worthy of her, in music which she loves far better than she can love this, in works like *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Fidelio*,—or in something new like *Hamlet*, all of which she was both ready and eager, on her part, to give? When shall we have Opera management, which will not make *all* secondary to hopes of gain, content to minister to Art itself, with faith enough in man to know that it will *pay*—reasonably and surely? Never till Opera becomes a local institution.—Nilsson could breathe life into the Leonora; it were too much to expect that BRIGNOLI could do the same for that nonentity the Troubadour, although he has some pretty songs, which the stout gentle tenor sings as well as ever, being in good voice of late. But whether he be Troubadour or be Edgardo, he is pretty much the same. The gypsey Azucena is a somewhat picturesque, though morbid, crazed and gloomy part; Miss CARY sang it very finely, with rich, telling voice, and acted well. The Count di Luna is simply a bugbear of jealousy and cruelty; a very coarse instrument with two strings. The anvils can no longer be galvanized into new life, since they have become Gilmorized; why not let G. have them altogether and hammer on them to his heart's content!

The event of the fortnight was the *Mignon* of Ambrose Thomas, heard here for the first time. It was given three times, and with increasing interest. As a drama merely it is lively, natural, and very picturesque, the plot being based on Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, with a difference, but reproducing some of its characters, as Mignon, the light-hearted flirt and actress Philina, and indeed Meister himself, with some fidelity. The old harper is merged into Lothario. The contrasts of character are very happy for an opera of half light, half serious, not tragic, nature. The scenes and groupings are all attractive and pleasantly exciting. Every part was cleverly presented, and all well accompanied. But the centre of interest from the beginning, about all the time, is the mysterious poor child Mignon,—Nilsson's Mignon, who has just stepped out from Ary Scheffer's picture. On the first night you are so absorbed in her that you scarcely take note of the music as such. At any rate the music, if not great, if not very learned or original, is not obtrusive; never offensive though those claptrap cadenzas, &c., of modern operas, purely designed to catch encores and interrupt the current of the drama; you only feel that it is graceful, light for the most part, often delicate, not too suggestive of other people's music, and that it floats the drama easily and smoothly. A second time, you discover, that though the Overture is trivial, and dance melodies abound, bright and fresh ones (precisely suited to the gay and pretty part of Philina, and the voice and style of Mlle. DUVAL, who never looked or sang so charmingly in any other part), though in just the serious and important moments (as where Mignon discovers Wilhelm's love for her and rushes to his arms) the music is found wanting; and though there is not much continuous working up of themes;—yet it is full of delicate and dainty bits, both in voices and in instrumentation; traits that reveal an author of refinement, and indeed one who is conversant with the classical masters. Little turns and modulations, chaste and sparing, but effective, even reminded us at times of such traits in the "Water-Carrier", and we find that Thomas studied in the French Conservatoire while Cherubini was director. One is haunted, among other piquant little morceaux, by the very quaint, light, antique sounding little entr'acte (*Gavotte*) played before the second act, and recurring once or twice again.

The principal air for Mignon: "*Kennst du das Land*" (the opera was sung in Italian) is not remarkable for such a theme, and doubtless passed by many unsuspected, if they did not follow the libretto. Yet it is touching, delicate, and appropriate enough, and is made beautifully eloquent with Nilsson's voice and free and glowing action as she recalls the blue Italian skies. The duet of "the swallows," too, with the old harper (who turns out at last to be her father) is full of a keen childlike joy and sense of nature. There is a good serious song for Wilhelm in the latter part, though the promise of the opening is hardly kept, by which CAPOUL won an encore; and indeed in this, as in the entire rôle, his singing, action, whole appearance, were as good and artist-like as one could wish. There are some beautiful concerted pieces, also; particularly a Trio leading into a general ensemble in the first act, and the love duet of Mignon and Wilhelm in the last act.

Hear it a third time, and while the music holds its own,—although it does not satisfy just where you need it most,—and even continues to reveal unnoticed beauties in detail, the unique charm and power of Nilsson's Mignon still grow on you and rivet your attention chiefly, and yet so wholesomely that you can afford a hearty recognition all the while to her companions, including, besides those already mentioned, Mons. JAMET, so dignified and so affecting in his search for his lost child, as well as the minor part of Laertes the actor (Mr. LYALL) and the enamored little page (Mlle. FERETTI, with her one song), besides the chorus of the gypsey crew. But Mignon is in constant action from the moment that she is rudely roused from sleep (looking as if that sleep were just the only solace left for the poor child in this life) to dance the egg dance, to the last scene of the play. And how consistently and perfectly, with unobtrusive song and action, she realizes every shifting phase and moment of the character, can only be conceived through actual sight and hearing. There could not be a part more suited to her, though Margaret in *Faust* is one of higher reach and more intensity; she is a sort of Mignon, wonderingly led on by her own genius and by favoring fortune out of obscurity into a rich new world of life.

It is needless for us now to characterise her singing, or to recall in detail all the fine imaginative traits in her impersonation of the Mignon of Thomas, which, if not Goethe's, could not have existed without that for its haunting and inimitable model. Of the first task we have, after a fashion, tried to acquit ourselves before; the latter, seeing it so well done, we may safely leave to the critic of the *Advertiser*, whose last word on "Nilsson in Opera," also, we have found so much to our mind that we were tempted to transfer it to our columns. This writer says, and we say

mainly with him:

The *Mignon* of the novel, like the plot of the novel, almost loses its identity in passing into the substance of the opera; she loses much of her spirituality, takes on much of the common earth, and almost wholly ceases to be weird and mysterious And yet who but Mlle. Nilsson could be capable of the infinite variety of feeling and expression which the character demands? The sweet *naiveté* and touching simplicity of the young girl when first she is rescued from her hateful life among the gypsies; the suggestions of her origin and childhood exquisitely, though dimly, shadowed in her prayer to the Virgin; the strange, soul-yearning that finds its utterance in the lovely melody which describes the home of her heart and of her hope; the birth of love amidst tears and sighs and little jealousies and great agonies; and the final realizations of the daughter's and the woman's longing,—all these are gathered together in the impersonation of Mlle Nilsson, and are joined in a creature of real flesh and blood, but wonderful in the variety of her phases, moods and manifestations. The delivery of her great [ ? ] song, "*Non conosci il bel suol*," was without exception the most vivid piece of dramatic song which we can recall. The meaning of each sentence—nay, of every word—breathed and burned upon the lips of the singer, and each change in the thought was carried home to the consciousness of the spectator by action so subtle, so expressive and, above all, so magnificently strong and free as to carry upon itself the stamp of genius The grand gesture with which, in the first stanza, Mlle. Nilsson indicated the sweep of the "cloudless heaven" of the Italian sky was worthy of Rachel or of Ristori, and the yearning of tone and of action which accompanied the utterances of the second stanza was indescribable in its simplicity and pathos. Kindred with this, though again varied and discriminated from it in a hundred ways—we must count the singing and acting of the artiste in the scene in which she seeks to take her own life and in which she calls down curses upon her rival, and in the whole of the last act, in which she wakens as out of a heavy sleep to the ecstasy of a new life and and a new love. In direct contrast with all this were the scenes in the second part, in which her native vanity and love of dress were called into play, and in which she is exposed to the torment of witnessing the flirtations of the man of her heart with the seductive *Filina*. In the former she was charming with a freshness, a brilliancy, and a gracefulness which completely eclipsed the efforts of other performers in similar parts, and in the latter the spirit and variety of her action were nothing short of amazing. Impatience, disgust, anger and grief chased each other through her face and found utterance in every motion, every posture and every muttered word; every part of her person seemed eloquent with meaning, and yet no action or pose was repeated, even long after it seemed as if the gamut of impatient expression was exhausted The whole performance, indeed was unique and wonderful in its coherence its life, its imaginative power and its immense fertility of invention; its beauty was a thing to dream of; its pathos seemed drawn from nature itself; and its sprightliness, its vividness and force made even the best efforts of other artists seem pale, weak and tasteless

Mr. Capoul as *Gugliemo* displayed the exquisite delicacy and graceful warmth of style which now identify him to all the patrons of the opera as almost the first of operatic lovers.

## Concerts.

Harvard Musical Association. The eighth Symphony Concert (Friday afternoon, Feb. 23d) proved more interesting than many had anticipated, who had (not without reason) some misgivings about works of new composers. To our feeling it was a quite enjoyable, good concert, but not precisely of the best. It opened with a Concert Overture by Gade (in C major, No. 3, Op. 14), never played here before. It has not the taking color contrasts of the "Ossian" and the "Highlands" overture, but it is a spirited, large, massive composition, richly instrumented for the full orchestra throughout,—perhaps too uniformly so, and in the composer's Northern, dreamy vein, yet without any sentimental weakness. It was well played and made a grand impression. The exquisite Andante and Adagio (Nos. 4 and 5) from Beethoven's "Prometheus" Ballet music followed, with nice rendering, and never was the beauty of the violoncello melody and variations (Mr. Hartdegan), and the answering phrases of the flutes, clarionets and bassoons, more appreciable; one breathes a sweet contentment and repose in music so sincere and simple and yet so refined. The third of Beethoven's Piano Concertos, that in C minor, is certainly a noble and delightful work, ranking commonly, and justly, as only next to those in E flat and in G. The orchestration is rich, original and striking in comparison with its predecessors, and the pianoforte part offers high argument and field for any artist's best interpretative powers. Mr. J. C. D. Parker played it carefully and conscientiously, with good conception, and very delicate, nice phrasing in many passages, only with hardly enough of fire and freedom. In the thoughtful, self-communing vein of the *Largo* movement here, as well as the *Adagio* in the G-major Concerto, so characteristic of Beethoven, we seem to catch the secret of the real meaning (in a poetic sense) of a Concerto combining the piano with an orchestra, which some have thought so unfit to be coupled. Is it not the tone-poet improvising, talking to himself upon his instrument and calling to the voices of the orchestra, invisible as it were, for sympathetic confirmation and society to his own beautiful but solitary thought? This does not hold, of course, of mere parade concertos.

The Symphony, forming the chief portion of the Second Part, was new here, and by a composer whom we have had only once before, in an Orchestral Suite last year,—Joachim Raff. This was his second Symphony, op. 140, in C major, earlier than the one called "Im Walde" which Theo. Thomas gave here once. Though Raff has affinities with Liszt and Wagner, this Symphony adheres to the classical models in form, and is a large, musicianlike and earnest work throughout its four long movements; interesting as a whole, strikingly so in parts, though we fail to detect in it a spark of new and individual genius, anything, however beautiful or clever, which the existence of Schumann's, Schubert's Mendelssohn's music might not account for in a man of talent, musical organization and study. There are felicitous ideas in it, with skilful working up, and very varied and effective instrumentation. The first Allegro, in 6-4 measure, is broad and stately, uniformly full like the Gade Overture. The Andante has a beautiful and pregnant melody, which is developed through a long and interesting series of transformations and recurrences, with a fine fugued episode in one part, and all growing to a superb climax The Scherzo is fanciful and pleasing, particularly the running passages in thirds between the reeds and flutes in the Trio. A stately *Andante maestoso* ushers in a brilliant, spirited Finale (*Allegro con Spirito*). The work is full of difficulties, but was bravely mastered by the orchestra, and held the interest of the great audience to the end.

Schumann's elastic, tripping little Scherzo, from the "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52, with the pretty answering phrases of oboe and clarinet in the Trio, made a refreshing, genial conclusion. That *is* a work of genius.

This week's Concert offered a noble programme: Mendelssohn's Overture to "Athalia" (almost new with orchestra); Schumann's Piano Concerto, played by Hugo Leonhard;—Overture: "*Tausend und Eine Nacht*" (first time), by Taubert; and the great Schumann Symphony in C (No. 2.)

There remains but one more concert of the series, the tenth, on Thursday, March 21, which also will be a grand one: Part I. Beethoven's Overture in C, op. 124 ("Weihe des Hauses"); Mendelssohn's D-minor Concerto, played by Miss Mehlig; Cherubini's Overture to "Lodoiska" (first time). Part II.—Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" for piano solo (Miss Mehlig); and the "Heroic Symphony" of Beethoven.

There is still to come, however, the annual benefit concert of our long tried and excellent Conductor, Carl Zerrahn, on Wednesday *Evening*, April 10. Goethe's 'Egmont,' read by Miss Charlotte Cushman, with Beethoven's music to it, by the Harvard Orchestra, [the songs by Mrs. J. W. Weston] will make up the whole feast, and a right noble one. Mr. Zerrahn deserves and undoubtedly will have a crowded house.

---

The Soirée in honor of Robert Franz, given at Mechanics' Hall last Saturday evening by Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg, was highly successful in spite of the bad luck of falling on the stormiest night of the winter. This kept not a few away who had purchased tickets; yet the attendance was large and cheering. Musically the whole affair was most artistic and delightful. Could it be otherwise with such a programme, such interpreters, such an audience and such a motive?

Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, Op 70, No 1 Beethoven.
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg, and Hartdegen
Songs, from Liederkreis ........................Schumann.
Mr. Carl Gloggner Castelli.
Piano Solo, Ballade, Op. 38, F major..............Chopin.
Mr. Leonhard.
Songs..........................................Rob. Franz.
Mrs Barry.
Quintet, Op. 44, [piano and strings.............Schumann.

The instrumental pieces (the "Geister" Trio, the great Schumann Quintet, and the Chopin *Ballade*, so gently musing and suddenly so passionate,) had been heard in the Matinées of the same artists. Nothing could be better worth repeating. Mr. Gloggner chose two of the finest songs of Schumann,—one of them the "*Mondnacht*," and sang them with a delicate appreciation. Mrs. Barry was in her best voice and mood and sang four Franz songs *con amore* and to a charm. These were characteristic and well contrasted; viz. the solemn, mystical "*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*; the "*Aprillaunen*" (likening the humors of a mistress to those of April); the wild and grand "*Am Meer*!" and Goethe's airy and fantastic *Mailied* ("*Zwischen Hecken und Dorn*," &c.),—the last two in English. One only wished to hear more songs of Franz *ad libitum*, and let the storm without there roar! Who did not regret the absence of Mr. Kreissmann, who more than any singer, from the first, has brought these winged little creatures (these "*kleine Lieder*") home to us, and who did not think of him with sympathy in his severe long illness? Pity too that our young Osgood's return could not have been hastened! And to make all whole and perfect, Mr. Dresel also ought to have been there in person, as he was in spirit.

---

Mr. Lang's second concert at the Globe was a very fine one, but further record now is crowded out. The next will be next Thursday afternoon and will present a Concerto by Bach for two violins; a four-hand composition by Mr. Bradlee, an accomplished amateur of our city; Chopin's *Etude* in C sharp minor, op. 25: and a Trio in B flat by Rubinstein.

## The Poultry Concert at Music Hall.

Music Hall has had a varied experience during the past winter. The Dolbys, Peck's Popular Concerts, Mrs. Moulton, Mme Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Phillipps, Theodore Thomas's Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Oratorios, the Grand Duke, a masquerade ball, and numberless other entertainments, have been given there, comprising every class of music from oratorio down to vulgar dance tunes. The music of the past, of the present, and of the future, has had its hearing; and the most refined and most uncultivated tastes have been gratified in turn. But, after all, it was art that reigned supreme through all. Nature had enjoyed none of the tone-feasts that had been so lavishly spread. The winter went out and the spring came in with an entertainment that remedied this painful omission, and gave to the public Nature's music in its purest form, in the shape of a Poultry Concert. We cannot say, after a fair hearing, that we do not prefer art, after all. We feel that we are educated up to that, and that life is too short to unlearn what we have learned. We must in all frankness add, that we do not think the music that has prevailed at Music Hall for the past week is of a class that is likely to become permanently popular, though we would recommend a study of it to those of our orchestral leaders who are languishing for new effects to keep the popular taste in a proper condition of degradation. The chorus that was in progress as we entered the hall was strikingly like a *Liszt* Scherzo, and proved to us that the abuse heaped upon that composer for his strained and unnatural effects has been quite undeserved. Judged from the hen and rooster point of view, his music has all the beauty and simplicity of nature to recommend it to notice.

The performers were, as a rule, in capital voice and spirits. A fine solo, with a clucking chorus, was given by a lusty Shanghai rooster with a rich contralto voice The lower tones came out clear and full, and his *technique* was all that could be desired. One or two bravura passages were given with great power and effect, and rang through the hall with trumpet-like majesty. A noble old turkey gobbler essayed an Allegretto Capriccioso, but he was evidently suffering under a severe cold, which was to be greatly regretted, as we expected a great treat from his full yet sympathetic baritone voice. A Spangled Poland hen executed some fine staccato passages, and a Spanish game-cock attempted an intricate bolero, which would have created a great sensation, had not one of the audience rudely poked him in the breast with a walking-cane, and interrupted him in the midst of a splendid *point d'orgue* in D, in alt. A Brahmapootra hen made a fiasco in essaying a cadenza beyond her powers, but her method was perfect. A pleasing concerted piece was adroitly rendered by four mottled ganders, but we grieve to be forced to state that they did not sing in tune. But it was in the ensembles that the performers showed to the best advantage. Fugues whose complications would have driven Bach into a despairing frenzy of envy were delivered in the most faultless manner. The glorious basses of the male turkeys and Shanghai roosters rolled along in the most even manner, and blended finely with the shrill-tenors of the game-cocks, and the sweet and sympathetic altos of the ganders. It is but just to the amiable and obliging custodian of Music Hall to state that the performers were all greatly inclined to Peck. As a whole, the affair was a grand success, and the directors of Music Hall deserve the grateful thanks of the entire community for that refined devotion to musical art that induced them to give the public an opportunity of hearing this intellectual treat in the same hall in which Handel' "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" have been so gloriously rendered.—*Gazette, March 2.*

Digitized by Google

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, Feb 19.—Monday evening, debut of Santley in *Zampa*. He acquitted himself creditably, and did not seem to be very much embarrassed in the presence of a New York audience, although some of our critics persist in considering it a trying ordeal for him.

The house was literally crammed. There was hushed and eager anticipation throughout the familiar overture, the opening chorus, and the music which follows, until the famed Robber Chief stepped upon the stage, and was greeted with round upon round of applause. The part of Zampa is written for the tenor voice; but such is the range of Santley's magnificent organ that a little transposition brings the music entirely within his own. His voice is, for a baritone, what that of Sims Reeves is for a tenor, or Nilsson's for a soprano, or Alboni's for a contralto. Throughout its whole range there is not one bad note. One is conscious of a certain dignity in his singing which tells of power in reserve,—but intensely dramatic his singing is not, or at least was not on this occasion. His acting was perhaps somewhat different from the manner in which we should expect a real pirate to conduct himself, and he has been criticised on this ground; but surely anything is better than the hair-tearing performances of the traditional stage villain.

The music of *Zampa* affords a fine ground for the display of his splendid voice, and it is in this opera that he is most famous—although he sings in many others which are musically to be preferred.

Tuesday. *Don Juan* was played, and to a good house despite the storm. Wednesday. Second appearance of Santley in *Zampa*. Friday. Benefit of Mrs. Seguin who appeared as Nancy (or *Julia*) in *Martha*, with Mme. Rosa as Martha. Saturday. *Fra Diavolo*, with Santley, and (matinée) a second performance of *Don Juan*. This week we are to have German Opera, at the Grand Opera House, by the Mulder Fabbri Troupe. A. A. C.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

Mme. Camilla Urso, whose rare merits as a violinist are so well known in our American cities, after playing with great success in Paris, has arrived in London. We can readily believe it when we hear that the press there not long since was unanimous in her praise, after her performance of the Mendelssohn Concerto at the Crystal Palace. She is now engaged as leading violin in the six classical soirées given at St. George's Hall under the direction of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, beginning Saturday, Feb. 24 and continued weekly. In the string quartet she is associated with three first-class artists. The first programme contained: Posthumous Quartet by Schubert; Trio in C minor, Beethoven; Quartet for piano and strings, in B flat, Hummel. We are glad to see that Mme. Urso is following a classical direction, and trust that it will lead her round to us again at some not distant day.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller leaves London this evening for the continent. The stay among us of the illustrious German musician has been provokingly short. He has played, with splendid success, at Manchester, at Liverpool, and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham (of which more in our next). He plays, to-day, with Signor Piatti, a magnificent sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 22), which he composed at Milan, as far back as 1938. And this is all we shall hear, in the year 1872, of Ferdinand Hiller! *Tant pis!* We should have liked him to remain with us during the whole season, so that occasion might have been afforded us to pay him the honors which are so justly his due.—*Mus. World, Feb.* 17.

The Oratorio Concerts.—Bach's Sacred Oratorio, (*The Passion*), according to St. Matthew, is announced for performance at the Sixth Subscription Concert on Tuesday next. This sublime work was re-introduced at the Oratorio Concerts the season before last, and will now be heard under Mr. Barnby's direction for the third time. Its introduction in the service at Westminster Abbey on Maunday Thursday, last year, has considerably added to the interest which had previously attached to the performances of this work. The principal artists are to be Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Thurley Beale, and Herr Stockhausen, and a special feature will be the presence of Dr. Stainer, the new organist of St. Paul's, who is to preside at the pianoforte used for accompanying the recitatives.

Mme. Arabella Goddard. As this great English pianist is coming to America next September, the following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be read with interest:

One of the special attractions at the Monday Popular Concerts is, of course, the piano forte playing, and two of the most striking features in the first programme were the pianoforte solo of the first part and the duet for violin and pianoforte of the second. Beethoven's astonishing "Thirty-two variations on an original air in C minor"—astonishing, above all, for their variety and originality, no two being alike, no one being like a variation by any other composer—were played in masterly style by Mdme. Arabella Goddard. The piece is not one of the most "popular" in the Monday Popular repertory; and nothing but the most perfect execution, such as on this occasion it received, could render it interesting to the general public. To familiarize, however, the said general public with works of this character is precisely the object, with which, artistically speaking, the Monday Popular Concerts were established. In Dussek's "Sonata in B flat major for pianoforte and violin," the music speaks for itself, and nothing but absolutely bad performance could destroy its beauty. How thoroughly beautiful, then, must it have been in the hands of two such artists as Mdme. Arabella Goddard and Mdme. Norman-Néruda, who both played *con amore*, and both enlisted in the completest manner the sympathy and admiration of their audience! The concert terminated with Mendelssohn's superb trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mdme. Arabella Goddard, Mdme. Norman Néruda, and Signor Piatti,); an old favorite at these concerts, where it has been given no less than nineteen times.

Mme. Clara Schumann. "There is nothing"—says the *Standard*, Feb. 6, in a notice of Mme. Schumann's return to the Monday Popular Concerts—"in which English audiences differ so much from those of the Continent as in the consistent respect they show a great name, even occasionally after the brilliancy of the talents which created it has faded or passed away. Numerous are the instances on record of foreign *artistes* appealing successfully to English audiences, who would not venture to trust to the recollections of former achievements in their own country. This conservatism of early opinions has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Amongst the former may be cited the security which foreign *artistes* feel that time strengthens their claim on an English public, and that they are not subject to the fitful moods of volatile and capricious audiences. The disadvantages we need not enumerate, nor allude to the fact that we sometimes sacrifice our critical acumen on the altars of consistency and "auld lang syne." Madame Schumann has been long enough in this country to feel that dependence may be placed on her numerous friends and admirers, and if any doubts may have risen in her mind during her temporary retirement from the scene of some of her honors they must have been dispelled by the cordial reception she met with last evening."

Frankfort-on-the-Main.—Mme. Clara Schumann played at the seventh Museum Concert. The compositions selected were Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G major; Schumann's "Canon from the Studies for a Pedal Grand;" and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14. The orchestral pieces were Spohr's third Symphony, in C minor, and M. Anton Rubinstein's Overture in B flat major. The vocalist was a young lady of the name of Regan, already favorably known by having appeared at these concerts last season.

Dresden. The fourth Symphony Concert of the Royal Kapelle (Jan. 39) had for programme: Part I. Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Symphony: "Am Imatra" (first time), by Th. Berthold, based on recollections of certain scenes in Finnland and its mythological legends. Part II. Overture to *Coriolan* Beethoven; "Jupiter" Symphony, Mozart.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A Cluster of Pearls. Song and Cho. 3. F to f. *C. H. Smith.* 30

"My darling's a cluster of many rare jewels,
The number I never yet found"
A jewel of a song, certainly. Melody uncommonly sweet

On the Sands. 3. A*b* to e. *Vandewater.* 30

"Sweetly she smiled on me,
On the sands;
While the warm sunshine fell
On weed, pebble and shell."
Written with exquisite taste. Words by Geo. Arnold.

Easter Anthem. Christ the Lord is risen to-day. 4. A*b*. *Wilson.* 75

Has the usual variety of solo and chorus passages, and is a fine, new, spirited affair.

After the Opera is over. 3. E*b* to d. *Leybourne.* 30

"Live in the squares of Belgravia.
And the pleasures of life you will see."

Come home early, Papa. Song & Cho. 3. G to *g*. *Christie.* 40

"Come home early, will you, Papa?
I shall watch along the street."
Beautiful home song, with equally beautiful title. Dexter Smith wrote it.

Under the leaves that fall. 4. A to f. *Warren.* 30

"Under the leaves that fall,
Angels shall guard thee well."
An elegant melody, and unusually pretty accompaniment, with almost an independent air of its own.

O fair Dove! O fond Dove! 3. F to D. *Gatty.* 30

"But a dove that perched upon the mast,
Did mourn,—and mourn,—and mourn.
O dove with the white, white breast,
Let me alone; the dream is my own,
And my heart is full of rest."
None but Jean Ingelow could write that, and to say that the music is perfectly appropriate is sufficient praise.

Love will shine all through. 4. A to e. *Pinsuti.* 4

"Earth will bloom, and cheeks will burn
With blushes many a one"
Words from "The Afterglow." Sweet music, and the well engraved portrait of the Sweet Singer on the title.

Blinks of the Staff. Comic. 2. D to f. *Connolly.* 30

"I'm your Captain Blinks of the staff."
First cousin to "Captain Jinks"

She wandered down the mountain. Illustrated Title. 4. C to *g*. *Clay.* 40

"A bird was singing its psalm of rest,
But she heeded not its song."
A very effective and affecting song for a concert singer.

Toddling through the Lanciers. 3. B*b* to f. *Conolly.* 30

"Merry happy Lanciers."
Meant to be comic, but if you substitute "tripping" for "toddling" it becomes a very pretty and merry song any way.

The Dew is Sparkling. (Erblinkt der Thau) 4. F to *g*. *Rubinstein.* 30

"The moon sheds on all a soft silvery light,
The nightingale sings in the gloaming."
A fine German English song, with a peculiar movement which may be called Russian-German.

### Instrumental.

Mignon. Fantasie brilliante. 5. A*b*. *Ketterer.* 60

The favorite airs of Ambroise Thomas's opera, rendered of course, as Ketterer must render them, in a very brilliant and effective manner.

Martha. For 4 hands. 5. *S. Smith.* 1.25

In various keys, of course. A good piece for exhibitions.

Thousand and One Night Waltz. 4 hands. 3. *Strauss.* 1.25

Arranged from airs in Offenbach's "Indigo." Don't know about 1001 nights, but think that one might dance 501 times to it without much weariness. Splendid!

Flirtation. Polka Mazurka. 3. G. *Waud.* 35

Very piquant and neat, and more brilliant than most mazurkas.

Artist's Life Waltz. 4 hands. 3. *Strauss.* 1.25

Has Strauss's usual brilliancy, and with the power of 4 hands upon it will lift the feet of dance-lovers, whether they will or no.

Rays of Hope. Mazurka Elegante. 4. C. *Warren.* 30

Rightly named, and has some very well contrived octave and left-hand passages.

Valse brilliante on Octaves. 5. B*b*. *Concone.* 35

Pretty good as a Waltz, and very good as an Octave study.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

## A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE NO. 808. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1872. VOL. XXXI. No. 26.



**DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC**
Published every other Saturday,
BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

TERMS.—If mailed or called for, $2.00, per annum delivered by carrier, $2.50. Payment in advance.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:
One insertion per line 30 cents.
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 20 cents.
Cards, six lines, nonpareil, per annum, $36.00.
do fourlines, do do $18.00.

JOHN S. SPOONER, PRINTER, 21 FRANKLIN STREET.


## Advertisements.


MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.—During the coming month of May, special engagements may be made with this celebrated artiste previous to her departure for Europe. Apply to M. A. P. PECK,
908—10 Boston Music Hall.

A LADY OF EXPERIENCE would like to teach Music a few days of each week in a Seminary not far from Boston. Address M. G., Care of Oliver Ditson & Co. Boston. 905—2

**Dr. HENRI SUTTER'S**
**New Grand Conservatory**
**and College of Music,**
PAINESVILLE, OHIO.
Dr. HENRI SUTTER, Director.
All Branches taught according to the Classical German Principles of Leipsic, Stuttgart, etc., by European Professors. A perfect organized Music-School, having graded Course of study comprising Theory, Practice and Æsthetics. The summer term begins April 15, 1872. The pupils have FIVE lessons per week in EACH branch their study. 190 students in attendance. Terms moderate. Send for full catalogues, &c. to
907-4m Dr. HENRI SUTTER.

**J. A. HILLS,**
*Pupil of the late Carl Tausig,*
TEACHER OF
**Piano, Organ, and the Theory of Music.**
Address at Chickering & Sons', or 149 (a) Tremont Street, Boston. 904

**EASTER MUSIC.**
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO, New York.
LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHRIST OUR PASSOVER. | *J. R. Thomas.* | 1.00 |
| " " | *Chapple* | .50 |
| " " | *Rev. Roberts Comm.* | .30 |
| CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY. | *Andrews.* | .50 |
| " " | *Lloyd.* | .35 |
| EASTER ANTHEM. | *Butler.* | .50 |
| EASTER HYMN. (Morning breaks upon the tomb.) | *W. H. Clarke.* | .50 |
| EASTER ANTHEM. (Christ the Lord is risen) | *H. Wilson.* | .75 |
| CAROLS FOR EASTER AND CHRISTMAS. (Book.) | *A. P. Howard.* | .50 |

**EDW. SCHUBERTH,**
**Foreign & American Music Depot,**
No. 610 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. 796—

**OLIVER DITSON & CO.'S**
**STANDARD MUSICAL WORKS.**
CHEAP!! UNEXCELLED!!

**Beautiful Octavo Edition of Oratorios & Cantatas**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Creation | $ .50 | Naboth Mabor | .45 |
| Messiah | .50 | Hymn of Praise | .50 |
| Israel in Egypt | .50 | Walpurgis Night | .75 |
| Judas Maccabæus | .50 | As the Hart pants (42d Ps.) | .30 |
| Samson | .75 | Come let us sing (95th ") | .30 |
| St. Paul | .75 | Ninety-Eighth Psalm | .25 |
| Elijah | .75 | Woman of Samaria | .75 |
| Athalia | 1.00 | Hear my Prayer | .38 |

**Beautiful Octavo Edition of Masses.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beethoven's Mass in C | .50 | Mozart's 12th (Requiem) | |
| Beethoven's Mass in F | .75 | Mass | .50 |
| Cherubini's Mass in F | .50 | Mozart's 2nd, 7th & 9th | |
| Farmer's Mass in B flat | .75 | Masses | .75 |
| Giacomo's Mass Solennelle | .75 | Mercadante's Mass 2 vols. | .75 |
| Haydn's 2d Mass | .45 | Niedermeyer's Mass in D | 1.25 |
| Haydn's 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th, 7th and 8th Masses, ea. | .75 | Rossini's Stabat Mater | 1.00 |
| Haydn's 10th Mass | 1.00 | Weber's Mass in G | .50 |
| De Monti's Mass | .75 | Weber's Mass in E flat | .75 |
| Mozart's 1st Mass | .50 | Southard's Mass in F | .38 |
| Mozart's 12th Mass | .65 | Southard's Mass in D | .38 |

**Complete Operas, Full Vocal Score,**
INCLUDING RECITATIVES. $1.00 EACH.
FAUST, FIDELIO, MARTHA, TRAVIATA, SONNAMBULA, DON GIOVANNI, MARINO DI PIZARO, NORMA, ERNANI, FRADIAVOLO, TROVATORE, FRA DIAVOLO, LUCRAZIA BORGIA, LUCIA.

Published in separate form all the leading and famous Oratorio Choruses, also a fine selection of English Glees, each piece printed on a page, with a cover of its own. Price 6 cents each or 60 cents per dozen.

Selections from World's Peace Jubilee of 1872, comprising seven Choruses and Chorale, each 15 cents or $1.50 per hundred.

*** The above can be had of any Music Dealers, or the Publishers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

**GLAD TIDINGS!!**
The Beautiful SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK with the above Title has received the Highest Commendations.
Get one and Judge for Yourself.
COMPOSED BY
L. O. Emerson & L. B. Starkweather.
Price in Paper, 30 cts, in Boards, 35 cts.

**The Offertorium!**
A New and Complete Collection of Music for the CATHOLIC CHURCH. Music not difficult. Suited for Choirs of all capacities. Fitted for all Common and all Festival Occasions.
*Price in Cloth, $2.75; In Boards, $2.50.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EASTER ANTHEM: Christ our Passover. | *Thomas.* | 1.00 |
| EASTER HYMN: Morning Breaks. | *Clarke.* | .50 |
| EASTER ANTHEM: Christ the Lord. | *Wilson.* | .75 |

GOLDEN **The GOLDEN ROBIN.** GOLDEN
GOLDEN *A School Song Book.* GOLDEN
GOLDEN NO BETTER ONE PUBLISHED. GOLDEN
GOLDEN Price, 50 Cents. GOLDEN

The above books and pieces sent, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**New Music for March.**

VOCAL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A Cluster of Pearls. Song and Cho. | *C. H. Smith.* | 30 |
| On the Sands | *Vandewater.* | 30 |
| Easter Anthem. Christ the Lord is risen to-day. | *Wilson.* | 75 |
| After the Opera's over. Comic | *Leybourne.* | 30 |
| Come home early, Jim! Song and Cho. | *Christy.* | 40 |
| Under the leaves that fall | *Warren* | 30 |
| O fair Dove! O fond Dove! | *Gotte.* | 30 |
| Love will shine all through | *Pinsuti* | 40 |
| Blinks of the Staff. Comic | *Connor* | 30 |
| She wandered down the Mountain. Illustrated Title | *Clay.* | 40 |
| Toddling thro' the Lanciers | *Connolly.* | 30 |
| The Dew is Sparkling. (Eshlinkt der Thau). | *Rubinstein.* | 30 |
| Annabel Lee | *Leslie.* | 40 |
| Mantle and the Blue bird | *Hackleton.* | 30 |
| Shall I win her if I woo her? | *Ferrand.* | 30 |
| Love is at the Helm. Barcarolle | *Thomas.* | 40 |
| There's a heart beating for somebody | *McFarren.* | 30 |
| Over where the Shamrock grows. Song and Chorus | *Dumont.* | 30 |
| Chicago Redivivus | *G. U. D.* | 30 |
| Bird of the Night | *Hackleton.* | 30 |
| The Sailor's Story | *Swart.* | 50 |
| Two Castles | *Tours.* | 40 |
| O that we two were Maying | *Pinsuti.* | 30 |
| Te Deum. Aria from "Hamlet." | *G. S. C.* | 1.25 |
| The Mississippi Twins | *Dumont.* | 40 |
| I would if I were you | *Pratt.* | 40 |

INSTRUMENTAL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mignon. Fantasie brillante | *Ketterer.* | 60 |
| Martha. For 4 hands | *S. Smith.* | 1.25 |
| Thousand and One Night Waltz. 4 hds. | *Strauss.* | 1.25 |
| Flirtation. Polka Mazurka | *Wendt.* | .35 |
| Artist's Life Waltz. 4 hands | *Strauss.* | 1.25 |
| Rays of Hope. Mazurka Elegante | *Warren.* | 30 |
| Value brilliant en Octave | *Osborne.* | 35 |
| Elk's Galop | *Wellman.* | 40 |
| Rays of Sunlight Galop | *Ferrand.* | 40 |
| Tasbert's Cradle Song | | 30 |
| Farfaletta Mazurka | | 30 |
| Sunshine House Quadrille | *H. Sanderson.* | 50 |
| The Rocky Mountains Waltzes. A Set of Waltzes for the Far West | *Daily.* | 40 |
| Six Recreations Enfantines | *Becker.* | |
| No. 1. Rondino | | 10 |
| 2. Sad Story | | 10 |
| 3. Cuckoo's Galop | | 10 |
| 4. Let us play Soldiers | | 10 |
| 5. Hunting Song | | 10 |
| 6. Evening Song | | 30 |
| Breakdown on the Swanee River | *F. W. Root.* | 35 |
| Souvenir de Prath. Mazurka Etude | *Zehrung.* | 35 |
| *Cachucha* Caprice. Op. 72 | *Duff.* | 1.00 |
| Love's Greeting. (Liebesgruss). Op. 291. | *Jungmann.* | 30 |
| Willetts Waltz | *Parker.* | 30 |

Books.

THE OFFERTORIUM. A Complete Collection of Music for the Catholic Church. *Wm. O. Fiske.* Cloth, $2.75; Boards, $2.50

MASSES, Vespers, Anthems, Hymns for Offertory, Benediction, and all Special Occasions. A Requiem Mass, Holy Week Services, Responses, &c.

WILSON'S BOOK OF CHANTS. *Henry Wilson.* Organist at Christ Church, Hartford Conn. Boards, $1.75; Cloth, 2.00

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

MRS. JENNY KEMPTON,
**Vocalist & Teacher of Singing.**
Address, care of OLIVER DITSON & CO. 798-

DUDLEY BUCK, (late of Chicago), Organist of St. Paul's Church, Boston, gives instruction on the Piano and Organ, also in Harmony, Composition and Orchestral Writing. Address, Care of Oliver Ditson & Co. 790—3 mos

E. J. BUTLER, private pupil of Carl Reinecke and Dr. Papperitz, will receive pupils in Piano Playing at 153 Tremont St., Room 3. 800—8mos.

SINGING AND PIANO.
MRS. FANNIE F. FOSTER,
No. 6 Boylston Place. 790—

MRS. C. A. BARRY, Vocalist and Teacher of Vocal Music. 124 Chandler St., near Columbus Avenue. 782—1y

PROF. & MRS. EDGAR A. ROBBINS,
Academy of Music.
7Th tf 6 Bedford Street, Boston.

S. P. PRENTISS,
Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony,
Address, care Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

L. O. EMERSON offers his Services as Conductor of Musical Associations or Conventions during the coming season. Address, care of O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

G. E. WHITING
Gives Instruction on the Pianoforte, Organ, and in Harmony.
Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 693

Mendelssohn Musical Institute
Was established in April, 1856. Its claim to the first rank as an educator is every department of Music, is sanctioned by a constantly increasing patronage from all parts of our country. Schools and communities are provided with skilled and earnest teachers, on application to the Institute.
Address EDWARD S. OLIVER,
5 Columbus Sq. Principal, Boston, Mass.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gives Instruction on the Pianoforte.
444 53 Hancock Street.

MR. W. O. PERKINS will make engagements to conduct Musical Conventions the coming season.
Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. [657-tf

Junius W. Hill,
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
Address at O Ditson & Co's, or 154 Tremont Street.

L. W. WHEELER,
FORMATION OF THE VOICE,
ENGLISH AND ITALIAN SINGING.
Address at the New Building, 543 Washington Street.

ELLIOTT W. PRATT,
GIVES INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANOFORTE,
Address at Oliver Ditson & Co's.

G. ANDRE & CO.
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,
1304 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.
A large assortment of AMERICAN MUSIC constantly on hand.

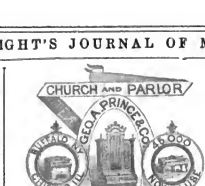
ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, Teacher of the PIANO-FORTE, SINGING and MUSICAL COMPOSITION, Residence, Coolidge House. Communications may be left at Dixon & Co's Music Store. 717—tf.

WINSLOW L. HAYDEN,
TEACHER OF GUITAR,
No. 120 Tremont Street, Boston. 683—3m.

E. AUGUST SCHULTZE, TEACHER OF VIOLIN, is prepared to receive pupils, and offers his services as accompanist for classical compositions for Piano and Violin. Address, Oliver Ditson & Co., or Koppitz, Proufer & Co., 30 West St. 796—3m

F. H. TORRINGTON,
[Organist and Director of Music in Trinity Chapel,]
TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO AND VIOLIN, AND CONDUCTOR OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES.
Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., New England Conservatory of Music, Music Hall, or Midland Street, Jamica Hill, Dorchester. 794-3m

MR. GEO. B. SHUTE, having completed his studies abroad, under the instruction of some of the first Artists of modern times, will now receive pupils in Piano and Organ Playing, and in Theory of Music.
Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 794-6m




We are now prepared to fill orders for our new *low-priced* double-reed Organ, "No. 55."

The case is solid walnut paneled, molded and carved brackets; is finished with two carpeted pedal boards, and Knee Swell, and is more beautiful in design and finish than any new made in the world for the price, and we *guarantee* that the qualities and power of tone will be superior to any we have seen of other makers. The instrument has two full Five-Octave sets of reeds and contains *six stops*, viz.:

PRINCIPAL BASS,
DIAPASON BASS,
TRIMOLO or VOX HUMANA,
PRINCIPAL TREBLE,
DIAPASON TREBLE,
DIVIDED SWELL.

Our Patent Graduated Swell is furnished in this, the same as in our higher-priced instruments. The price is fixed at the very moderate sum of $125, and there can be no deviation from these figures.

Orders will be recorded in regular succession, and filled each in its turn.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Agent in New York.....S. T. Gordon.
Agent in Philadelphia.....James Bellak.
Also the principal Music Dealer in each City and Town in the United States and British Provinces. 746—

G. W. DUDLEY,
Concert Vocalist and Teacher of Singing and Voice Building.
(Dr. H. B. Streeter's Method) Room No. 8, Mason and Hamlin's Building, 154 Tremont St. 797

MR. G. H. HOWARD,
PUPIL of the Leipzig Conservatory, also of J. W. Tufts, J. C. Lobe, August Kemptner, and Theodor Kullak, will receive pupils in Piano Playing and Theory after Sept. 1st., 1851. Address at 22 Eliot St., or care of Oliver Ditson & Co. 798—3m

CHURCH ORGANS,
Manufactured by E. U. HILBORNE, East Medway, Mass.
Purchasers are invited to apply for a circular containing testimonials

LYON & HEALY,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
United States, at low prices.
Our stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Musical Instruments, etc., is the largest and most complete in the Northwest. Our connection with Messrs O. DITSON & CO., enables us to furnish their publications to Western Dealers, at our Boston Prices.
☞ In addition to the publications of Messrs O. Ditson & Co., we keep on hand and furnish all Music and Music Books published in America, together with a choice stock of Foreign Music. 619-tf

MADAME CHARLES LEWIS, of London, for several years a pupil of the celebrated Signor Garcia, will be happy to give Lessons in Singing, and to accept engagements for Oratorios and Concerts.
Communications to be addressed to the care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street. 794—3m

ROCK OF AGES!
A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL
HYMN FOR FOUR VOICES,
*By J. R. Thomas.*
Price 50 Cents.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

*Cabinet Organs.*

SIXTY STYLES!
Prices $50, $65, $100, $125, $132, $140, $160, $175, $200, $225, $250, to $1000 each.
MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.
*The most popular and extensively sold large Musical Instrument in the world*; in plain and elegant cases for all uses.

One to Thirteen Stops.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLUTE, | MIXTURA, | BOURDON, |
| PRINCIPAL, | DIAPASON, | GAMBA, |
| OCTAVE, | EXPRESS, | BASSOON, |
| FLUTE D'AMOUR, | HAUTBOY, | VOX CELESTE, |
| TREMULANT, | FIFTEENTH, | VOIX D'AMOUR, |
| VOX HUMANA, | CLARIONET, | VIOLA, |
| AUTOMATIC SWELL, | COUPLERS, | PEDALS, |

We are daily receiving from our factories a few EXTRA STYLES, in superb Cases, surpassing in attractiveness any before offered.

*There can be no more Elegant and Valuable Present.*

Our assortment of styles is very much larger than any other in the country; PRICES ARE FIXED AND INVARIABLE; and it is a pleasure to exhibit our instruments to all who may be sufficiently interested to call.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.,
154 Tremont St., Boston.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.
THE FALL TERM will begin on MONDAY the 19th of September next. The BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL was incorporated in May, 1857. Its object was to furnish a complete education in all the branches of Music, the PIANO-FORTE, SINGING, ORGAN, NOTATION, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT and FUGUE, COMPOSITION with reference to Music Form and Instrumentation in Chorus Singing, Violin and all Orchestral Instruments.
*Board of Instruction*—John W. Tufts, J. W. Adams, F. F. Ford, George H. Howard. B. F. Baker. *Secretary and Treasurer* Marble Block 22, Eliot St., Boston, Mass. Circulars may be obtained at the School Rooms or at the principal Music Stores. 796—

The Choral Tribute
BY L. O. EMERSON,
the most satisfactory of all the modern Choir and Singing School Books.
Price $1.50, $12.50 per dozen.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H DITSON & CO., New York

J. SCHUBERTH & CO. Publishers and Dealers in Foreign and American Music, 520 Broadway near 12th Street, N. Y. 857

The Attention of Musicians
IS CALLED TO OUR
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
OF
BRASS INSTRUMENTS,
OF THE MOST APPROVED MANUFACTURE.
Embracing one of the Largest Stocks in the United States, at low prices.
VIOLINS—The Best, from $2 to $50 each.
Flutes of every variety of Quality and Price, including very Choice Instruments.
MARTIN'S CELEBRATED GUITARS.
FLUTINAS AND ACCORDEONS.
CLARINETS, FLAGEOLETS, FIFES,
And all other descriptions of Musical Instruments.
Together with
EVERY VARIETY OF STRINGS
For Violin, Guitar, Violoncello and Double-Bass.
PIANOS AND MELODEONS
FOR SALE AND TO LET.
Our fact Piles are such as enable us to furnish the above; also, MUSIC BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC, AND CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS, AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, at prices and terms, that cannot fail to prove satisfactory to purchasers.
JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT STREET, (Opposite the Court House)

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 809. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 1.


## Robert Franz.

(Translated for this Journal from the German of A. W. AMBROS.*)

[Concluded from page 202.]

One of the most noteworthy and important sides of Franz's artistic character I have not yet considered: his relationship, *his intimate affinity*, indeed, with JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. His love and veneration for the great Cantor of the Thomas Kirche is founded in his inmost nature · it has in it a trait of elective affinity. When Hanslick, for example, frankly confessed that to him certain works of Bach were "strange, cold, unintelligible," it is almost touching to hear how Franz, as Hanslick says, "sought to convert him"† to these very works. Hear Franz's own words, written at that time to Hanslick about Bach's Church Cantatas: "If you will look at these Cantatas with a mind unprejudiced, I doubt not for a moment that you will be in rapture with their lofty spirit. But first you must approach the master closely with your heart and feeling; the winnowing and equalizing understanding will of itself already find its own account in it. Happy should I be, could I contribute a little to your more lively interest in the immeasurable greatness of the man. When you have once buried yourself in his style, then he will take your soul prisoner and will weave a net about you, as he has about the souls of our favorites in Art, of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann: he put them in chains, so as to make them all the freer! And this may every one experience through Bach;—for this must he be brought nearer to mankind!"

I do not care to imitate those travelling apprentices, who run after a passing coach, and secretly climb up behind, to spare their own legs and get a lift over a piece of the way; dropping the simile, I do not like to use other people's labor through quotations, covering myself against the charge of plagiarism through the celebrated goose-foot-treaty ("—") concluded by a silent mutual understanding among authors. But this time I know of nothing better I could say,—at the most "with but a slight change of words," than what the author of the excellent article on Robert Franz in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* has said about the spiritual affinity between Bach and Franz:—"Franz works his way up to his own independence through a new influence, not perceptible in Schubert, and therefore all the more significant for *him*, namely through Sebastian Bach. What this greatest lyrist was for him in a purely musical regard, may be seen in the following: In general, the polyphonic work predominates; hence the melody is an organic member of the whole, ingrown with the accompaniment; in Franz's melody we find Bach's peculiar turns in rich abundance. The modulations are laid out on a large, broad plan; Franz mostly modulates into the nearest related keys; hence the play of colors, the perpetual alternation between major and minor in many of his songs, as distinguished from the classical music, which mostly modulates in the tonic, dominant and subdominant. Herein consists the new and peculiar feature of the song melody of Franz, that it announces a free appropriation of the Bach method in the formation of melodies. A careful observer will find, that his leading themes always contain definite, self-centred, beautiful and simple harmonic relations; that even without the bass they give an intelligible image, bearing the bass as it were within themselves."

And so Franz, reverencing the old Bach like a saint, has turned his whole attention, with a devout enthusiasm, with an understanding, which one cannot help admiring, to the task of bringing the vocal compositions of Bach and of his great soul's brother and contemporary, Handel, nearer to us inheritors of the great times of Art, through his pious and judicious completions of their orchestral accompaniment. "These labors," remarks Hanslick, "have furthered in a remarkable degree the diffusion and acceptance of those works, and have converted many an one to Bach, who, shrinking as if frost-bitten from the cold skeleton of the original score, could not draw near the master with his heart." I think, when Franz crosses the market place in Halle, the bronze statue of Handel must nod to him familiarly; and so too in Leipzig the old Bach (who from a niche in his monument, as from a very narrow little window of the blissful immortality, peeps out into our perishable world of time, and, being thus hemmed in, cannot possibly nod) must, if he sees Franz pass by, a guest in Leipzig, at least allow his grim but kindly Cantor's face to light up with a smile of benediction. The beautiful saying of Goethe's Tasso:

> "Homer forgot himself, his whole existence
> Was to the contemplation of two men devoted,"

can be applied here with full justice, if instead of the name of the old Greek *aoidos* we put the name of our *aoidos* of Halle. Bach and Handel! Those truly are two men worthy of one's contemplation.

There are people, who, like watchmen of the musical Zion, cry fire at the mere sight of the Robert Franz "Bearbeitungen." Instead of "Bearbeitungen" I would rather call them "*necessary completions in the style of the original.*" Not in the least will it do to compare them (as has been done) with "paintings over of precious old originals"; for what is painted over becomes inseparable from the old art work, and hands profane, incompetent, may ruin a miracle of Art forever. Who can look upon Leonardo's Supper in Milan, or the great Andrea del Sarto in Berlin without deep pain? But even were one to reject the Franz arrangements altogether, he can still return to the originals, and to their *magro stretto* (as the pious people in Rome call the strictest fast days). But Handel and Bach themselves would probably decline with thanks the invitation, should you bid them as guests to the aforesaid *magro stretto*. With the old masters a large musical work was not so much a draft at sight on future immortality, as it was, short and good, a musical service which they wished to perform to the honor of God and of Art upon some stated occasion; a performance, in which they, sitting at the thousand-voiced gigantic instrument, the organ, coöperated powerfully with their own artistic giant personality. In the hands of the singers, violinists and players of wind instruments they had of course to place their parts, in black and white; but they themselves from their organ filled out, conducted and controlled all this music, acting as the very soul of it. To work out an organ part for themselves, or have anything more before their eyes than a mere ciphered Bass, never occurred to them; the great orator speaks most persuasively, when he has merely noted down the points of his discourse, leaving the execution in detail to the inspiration of the moment; not when he reads from the manuscript carefully prepared at his writing desk at home. "*Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:*" thought the old masters; and Handel at the most wrote down for himself the word of command: "Let the Organ sound!" But *how* shall the organ sound? That is the question. I must beg the reader's pardon if I make use again of my old comparison of a coach rolling by. Very beautifully and strikingly says Hanslick of the "Bearbeitungen" of older works by Robert Franz: "That the majority of the accompanied vocal compositions of older masters can only produce a lively effect to-day, when an artistic helping hand fills up the gaps in them, makes the sonority complete, and carries out directions only hinted, is admitted by all musicians, who comprehend the music as a living art and not as a mere archæological study. The only difference can be about the measure and the method of such aids. But we know that most of the old works were not performed with literal adherence to the scores. The figured Bass in these scores proves, that improvisation on the organ or the clavichord came in by way of complement; and it is well authenticated that Bach especially, having a very insufficient orchestra at his command, made his accompaniment almost the main affair; indeed he was compelled to do so. 'He who will rightly understand the *delicate* in thorough bass and what accompanying a thing well means,' writes the old Mitzler, 'must hear the great J. S. Bach, who so accompanies every general bass to a solo, that one would think it a Concerto, and that the melody, as he makes it at first hand, had been already set beforehand.' Compared to the sonorous life and fulness, which Bach's Cantatas gained under his own hands, the scores as they have been handed down are merely *sketches* of scores, to which the flesh and bloom are wanting more or less. If these score *sketches*—contrary to the purpose of the master—are literally reproduced, the Arias and Duets, particularly with the indefatigable *obligato* instruments running at their side, sound meagre, empty, often actually repulsive, and enable us to understand the malicious saying of a 'modern,' who on hearing one of Bach's Arias with Violin *obligato*, remarked: That sounds as when a mother goes a-begging with her child. The restoration and completion of Bach's scores in the spirit of the master is a task of infinite difficulty. Pedantic philologists, to whom the dead letter is all in all, will never accomplish it; quite as little the mere men of routine, whose first thought is of making it easier of performance. Only an artist nature, one who is himself a tone poet, will bring to the task the fine, sure instinct as to what is permissible in such after-creation, how conscientiously true to the text he must keep himself, 'what is becoming,' and how far he may add 'what is pleasing.' This gift has none received in richer measure, this art none exercised with greater mastery, than Robert Franz. In close affinity with the Bach spirit, Franz has, with a fineness of feeling that is without an equal, divined from the dead scores how the old master must have conceived the living execution in his own mind."

Robert Franz himself in his pamphlet: "*Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke,*" has expressed himself upon this subject in such a worthy, calm, convincing manner, that the rest of us no longer need come forward as apologists for him. We shall do better, ere concluding, to cast a glance on the museum of noble art works which Franz has, as it were, unburied from the volcanic bed of ashes and given to the world again.

* "*Bunte Blätter: Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst,*" von A. W. AMBROS. (Leipzig, 1872. F. E. C. Leuckart.)

† See Hanslick's clever *feuilleton* in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* [Oct. 1871]: "Robert Franz's Pamphlet on the Arrangement [*Bearbeitung*] of the Vocal Compositions of Bach and Handel,"—translated in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, Oct. to Dec. 1871.

Digitized by Google

little bee), op. 3, No. 6. His tone paintings are modest and discreet, mostly mere allusions. How many others would have roared and thundered in the "Rhine Falls" (op. 44, No. 6), instead of the light, but spirited and striking sketch, by means of a short triplet motive, with which Franz contents himself! In a similar manner he portrays the solemn repose and grandeur of the sea (op. 36, No. 1; op. 39, Nos. 2 and 3); the motion of the waves (op. 9, No. 6; op. 25, No. 6; op. 40, No. 2); the procession of the clouds (Op. 30, No. 6), &c., &c.

That Robert Franz is a musical lyrist, has been already several times declared emphatically (See Essay in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* above cited); but he is a lyrist in the highest sense of the word, as Uhland, Rückert, &c., are in poetry. Whether for that reason Uhland, Rückert, and the like, do not stand upon the summits of Parnassus, and must be consigned to a lower region until they shall have sung their public to death with epopees of four and twenty cantos, I leave undecided. There have been critics who complained that Franz "had never once attempted larger forms,"* and sought the explanation in "the weakness of his individuality." So in future we must bring with us a cord measure when we have to judge of paintings, and must lay musical scores, &c., on the decimal scales, that from their physical weight we may draw right conclusions as to their musical merit. But it seems to me, that no one has raised similar objections in the case of the above named German poets, or of the Greeks Pindar, Theocritus, &c.;—that Petrarch is immortal through his sonnets, not his epic "Africa;" that Horace counts among the first of poets, although he has left behind him only Odes and witty *Causeries*, which he calls partly Satires, partly Epistles. Perhaps, however, Robert Franz will some fine day surprise the gentlemen with an Oratorio. At all events he has the necessary counterpoint, knowledge of instrumentation and mastery of greater forms in store for such a task.

(Conclusion next time.)

* They have had the answer they deserved in a paper by Julius Schäffer: "Two Reviewers of Robert Franz."

## Henry Fothergill Chorley.

[From the Orchestra, Feb. 22.]

On Friday evening last the musical world sustained a shock by the announcement of the death of Mr. Henry F. Chorley, which happened suddenly of heart disease. So unexpected was the fatality which put an end to an honorable and laborious life, that up to within a very few hours of his death, Mr. Chorley carried on his usual literary work, amassing materials for his future publication, and within a week of his decease an article of his appeared in this journal. At that time Mr. Chorley little anticipated—we will not say his death, but even retirement from active work. Though he had professedly withdrawn from his critical career, he was turning his attention to that other department in which also he had made known his name, and contemplated within a short time resuming his pen as a musical historiographer. At the same time we have reason for believing that despite his severance from the *Athenæum*, active labor as a recorder of current life in music was not distasteful to him.

Henry Fothergill Chorley died in his sixty-fourth year. Born at the close of 1808 of a good old Lancashire family, he entered while a boy, the office of Messrs. Rathbone in Liverpool, but found commerce uncongenial, and made his escape from it to enter the ranks of literature. While yet in his teens he arrived in London seeking employment, but having few qualifications beyond his hopes, his diligence, and a smattering of music acquired from Mr. Zeugheer Hermann, the conductor at that period of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Young Mr. Chorley was not daunted; he strove hard—got at first a little hack work to do, then was admitted from time to time into the periodicals, and at last attracted the notice of the conductors of the *Athenæum* in so far as to secure him a post on that journal. His connection with the *Athenæum* is now a matter of history. For thirty-five years he conducted the musical department of the paper; and the fearless honesty and candor with which he discharged his duties have never at any time been impeached even by those who have impugned his judgment. But in the main his judgment on art-points proved as sound as his conscience; and results justified him. At a time when Gounod vainly sought a hearing in this country, when "*Faust*" lay unheeded in its dust on a publisher's shelf, Mr. Chorley persistently pleaded the merits of the French composer and his master piece. So unwearied was this advocacy, that at last those interested in the discovery of a new mine in opera resolved to give the Frenchman a trial: the result was a magnificent success, and the town soon went mad on the airs in "*Faust.*" To Mr. Chorley we are also indebted for the discovery of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a musician who has in these recent times justified the confidence of his Mentor. The young and aspiring beginner, in fact, might always rely on Mr Chorley's encouraging word and good advice: at the same time neither court nor flattery secured from him an insincere support. Mr. Chorley was above fear and favor—a warm advocate of what he really held to be the true, a bitter opponent of what he deemed the false in art. Of the several abuses of our musical system he was an uncompromising foe: with cliques and coteries he would have nothing to do, nor did he allow the amenities of life to override his personal regard for truth. He had certain crotchets—as all men have who possess deep convictions and are honest in the expression of them; and he was, for a man who resolutely held his own, curiously sensitive toward the opinions of others. But, we take it, this susceptibility was rather a fear of losing the *public* regard than a dread of individual censure, and arose from a scrupulous anxiety not to be misunderstood.

To Mr. Chorley's published works we need only make reference: they are in every musical reader's mind at the mention of "Modern German Music," "Modern Operas," and "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections." His librettos (albeit at one time the subject of fierce ridicule in *Punch*) exhibit scholarship and grace, and certainly a greater share of poetical expression than usually falls to writing of this class. Take in evidence the song in the "Amber Witch," the book which he wrote for Wallace's music.

When the elves at dawn do pass,  
Leaving pearls along the grass,  
And a drowsy light is creeping o'er the sea,  
When the blushes of the east  
Tell that weary night hath ceased,  
And the cheering day come back for you and me;  
When the stars are growing dim,  
And the birds begin their hymn,  
And the new-born flow'rs are drinking from the air,  
I cannot choose but sing,  
How delightful is the spring,  
And the early morning hour how very fair.

There is glory in July,  
When the burning sun on high  
Makes the roses red as goblets full of wine.  
There is wealth in Autumn sheaves,  
And the golden vineyard leaves,  
When the moon doth like a shield of silver shine.  
But their beauties more agree,  
With mature ones than with me,  
Who have never known a sorrow or a care;  
And I cannot choose but sing,  
I love better far the Spring  
With its early morning hour so very fair.

The graceful vivacity of the foregoing is on a level with the tenderness of the poetic idea. As much may be said of the other librettos of Mr. Chorley—the "*May Queen,*" set by Sir Sterndale Bennett, the "*St. Cecilia,*" set by Sir Julius Benedict, the "*Kenilworth*" and "*Sapphire Necklace,*" written for Mr. Sullivan, and the "*Faust,*" translated from, and fitted to the music of, the French score. This most profitless and worrying task, enough to starve and annihilate all fancy and poetic sensibility in him who undertakes it—was carried out by Mr. Chorley as well as it could be done. His songs, which are numerous, all show a certain culture and refinement; in the case of translations they are remarkable rather for original treatment than fidelity. Thus the English version of the "*Berceuse,*" by Gounod, is Chorley's rather than Hugo's; and the "*Nazareth*" also (in which he is again fettered by the exigencies of French music) is Chorley's altogether; the French poet being wholly flung aside.

The task of the writer of "words" for music, whether single songs or elaborate libretti, is, as far as regards public recognition, a most unthankful one. The composer, as a rule, monopolizes all the credit. Musical criticism and musical "recollections" have little influence in making a name even in musical society so called. As far as such a reputation can be earned, it has been done by Mr. Chorley; and deservedly so; for in addition to his natural and acquired qualifications, and to his constant rectitude, he threw all his energy into the work of the hour; whatever he did he did with all his might.

## Sir Sterndale Bennett's Career.

[*From Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century, in Tinsley's Magazine.*]

The career of this eminent musical composer, like that of many others of his countrymen in science, art, and commerce, was of a chequered character. Born in 1816, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, he had the misfortune to lose not only his father—Robert Bennett, a musician of more than average ability, and the organist of the parish church of that town—but his mother also, at so early an age that he has scarcely any recollections of them. Not very long after this severe loss—indeed, whilst he was only three years old—he was taken charge of by his grandfather, John Bennett, who held the appointment of vicar choral, or lay clerk, in King's College, Cambridge. Having discerned the dawning of musical genius in his interesting protégé, and with a view to make the acquirement of musical theory and practice a means for the future livelihood of the somewhat precocious boy, John Bennett entered him as a chorister of his own college when he had reached his eighth year, the age at which boys are usually admitted into cathedral and collegiate choirs—those nurseries of musical, as they ought also to be, agreeably to the statutes of founders and benefactors, but which they now are not, of classical education. Here William Sterndale Bennett's progress was so rapid, and his talent so obvious, that he attracted the attention of the Rev. W. P. Hamilton, a member of Peter House, and speedily secured his patronage. This gentleman, being persuaded that the gifted chorister of King's could have no chance of rising to future eminence if he remained merely as a singing-boy in the choir of that college, neglected as to his musical no less than as to his ordinary education, made interest with the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music, then but recently established in Hanover Square, London, who admitted him into that institution at the earliest moment its rules permitted—ten years of age—and forthwith took charge of his studies. In entering this musical seminary it is customary for a pupil to make choice of the instrument which he purposes to adopt as his speciality in after-life. This choice, however, not precluding the possibility of change at some future time, William Sterndale Bennett, after a short time, gave up the violin as his instrument, and finally abandoned it for the pianoforte. The usefulness of his first selection was, however, of considerable service to him in the prosecution of his studies, since it not only gave him a greater insight into the means of writing for stringed instruments, but enabled him, by the correct judgment of the ear, to decide at once as to the key-note of any chord, and even of any single note, which might be struck. This peculiarity is indeed possessed by violin players in a much more accurate degree than by those of any other instrument; and it needs no elaborate proof to indicate how highly important and advantageous the acquirement of such a faculty must be to any musician who makes composition his study and pursuit.

The violin having been discarded for the pianoforte, William Sterndale Bennett now assiduously applied himself to obtain a mastery of the mechanical difficulties of the latter instrument. No sooner had the crude system of musical notation and the strict rules of harmony been mastered, than William Sterndale Bennett turned his attention to composition, and produced, as one of the first specimens of his talent, that which was afterwards to give him more perhaps of a continental than of a native renown—a symphony written upon the models of Haydn and Mozart. This symphony was much admired, not only for the freshness of its phrases, but on account of the cleverness of the instrumentation by which every *motive* was colored. The fertility of William Sterndale Bennett's musical invention, whilst under Mr. Charles Lucas's tuition, was considerable. He was incessantly at work, and produced in rapid succession a series of fugues, as well as an overture to the "*Tempest,*" which indicated unquestionable talent and the largest promise.

In the year 1836, after he had left the Royal Academy of Music, having published several of his early compositions, William Sterndale Bennett had the good fortune to make the acquaintance and win the esteem and regard of Mendelssohn. By the invitation, and at the earnest entreaty, of that great and accomplished maestro, he was induced to visit Germany and take up his residence at Leipsic, where several of his works, particularly his overtures the "*Naiads*" and "*Waldnymphe*"—written after he had left Eng-

Digitized by Google

land—and his pianoforte concerto in C minor, were performed at the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, under Mendelssohn's own personal direction. So great is its popularity, that the former of these compositions is constantly played at Leipsic, no less than in every other town of Germany where purely classical music is cultivated; indeed, no "scheme" of thoroughly acknowledged merit or character is ever drawn for the best German instrumental concerts without the "*Naiades*" overture forming one of its chief features. In spite of the promise indicated by his compositions, and the assurance of success if he could but enjoy the benefits of continental experience, the world had hitherto not smiled very benignantly upon the rising professor. His published compositions were much too classical to command a rapid sale, and but for the liberality of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, the renowned pianoforte makers, it is doubtful if the youthful aspirant could have even accepted the patronage of Mendelssohn. They, however, stepped in to his assistance, and sent him on his way, with such encouragement as only delicacy of feeling and kindness of heart can proffer. They had confidence both in the integrity and the talent of William Sterndale Bennett, and they have not been disappointed in him, either as a man or as a musician.

Whilst residing in Germany, where he remained during the years 1837 and 1838, William Sterndale Bennett often played in public at the Gewandhaus Concerts—his own concerto in C minor most frequently—and also brought out several of the overtures he had previously written, but not published in England, all of which, especially the "*Naiades*," as has been mentioned, being most favorably received. At the end of two years—years of intense application and study—he returned to London, where he established himself, and at once obtained the highest reputation as a composer, a pianist, and a teacher of music. At this time he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance and win the affections of Miss Wood—the daughter of Captain Wood, an officer in the Royal Navy, who resided at Southampton—herself an accomplished pianist from having had the advantage of being instructed by Mrs. Anderson A few years after William Sterndale Bennett's return to London he married this lady, with whom he lived in the most perfect harmony and affection of married life until the year 1866, when after several months of severe affliction, she died, to the almost inconsolable grief of her husband and three children—two sons and a daughter—who survive her. Whilst paying his addresses to this lady, he wrote an overture—amongst the most facile and elegant of his several orchestral preludes—now well known from being annexed to his popular cantata, the "*May Queen*," composed expressly for the Musical Festival at Leeds in 1858, which he himself conducted. This overture, to which he had at first given the title "*Marie le Bois*," had not been previously published. Soon after his return from Germany, and his establishment in London, William Sterndale Bennett brought out his overtures, the "*Naiades*" and "*Wood Nymphs*," better known at Leipsic by its German title, "*Waldnymphe*," and afterwards that which he had entitled "*Parisina*," previously to his leaving England These orchestral preludes contain many elegant and original specimens of part-writing, and fully confirm Mendelssohn's judgment respecting their merit. After producing these compositions, he gave his attention almost exclusively to tuition, and has rarely devoted himself to the higher department of his profession, except when any special occasion has called for the exercise of his powers.

Of late years, with the exception of the cantatas written to order—the "*May Queen*" for Leeds; that for the opening of the great International Exhibition of 1862; the fantasia-overture, "*Paradise and the Peri*," for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society; and his Ode for the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—the last three works all thrown off in 1862—William Sterndale Bennett has published nothing of note; neither has he prepared any other works upon the theory and study of music than his *Classical Practice for the Pianoforte*, which appeared in 1841, and a *Discourse upon Harmony*, which followed in 1849. Truly, therefore, may every lover of music indorse the following remarks, recently made respecting him by another eminent musical professor, Herr Ernst Pauer: "For myself, I must be permitted to express my regret that this accomplished master now writes so little, and leaves an expectant public without fresh publications. Has the minstrel hung up his lyre forever? It is hoped not." At the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and successor to the late Earl of Derby, during the Commemoration (June 22d) of 1870, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred on William Sterndale Bennett, *honoris causa*; and at the close of last year the honor of knighthood was granted him by her most gracious Majesty, at the same time that the like distinction was awarded to Julius Benedict.

---

## Karl Klauser.

MUSICAL SKETCH BY LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

[Our older readers must have noticed in these columns, once or twice each year, almost from the beginning of our paper, short reports and programmes, very classical, of concerts given at a Young Ladies' School in Farmington, Connecticut, under the direction of an earnest, sterling teacher, who all this time seems to have been more fond of solid good work in a corner than of the notoriety which musical men vastly his inferiors strive to achieve by advertising rather than by worth. Most of the newspapers,—not to speak of all the rabble of mere advertising so-called musical journals which have sprung up within a few years, mostly in the interest of what is low and therefore jealous of the good name of honest Art—have sided so instinctively for some time with the latter type, that it is refreshing to meet now and then in one of them some hearty praise of unambitious merit. Such we find in a late number of the New York *Belletristisches Journal*; we are only sorry that we have to go outside of the English language for it. But we deem it worth the trouble of translating; let our readers judge whether it is not at least better reading than the "Jubilee Notes" which fill every newspaper, morning and evening, *ad nauseam*.]

---

In one of the broad and lovely valleys of Connecticut, picturesquely encompassed far and wide by mountain chains, lies the little rural town of Farmington, remote from the bustle of the world, stretching away in sweet contemplative repose. It seems a place made to bring healing to souls suffering and shaken by the storms of life; but equally well fitted for the silent preparation of young minds for active life hereafter. And in fact the latter constitutes today the chief importance of Farmington, since Miss SARAH PORTER* has founded there her educational institute for young ladies and made it one of the most distinguished in the land. Miss Porter is one of the noblest, most ideal female natures who have ever taken upon themselves the hard duties of educating the young. Averse to all mere show, always going to the heart of the matter, and gifted with tough energy of character, she has been ever conscious of the high and serious import of her task, and may now, after five and twenty years of strenuous labor, look back with pride and satisfaction on the results which she has realized Her school, far from being a mere parade establishment, in which the "fashionable" arts and sciences are done up in the fashionable manner, and the mind made susceptible to all sorts of worldly nonsense, is much more a true *home*, a place of culture, rich in blessings, for the young maidens who have the good fortune to be received into it. What contributed above all to the elevation of the institution was the conscientious circumspection with which Miss Porter went to work in the selection of teachers. Thus, twenty years ago, when musical instruction was first undertaken in her school, she applied first to the celebrated Professor Marx in Berlin; then, when the negotiations with him fell through, to the then president of the Philharmonic Society in New York, Henry Timm, whose achievements as a teacher are famous through the land. In a lucky hour Timm made known the application to his friend and pupil KLAUSER, and through his mediation the right man came to the right place.

Karl Klauser, born in 1823 in St. Petersburg, after his parents had emigrated from German Switzerland to Russia, early showed a pronounced inclination for music; but his father had destined him for the business of a bookseller, and for that he had to prepare himself. In this calling he passed through his years of apprenticeship and travel, not without feeling deep scruples at having to be unfaithful to his beloved Music, until the year 1848 came, and cut this knot, as well as many more important ones. Klauser bade adieu forever to the book trade, and now threw himself with all zeal into musical studies, to regain the calling for which the inmost bias of his nature had designed him from the first. In 1850 he emigrated to the United States and lived for five years in New York, then a sort of musical wilderness, in which many a clever musician, to escape utter misery, was obliged to march in military bands and beat the cymbals, or seek his bread with blackened face among the Negro Minstrels. Klauser, with his small means and fine musical instincts, had also a hard fight of it in New York; so that the engagement to work under such favorable auspices in Farmington must have have seemed a true redemption to him. He went there in 1855, and found in the excellent head of the institution such appreciative support in all his earnest efforts, that the most favorable results were swift to show themselves.

Klauser had early learned to see that, to work successfully for Art in America, one must proceed not from above downward, but through thorough pedagogical instruction from below upward. Art as such was little cherished in the land at that time; jingling virtuosity and humbug did their best to ruin a half cultivated taste entirely; and amongst teaching musicians there were only a few who had the courage and capacity to go to work to purify and to reform. Then it was that Klauser entered upon his highly responsible place with a determination, which can never be enough appreciated, to labor for the true interests of Art, setting an honorable example to his colleagues. The aim he sought was not to turn out jinglers on the piano. He wished above all to work upon the taste and help to form, what was most needed,—a *musical public*. To this end he selected the matter of his teaching with the greatest conscientiousness, using the classical music of the great German masters as the best basis for the musical culture of his pupils. But not content with that, he enriched the current editions of many compositions with a fulness of instructive additions, which infinitely increased their value for instruction. Many a corrupt text in the old editions was critically rectified; countless little errors, handed down like a hereditary disease in all the older editions, were weeded out; old violin bow marks were changed into pianoforte *legatos*; triplets and sextoles made obvious to the eye; the execution of certain passages facilitated by division between the two hands, &c. Moreover the fingering was carefully marked according to the modern principles, established by Liszt and Bülow (especially in the latter's edition of Cramer's studies); so too the execution of the *appoggiature*, *mordenti*, and other embellishments, for which the signs formerly in use gave no sure guidance to the scholar, were exactly indicated; in short, whatever could be done in this direction to render pianoforte instruction really fruitful, was done with judgment and with conscientiousness by Klauser. These works grew so in number and importance, that the publishing firm of J. Schuberth & Co. exerted themselves to get them, and have published, one after another, nearly *a thousand* piano compositions in the critically revised editions of Klauser. The catalogue of these Klauser editions, recently issued, embraces a selection of the most useful works for instruction of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Field, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others; moreover three collections of instructive piano compositions containing principally pleasing pieces for performance, together with more solid, such as Kuhlau and Moscheles; pieces by Ascher, Herz, Stephen Heller, Jaell, and many others, so far as they contain a useful kernel of *technique*—finally a collection of Studies in the most progressive order possible, from Plaidy's and Schmitt's five-finger exercises to the Cramer Etudes.

Every single one of these volumes speaks for the exceptional capacity which Klauser has brought to his labor. But were we called upon to designate some editions which appear to us the most successful, we would name: those of Beethoven, op. 2, No. 2, op 31, No. 3; Chopin: *Mazurkas*, op. 6 and 7, *Bal-*

* A sister of the new President of Yale College.—TR.

Digitized by Google

*laden*, op. 23 and 47, *Tarantelle*, op. 43; Field: *Nocturnes*, Nos. 11, 14, 15; various Songs without Words by Mendelssohn; some editions of Heller, Hanselt and Liszt; as well as Studies by Plaidy, Czerny (op. 740, No. 2), A. Schmitt, (op. 16), and many more too numerous to mention. Many of these editions belong to the best so far existing, and may claim the farther honor of priority. Thus for example the editions by Kroll and Lebert did not appear until those by Klauser were three quarters published.

Klauser has also made himself serviceable by arrangements of orchestral and chamber music for the piano. Thus we have from him (mostly published by Breitkopf and Härtel and by Schuberth & Co): "A Faust Overture" by Wagner, and Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture, for eight hands; Schumann's "Davidsbündler" and "Etudes Symphoniques" for 4 hands; Schumann's Quartets, first Symphony (B flat), Romance and Scherzo from the fourth (in D minor), and Liszt's "Preludes" for 2 hands,—all excellent arrangements, convenient for execution, to which the whole musical world, including some of the coryphæi thereof, like Liszt, have paid the tribute of acknowledgment.

Admire the industry of this musician, who, burdened with ten hours of lesson giving every day, has still freshness and elasticity enough left to bear all the mental application which these other occupations claim! Think of the incessant striving of this man, who still knows how to find more hours for study of the most various scores of ancient and of modern time, for the reading of all that is worth reading of the current literature of music, especially for all that is calculated to keep the solitary dweller there in Farmington in contact with the intellectual movements of the present day!

To the special services which Klauser has rendered to the school at Farmington, and we may say to the musical culture of North America in general, belong the concerts which he has established, occurring three or four times yearly in the rooms of the institution, for which the audience is composed almost exclusively of the teachers and pupils of the school. We will resist the temptation to speak of the charming aspect of this youthful circle of listeners, of the fresh Spring-like impression which the tender buds of maidenhood in the florally decorated parlors make on the invited artists. But if one would know what sterling concert programmes are, programmes of the purest artistic tendency, of the severest choice among the good and best, he has only to study those of the Farmingtonian soirées and matinées. They would be an ornament to any concert room in the world, and satisfy the selectest circle of listeners. There above all are represented the masters of the classic time, like Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, but without any one-sided exclusiveness. Side by side with them stand Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, also Berlioz and Liszt, and others. The staple of these concerts is composed of Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, to which are added instrumental and vocal solos—always avoiding all sweetish Italian and frivolous French sing-song. For the execution of this music the best talents in the land have been enlisted; for instance Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, Bergner, Bergmann, Kopta, Dr. Damrosch, Mills, Mason, Dresel, von Inten, Parker, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, Mme. Damrosch, and others, have taken part, some of them often, in these concerts.

And now observe the earnestness, the devotion, with which this music, costing such a strain on mind and feeling, is listened to (one might say, learned through listening) by the fair young audience, the unaffected joy and excitement beaming in their faces; and you must admit that nowhere can the musician go with more zeal and devotion to his work, than in the artistic atmosphere of these music rooms of Farmington, where the great object is to fill young, unsophisticated, deeply susceptible souls with the poetry, the magic of genuine Art works. And, on the other hand, how significant, how lasting must be the effects of these most immediate and most penetrating music lessons on the development of the young maidens! When they go back into their family circles after several years study in Farmington, or when they establish later their own domestic hearth, then their imagination, which has been accustomed only to the pure and noble, will turn constantly toward the good; their judgment will have gained sure standpoints; and to *these* hearers will the good musician have to turn, who has it earnestly at heart to do his Art some really fruitful service, rather than to earn cheap laurels by common ear-tickling virtuosity. Only by such uninterrupted efforts, as these of Klauser, can a great and truly musical public ever grow up in America. Therefore honor to the man who, one of the first, has set out upon his artistic mission with earnestness and decision, and who now, after some seventeen years of toil, has already been able to send out more than 600 young apostles of his musical faith into all parts of North America!

The example of Klauser has not remained without imitation. Little colonies, building onward in the same spirit, now exist in Springfield, Albany and some other places. May a good spirit spread them over all the land!

And now, before we close this sketch, let the friendly reader accompany us into the almost new and charmingly situated house of Klauser, and cast a glance into the family circle which surrounds the modest and industrious man. A brave-hearted, amiable wife, born in Switzerland, and seven children diffuse peace and gladness through the house, each carefully striving to make the life as pleasant as possible. Occupations in the garden, woods and field vary the daily household works and studies; and one of the particular passions of the active master of the house is angling for fishes in the fine Summer days. But when Klauser goes a fishing, always something besides comes out of it; for on the bank of the brook, beside the fisher, lies some kind of a musical work; and many of his excellent editions, many of his arrangements owe their origin to these still hours of seclusion!

## The Ninth Symphony Concert.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

A most enjoyable concert was yesterday's. Each one of the numbers on the programme was good, three out of the four compositions of the first rank, the execution excellent, and the arrangement harmonious. The principal share of work fell to the orchestra, which acquitted itself excellently under Mr. Zerrahn's careful and intelligent leadership, and in point of elegance, honest and efficient playing it compares favorably with any in the land. The most important work on the programme was the last one. Schumann's second symphony, in C major. We cannot enter here on a critical discussion of the merits of this work. But we may mention a few points in it. And first let us say that this is "music of the future" which we admire. In a criticism which Moscheles wrote in 1836, on one of Schumann's piano sonatas, the old master, though half doubting their success, speaks of a new school of musicians. Among them he mentioned Liszt and Schumann. He calls it the romantic school, and states it as a peculiarity of Schumann that he avoids the modulations of the old school. Now the music of the future, as Schumann himself calls it, fully conscious of his aims, intends to avoid just those old turns and phrases which the imitators of Mozart and Haydn had repeated *ad nauseam*. New forms in melody and harmony, new musical ideas, originality, became the watchwords of the new school. Schumann succeeded to wed his new ideas, his new harmonic and melodic forms with beauty and fitness, as this symphony proves. A second point, which seems worthy of mention, is the closeness of the form and the general polyphonic treatment of the themes. Indeed the Scherzo and the last movement, the "*Allegro molto vivace*," are so full of contrapuntal work, that it is a rare joy to notice the strength and solidity of the musical structure. Of the grandeur, the beauty, the glorious strength, the sweetness of motives, it would be useless to speak; that was felt by every musical person present. Nor need we mention the wondrous instrumentation; that also was felt in the joy it gave. The moodiness of the first movement the author himself ascribes to the resistance of his mind, when conceiving it, to the bodily illness which he had scarcely shaken off. The three other movements pleasantly relieved it. And the work in its totality will forever remain one of the most momentous in all musical literature. The piano concerto in A-minor was written at about the same time with the symphony. It is likewise a work of the highest rank. The composer, deviating from the usual manner of writing concertos for a solo instrument, gave quite as much work to the orchestra as to the piano. And yesterday the orchestra and Mr. Leonhard both did their best to perform the work in the highest style of art. We can hardly add any praise of Mr. Leonhard to what we said of his playing in the fourth symphony concert. With him we are always sure of hearing the intentions of the composers fully, most clearly and artistically expressed. If we might use an expression not strictly musical, we should say his declamation is faultless.

The "Athalie" overture by Mendelssohn is too well known to need comment. It was performed in former years, as early as the time of the Germanians. Its solemn choruses and plaintive melodies were most impressively and satisfactorily rendered by the orchestra. The novelty, Taubert's overture to the Arabian Nights' Tales, is a good and quite spirited work. The motives are characteristic, the fantastic sing song of the Arabian fairy tale is easily discernable, and whatever else the composer intended to tell us of Scheherezade and of her threatening fate is intelligibly expressed. The instrumentation seems unnecessarily thin in some places. Still it is a good work, and will bear repetition.

# Musical Correspondence.

(Too late for last time).

New York, March 1.—The Grand Opera House, one of the most beautiful and commodious theatres in the city, was lately the scene of a somewhat difficult enterprise, which was undertaken by the Mulder Fabbri Troupe, lately of the Stadt Theatre. This company actually gave eight representations during the week ending February 24, [six evenings and two matinées] with a change of opera every evening. The list included "The Merry Wives of Windsor," [twice], "Ivanhoe," "Martha," "L'Africaine," "Der Freyschütz," [twice], and "Don Juan." This week they gave us three representations, as follows: "L'Africaine," "Der Freischütz," and "Il Trovatore." Mme. Inez Fabbri, Mlle. Anna Rosetti, and Mlle. Anna Elzer were the sopranos. Mme. Fabbri's voice is somewhat worn, but she acquitted herself creditably and made a good impression, particularly as *L'Africaine*. Mlle. Elzer is very young, (only fourteen I believe), but she is already a remarkable singer, though she needs more culture and study to develop her voice. Mr. Muller has a very pleasant baritone, which he used to advantage; and Carl Formes is inimitable as an actor, though hardly a trace remains of his once magnificent voice. As any attempt to produce good music is worthy of some respect and charity, I will refrain from any remarks respecting the tenor and the chorus, although they had no respect for our racked and tortured nerves.

I inclose programmes of two Piano-forte Soirées given by Mr. Richard Hoffman at Chickering's Rooms.

*Saturday, Jan. 27.*

Second Trio, [Allegro energico, Andante, Scherzo, Finale] Op. 66 .................... Mendelssohn.
Mr. J. Burke, Mr F. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.
"Im Walde" Op. 86, No. 3 .................... S. Heller.
Introduction and Tarentella .................... R. Hoffman.
Mr Hoffman.
Sonata in A, [Allegro molto, Andante, Presto], No 2. Mozart.
Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.

—

Ballade. Op. 23 .................... Chopin.
Mr Hoffman
Solo. Reverie .................... Bergner.
Bergner.
Selections from the "Pensées Fugitives, (by request.) Heller and Ernst.
Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.
"Pastorella and "The Banjo." .................... Gottschalk.
Mr. Hoffman.

*Saturday, Feb. 24.*

Trio. Op 26. [Andante con Moto, Serenade, Finale. Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.
Mr. J. Burke, Mr. F. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.

Digitized by Google

Clavier Stücke.................................F. Schubert.
Valse in A flat...........................................Chopin.
Grande Sonate. Op 69. [Allo., Scherzo and Finale].
Beethoven.
Mr. Berguer and Mr. Hoffman.

First Prelude. Arranged by Gounod............S. Bach.
Mr. Burke, Mr. Berguer, and Mr. Hoffman
Song without Words. Book 8, No 6.......Mendelssohn.
Polonaise. Op. 14...................................E. Lubeck.
Mr. Hoffman.
Reverie. Solo Violin...........................Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Burke.
Caprice. "Rigoletto."...........................R. Hoffman.
Mr. Hoffman.

The reputation which Mr Hoffman holds here as an artist and composer, is enough to secure the success of these soirées, which are the most brilliant and recherché of gatherings, besides being of great interest musically. The next soirée is announced for March 23.

At the last MILLS and SARASATE matinée, Saturday, Feb. 24, the programme contained "in deference to generally expressed desire, several numbers of a more popular character than heretofore": i e., Mr. Mills's "Fairy Fingers" and "Mazourka;" Tausig's "Caprice Waltz' ; and Gounod's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (substituted for a Duo from "Oberon"). Beethoven's Trio in E flat, and a Waltz and Romance by Chopin (encore) were the main features of interest.

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—The week just ending is one of unusual interest to music lovers, and the numerous matters which deserve mention are hardly to be justly treated within the limit of a single letter. Therefore I can send only a few musical notes upon subjects many of which deserve exhaustive analysis and criticism.

Beginning with the fourth Philharmonic Concert on Saturday evening, March 2, I send the programme, which was as follows:

Symphony, No. 2, in E minor...............F. L. Ritter.
Aria from "Iphigenia in Aulis"......................Gluck.
Mr. Franz Remmertz.
Concerto for the Piano in A minor.............Schumann.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

Overture, "Coriolanus"..........................Beethoven.
Aria from "Jean de Paris"........................Boieldieu.
Mr. Franz Remmertz.
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"...................Liszt.

The performance of a Symphony the composer of which is still living, and which (still worse) was written in America, has spread consternation into the ranks of our conservative critics, and most of the papers (The *Tribune* notably excepted) have adopted indiscriminate condemnation as the safest course. With the indistinct impression left by a single hearing, it seems to me that the work is worthy of the occasion on which it was produced, and that further acquaintance with the score would reveal much that is not at first apparent. The work, without being vulgarly "descriptive," is supposed to be the musical embodiment of Byron's "Sardanapalus," each movement being illustrative of some portion of that poem. It opens with an Allegro (E minor), graceful and sensuous at first, but ending in a long wailing note which leads to the Scherzo Allegretto (E major), a charming movement somewhat Mendelssohnian in character. Then a pause, the only break in the Symphony, followed by a beautiful Andante (Myrrha's soliloquy), in which the influence of Beethoven is perceptible. From this we are led by an ingenious modulation to the final Allegro (E minor) denoting the catastrophe of the poem. The work seems to be written in an earnest and scholarly spirit, with a conscientious disregard for those tricks which please the fancy of superficial listeners, and, if the work does not awaken enthusiasm, it must at least add to the high reputation the composer has already earned by his Symphony. No. 1.

Schumann's A-minor Concerto was rendered by Miss Mehlig in the best manner, and was received with much applause. The Orchestra, both in the Symphony and the Overture to *Coriolanus*, was almost unexceptionable. At no time during the season have they played so well. In Liszt's "Preludes," however, the performance was rather unsatisfactory.

Messrs. DAMROSCH and PRUCKNER gave their fourth soirée at Steinway's Rooms on Monday evening, March 4, with the following programme:

Trio. G, Op. 1, No. 2 For Piano, Violin and 'Cello.
Beethoven.
Messrs Pruckner, Damrosch and Berguer.
Songs: a. "My Song is like the Evening Air."
b. "The Warrior's Death."..........F. L. Ritter.
Mr. W. C. Baird.
Piano Solos: a. "Spinnerlied," from "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner.......Liszt.
b. "The Erl King," by Schubert.
Mr. Dionys Pruckner.
Song. "Nazareth"................................ Gounod.
Mr. W. C. Baird.
Elegie for Violin..........................................Ernst.
Dr. Damrosch.
Quartet in D minor. For two Violins, Viola and 'Cello.
Allegro, Andante con Variazioni, Scherzo, Presto.
Messrs. Damrosch, Matzka, Schumuel and Berguer.

"Mignon" claimed my attention that evening, but I remained long enough to hear the Beethoven Trio, and felt richly repaid for so doing. The three players entered well into the spirit of the work; and that they understand each other thoroughly was evident—particularly in the *Largo*, where the piano, violin and 'cello hold strange converse like three mysterious spirits. Here the instruments were nicely balanced and the performance of this passage, with the charming Scherzo which follows, and indeed of the whole Trio, was very satisfactory.

Miss ANNA MEHLIG announces a series of three pianoforte matinées at Steinway's. The first took place March 6th. Beethoven's great "Sonata Appassionata" led the programme, and was rendered with indescribable grace and poetic fire. The attendance at this matinée was so large that the smaller hall could not accommodate the audience, and the two remaining matinées are to be given in the large hall.

The NILSSON OPERA, which began on Monday, bids fair to eclipse even the last season, and I am informed that the receipts for the four representations this week amount to more than $19,000. The Operas were *Mignon*, *Martha*, *Trovatore* and *Faust*. In my next letter I will give a brief review of the season.

A. A. C.

ELBING, (EASTERN PRUSSIA) FEB. 18.—A very large and fashionable audience were assembled a few nights ago in the spacious Concert Hall of the Philharmonic Society, to listen to the beautiful rendering of the following programme by Dr. Hans von Bülow:

Hummel: Grand Fantasia, Op. 18, Eb.
Introduction, Allegro, Adagio, Finale.
Mendelssohn:
a. Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35, No 1, E min.
b. Characteristic Pieces from Op. 7.
Beethoven:
a. Adagio and Variations, Op. 34.
b. Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 129 (oeuv. posth.).
Chopin:
a. 2 Notturnos, Op. 27.
b. Tarantella, Op. 43.
c. Valse brillante, Op. 42.
Liszt: Rhapsodie Espagnole (les folies d'Espagne.—17th Century.—La Jota Arragonese.—17th Century.)

To-morrow we are promised the appearance of Herr Capellmeister Ries, violinist, and Herr Brüll, pianist, both of them eminent artists, who will give, among others, Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. Concert follows here upon Concert, and al of them are of the highest order.

B. E.

# Music Abroad.

LEIPSIC.—The report which lately went the round of all the musical papers, to the effect that Herr Ferdinand David intends resigning his post at the Gewandhaus Concerts and also at the Theatre, has one slight drawback: there is not a particle of truth in it.—The fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert commenced with a new composition, an overture, entitled: "Normannenfahrt," by Herr A. Dietrich. This was followed by a second novelty: "Morgenhymne," for male chorus and orchestra, from the same pen. Both were well received. Herr Oscar Beringer, from London, played Reinecke's Concerto in F sharp minor, and Carl Tausig's *Ungarische Zigeunerweisen*. Mdlle Klauwell sang with telling effect the air, "Frag' ich mein beklommen Herz," better known as "Una voce poco fa," from *Il Barbiere*. The concert wound up with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.—A new three-act opera: *Der Erbe von Morley*, words and music by Herr Franz von Holstein, already favorably known as the composer of *Der Haideschacht*, has just been produced at the Stadttheater. It went off exceedingly well, the author-composer being vociferously summoned to appear before the footlights on the first night. A great many competent judges, however, are not quite so ecstatic about the new opera as are Herr von Holstein's friends.

At the Sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Hegar played Lindner's Violoncello Concerto in E minor. Herr Jäger, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, sang an air from *Euryanthe*, and "Die Allmacht," by Schubert. Signor Alphonso Rendano played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn. Signor Rendano is a pupil of Thalberg's, but received the finishing touches of his musical education at the Conservatory here. The purely orchestral pieces—Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerrages*, and Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor.

BAYREUTH.—The 22nd of May, Wednesday in Whitsun week, is definitely fixed on for laying the foundation stone of the Wagner Festival Stage Play-Theatre, and Wagnerites from all parts are expected to be present at the ceremony. According to the plan at present adopted for the proceedings, it is the intention of Herr Richard Wagner to gather round him, on the occasion, all the musical celebrities of Germany, and, profiting by their attendance, to make the great feature of the day a magnificent concert in the Operahouse here. If report may be credited, the Munich Academic Vocal Union, also, is to be invited. Herr Wagner himself will conduct the concert, or at least certain pieces. Of course the inhabitants of Bayreuth will do all in their power to entertain their guests, who are expected to be very numerous. Herr Wagner has purchased a plot of ground immediately adjoining the Hofgarten, and on it he means to have a private house for himself erected. This house is to resemble exactly his villa in Switzerland. It will be only one story high. There will be a colonnade in front, and a verandah running round the sides and back.

EDINBURGH. During the three days Festival of Orchestral Music last week, the following works were performed, several of them for the first time to a Scottish audience: Overtures, *Abencerrages*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, *Im Hochland* (Gade), *Mirella*, and *Tannhäuser*; Symphonies: Mozart's in C (*Jupiter*), Beethoven's in F, No 8, Schubert's (unfinished) in B minor; Pianoforte Concertos: Beethoven's No 3 and Mendelssohn's No. 1; Rode's A minor Violin Concerto. Also Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann; Prelude to *Lohengrin*, and March, *Tannhaeuser*, Wagner; Entr'acte, *König Manfred*, Reinecke; *Komarinskaja*, Glinka. Such a feast of orchestral music has seldom, if ever, been heard in the Scottish capital, and the efficiency of Mr Hallé's Manchester orchestra is unanimously attested by all the Edinburgh papers, the execution of the above works being spoken of as in the highest degree satisfactory: *Mus. World, Feb.* 24.

## London.

The directors of the Oratorio concerts seem bent upon doing all that lies in their power to make popular Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew; and our notion is, that they are going the right way to work. About the value of the music—its lofty dignity, dramatic force, and intensely religious expression—there cannot be two opinions. In such a case it is only needful to go on performing it. Sooner or later the public will recognize the merit of which we speak, and the work will rank with the great sacred masterpieces already dear to English tastes. Of course there must be a loss at the beginning of such a process; but from this the managers of the Oratorio Concerts have not shrunk. Their reward is at hand, if they will persevere a little longer. The *Passion* was repeated in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday week, to a very large and, seemingly, appreciative audience, who had excellent reasons for satisfaction with the manner in which all concerned did their work. We do not remember hearing a more careful, or more judicious performance. The orchestra and chorus were admirable, and it would be hard to excel the refinement with which the numerous unaccompanied chorales were sung. As regards the soloists—Madame de Wilhorst, Miss Elton, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Beale, and Herr Stockhausen—it will suffice to say that they emulated the chorus in care and zeal; Mr. Lloyd doing especially well with the arduous recitatives of the Evangelist. Mr. Docker was at the organ, Dr. Stainer accompanying the recitatives upon the pianoforte, and Mr. Barnby occupying the conductor's seat, a place for which he has very rapidly qualified himself.—*March 2d*

Madame Schumann gave the first of two pianoforte recitals in St. James Hall, on Thursday week. The programme, which was very interesting, contained Schubert's Sonata in A minor (Op 42); Beethoven's Variations in C minor; a selection from Schumann's Kreisleriana; and his romance in C minor (Op. 111); a Gavotte by Gluck, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The performance of so much music in such differing styles, was a severe task for a pianist who is no longer young. Madame Schumann, however, acquitted herself with sustained energy, and played from first to last after her best manner. How much the recital was enjoyed by the amateurs present may be imagined. Some vocal pieces were contributed by Mdlle Anna Regan, the accompanist being Sir Julius Benedict.

MONDAY POPULAR. Mid Lent warns us that these capital concerts are coming to a close. There remain, in fact, only two more—on the regular subscription nights—or four, including the ensuing Saturday afternoon recitals.

On Saturday, the 24th—the programme included Mendelssohn's favorite (stringed) quintet in B flat ("by desire") and Beethoven's beautiful pianoforte trio in E flat (Op. 70.) Herr Joachim led the quintet.

Digitized by Google

and Mdme. Schumann was pianiste. She played for solos, her late husband's "Nachtstück," followed by the Intermezzo, and Scherzino, in they keys [respectively] of F, E flat minor, and B flat. Herr Joachim played Handel's sonata in A major, one of 12 "for a violin or a German flute," supposed to have been written for the Prince of Wales.

On Monday night, the eve of the Thanksgiving Day, the programme was as follows:—

Quintet in C major, Op 29 .................. Beethoven.
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti.
Song.
Miss Edith Wynne.
Andante and Variations, in E flat major, Op. 82, for Piano-forte alone...................... Mendelssohn.
Mme. Schumann.

—

Quartet, in A major, op. 26.................... Brahms.
[First performance at the Popular Concerts.]
Mme. Schumann, MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.
Song.
Miss Edith Wynne.
Quartet, in B flat. Op. 76, No. 4................ Haydn.
MM Joachim L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.
Conductor—Mr. Zerbini.

Madame Schumann played her solo (marked Op. 82 amongst the posthumous works) so much to the satisfaction of the audience that she was twice recalled. The second recall amounted to an *encore*. The *pièce de repetition*, (also one of Mendelssohn's) is known as the short "Prestissimo" movement in E minor.

The songs were highly successful. As a recognition of the forthcoming great day of national jubilee the first part of the concert concluded with the "Thanksgiving" *adagio* from Beethoven's (posthumous) quartet in A minor (Op. 132), known as *canzona di ringraziamento*. This "song of thanksgiving" will hardly bear detachment from the body of the quartet; and the effect we cannot conscientiously describe as otherwise than heavy and lugubrious. Of course the intention cannot be too warmly commended; but the choice of subject was not, we opine, felicitous. Madame Schumann is to play the *Sonata Appassionata* on Monday next.—*Standard*.

---

The Labor of a Pianist.—Of all the discoveries for which we are indebted to German professors, one just published by Professor Schmidt may claim to rank among the most singular. Hearing Herr Rubinstein play at a concert, he took it into his head to count the notes which that famous pianist had played by heart, and found them to amount to 62,990, fully justifying therefore an assertion previously made by the physiologist Häring, that a pianist's calling lays about the heaviest tax of any upon the memory. Herr Schmidt was, however, not satisfied with this enumeration. Applying Austrian neukreutzers as a dynamometer, he tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Herr Rubinstein's piano, and found it to be equivalent to 24 neukreutzers, which is 2 1-5 ounces. The force exerted by the pianist in playing the 62,990 note piece he therefrom calculated to amount to nearly 94 1-2 cwt. Herr Schmidt then intruded into Herr von Bülow's room and tried his piano, which had a harder touch, but which no doubt Herr Rubinstein could have played on perfectly well. Here the pressure would have amounted to 118 1-10 cwt. The discovery may be of interest to pianists who are unaware how great an effort of muscle they go through in playing a piece, but surely it requires a German professor to draw such a lesson from a concert.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

---

The King's Crower.—A London paper says of an ancient ridiculous usage in the Court of St. James: It is only right, at the commencement of Lent, to call Sir Charles Dilke's attention to the gratifying fact that the office of the King's Cockcrower has been abolished. The duty of this official was to crow the hour each night within the precincts of the palace during Lent, instead of calling it out like an ordinary watchman. The last instance on record of the cock crower performing his duties was on the first Ash Wednesday after the ascension of the House of Hanover, when the unfortunate man got in to sad trouble; for George II., then Prince of Wales, being disturbed at supper by the cock-crower entering the room and making an unpleasant noise to announce that it was "past ten o'clock," imagined that some insult was intended, and was with difficulty made to understand that such was not the case. There is, however, reason to fear that the office existed for some time as a sinecure after its duties had ceased to be performed, for in Debrett's Imperial Calendar for 1822 the "cock and cryer at Scotland yard" appears in the list of persons holding appointments in the Lord Steward's department of the royal household.


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 23, 1872.


## Concerts.

Harvard Musical Association.—The programme of the ninth Symphony Concert was made up mainly of most noble music,—a great Symphony, a great Piano Concerto, a great Overture—works of genius all three—and for something lighter by way of variety and relaxation another Overture, heard for the first time, which is at least genial and pleasing, and by a composer worthy to be known.

Overture to Racine's "Athalie," Op. 74 ....Mendelssohn.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54....Schumann.
Allegro affettuoso Intermezzo [Andantino grazioso].
Allegro Vivace.
Hugo Leonhard.

—

Overture: "Tausend und Eine Nacht" [Arabian Nights' Tales]. Op 139.......................Taubert.
Symphony, No. 2, in C major, Op 61..........Schumann.
Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo.—Scherzo.—
Adagio espressivo—Allegro molto vivace

Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalie*, however familiar through pianoforte arrangements, or seemingly familiar through recurrence of its themes in choruses which have been sung in vocal clubs, had probably not been heard in Boston from an orchestra since it was first introduced here by the "Germanians" in December 1852. The solemn opening theme, with brass instruments, is grandly religious, and by its rich sonority and noble harmony awakens expectation which is not disappointed, either in the recurrence of this theme again and again with heightened interest, or in the gentler, plaintive character of the contrasted theme, or in the logical unfolding and completion of the composition into a symmetrical impressive whole. The rendering was very satisfactory, and the wonder was not uncommon among the audience why so grand and beautiful an Overture by Mendelssohn should have remained unknown to our younger generations of concert goers. Again the want of a player on the harp was felt in Boston; its arpeggios were represented on a grand piano.

If there be any great composer whose works have steadily, if slowly, gained a deep hold on the sympathies of the largest truly musical public in our city, it is Schumann. His one Pianoforte Concerto, in A minor, is not only one of his most perfect inspirations, worked out with a masterly completeness, but one of the most admirable and most delightful compositions in that form by whomsoever. Indeed we should hardly dare to claim a higher place for any other piano concerto, after we have excepted those in G and in E flat by Beethoven. Whenever it has been heard in these concerts, beginning five or six years back, it has proved profoundly interesting to a goodly number of the more appreciative; but now we think, at least after this last consummate interpretation by Mr. Leonhard, the general voice spontaneously and warmly owns its charm. Never, before, perhaps, had a concerto involved the entire orchestra so deeply; here we cannot say that the pianist is "seconded" by the other instruments, for they are part and parcel of the whole, as indispensable as the piano. And their coöperation is no easy matter; each most put its whole soul and skill into the complex, harmonious work. For the most part the orchestra did so this time, and with capital effect; but there were one or two slips, which it is well that audiences generally do not perceive, if only the whole current of the performance be musical and spirited and clear. Mr. Leonhard was never more sure of himself in technique or in the brain and soul part of his work. He is an *interpreter* in the higher sense, when he has to do with musical creations of so high an order. Indeed it is largely due to him that Schumann has this winter become so much better known among us. He almost surpassed himself in all the essential requirements of a perfect rendering. Through all its phases of expression, strong or subtle, all its perpetual variety of fresh springing fancies, the work came out one clear, consistent, glowing whole. Mr. Leonhard excels in clear, significant phrasing; the important note always tells; no point is lost; in short, the *meaning* of the work, as well as of every phrase and modulation in it, comes out with unmistakable vitality. It is needless to tell with what breadth of style and certainty of purpose as of execution he interpreted the marvellously rich first movement; or how sense and soul were held enchanted by the poetic grace and delicacy of the *Intermezzo*. What most caused our wonder this time was the unflagging persistency and perfect evenness and clearness, with which the flying fingers thridded the subtle (seemingly endless) maze of florid melody in the Finale,—endless, but never once beginning to become less interesting. What finer musical experience than to hear such a composition speaking for itself without let or hindrance!

Taubert's pretty, fanciful and really genial little Overture, suggested by and certainly in some degree suggestive of the Arabian Nights' Tales, was not there to be measured by the standard of a *great* work. A great work was not what was needed, seeing that one of the solidest, most formidable of great works was to follow, as another great work had preceded. Something light, without being trivial or vulgar, something fanciful and graceful, just for relief and recreation, was the thing. At the same time it was well to have something new, and well for once to give a specimen of so honored a composer as the chief Kapellmeister and Conductor of the Royal Sinfonie Soirées at Berlin for many years; one of the ripest and ablest musicians of the age, who has composed a very respectable opera of "Macbeth," instrumental and vocal works in all forms, but has shown most of real individual genius perhaps in his great variety of most poetic, sometimes exquisitely humorous children's songs.

There is something of the spirit of these latter in the Overture we have just heard. It has a local Oriental color, an "Eastern sing-song" pervading it; and it is full of pretty, dreamy fancies, ever returning to the old starting point,—a quaint figurative prelude of a few bars for a viola obligato. There is much charming, flickering play of color; beautiful solo bits for flute, horn and so forth, while consistent form is followed to the end. Too much of sketchy outline here and there, too many thin places in respect to instrumentation,—thinness not redeemed by contrapuntal subtlety—was the chief want felt.

The grandeur, the inexhaustible wealth and beauty of the great Schumann Symphony in C was appreciated by the great mass of the audience far more fully than it has ever been before. For indeed the whole work was superbly rendered. This Symphony is evidently a favorite with our Conductor, Carl Zerrahn, and justly so; he seemed to make the orchestra all feel it with him, so that it all came out with life and power, enchaining every hearer. We have described this noble work so fully on former occasions of its performance, that we will not run the risk of here repeating an old story.

The tenth and final Concert, too late for notice now, took place last Thursday, with the following programme:

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124, *Beethoven*; Piano Concerto in D minor, *Mendelssohn*, (Miss Anna Mehlig); Overture to "Lodoiska," *Cherubini*.—Piano Solo; "Etudes Symphoniques," *Schumann*; Heroic Symphony, *Beethoven*.

---

Mr. B. J. Lang's Concerts, at the Globe. The charming little Theatre has been fuller each time. The programme (as printed) for the second Concert, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 29, was as follows:

Quartet in F minor, No 7. ..................... Beethoven.
Allegro con brio.—Allegretto ma non troppo.—Allegro assai.
Four Nocturnes, op. 23.......................Schumann.
Grand Sonata in D major, op 58. ........Mendelssohn.
[For Piano and Violoncello.]
Allegro assai.—Allegretto scherzando.—Molto allegro e vivace.

Instead of the four Nocturnes, however, Mr. Lang played only the first,—so interesting in itself, so well

Digitized by Google

interpreted, that one could not be quite resigned to the withholding of its promised three companions. But he had inserted just before it (in compliance with many requests, as well as with an artist's wish to improve upon the former rendering as a whole), a repitition of the beautiful Concerto in B flat of Beethoven. And indeed the wish was realized; it did go better in the general coöperation of the string quartet, &c., which represented the orchestral accompaniment. And we confess, on farther hearing, to have found the work more pregnant with meaning and more interesting than we were aware before. It was a choice feast, only to enjoy that one Concerto played so finely.

The Beethoven Quartet in F minor was wrongly set down as No. 7. It is No. 11, (Op. 95.) One which we do not remember to have heard the Mendelssohn Quintette Club play before; too dreamy, deep and mystical, too subtly woven to be understood at once, or even readily recalled after a single hearing; but very beautiful, inducing a mood of thought and feeling for which it were a blessing to exchange the every-day experience. So far as we could judge, it was very fairly rendered; but the theatre is not the place to hear such things to best advantage; the sound of the strings is greatly swallowed up and deadened by the surrounding scenery and spaces overhead; the tones lose their vitality and must be grasped and followed by an effort of the will and understanding. The Mendelssohn Sonata is a vital, very satisfying, large and generous creation, and was admirably played by Mr. Lang and Mr. Wulf Fries.

The programme of the third Concert, March 14, read thus:

Concerto for two violins.......................J. S. Bach.
Theme and Variations.........................J. Bradlee.
For the Pianoforte, 4 hands.
Etude in C sharp minor, op. 25..................Chopin.
Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello in B flat major, op. 52..........................Rubinstein.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Presto.—Allegro appassionato.

The smothering influence of the place, before alluded to, operated particularly as a damper on the right enjoyment of the Bach Concerto for two violins, which was nicely played by Messrs. Schultze and Meisel. The two quick movements (first and third), with tones so dwindled away and marrowless from that cause, doubtless appeared dry to many, in spite of much intrinsic beauty. The beautiful and tender *cantabile* of the slow middle movement, however, made a fine impression. The four-hand piece by Mr. Bradlee, one of our most accomplished amateurs, indeed an earnest musician in a true and thorough sense, gave much pleasure. The theme is fresh and captivating, and the Variations are by no means commonplace; they are skilful, genial developments and transformations of the theme. The work of course had all fair treatment under the hands of Messrs. Perabo and Lang. And to the same competent interpreters we were indebted for a treat not promised in the programme, a four-hand outlining of the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, which we found full of poetry and beauty, largely laid out and elaborated with a master hand. The other movements are said to be not worthy of the first; yet one would fain hear and know that for himself. Perhaps an orchestra will some day give us the true opportunity.

Verily Rubinstein is in the ascendant! For the Trio (played *con amore* and with great life and spirit by Messrs. Lang, Schultze and Fries), charmed the audience, unfolding richer and richer as it went on. You feel the power of a creative and inventive mind throughout. There are strains of choral grandeur, in full rich chords, in the Adagio. The Scherzo (*Presto*) is laughingly bright and sportive, now and then *running over* with laughter, but never beyond the means of graceful recovery. And the Finale is full of well sustained fire. We cannot describe it, we lack the tenacious memory for that; we can only say that we enjoyed it with the rest, and shall be glad of another chance to know it better.

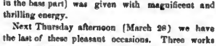
Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor (No. 7 of Op. 25), is one of the most profound and weighty of his slow and brooding movements. It opens with a musing violoncello-like *Cantabile* for the left hand, at first alone, then joined by a simpler companion melody in the upper part, with intermediate harmony, as still the musing, singing bass goes on, kindling into all sorts of subtle and impassioned figuration and embellishment. As a technical *étude* it presents great difficulties; but these the hearer was not allowed to think of, so fully was he made to feel the charm and meaning of the piece. That long upward and downward rushing scale passage (marked *fff*) of some sixty notes in the time of six quavers (still in the bass part) was given with magnificent and thrilling energy.

Next Thursday afternoon (March 28) we have the last of these pleasant occasions. Three works comprise the programme; viz: Bach's Concerto in D minor, for three pianos (Messrs. Lang, Leonhard and Parker); two movements of a Quintet in C by Vincent Lachner; third Piano Concerto (C minor) by Beethoven.

---

Organ Concerts. It was a real comfort to listen for an hour to some good organ music, after a long privation of that same. On Saturday noon, March 9, Mr. J. K. Paine gave an "Organ Recital" on the great organ of the Boston Music Hall. (It was put down on the bills as the 208th Concert of the N. E. Conservatory of Music; when, we wonder, did the Organ cease to give concerts in its own name?)

Mr. Paine began with one of Bach's noblest Fugues, that in E minor, with the so-called "Wedge" theme; the eye must see it to know what that means:



This theme is magnificently developed into an exhaustive fugue, which is remarkably clear and easily followed for a work of so complex a character. The instrument was in worse order than we ever knew, frozen up by the March winds perhaps; but in spite of so great a drawback Mr. Paine gave a most satisfactory rendering of the work. Next he played the Adagio and Finale from one of those sweet, inward, heart-felt organ poems, the Trio Sonatas by the same inexhaustible and matchless Bach. It is the sweetest kind of rest to sit, alone or in a silent company, and listen to these thoughtful, tranquil, sincere conversations between three voices; for which the sweeter stops of the organ are selected. They sound so unpretending that an idle listener does not give them credit for the tithe of meaning and of beauty there is in them.

Mendelssohn's splendid Sonata in A, ending with the lovely *Andante tranquillo*, was the next piece, charmingly played and with judicious choice of stops. A thoughtful and truly organ-like improvisation held attention profitably for a few minutes, and the concert closed with Mr. Paine's learnedly wrought, effective "Concert piece" on the Austrian Hymn, a fragment of the melody being used to good advantage as a fugue theme for the finale.

We recall also with pleasure an organ concert given under the same auspices, two or three months ago, by Mr. Dudley Buck, who, besides an interesting Sonata of his own in four movements (E flat), and some ingenious variations on a Scotch air, showing skill in the combinations of stops, also proved himself at home in the Bach school by a good rendering of the great *Passacaglia*. He also played a Rondo Grazioso, in a pleasing style, by Spohr.

---

THE MUSICAL SOIREE given by Mr. Christian Suckow, the violinist, at Brackett's Hall yesterday afternoon was less successful than had been anticipated by those persons who knew the principal performer by reputation. The programme was entirely disarranged by the unavoidable tardiness of some of the artists, and by Mr. Sprague's temporary illness,—which did not prevent him, however, from taking part with Mr. Packard in a very neatly rendered duet from Verdi. The other pieces performed were, "My Heart's in the Highlands," sung with much expression by Mr. Packard; Beethoven's Trio for for the piano, violin and violoncello, op. 70, No. 1, played by Mr. J. K. Paine, Mr. Schultze and Mr. Wulf Fries; and a noble air by Handel, beautifully performed by Mr. Fries. Mr. Suckow's right arm was suffering from the effects of an accident, we understand, and on that account he was neither able to give the numbers assigned to him on the programme, nor to do himself justice in the rendering of what he undertook to play. "The Mocking Bird" with variations, an odd melange of Folk Songs, and another work of a similar character, scarcely furnish opportunity for a fresh artist to distinguish himself; but if we are to form any opinion at all concerning Mr. Suckow's skill from his performance of yesterday afternoon, we shall be obliged to conclude that his strong point is in the imitation of the singing, squeaking and twittering of birds and of the other interesting sounds in which the woods and mountains are prolific.

The above, from the *Advertiser* of Saturday last, about describes an occasion which was by no means uninteresting. Mr. Suckow plays a sort of violin peculiar to his native district in Norway, an instrument of great antiquity, having "twelve strings." That is, the usual four strings are supplemented by eight fine wire strings underneath, which vibrate in harmonics with the principal strings which alone come in contact with the bow. It bears resemblance to the *viol d'amour*; a soft, sweet tone is produced at the expense of the searching quality and power of the violin proper. It is good for the pretty sentimental tricks and imitations, the *harmonic* effects, &c., rather than for true classical violin playing. In all these things Mr. Suckow showed himself an adept; one might say, he played all sorts of flutes, flageolets, cornets, distant drums, hurdy-gurdies, cuckoos, nightingales, &c., &c.,—in short every instrument, except the violin. He is a man of genial, kindly aspect, and seems really to do these things *con amore* and with a certain sentiment of romance.

---

Of MR. PECK'S two excellent popular concerts, comprising Miss Kellogg, Miss Mehlig, and Mr. Santley for the last time, and of Miss Mehlig's two Piano Recitals at Brackett's Hall (the last *this* afternoon) we must speak next time.

---

"CLOUD PICTURES," by Francis H. Underwood. If any of our friends would read some charming stories, in which music plays a chief part, we commend to them this fascinating and elegant little volume, which appeared last Christmas. For the rest we simply say Amen to all that is said in the following notice from the *Gazette*:

This handsome book contains four stories, entitled respectively, "The Exile of von Adelstein's Soul," "Topankalon," "Herr Regenbogen's Concert," "A Great Organ Prelude." The style is chaste and graceful, and there is a delicate vein of poetic fancy running through them that is both refined and tender. The first story is one of great power and originality, intensely dramatic, and admirably worked out. It is Hoffmanesque in style, but without that morbid repulsiveness that characterizes the tales of the great German romancist. "Topankalon" is an exquisitely delicate conception, charmingly elaborated and developed, and of high poetic merit. In fact, it is a prose poem, exhibiting rare imaginative qualities. Mr. Underwood is seen at his best in this production, in which the fascinations of style vie with the efforts of fancy for the mastery, and combine to create one of the most delightful of Fantasies. "Herr Regenbogen's Concert" has appeared before, but is reprinted here with alterations. "The Great Organ Prelude" was written for *Dwight's Journal*, and is not the least pleasant of the pieces of which this volume is composed. The book, both in matter and in manner, cannot fail to add to its author's reputation. The elegant garb in which it appears is worthy of it, and this is the highest praise that can be bestowed. It is one of the handsomest specimens of typography of the season. The paper is fine, the type large and clear, the binding elegant, and the execution in general of the finest order. It is published by Lee & Shepard.

---

## New York Philharmonic.—Prof. F. L. Ritter's Second Symphony.

The *Tribune* of March 4, says:

Prof. Ritter's Symphony is a new work, and this was its first performance. It is a musical illustration of Byron's "Sardanapalus;" or to speak more correctly it is supposed to have been suggested by the reading of the tragedy, and the spirit of its different movements corresponds with the frame of mind inspired by the poem. It is in no sense what is called "programme music," and Prof. Ritter remembers the great truth which so many lose sight of, that the function of music is not to imitate but to suggest, and that a composition which must be interpreted by an elaborate verbal description is music of a base and imperfect order. Without expecting us, therefore, to follow in his symphony the action of the drama, he has taken certain passages as texts, so to speak, and built upon them an Allegretto moderato corresponding to the picture of the great king as he "lolls crowned with roses," a Scherzo, symbolical of the royal revels, an Andante suggested by *Myrrha's* soliloquy, and an

Digitized by Google

Allegro con spirito, in which we catch the furious spirit of the final catastrophe. The orchestra under Mr. Bergmann gave a careful and refined interpretation of this work, and the impression produced by it was highly pleasing. If we say that it shows Prof. Ritter to have been a reverent and intelligent student of Beethoven, we do not mean to imply that he has borrowed anything from the great master except a method of treating his own ideas: and of course he could not have looked to a better model. The style of the first movement seems to us particularly good. It is simple, fluent, and forcible. With a single long drawn note (the poet's "woe—woe to the unrivaled city!") it passes at once into the charming Scherzo allegretto. The Andante is plaintive and sombre. In the final Allegretto the composer has given a somewhat freer rein to his fancy, and made a little approach toward the exuberance of the modern school, but he never becomes either coarse or fantastic. The whole symphony is characterized by a sort of composure which indicates a writer sure of his resources and master of all his instruments. The scoring is solid and rich, without being showy, and abounds in beautiful touches. We doubt whether such a work would captivate the multitude, but it will earn the respect of connoisseurs and increase the reputation which Prof. Ritter already enjoys as one of the most accomplished and scholarly of our resident composers.

The orchestral pieces in the second part were well played—the Overture better than the Symphonic Poem; and for once we can give hearty praise to *all* the solos. We never heard Mr. Remmertz sing so well before; while Miss Mehlig's performance of the lovely Schumann concerto was simply delicious.

The pieces announced for the Fifth concert are Beethoven's Heroic symphony, Bargiel's "Prometheus" overture, and Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave." Mr. Bergner is to be the solo player.

---

The *Weekly Review* says of the new Symphony.

Prof. Ritter employs the wealth at his command with a free and liberal, but not a lavish or wasteful hand. His moderation shows sound judgment and judicious taste, if not some self-denial, for it is easy to perceive that he is a thorough master of instrumentation and all the highly colored appliances of the modern school.

The first movement of Mr. Ritter's Symphony, *Allegro moderato*, in E minor, 3-4 time, commences with a dash of austerity, which outburst gives way readily to a bright, clear, luxurious representation of jovial revel and enjoyment, full of sensuous elegance and attraction. This view closes with a severe warning blast and prescient wail of woe, and the next movement succeeds, without break, *Scherzo allegretto*, E major, in 6-8 time, which carries out the glimpse of the royal reveller's spirit in the first movement with heightened effect; at first in a defiant strain, and finally in a softened and voluptuous mood, with a very successful endeavor to fix the sparks of beauty's heavenly ray, which gives a pearly lustre to the composer's melting and flowing rhythm.

After an interval of rest here a majestic *andante* in A minor, 2-4 time, depicts an introspective and saddened spirit such as we may well suppose to have actuated the beautiful Greek slave, Myrrha, who despised her bonds, and yet loved her enamored lord and possessor. The pensive humiliation breathed by the movement become soon charged with Greek fire and devotion, and by a masterly modulation, *più mosso*, leads gracefully without interval, to the final movement, *Allegro con Spirito*, returning to E minor, 4-4 which dashes into the martial vein, and draws freely upon the instrumental resources of the art. The coloring here is bold, rich, decided and striking, and even when the clamor of the conflict seems to have subsided the lofty strain of kingly daring is still maintained and the hues and harmonies deepen and swell with the indomitable magnanimity of death-defying heroism, till the fatal and sublime climax is reached, and, leaving their mortal ashes a prey to the flames kindled by their own hand, the two immortal spirits soar from earth on the wings of love to their eternal home.

Such is the outline of the instrumental drama, and its inarticulate thoughts and language are intelligibly and eloquently conveyed.

The Symphony is remarkable for clearness and symmetry. It does not attempt to dive into the unfathomable, and yet its meaning is profound and replete with infinite suggestion. The means employed are all legitimate and yet novel, fresh and individual. We felt it is true the impress of preceding great masters on the work, as we see Shakespeare in Milton, and both in Byron, but that advancement on the progress of others does not affect the originality of the production, which judging from a first hearing, and first impressions are often the most generally correct, stamps the composer as a writer of genius.

Prof. Ritter's Symphony finds another warm welcome in Mr. Jerome Hopkins's queer *Orpheonist and Philharmonic Journal*, from which we quote:

As years advance we confess to greater lenience in judgment of new musical works, which lack a decided originality, so long as they unfold other beauties of almost every description, such as clearness, nobility of conception, carefully-weighed correlation of parts, effective instrumentation, absence of affectation, healthy poetic sentiment, breadth of treatment, and a sufficient adherence to the rules of form to betray the scholiast without exposing the cloven foot of the pedant, just enough in fact to make the cultivated listener feel comfortable, to reassure him that he is not wasting his time, and to start the glittering tear of sympathy with the composer, no matter who he may be.

The symphony opens with three chords in A minor, followed by a *sotto voce* passage of modulations prior to the entrance upon the tonic E minor, the key of the work. The movements are (1) *Allegretto moderato*, (2) *Scherzo Allegretto*, (3) *Andante* and (4) *Allegro furioso*. This last title possesses a slight flavor of romanticism which we do not like, but *n'importe*.

There is a splendid sequence in the first movement when the brass instruments come in, which alone would save any symphony. To be sure this reminds one a little of the brazen dissonance on the interval of the second in Schumann's number 4, but only in the fact of its being brass and being a sequence. In other respects it is an original thought nobly handled. The first and second movements are connected by a short harmonic progression, ended with one long note, which introduces the charming *Scherzo* in E major, in 3-8 time, and in which the alternation of the grace ful theme by the wood instruments and violins is skillfully wrought out. The audience took a genuine delight in this movement, the finale of which is a fine specimen of melodic inversions. The interest was kept up throughout the whole.

The Andante in A minor pleased us least, because the beauty of the commencement is not sustained, nor does it seem to possess that oneness traditionally associated with the movement. It is broken into in a ruthless style, by an heroic *alla marcia* obtrusion, for which we could find no justification and in which there seemed less attractiveness. But we may be mistaken, and possibly a second hearing would cause us to alter our opinion. We thought we detected a reminiscence of Beethoven's number 7 in this movement.

The *Allegro furioso* also possesses a Schumannesque introduction, and we cannot tell why it should be so. This is an open question to be sure, and there is perhaps, no reason why short introductions should not be allowed to symphonic movements unless because they are cumbersome, and are not always harmonically in taste. Our principal objection, however, is that they destroy the feeling of completeness of each movement and cause a symphony to resemble a huge overture, thus denying to the audience their few moments of rest where it is needed, where applause is expected, and where it ought to come in. Thus, in a measure, the chances of success of the work are lessened by forcing the listeners to become fatigued before its culmination.

This movement, although to us the least interesting, yet seems to have greater labor expended upon it than any of the others. It abounds in counterpoint imitation, fughetta, inversions and augmentations, which are lavished without stint, but all without relieving the listener from a feeling of oppression. When just before the *finale* the composer adopts what contrapuntists call "an harmonic march" (and a rather transparent one too) for a peroration, we confess we are a little disappointed. If we do not mistake, Mendelssohn has a similar "come down" at the end of his *Meeres-stille* overture, where the simple diatonic scale is unduly exalted, but the effect upon us has always been one of dissatisfaction.

With these slight blemishes—added to which we would point out a passage of unnecessary consecutive fifths just after the brazen sequences before mentioned, in the first movement—this symphony of Mr. Ritter's is a truly grand and masterly work, and is one to which repeated hearings can give greater charm. We think that, so far as we have had ears to hear, it is by all odds the greatest work of the kind yet composed in this country.

Its best features are undoubtedly counterpoint, harmonic dispersions and sequential writing. Its greatest weakness, we think, consists of want of strong contrasts, dearth of salient motives—excepting in the Scherzo—and lack of boldness of conception. The instrumentation is throughout a great advance over that in Mr. Ritter's first symphony, and excepting a certain high A in the trumpets—which Berlioz would have called "hazardous,"—it seemed to us irreproachable and, in certain passages, rarely sonorous.



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

---

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Come with me. (Vieni Meco. 3. C to *g*. *Campana*. 40
For Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Basso.
"Waves are sleeping, and roses are dreaming."
An elegant duet, and quite easy.

Kiss and make up. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. *Smith*. 30
"Oh, forget the harsh word spoken,
Kiss and make it up, my sweet!"
Very pretty. May belong to the "complete lover's library" which is to be, (perhaps), by means of which musical courtships, flirtations, "pops," tiffs and reconciliations may be gone through with without a single word spoken.

My own true love to my Dying Day. 3. D minor to f. *Malloy*. 40
"Back, ah! come back. Ah! well away.
But my own true love comes not any day."
As first heard, it classes itself with the lulling minor airs which Bridget croons over the cradle of the household pet. But it grows on one, and is really a very delicate and beautiful Irish ballad.

Golden Slumbers. 4 part song. 3. C to e. *Cummings*. 35
"Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Rock them! Lullaby."
Of the quality of a fine English glee.

Of thee. 3. F to f. *Sargent*. 30
"The sounds of toil are hushed, love,
And the slumbering world is still."
A very graceful ballad.

Unspoken Love. 3. C to d. *Sainton-Dolby*. 40
"I was too proud the truth to show,
And so we parted long ago."
Fine concert song. Illustrated title.

O, weep not that I leave the shore. (The Veteran's Son). 3. E*b* to f. *Fehr*. 35
A good patriotic ballad.

Well-a-day. 4. A*b* to e. *Randegger*. 50
"Love should be true,
Should be true as the star."
Magnificent. Beautiful lithograph portrait of Miss Addie Ryan, who includes this among her popular concert songs.

**Instrumental.**

Polka des Montagnards. (Bauer Polka. 3. G. *Egghard*. 60
Properly "Polka of the Peasants" or "Rustic Polka," and introduces the bizarre melodies suitable for a German country jollification, in a skilful manner.

Souvenir de Mignon. 5. D. *Hess*. 60
A few of the favorites of the new opera. The "Prière," the "Styrienne," the "Berceuse," and elegant changes and variations.

Kaiserstadt Waltz. (Emperor City). 3. E. *Alt*. 65
A kind of military air in the form of a waltz, composed in honor of Berlin and the Emperor. Very good.

Fleurette. Caprice Impromptu. 4. G. *C. Gottschalk*. 50
Very original and piquant.

Jolly Sisters Galop. 3. F. *Zikoff*. 40
It is no easy thing to write a galop that is not just like all other galops. But Mr. Z. has done it, and made a pretty thing.

Ruth Waltz. 3. C. *Willing*. 30
Very spirited and *new*. Those who are Willing to try it, will play it many times after.

Valse Caprice. 5. E*b*. *Rubinstein*. 1.00
Fine Lithograph portrait of the great player. Excellent music, and not at all out of the reach of ordinary players.

La Penseroso. Song without words. 2. A*b*. *Howard*, arr'd by *Wilson*. 25
Easy, but very good.

Prima Donna of a Night. Lanciers. 3. *Pratt*. 35
Jolly Brothers. " 3. " 30
Two well-arranged sets, melodies partly from Offenbach.

**Books.**

THE CULPRIT FAY. Cantata for Female Voices. *J. L. Ensign*. 1.00
All who are familiar with Joseph Rodman Drake's gem of a poem, the perfection of delicacy and sweetness, will only require that the accompanying music shall also be sweet and melodious. This music is so.
Probably one of the prettiest things that can be desired for practice in Ladies' Seminaries.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# JAMES M. WEHLI'S COMPOSITIONS.

Messrs. Ditson & Co. beg to draw attention to the publications of this eminent and popular composer. Among the pieces enumerated below will be found all classes of compositions to suit the brilliant as well as the junior pianist. Some of the pieces are well adapted for school teaching. We annex a few "opinions" by persons who have heard the compositions.

## SILVER BELLS, 75 Cents.

"An exquisite little work of the caprice order"—*Herald, N. Y.*

One of the most popular pieces of the day, and has sold by thousands.

## SLEIGH RIDE, 75 Cents.

"A brilliant, characteristic work in semi-galop style. There is dash in it from beginning to end."—*Herald, N. Y.*

## HARPE AEOLIENNE, 60 Cents.

A beautiful study in arpeggios, with a simple pretty melody attached. Admirably adapted for young ladies at schools.

## MARCHE DE NUIT. $1.00.

"A composition of great merit, both as to melody and treatment."—*Weekly Review.*

## SANS SOUCI GALOP, 75 Cents.

One of the most effective and brilliant Gelops ever written. It is a splendid concert piece, and is admirably adapted for private concerts.

## MINNEHAHA "LAUGHING WATER," 75 Cents.

Rather difficult, but an exceedingly useful study. Very descriptive, and if well played sounds like falling water.

## NECK AND NECK GALOP, 75 Cents.

Well adapted for junior pupils. It is brilliant, and improves Octave playing.

## "FLOATING ON THE BREEZE," 75 Cents.

"A most charming composition. The melody is beautiful in itself, and the arpeggios surrounding it make it a perfect drawing room piece. Nothing has been written of late years that will make so much effect with so few difficulties."—*Times.*

## MARCHE DES VIVANDIERES, $1.00.

"A rousing military piece. We could almost fancy the Zouaves marching past as we heard it, and the celebrated 'pas de charge' created an immense enthusiasm. M. Wehli played it as he can only play, but we should like many of our amateurs to take it up, as it is a piece that will always win the admiration of the hearer."—*New Orleans Paper.*

## POLKA BOHEMIENNE, $1.00.

A quaint and odd piece. The melody is perfectly beautiful, but the treatment quite novel. Destined to be the most popular piece of the day.

## BLUE DANUBE. Strauss.

### Transcribed by Wehli. $1.00.

Brilliant, effective and sparkling. The best concert piece ever heard. Will always create an enthusiasm, being so popular and taking.

## HOME SWEET HOME, 60 Cents.

FOR LEFT HAND ALONE.

The only *correct* copy of the transcription, and which Mr. Wehli plays with such success.

Mr. Wehli's other compositions include the well-known

## MARCHE DES AMAZONES, $1.00.

One of the most striking pieces ever published. Also his

## POLKA DE CONCERT, $1.00, and ROMANCE NOUVELLE, $1.00.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**

**CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.**

Immense Success of Ditson & Co.'s

# "MUSICAL TREASURE!"

**1,500 Copies Sold in 10 Days!**

***A Second Edition Now Ready.***

"Ditson & Co., have exactly met the popular taste by this publication. We find here such songs as Nilsson's "Spring and Autumn," Hullah's "Storm," and "Three Fishers," "Birds in the Night," and "Hush thee," by Sullivan, with a variety of Sacred and choice College Songs, and many compositions of Handel, Kreutzer, Spohr, Claribel, Root, and others; with the antique, marches, &c., of Strauss, Offenbach, Jungmann, Gottschalk, Spindler, Van Suppe, Kinkel, Budik and many others. We have not space to enumerate the best pieces from the TREASURE's extensive Catalogue, but we do not hesitate to say that it is the best collection we have ever seen, being entirely composed of new and popular music."—*Christian Union.*

"This is indeed a rare and complete collection and we have seen nothing for years which is so admirably adapted to the general use of the musical public as the MUSICAL TREASURE."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"Just the Book for the Parlor and Home Circle; containing over 150 selections—being the Cream of the Music of the Day—both Vocal and Instrumental."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Price $2.50; Cloth, $3.00; in Full Gilt, $4.00.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

# THE SONG GARDEN.

**By Dr. Lowell Mason.**

**Annual Sale 50,000 Copies.**

THE SONG GARDEN, No. 1 is for beginners, and contains "the first steps" in Musical Notation, with many pleasing songs. Price 50 cts.

THE SONG GARDEN, No. 2 is adapted to the middle and upper classes of common schools. Price 80 cts.

THE SONG GARDEN, No. 3 is for High Schools and Seminaries. Price, $1.00.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

# BUCK'S Second Motette Collection.

A work of unusual merit. Sold to exceed in beauty even the first collection, which has been received with great favor. It contains about 50 Motettes, one-fourth original, and the remainder skilful adaptations to Church purposes of music by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hauptman, Liszt, Cherubini, Neukomm and others.

Mr Dudley Buck, the author, is one of the boys by the Great Fire, but fortunately saves his reputation, which is among the highest as a composer, and his Motettes, which should be to him a new beginning of good fortune.

Price, in Cloth, $2.75; in Boards, $2.50.

Sent, post-paid for the above price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO, Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

CHOICE LIST for MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

# TEN SPLENDID CANTATAS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AS THE HART PANTS. | Mendelssohn. | 38 cts. |
| COME LET US SING. | " | 38 " |
| HYMN OF PRAISE. | " | 50 " |
| NINETY-EIGHTH PSALM | " | 75 " |
| SPRING. From Haydn's Seasons. | | 50 " |
| SONG OF THE BELL. | Romberg. | 75 " |
| MORNING. Reine. | | 50 " |
| ST. CECILIA'S DAY. | Van Bree. | $1.00 |
| WOMAN OF SAMARIA. | Bennett. | 1.50 |
| MAY QUEEN. | " | 1.00 |

Liberal discount to Societies.

# BAUMBACH'S New Collection OF Sacred Music.

Those who have been anxiously waiting for its appearance may now send their orders; and not one will be disappointed in the quality of music. Te Deums, Benedictions, Responses, Glorias, Anthems, Solos, Duets, Sentences, and all first class.—choice better. Large, clear, legible type, a great recommendation.

Price in Cloth, $2.75; Boards, $2.50.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

# ANOTHER PAGE-FULL OF POPULAR MUSIC,

Not by the Great Masters, but by men who understand the present needs of common singers and players, and who can feel the musical pulse of the public. Men who have the talent of making pieces simple and easy, but which are yet graceful and correct. Men, in short, who have the gift of creating the most saleable kind of Music.

Any one of the Songs and Pieces below sent, post-paid, on receipt of retail price. Order of

**OLIVER DITSON & CO.,** BOSTON. OR **CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,** NEW YORK.

## *SONGS OF J. R. THOMAS.*

DREAMING, STILL DREAMING, CANZONET. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. F to f. .50
*Fine Lithograph Title.*

"Dreaming, still dreaming of days that are past,
Flowers that have faded, too lovely to last,
Sweet is the vision that greets me again,
Chasing my sorrow, and soothing my pain."

A song that is a success. How much it's own merit, and how much the fine rendering of Mrs. Seguin and others, contributed to this desirable end, one cannot tell. This, however, is sure, that it deserves success.

THE BIRDS WILL COME AGAIN. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. F. to f. .40

"Sunshine and Shadow fell on the meadow,
Dew drops were gleaming, the skies were bringing May,
Soft winds were playing, somebody singing,
Seemed very careless of beauties on the way."

An unusually pretty song of Love, Birds and Spring.

THE GATES AJAR. Song and Chorus. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 2. C to c. .40

"They are waiting for us only,
Where no pain can ever mar,
Little ones who left us lonely,
Watch as thro' the gates ajar."

One of the responses to Miss Phelps' beautiful thoughts, now echoed very gracefully in a musical way. The song is very pretty, very easy, and of easy compass.

APART! Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. C to e. .40

"For your love's a faded rose,
That I keep within my heart,
Tho' we meet when life shall close,
Yet our days must be apart."

Capable of great expression.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. Words by *Longfellow.* 3. F to f. .50
*Handsome Illustrated Title.*

"And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she meet did live,
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

The words are dearly loved old acquaintances, but the music is not so. Finely fitted to the sentiment, with a certain vigor and freshness, it will be a taking song for public singing.

LAND OF HOME AND BEAUTY. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 2. F to f. .50
*Fine Illustrated Title.*

"Land of home and beauty,
Every thought of thee
Wakes within my bosom
Sweetest melody."

The landscape view on the title is well composed, and worthy of preservation. A smooth, sweet, beautiful song.

BONNY BESS. Ballad. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. B♭ to f. .35

"O, the May, lovely May!
Tho' I never see you more—"

"And the girls of the golden time of yore,
There was none so fair and sweet as bonny Bess."

A ballad of sweet and pure sentiment.

PEARL OF THE ISLE. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. E♭ to e. .35

"O the sweetest of names
I recall in my dreams,
Where the pearl, like a star,
In my memory gleams."

An exceedingly graceful melody.

A SONG FOR THOSE WHO LOVE US. Words by *Geo. Cooper.* 3. E♭ to e. .35

"A song for those who love us,
Wherever they may be!
How many of them wander
Upon the land and sea."

It is sufficient praise to the music to say that it equals the words in merit. And it may be said of the songs written by Mr. Cooper, that it would be difficult to point to a feeble stanza in them.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE I STRAY. Words by *Geo. P. Morris.* 3. F to f. .50
*Illustrated Title.*

"Beside the stream a maiden dwells,
My star of ceraitie
Pure as the water-lily belle."

Composed for, and sung by Madame Anne Bishop, and is very graceful and effective.

HOW GENTLY FALL THOSE SIMPLE WORDS, GOD BLESS YOU! 2. C to e. .35

"You gently press the hand of those
Who thus to love earest you,
And send responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out 'God bless you.'"

A gioidication of the words so common, and so full of kind feeling. A song that is good to sing.

THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME. Words by *"Morgan."* 3. E♭ to e. .40

"You call me sweet and tender name,
And softly smooth my tresses,
And all the while my tender heart
Beats time to your caresses."

Well written, a contribution of note to love literature and love-music.

## *COMPOSITIONS OF G. D. WILSON.*

This gentleman has fairly won a place among our best native composers. His pieces are, almost without exception, excellent for instructive purposes, and should be "familiar friends" to teachers and pupils.

Opus 10. HAPPY DAY. Pensée Fugitive. 4. A. .50
An introduction, then a flowing melody, interrupted by spirited chord and arpeggio passages, all with well-marked expression.

Op. 11. MERRY BELLS. Morceau de Salon. 4. A♭. .50
As may be anticipated, the "Merry Bells" ring throughout; and at first glance the task of the player seems difficult. But all is nicely arranged in the hand, and one is enabled to play a very showy piece, without any extraordinary amount of study.

**The Idyls, Summer Reveries.**

Op. 13. A NIGHT IN JUNE. 4. A♭. .50
"As this still hour when starry songs,
Are floating thro' night's glowing noon."

Op. 14. THE SHEPHERD BOY. 3. G. .50
"Like some vision olden, of the other time,
Whom age was golden, in the world's young prime."
Also published with illustrated title, price 60 cents. A great favorite!

Op. 15. MORNING. 4. E♭. .50
"Morn's orient beams appear, and one by one
The many stars retiring from their watch."

Op. 16. SMILES. 4. A. .50
"Oft we wander, seeking roses,
In this garden, called the earth."

Op. 17. MEMORY. 4. E♭. .50
"Sweet as the dream of time,
Sweet thoughts of former days."

Op. 18. AMONG THE HILLS. 4. B♭. .50
"I love the hills, I love the flowers,
That deck with gems the sunny swells."
These beautiful Idyls, or Summer reveries, are "dreamed out" very gracefully, and, without being descriptive pieces, express very completely the feelings and sentiments indicated by the titles and accompanying quotations.

SLEEP WELL. A Dream Song. 4. D♭. .60
"Sleep soft, beloved."

FIVE SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. 4. .75
By *Chas. P. Howard, arr'd* by *G. D. Wilson.*
Fingers are becoming first class vocalists. Sing these melodies with them!

## *Two Favorite Piano-Forte Pieces.*

SUNRISE MAZURKA. (Lever du Soleil). Mazurka Caprice. *J. N. Pattison.* 4. A. .60
May very well be mentioned on the same page with Wilson's Idyls, since it has the same fine descriptive power, with perhaps a trifle more brilliancy.

WHIP-POOR-WILL'S ECHO SONG, with brilliant variations, by *Ch. Grobe.* 3. E♭. .60

Mr. Grobe was, probably the original "opus" man, as his opus ex count by the thousand. The piece under consideration is Opus 1881, i.e. the 1881st published work of the composer. Among this vast number, of course, are many that are mere "machine work," but there are also many that have grown to be established favorites. This is one of the better class; a fine melody, skillfully varied.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *boy* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 810. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 2.

## Robert Schumann's Rules for Young Musicians.*

TRANSLATED BY J. S. DWIGHT.

I.

The most important thing is to cultivate the sense of Hearing. Take pains early to distinguish Tones and Keys by the ear. The bell, the window-pane, the cuckoo,—seek to find what tones they each give out.

II.

You must sedulously practise Scales and other finger exercises. But there are many persons who imagine all will be accomplished if they keep on spending many hours each day, till they grow old, in mere mechanical practice. It is about as if one should busy himself daily with repeating the A-B-C as fast as possible, and always faster and faster. Use your time better.

III.

"Dumb piano-fortes," so called, or key-boards without sound, have been invented. Try them long enough to see that they are good for nothing. You cannot learn to speak from the dumb.

IV.

Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

V.

Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

VI.

Be not frightened by the words, *Theory, Thorough Bass, Counterpoint*, &c.; they will meet you friendlily if you meet them so.

VII.

Never dilly-dally over a piece of music, but attack it briskly; and never play it only half through!

VIII.

Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

IX.

Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well.

X.

Always insist on having your instrument purely tuned.

XI.

You must not only be able to play your little pieces with the fingers; you must be able to hum them over without a piano. Sharpen your imagination so that you may fix in your mind not only the Melody of a composition, but also the Harmony belonging to it.

XII.

Accustom yourself, even though you have but little voice, to sing at sight without the aid of an instrument. The sharpness of your hearing will continually improve by that means. But if you are the possessor of a rich voice, lose not a moment's time, but cultivate it, and consider it the fairest gift which heaven has lent you.

XIII.

You must carry it so far that you can understand a piece of music upon paper.

XIV.

When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

XV.

Always play as if a master heard you.

XVI.

If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

XVII.

Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest than work without joy or freshness.

XVIII.

Play nothing, as you grow older, which is merely *fashionable*. Time is precious. One must have a hundred lives, if he would acquaint himself only with all that is good.

XIX.

Children cannot be brought up on sweetmeats and confectionery to be sound and healthy man. As the physical, so must the mental food be simple and nourishing. The masters have provided amply for the latter; keep to that.

XX.

A player may be very glib with finger-passages; they all in time grow commonplace and must be changed. Only where such facility serves higher ends, is it of any worth.

XXI.

You must not give currency to poor compositions; on the contrary you must do all you can to suppress them.

XXII.

You should neither play poor compositions, nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

XXIII.

Never try to acquire facility in what is called *Bravura*. Try in a composition to bring out the impression which the composer had in his mind; more than this attempt not; more than this is caricature.

XXIV.

Consider it a monstrosity to alter, or leave out anything, or to introduce any new-fangled ornaments in pieces by a good composer. That is the greatest outrage you can do to Art.

XXV.

In the selection of your pieces for study, ask advice of older players; that will save you much time.

XXVI.

You must gradually make acquaintance with all the more important works of all the important masters.

XXVII.

Be not led astray by the brilliant popularity of the so-called great *virtuosi*. Think more of the applause of artists, than of that of the multitude.

XXVIII.

Every fashion grows unfashionable again; if you persist in it for years, you find yourself a ridiculous coxcomb in the eyes of everybody.

XXIX.

It is more injury than profit to you to play a great deal before company. Have a regard to other people; but never play anything which in your inmost soul, you are ashamed of.

XXX.

Omit no opportunity, however, to play *with* others, in Duos, Trios, &c. It makes your playing fluent, spirited, and easy. Accompany a singer when you can.

XXXI.

If all would play first violin, we could get no orchestra together. Respect each musician, therefore, in his place.

XXXII.

Love your instrument, but do not have the vanity to think it the highest and only one. Consider that there are others quite as fine. Remember, too, that there are singers, that the highest manifestations in Music are through chorus and orchestra combined.

XXXIII.

As you progress, have more to do with scores, than with *virtuosi*.

XXXIV.

Practice industriously the Fugues of good masters, above all those of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Make the "Well-tempered Clavichord" your daily bread. Then you will surely be a thorough musician.

XXXV.

Seek among your associates those who know more than you.

XXXVI.

For recreation from your musical studies, read the poets frequently. Walk also in the open air!

XXXVII.

Much may be learned from singers, male and female; but do not believe in them for everything.

XXXVIII.

Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

XXXIX.

The study of the history of Music, supported by the actual bearing of the master compositions of the different epochs, is the shortest way to cure you of self-esteem and vanity.

XL.

A fine book on Music is THIBAUT *Ueber Rein-*

* Revised and completed from the First Volume of this Journal (1852).

*eit der Tonkunst*, ("On Purity in the Musical Art.") Read it often as you grow older.

XLI.

If you pass a church and hear the organ playing, go in and listen. If it happens that you have to occupy the organist's seat yourself, try your little fingers, and be amazed before this omnipotence of Music.

XLII.

Improve every opportunity of practising upon the organ; there is no instrument which takes such speedy revenge on the impure and the slovenly in composition, or in playing, as the organ.

XLIII.

Sing frequently in choruses, especially on the middle parts. This makes you *musical*.

XLIV.

What is it to be *musical*? You are not so, if, with eyes fastened anxiously upon the notes, you play a piece through painfully to the end. You are not so, if, when some one turns over two pages at once, you stick and cannot go on. But you are musical, if, in a new piece, you anticipate pretty nearly what is coming, and in an old piece, know it by heart; in a word, if you have Music, not in your fingers only, but in your head and heart.

XLV.

But how does one become *musical*? Dear child, the main thing, a sharp ear, and a quick power of comprehension, comes, as in all things, from above. But the talent may be improved and elevated. You will become so, not by studying yourself up all day like a hermit, practising mechanical studies; but by living, many-sided musical intercourse; and especially by constant familiarity with orchestra and chorus.

XLVI.

Acquire in season a clear notion of the compass of the human voice in its four principal classes; listen to it particularly in the chorus; ascertain in what interval its highest power lies, and in what other intervals it is best adapted to the expression of what is soft and tender.

XLVII.

Listen attentively in all Songs of the People; they are a mine of the most beautiful melodies, and open for you glimpses into the character of different nations.

XLVIII.

Exercise yourself early in reading music in the old clefs. Otherwise, many treasures of the past will remain locked against you.

XLIX.

Reflect early on the tone and character of different instruments; try to impress the peculiar *coloring* of each upon your ear.

L.

Do not neglect to hear good Operas.

LI.

" Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you.

LII.

Do not judge of a composition on a first hearing; what pleases you in the first moment is not always the best. Masters would be studied. Much will become clear to you for the first time in your old age.

LIII.

In judging of compositions, distinguish whether they belong to the artistic category, or only aim at dilettantish entertainment. Stand up for those of the first sort; but do not worry yourself about the others!

LIV.

"Melody" is the watchword of the Dilettanti, and certainly there is no music without melody. But understand well what they mean by it; nothing passes for a melody with them, but one that is easily comprehended, or rhythmically pleasing. But there are other melodies of a different stamp; open a volume of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, and you see them in a thousand various styles. It is to be hoped that you will soon be weary of the poverty and monotony of the modern Italian opera melodies.

LV.

If you can find out little melodies for yourself on the piano, it is all very well. But if they come of themselves, when you are not at the piano, then you have still greater reason to rejoice, for then the inner sense of music is astir in you. The fingers must make what the head wills, not *vice versâ*.

LVI.

If you begin to compose, make it all in your head. When you have got a piece all ready, then try it on the instrument. If your music came from your inmost soul, if *you* have felt it, then it will take effect on others.

LVII.

If Heaven has bestowed on you a lively imagination, you will often sit in solitary hours spellbound to your piano, seeking expression for your inmost soul in harmonies; and all the more mysteriously will you feel drawn into magic circles as it were, the more unclear the realm of harmony as yet may be to you. The happiest hours of youth are these. Beware, however, of abandoning yourself too often to a talent which may tempt you to waste power and time on phantoms. Mastery of form, the power of clearly moulding your productions, you will only gain through the sure token of writing. Write, then, more than you improvise.

LVIII.

Acquire an early knowledge of *directing*; watch good directors closely; and form a habit of directing *with* them, silently, and to yourself. This brings clearness into you.

LIX.

Look about you well in life, as also in the other arts and sciences.

LX.

The Moral Laws are also those of Art.

LXI.

By industry and perseverance you will always carry it higher.

LXII.

From a pound of iron, bought for a few pence, many thousand watch-springs may be made, whereby the value is increased a hundred thousand fold. The pound which God has given you, improve it faithfully.

LXIII.

Without enthusiasm nothing real comes of Art.

LXIV.

Art is not for the end of getting riches. Only become a greater and greater Artist; the rest will come of itself.

LXV.

Only when the form is entirely clear to you, will the spirit become clear.

LXVI.

Perhaps only genius understands genius fully.

LXVII.

Some one maintained, that a perfect musician must be able, on the first hearing of a complicated orchestral work, to see it as in bodily score before him. That is the highest that can be conceived of.

LXVIII.

There is no end of learning.

---

## Schubert.

[From "Music and Morals," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.]

(Concluded from page 212.)

HIS COMPOSITIONS.

We pass from the composer to his works. Works belonging to the highest order of genius depend upon the rare combination of three distinct qualities—(1) Invention, (2) Expression, (3) Concentration. Speaking generally, we may say that Beethoven and Mozart possessed all three. Mendelssohn,* the second and third in the highest degree; Schubert, the first and third; Schubert, the first and second. As fast as his ideas arose they were poured forth on paper. He was like a gardener bewildered with the luxuriant growth springing up around him. He was too rich for himself—his fancy outgrew his powers of arrangement. Beethoven will often take one dry subject, and, by force of mere labor and concentration, kindle it into life and beauty. Schubert will shower a dozen upon you, and hardly stop to elaborate one. His music is more the work of a gifted dreamer, of one carried along irresistibly by the current of his thoughts, than of one who, like Beethoven, worked at his ideas until its expression was without a flaw. His thought possessed Schubert—Beethoven labors till he has possessed his thought.

Schubert has left compositions in every art—operas, church music, symphonies, songs, and unexplored masses of piano-forte music. His operas were uniformly unsuccessful, with the exception of "War in the Household," which is on a very small scale, and has the advantage over all the others of an experienced libretist, Castelli. The truth is that Schubert was probably deficient in the qualities which are necessary to the success of an opera. Besides melody, harmony, facility, and learning, an attention to stage effect, a certain tact of arrangement, and, above all things (what Schubert never possessed), the faculty of coming to an end, are necessary. Any thing like diffuseness is a fault. A successful opera must have definite points to work up to, and a good crisis. How many Italian operas depend upon three situations, one quartet, and a good murder! And how many of them are worth a page of Schubert's music?

Some of his Masses and Psalms are still unpublished; the few we have had his good fortune to hear possess all the breadth and sweetness of his secular works. The twenty-third Psalm, for women's voices, might be sung by a chorus of angels.

Schubert wrote in all seven complete symphonies. Of these, the sixth, in C, is interesting, as showing the transition from the forms of Mozart and Beethoven to true Schubertian. The seventh and last (1828) is a masterpiece, and taste of nothing but Schubert from beginning to end. Comparisons of merit are usually senseless or unjust, but different qualities are often best observed by the light of contrast. In Schubert's piano-forte music and symphonic writing for strings or full orchestra we miss the firm grip of Beethoven, the masterful art-weaving completeness of Mendelssohn, the learning of Spohr, or even the pure melodic flow of Mozart; grip there is, but it is oftener the grip of Phæbus than the calm might of Apollo; a weaving there is, no doubt, but like the weaving of the Indian loom—beautiful in its very irregularity; learning there is, and that of the highest order, but

* The quality, at once delicate, tender, and sublime, of Mendelssohn's creations is not questioned; but the endless though bewitching repetitions, or inversions of the same phrase, and an identity of form which amounts to more than mere monotonous, compel us to admit that the range of his musical ideas was limited.

† Again, extraordinary powers of expression are not denied to Schumann. He sometimes hits you, like Robert Browning, with the force of a sledge-hammer, but you often feel that, like that poet, he is laboring with some thought for which he can find and for which there is no adequate verbal expression.

Digitized by Google

cause instinctive; but how often do we find a neglect of its use in the direction of curtailment or finish!—melodies there are in abundance, but they are frequently so crowded upon each other with a destructive exuberance of fancy that we fail to trace their musical connection or affinity. In speaking thus, we are dealing, of course, with characteristics and tendencies, not with invariable qualities. Movements of Schubert might be pointed out as rounded and complete, as connected in thought and perfect in expression, as the highest standard of art could require; but these will be found more often among his pianoforte four-hand and vocal music than in his larger works. We must, however, admit that the exceptions to this rule are triumphant ones, and criticism stands disarmed before such works as the Quintet in C, the Sonata in A minor, and the Seventh [9th ?] Symphony.

In describing this symphony, Schumann has not fallen into the shallow mistake of explaining to us the particular thought which the author had in his mind; but, while admitting that probably he had none, and that the music was open to different interpretations, he neither there, nor elsewhere in the mass of his criticism, explains how the same piece of music can mean different things, or why people are so apt to insist upon its meaning something. The fact is, when we say a piece of music is like the sea or the moon, what we really mean is, that it excites in us an emotion like that created by the sea or the moon; but the same music will be the fit expression of any other idea which is calculated to rouse in us the same sort of feeling. As far as music is concerned, it matters not whether your imagination deals with a storm gradually subsiding into calm, passionate sorrow passing into resignation, or silence and night descending upon a battle-field; in each of the above cases the kind of emotion excited is the same, and will find a sort of expression in any of these different conceptions. In illustration of the number of similar ideas which will produce the same emotion, and of the different ways in which the same emotion will find an utterance, see an article in the *Argosy*, II., by Matthew Browne: "It has seemed to me that no note of pain, shriek of agony, or shout of joy—*for either would do*—could be strong enough to express sympathy with a meadow of buttercups tossed and retossed by the wind."

How often in Beethoven is it impossible to decide whether he is bantering or scolding, and in Mendelssohn whether he is restless with joy or anxiety!

Thus a very little reflection will show us that music is not necessarily connected with any definite conception. Emotion, not thought, is the sphere of music; and emotion quite as often precedes as follows thought. Although a thought will often, perhaps always, produce an emotion of some kind, it requires a distinct effort of the mind to fit an emotion with its appropriate thought. Emotion is the atmosphere in which thought is steeped—that which lends to thought its tone or temperature—that to which thought is often indebted for half its power. In listening to music, we are like those who gaze through different colored lenses. Now the air is dyed with a fiery hue, but presently a wave of rainbow green, or blue, or orange floats by, and varied tints melt down through infinite gradations, or again rise into eddying contrasts, with such alterations as fitly mirror in the clear deeps of harmony the ever changeful and subtle emotions of the soul. Can any words express these? No! Words are but poor interpreters in the realms of emotion. Where all words end, music begins; where they suggest, it realizes; and hence the secret of its strange, ineffable power. It reveals us to ourselves; it represents those modulations and temperamental changes which escape all verbal analysis; it utters what must else remain forever unuttered and unutterable; it feels that deep, ineradicable instinct within us, of which all art is only the reverberated echo—that craving to express, through the medium of the senses, the spiritual and eternal realities which underlie them! Of course, this language of the emotions has to be studied like any other. To the inapt or uncultured, music seems but the graceful or forcible union of sounds with words, or a pleasant meaningless vibration of sound alone. But to him who has read the open secret aright, it is a language for the expression of the soul's life beyond all others. The true musician cares very little for your definite ideas, or things which can be expressed by words—he knows you can give him these; what he sighs for is the expression of the immaterial, the impalpable, the great "imponderables" of our nature, and he turns from a world of painted forms and oppressive substances to find the vague and yet perfect rapture of his dream in the wild, invisible beauty of his divine mistress!

Although music appeals simply to the emotions, and represents no definite images in itself, we are justified in using any language which may serve to convey to others our musical impressions. Words will often pave the way for the more subtle operations of music, and unlock the treasures which sound alone can rifle, and hence the eternal popularity of song. Into the region of song Schubert found himself forced almost against his will. He could get himself heard in no other, and this, after all, proved to be the sphere in which he was destined to reign supreme. His inspirations came to him in electric flashes of short and overwhelming brilliancy. The white heat of a song like the "Erl King," or "Ungeduld," must have cooled if carried beyond the limits of a song. Nowhere is Schubert so great as in the act of rendering some sudden phase of passion. Songs like "Mignon" and "Marguerite Spinning" remind one of those miracles of photography where the cloud is caught in actual motion—the wave upon the very curl. Schubert was always singing. The Midas of music, everything dissolved itself into a stream of golden melody beneath his touch. All his instrumental works are full of melodies. We need not wonder at the number of his songs. He began by turning every poem he could get hold of into a song, and, had he lived long enough, he would have set the whole German literature to music. But he who, like Coleridge, is always talking, is not always equally well worth listening to. Schubert composed with enormous rapidity, but seldom condensed or pruned sufficiently, and his music sometimes suffers from a certain slipper-and-dressing-gown style, suggestive of a man who was in the habit of rising late, and finishing his breakfast and half a dozen songs together. His warmest admirers cannot be quite blind to an occasional slovenliness in his accompaniments; but, like Shelley, he is so rich in his atmospheric effects that we hardly care to look too nearly at the mechanism. His songs may be divided into seven classes. We can do no more at present than barely enumerate them, pointing out specimens of perfect beauty in illustration of each. We quote the "Wolfenbüttel" edition, in five volumes, edited by Sattler. The first number refers to the volume, the second to the page.

I. *Religious*—"Ave Maria," ii., 246; "The Young Nun," ii., 222.
II. *Supernatural*—"The Double," v., 183; "The Ghost's Greeting," iii., 431.
III. *Symbolical*—"The Crow," ii., 409; "The Erl King," i., 2.
IV. *Classical*—"Philoctetes," iv., 97; "Æschylus," iv. 125.
V. *Descriptive*—"The Post," ii., 406; "A Group in Tartarus," i., 112.
VI. *Songs of Meditation*—"The Wanderer," i., 20; "Night and Dreams," ii., 225.
VII. *Songs of Passion*—"Mignon," iv., 176; "Thine is my heart," i. 132; "By the Sea," v. 181; "Anne Lyle," ii., 348.

Notwithstanding the opinion of an illustrious critic to the contrary, we must be allowed to doubt whether Schubert ever reached his climax. Those works of his latest period not manifestly darkened by the shadows of approaching death—*e. g.*, "Seventh Symphony" and "A minor Sonata"—bear the most distinct marks of progress; and during the last year of his life he had applied himself with vigor to the study of Bach, Handel, and the stricter forms of fugue and counterpoint. What the result of such severe studies might have been upon a mind so discursive we can only conjecture. He might have added to his own richness more of Beethoven's power and of Mendelssohn's finish; but, in the words of Schumann, "He has done enough;" and as we take a last glance at the vast and beautiful array of his compositions, we can only exclaim again with Liszt: "Schubert!—Schubert, le musicien, le plus poète qui fut jamais!"

## A Matter of Principle.

(From the London Musical World, March 30.)

We have been asked by Herr Stockhausen to publish the letter which appears below, and do not hesitate to grant his request, for reasons quite apart from the personal matters involved. Into the dispute between Herr Stockhausen and Mr. Barnby we must decline to enter as partisans of one side or the other; and it need hardly be said that our columns will be as open to the defence of the latter as they now are to the attack of the former. Herr Stockhausen writes as follows:—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Sir,—Publicity being the only means by which a singer can defend his conduct for not appearing when duly announced, I beg you kindly to give space in your valuable paper to these lines.

It is not enough I think that the public should read: "Mr. Barnby regrets to announce that Herr Stockhausen will not appear this morning;" the public is entitled to know why.

I wish to state by this letter that, without giving me any information before the beginning of the rehearsal on Thursday last, March 21, Mr. Barnby made a cut in the bass part of the *John Passion*, by J. S. Bach, which I had to my sincere belief been engaged to sing as it is written. When I noticed that Christ's words "Put thy sword into the sheath," had been passed (page fifteen of Novello's edition), I asked what was going on? "It is a cut," said Mr. Barnby. I remarked he ought to have told me of it before the rehearsal, and that I objected positively to any cut of Christ's recitatives; in fact I said I would not do it, I would not sing. He answered: "Well, then we must find somebody who will do it." Now considering how important Jesus' words are in the drama of the *Passion*, it is a great mistake to curtail these recitatives, to which Bach has written most admirable music, and, considering I had been engaged for the whole bass part, which any conductor in Germany never before curtailed, Mr. Barnby had no right to make a cut in it without giving me due warning. However, I would not have been so particular, so angry about the matter, if last year, *at the general rehearsal of the Matthew Passion*, Mr. Barnby had not left out the recitatives, "Put off thy sword," and "Are ye come out," with which *we had agreed* to begin the second part, in order to give the words of our Saviour in their whole integrity. He did not say a single word about the decision he had taken since our interview at my rooms in Hanover Street, but, as I have just stated, passed on rapidly, leaving me no time for the shortest remark. My surprise will easily be imagined: had it not been for the admirable work of J. S. Bach, I would have left the platform instantly. This happened on the very day of the performance. I had, happily, control enough over myself not to utter even a word.

On Thursday, the matter stood else. Experience taught me the lesson to be on my guard. Mr Barnby, however, seemed to have forgotten all about it; for, when I asked him if he did not think it worth while to speak to me about the changes before the rehearsal, he said it had been materially impossible to do so, as I had arrived only the day before from Liverpool, that the copies were just out (I had mine two days before the rehearsal took place), that my copy was but a proof-copy, and so on. And when I asked Mr. Barnby why he did not write to me about the matter, he answered, *he had other business to do than to write about that.* The same gentleman who professed to have great veneration for the *Passion*, and wanted to have lessons from his baritone singer on the great German vocal works (this is not a joke), mentioning expressly the *St. John's Passion*, some of Bach's cantatas, and of Brahms's works, could not find time to write to him about the cuts he thought proper to make in the bass part of the *St. John Passion*. Of course, this reply settled the question. I left the concert-room at once.

To day, at Westminster Abbey, a new cut is to be performed in the *Matthew Passion*. The recitative, "Put up thy sword," and the concluding chorus in E, "O man, thy heavy sin lament," have been, at my earnest request, included in the book of words; (in fact I had made a condition "*sine qua non*" of it, if Mr. Barnby wanted my co-operation, which I had offered gratuitously for the Special Service that day); but now I miss Christ's words, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me" (First time, page 66 of Novello's edition). Does not the Evangelist say "And went away again and prayed the *third* time"? How will he make up for this omission? What on earth can induce Mr. Barnby to cut those seven bars? They would surely not take much time, neither is there any difficulty to modulate to the chord of B flat. When consulted about it, Mr. Barnby replies that he does not know the reason by heart, that the book of words has been carefully worked out since ten days, that there must be a good reason for it.

I maintain that there is no good reason whatever for such a cut. Never, to my knowledge, has a single word of Christ's recitatives been cut in Germany, and musicians know how often the *Passion* is performed there. Almost every Gesangverein does it in Passion or Holy Week. Surely the English public, so well initiated to sacred music, would not have found it too much, had I been allowed to sing the Recitatives in their totality.

All this shows to evidence that Mr. Barnby has not got into the spirit of the *Passion*. The recitatives of the Saviour, the very nucleus of the drama, he trifles with. The chorales which represent the whole congregation are, contrary to Bach's score, executed like sweet little part-songs without accompaniment, the *basso continuo* is played by the cembalo alone, whereas it should be assisted all the time by one or two violoncellos and a double bass; and the first part of the *Matthew Passion* is ended up to this day with a dashing chorus in order to procure an encore. As to the cuts, Mr. Barnby tells us that Mendelssohn himself (whom by the way he considers to have been

Digitized by Google

"not much of a conductor," he was "too excitable" he says) did more of them than the book of words will show to night. This I cannot control, not having at hand Mendelssohn's score, but this I know: never would Mendelssohn have cut one word of Christ's recitatives. But how will he account for the other mistakes? With the fine and powerful chorus of the "Oratorio Concerts," with the eminent singers of this country, the *Passion* would have been worked out to a masterly performance if the conductor was imbued with the right spirit. "Dear, excitable" Mendelssohn! Why did you leave us so soon, why had we not the good luck to sing Bach's *Passion* under your conductorship in England! I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

J. STOCKHAUSEN.

1, *Walton Street, S. W.*,
*March 26th*, 1872.

Setting the parties to this dispute on one side, we see in the dispute itself matter for timely comment. The question involved is hardly one enough understood;—one which demands whether any reverence, and, if so, how much, should be paid to the expressed will of a composer when his work has to be performed. The loose ideas entertained on this point, and, not only entertained, but carried into practice, would astound those who do not know that in music the integrity of a work of art is, generally speaking, less valued than temporary convenience or whim. Conductors, as a rule, wholly mistake their position. At the most, they are but chief interpreters—mere links between the speaker and those spoken to; their highest end complete duty being reverently to discover the meaning of the former, and faithfully to convey it to the ears of the latter. As a matter of fact, however, they put themselves above the composer and his work, ignoring the one and wielding a blue-pencil sceptre over the other with all the assurance of conscious superiority. There is nothing analogous to this in other arts. "What is written remains," says the proverb, but Mr. Tupper should change the old saw in the next edition of his favorite "Philosophy"—What is painted, and what is sculptured, remains;—what is written, in a composer's score, at any rate, depends on the fancy of whoever chooses to wield the mischievous implement to which we have referred. *Prima facie* we hold that the productions of musical art should be shown in their integrity; but we admit that meddling with them involves many degrees of culpability. When Smith colors a sixpenny print with plenty of yellow and vermillion his offence is venial, but what if Jones lays his hand upon a "Turner" or a "Reynolds!" We say then—let the classics of music alone, if they cannot be presented as intended by the master mind of the composer. Applying this general rule to a particular case, there appears to us no excuse for meddling with the divine *Passion* of J. S. Bach. Indeed, we go so far as to assert that when the chorales are turned into the means of showing off "pretty" singing, and sensational *pianissimos* with no meaning in them, the whole work is degraded from its lofty tone and purport.

## Robert Schumann on William Sterndale Bennett, (1837.)*

After thinking for a long time how I could offer the reader at the commencement of the year 1837, something that might add a fresh impetus to his kindly feelings toward us, among a host of wishes for his prosperity, I could hit on nothing but the idea of forthwith introducing to him a certain most happily constituted individuality. This individuality is no Beethoven, engaged in a combat of years; no Berlioz, preaching revolt with a hero's voice, and spreading dismay and destruction around; but rather a tranquil, fine spirit, which, whatever the tumult raging beneath, works on alone above, like an astronomer observing the course of phenomena, and watching for an opportunity to dive into the secrets of nature.

The native country of Sterndale Bennett is that of Shakespeare, and his Christian name, too, is the Christian name of the poet. And, after all, is it so wonderful?—are the arts of music and poetry so foreign to each other, that the greatly celebrated country which produced Shakespeare and Byron should also produce a musician? If through the names of Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others, an old prejudice has been shaken, how much more has this been so in the case of the subject of our notice, at whose very cradle a kind Providence watched? If it is true that great fathers have seldom had children who, in their turn, have been great in the same art or the same science, those are indeed to be accounted fortunate, who even at their birth have been bound down to their talent, and directed to the vocation of their life; who have thus been fortunate, like Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose fathers were simple musicians. These men imbibed music with the milk from their mother's breast, and learned it in their dreams of childhood. On first awakening to consciousness, they felt themselves members of that great family of artists, into which others have frequently to purchase admission with sacrifices.

Fortunate, therefore, was the artist of whom we are speaking, and who, no doubt, has many and many a time sat, listening in wonder and ecstacy, under the great organ, while his father, the organist of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, was playing. No nation in the world is, probably, so well acquainted with Handel as the English nation, and there is nothing of his which does not please them except his German name. They listen to him with reverence in their churches, and sing his compositions with enthusiasm at their festive entertainments; nay, more, Lipinski used to say that he heard a postilion perform airs of Handel on his horn. Even a less happily constituted disposition must, necessarily, under such favorable circumstances, have developed itself purely, and in conformity with nature. What a careful education in the Royal Academy of Music in London, teachers like Cipriani Potter and Dr. Crotch, and unwearied private study may have done, I know not; I only know that from the scholastic web so beautiful a soul arose, that we feel inclined to follow it with yearning arms in its flight, while it is bathing in ether, and gathering and distributing flowers.

But as the soil on which Bennett was born could not forever satisfy such a winged spirit, he no doubt often yearned for the land where the first among musicians saw the light of day; and, therefore, for some little time past, the favorite of the London public, aye, the musical pride of all England, has been living in our immediate neighborhood.

Were I now to say anything of the character of his compositions, it would be, that their speaking and brotherly similarity with those of Mendelssohn must immediately strike every one. The two men possess the same beauty of form, poetic depth and clearness, ideal purity, and the same enraptoring expression outwardly, and yet there is a distinction between them. The characteristics thus distinguishing them from each other are more evident in their performance than in their mode of composition. The playing of the Englishman is perhaps the softer (greater in the working out of the details), because that of Mendelssohn is more energetic (displaying more execution on a grand scale.) The former shades as delicately in the most subdued passages as the latter really first overflows with fresh strength in the most magnificent and forcible ones; if, in the first instance, the refulgent expression of one form alone overpowers us, in the other, hundreds of joyous angels' heads burst forth as from one of Raphael's skies. Something similar is true, likewise, of their compositions. If Mendelssohn presents to us, in phantastic outlines, all the wild bustle of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bennett is more willingly excited to music by the figures of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*;* if one, in his overtures, spreads before us the profoundly slumbering surface of the sea, the other tarries by the side of the softly breathing lake, with the moon reflected in it.

This last reflection leads me directly to three of Bennett's most charming pictures, which, with two other works of his, have been published in Germany, as well as elsewhere; they bear the respective inscriptions of *The Lake, The Mill stream*, and *The Fountain*, and, for coloring, truth to nature, and poetical conception, are real Claude Lorraines in music; living landscapes of tone, and, especially the last, in the hands of the poet, full of truly magical effect.

I could say much more—how these are but small poems compared to Bennett's greater works, such, for instance, as six symphonies, three pianoforte concertos, orchestral overtures to *Parisina*, the *Naiades*, &c. —how he knows Handel by heart—how he plays all Mozart's operas on the piano, in such a manner as to make us fancy we see them bodily before us; but I cannot keep him off any longer—he has been looking over my shoulder for a long time past, and has now asked for the second time—"What are you writing?" "My dear friend, all I will add is—"if *you* but knew!"

EUSEBIUS.

*From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the London *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

*He has written an overture to this play of Shakespeare.

# Music Abroad.

LONDON.—Old Bach is gaining ground in England. The *St. Matthew Passion Music* was performed in Exeter Hall a few weeks since under Mr. Barnby's direction. The *Athenæum* thinks "the time may come when some master-mind will add additional accompaniments to the 'Passion' music. We shall then get rid of the absurdity of the pianoforte accompaniment to some solos, and the restricted number of strings to the other voices." "*May* come?" *Has* come: Has Mr. Bull, with characteristic fortitude, made up his mind that he will never know of Robert Franz, no! never?—Of the performance the same paper says:

The choir was full of energy last Tuesday; but the *fortes* were much too predominant, and much more light and shade will be required to develope Bach's innermost imagery. Silence will be the best course for the critic in referring to the vocalisation of the soprano and contralto, the two ladies not having the most remote notion of the words. The absence of right accent, indeed, was the predominant defect of the execution, which was too spasmodically *staccato*, or too chopping. The tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, was heard with unalloyed gratification; his readings of the recitatives were intelligent and feeling. Equally good, as regards accuracy and devotional feeling, was Herr Stockhausen, only he dragged the *tempi* too much. Dr. Stainer's forbearance in keeping the pianoforte accompaniments under, and using Bach's harmonies, was worthy of special commendation. Mr. Docker, the organist, was not quite so discreet at times, but on the whole got through his duty artistically. Mr. Pollitzer's playing of the violin *obbligato* to the contralto air, "Have mercy upon me," was effective. The Passion Music will be given at the next Worcester Musical Festival in the autumn; and it will be a rare treat to hear the work in the Cathedral. If, as in Germany, the congregation would join in the *chorales*, the power of the composition would be more sensibly felt.

"And now" (as the newspaper paragraphists say) we read that the other published *Passion* of Bach, the "St. John Passion," was to be done in London on the 22nd ult.

The Philharmonic Concerts began March 20, with two Symphonies (Potter, No. 2, in D and Mendelssohn's "Scotch"); Spohr's Duo Concertante, by Herr Joachim and Herr Bargheer; Overtures to *Leonore*, No. 1, and *Freyschütz*. Vocalists: Mme. Peschka-Leutner (first time in England) and Mme. Patey.

A new overture, "Ajax," by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and a new concerto for violin, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, are to be performed at the forthcoming concerts. Among other unknown works which will be given this season, we note, Cipriani Potter's second symphony in D; a hautboy concerto of Handel's; Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor; a new orchestral serenade in D by Brahms; a pianoforte concerto by W. G. Cusins; and a concerto for strings by old Bach.

The Third of Mr. Ganz's series of Saturday Evening Concerts again brought forward the admirable artistic capacity of Mme. Camilla Urso, who has approved herself a violinist of rare order. Nothing better could be imagined than the sustenance of her part of the first of Beethoven's Rasoumowski set of quartets—that in F, which she led with a breadth, freedom, and accuracy which stamp her among the first artists of her school. Mr. Richard Blagrove took the viola and M. Paque the violoncello in this quartet as well as in that of Schumann in E flat, with all efficiency, the pianoforte in the latter being held by M. Edouard Paris to general satisfaction. Hummel's pianoforte trio in E flat was also supported by him in effective fashion. The vocalism was all of a favorable order—particularly three *canzoni* of Rossini composed for Mme. Conneau, and charmingly sung by her. The "Cangio d'aspetto" of Handel, and Schubert's song "On every tree" were given by Miss Alice Fairman, and elicited warm approval. These concerts maintain their uniform excellence.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The *Telegraph*, March 23, writes of Mme. Arabella Goddard's annual benefit concert as follows:

She has demonstrated that there is nothing she cannot play—an adequate execution of the "106" (Beethoven) implying mastery over every conceivable difficulty; and she has established beyond cavil her willingness to play anything which deserves a hearing. In these things lie her claim to the honorable but much-abused title of artist—a title rightly worn but by a select band; and it is these facts which make her "benefit" an event of special importance. On the occasion we now notice Mme. Goddard once more indulged a fondness for acting as champion of those *dii minores*, who, but for her, would want fane, altar, and worshippers. One, at least, of the lesser Olympians is under special obligations to the perseverance and skill with which Mme. Goddard has set forth his claims. Need we mention Dussek as that one?—the Dussek whose genius received an eloquent vindication at her hands on Monday night by a performance of the Sonata in E flat (Op. 75). There is good reason to believe that this work had never

Digitized by Google

before been played in England; though why music so beautiful should endure such neglect is not easy to understand, without assuming ignorance or want of appreciation on the part of those who are responsible. Certain it is that the Sonata takes rank among the very best of Dussek's creations; and that, as regards symmetry, imaginative power, and melodic beauty, it has few superiors in the particular school to which it belongs. Amateurs who heard the Sonata on Monday for the first time must have been struck by the revelation made of Dussek's elegant art. The exquisite grace of the opening Allegro, with its masterly "free fantasia;" the loveliness of an Andante as pure as though written by Mozart, without suggesting Mozart in any degree; and piquancy of a Finale exhibiting the *ars celare artem* to perfection—these are features upon which every admirer of good music must dwell with loving appreciation; and, because making these known, Mme. Goddard's latest achievement was by no means her least. It is almost superfluous to tell how the Sonata was played. Indeed, to do so at any length would be to repeat observations already made a thousand times with regard to the faultless precision and unfailing clearness of reading which characterise Mme. Goddard's performances. Let it suffice to state that a most poetic interpretation, or one more marked by a delicate sense of every beauty to be exhibited, the most exigent taste could hardly desire. At the close of the Sonata, Mme. Goddard was recalled with enthusiasm, and justly applauded. The *bénéficiaire* subsequently joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's ingenious and interesting "Tema con variazioni" (Op. 17), for piano and violin; and played, with Herr Joachim, the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven. Such a combination of talent in each case ensured a magnificent performance. We should add that Mozart's Quartet in G (Op. 10) opened this most interesting concert, and that Mlle. Drandil sang two songs with acceptance.

Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, first performed a year ago as part of the service in Westminster Abbey, was repeated there on Tuesday of Holy Week this year. The *Daily Standard* thus describes it:

The service began at seven o'clock, the doors having been opened as early as a quarter past six, when in a few minutes every seat in the nave was filled, and only in the aisles were any remaining chairs to be found. Even these were filled up by a quarter to seven, and then the nave certainly looked at its very best. The gas standards usually employed during the special services threw a soft and yet sufficient light upon the unequalled proportions of England's finest example of Pointed architecture, and the groining of the roof appeared to fade in the dim distance. The choir was apparently in complete darkness, and on the top of the choir screen, in the loft of the organ, at which Mr. Jekyll presided, was a large mirror, placed at such an angle that the organist, sitting at his manuals, could command a view of all that was taking place in the stalls, occupied by the clergy and choir, who were ranged east and west as far as the third bay of the nave arcade. In front of the pulpit were reserved three rows of chairs for a party specially invited by the Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley. At five minutes to seven the instrumentalists took their places on temporary orchestras, which sloped upward on either side of the gates of the choir, facing which, and looking eastward, was the great brazen eagle, on the extended wings whereof lay a book of the music. Very many persons in the congregation had Sir Sterndale Bennett's edition of the music, which was of necessity somewhat abbreviated in performance.

Precisely at seven o'clock the organ commenced the voluntary, and now that the choir gates were thrown open it was seen that the choir also was filled, and lighted with candles which barely served to make darkness visible. More than five minutes now elapsed before the choir and clergy in their usual order entered the nave, and when they had taken their places, the abbreviated even song began with "When the wicked man." Very properly, Barnby's choir, supported by the boys of the Norwich Cathedral, had been chosen to interpret the choral music, and right well they looked in their clean surplices as they rose tier above tier in the next bay to the instrumentalists. Far overhead "the monks' walk," or passage under the clerestory, was filled with faces peering over to the procession below—indeed, every nook and cranny of the Abbey was crammed except the chapels east of the altar. Mr. Barnby took his place at the eagle to conduct, and the minor canons and canons being duly placed, the precentor, the Rev. S. Flood Jones, commenced the service, in which "Dearly beloved" followed "the wicked man." The General Confession and the Lord's Prayer were rolled out with a spontaneity that said not a little for the devotion of the congregation, and when the versicles that usually precede the psalms were said, Mr. Barnby rose, bâton in hand, and the overture to the oratorio began. In the double chorus "Come ye daughters," the antiphonal effect was very finely given by the decani side. Mr. Cummings now gave the tenor, and Mr. Beale, of St. Andrew's, Wells street, the bass part of the recitative, "When Jesus had finished." The chorale "O Blessed Jesus" was interpreted with due regard to the solemn and sad character of the music, and Mr. Cummings's rendering of the recitative "Then assembled together" was excellent, as, indeed, is all that this artist attempts; and Mr. Beale accredited himself exceedingly well in "Why trouble ye the woman?" They were both notably good in "Then went one of the Twelve," and the chorus came in with great effect in "Where wilt Thou that we prepare;" and again, after the recitative for tenor and bass, the chorus burst into the question, repeated in every tone of surprise and indignation, "Lord, is it I?" The chorale "My sin it was that bound Thee," was delicious, and the recitative "He answered and said," was also very good. The boy who gave the soprano aria, "Although mine eyes," was very much more at home than he had been in the previous aria, "Thou, blessed Saviour." The chorale, "O Lord, Thy love is unbounded," was one of the most satisfactory parts of the performance by the choir; nor was a whit inferior the tenor solo and chorus "O grief, now pants," in which Mr. Cummings gave the touching cries of the penitent with marked power, while in the recitative "And he came and found them asleep" it is difficult to say whether the honors lay with the tenor or the basso. In the soprano and contralto duet "My Saviour" the boys' voices were here and there hardly together, but the chorus always came in crisply, while the stringed accompaniment was subdued and effective. The passage "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared" was one of the most satisfactory evidences of careful study that we have for a long time heard. To the long final chorale of this part, "O, man, thy heavy sin lament," full justice was done, and while it was being sung the Dean, who wore the Ribbon of the Bath, was conducted to the pulpit, and after reading the Palm Sunday Collect commenced his sermon, taking for his text, 26th St. Matthew, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." * * *

Then the second part of the Passion Music began with the contralto solo and chorus, "Alas, now is my Saviour gone!" the boy again, probably from nervousness, failing in clearness and accuracy, though his upper notes were all that could be desired. In the following recitatives Mr. Cummings and Mr. Beale sang several bars, the words of which were not printed in the books, and consequently fluttered the unmusical part of the congregation. The short double chorus, "He is guilty of death," was a gem of execution; and the similar tumultuous movement, "Oh, tell us, Thou Christ," followed by the well-contrasted chorale "O, Lord, who dares to smite Thee," were quite as worthy of commendation. In "He went out and wept bitterly," Mr. Cummings created quite a sensation—none the less sensible because only a long drawn breath, as he ceased, signalized it, instead of a round of applause and cries of "Bravo." The leading boy was much better than before in the contralto air with violin obligato, "Have mercy"—indeed, he proved in it that all he needs is confidence to bring out powers far above the common. After this several pieces were cut out, and the recitative was taken up at "Now, at that feast," which was followed by the startling shout "Barabbas!" which came out like a rattle of musketry. The chorale "O Thou whose head," to the tune which in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" accompanies the hymn "O sacred head," was also a great success, and was partially taken up by the congregation. The boy before mentioned did his work very well indeed in the next number, a solo with chorus, "See the Saviour's outstretched arm." The passage in which is contained the expiring cry of the Saviour was given with great dramatic power by Messrs. Cummings and Beale, while the words that describe the supreme moment were admirably intoned by the former gentleman. The concluding chorus, with tenor and bass soli and double chorus, were all that could be desired or expected from Mr. Barnby's choir; and the dean having pronounced the benediction from the pulpit—although the Bishop of London was present—the vast congregation, which had been well taken care of by a number of gentlemen who gave their services as stewards, dispersed, the majority of them no doubt much pleased with a service of song which will find fewer to cavil at it among upholders of subjective, than among advocates of objective worship.

HALLE. In a recent soirée of Hassler's Gesangverein a masterly performance of several important works (heard here for the first time) is reported: among them Handel's "Acis and Galatea," the solos by Frl. Kiehl of Leipzig, Mr. William Shakespeare (!) of London, and Herr Krause of Berlin;—also scenes from Beethoven's "Prometheus" ballet music; his Trio: "*Tremate, empii*," and his chorus: "*Meeresstille*," &c. The namesake of the great dramatist is complimented on his musical and well trained tenor voice and good delivery.—Bach's St. John Passion was given by the Singakademie on the 4th day of March.

LEIPZIG. The Gewandhaus Concert (Feb. 22), in aid of the Orchestra Pension Fund, had for its main feature a new Orchestral Suite (No. 6, in C) by Franz Lachner, of which the critics write with unwonted enthusiasm. Of the other novelties,—a Piano Concerto by Edward Grieg, and "Don Quixote," a humorous musical "character picture," by Anton Rubinstein, they have little to say in praise. The pianist, Frl. Erika Lie, both in her thankless task with the Concerto, and in a Nocturne and a Ballade by Chopin, won general favor; as did also the singer Herr Gura in an aria from Spohr's *Faust*, Löwe's Ballad "Herr Oluf," and in "*Stille Sicherheit*" by Robert Franz.

The 9th Euterpe Concert (Feb. 27) presented Schumann's D-minor Symphony, two Entr'actes from Schubert's *Rosamunde* and Wagner's *Faust* Overture. The Russian pianist, Frl. Annette Essipoff, played the Concerto in E minor by Chopin, and Schumann's "*Vogel als Prophet*," and Waltzes by Leschetitzky, all with great acceptance.

*March* 7. Eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert. Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture, No. 2; Spohr's 7th Violin Concerto, (E minor), played by H. Schradieck of Hamburg; Aria from Mozart's *Tito*: "Ecco il punto," by Frl. Asmann of Barmen; *Chaconne* for violin, by Vitali, with piano accompaniment by David; Songs: "*Nachtlied*" by Mendelssohn, and "*Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden*," Schumann; Symphony, No. 8, in B minor (new), by Gade. The new Symphony does not seem to have impressed the audience as being one of the Danish composer's happiest works.

The programme of the nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert was made up exclusively of compositions by Mozart. Among them were the G minor Symphony; Scena and Rondo for Soprano, with *obbligato* pianoforte accompaniment (Mlle. Voss, from Berlin, and Herr Reinecke); Concerto for Violin (Herr David); "Ave, Verum;" Overture to *Figaro*; "Abendempfindung" (Herr Gura); Concerto in E flat major, for two pianos (Herren Kuast and Maas); and Sextet from *Don Juan*.—Concert of the Musical Union; Overture in C minor, Jadassohn; Pianoforte Concerto in G major, Beethoven, (Herr Reinecke); Songs, Herr Gura; "Triumphal March," Reinecke; *Sixth Suite*, Lachner. Herr Lachner's opera, *Catharina Cornaro*, will shortly be presented for the first time to a Leipzic audience.

At a sacred performance given by the Singakademie, the compositions selected were *Lobgesang*, Mendelssohn; *Requiem* for male chorus, Cherubini; and the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, Handel.—Tenth concert of the Euterpe Society: Overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; and Symphony in C major, Schumann.

The service done by Robert Franz in making the vocal scores of Bach and Handel more available seem to have drawn attention lately (in his own Germany) to the rare beauty and originality of his own Songs. In three Leipzig programmes of the same date we find songs by Franz set down.

Thirteen operatic performances were given in Leipzig in the month of February: viz: Weber's *Freyschütz* and *Euryanthe*; Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, twice; Gounod's *Faust*; Wagner's *Meistersinger*; Rossini's *Barbiere*; Holstein's *Erbe von Morley* (Heir of Morley); Mozart's *Don Juan*; Donizetti's *Lucia*; Verdi's *Rigoletto*; Bellini's *Sonnambula*. *Euryanthe* was newly studied, with Frl. Mahlknecht as Euryantha, Herr Gross as Adolar, Frau Peschka-Leutner as Eglantine (a powerful impersonation), and Herr Gura as Lysiart.

COLOGNE.—Eighth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Medea*, Bargiel; Pianoforte Concerto, F minor, Chopin (Mlle Erika Lie); Concert Aria, Mendelssohn (Mlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); *Loreley*, for Chorus, vocal Soloists, and Orchestra, Ferdinand Hiller; Prelude and Fugue, Bach (Mlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); Symphony, No. 1, D minor, Spohr.

Digitized by Google

Ninth Gürzenich Concert, "Fest-Marsch" for the Opening of the London International Exhibition, Ferdinand Hiller; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn [Herr de Ahna, from Berlin]; first act of *Alcest*, Gluck [Alcest, Mlle. Schneider]; Overture, No. 2, to *Leonore*, Beethoven; Eighth Symphony, Gade [first time in Germany.]

---

HANOVER.—The seventh Subscription Concert began with the first orchestral work Robert Schumann ever wrote, his Symphony in B flat major. Dr. Hans von Bülow played the Concerto in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue, J. S. Bach; a composition by Chopin, and one by Liszt. He was warmly applauded. The vocalist was Mlle. Gutjahr.

---

VIENNA.—The *Der Freyschütz* jubilee was celebrated, on the 7th, at the Imperial Operahouse, "*festlich beleuchtet*," as it is called here, or lighted up *a giorno*, as the Italians have it, in honor of the occasion. It was really the fifty-first, and not the fiftieth, anniversary of the production of the opera in the Austrian capital, but the state of political affairs last March prevented any celebration of jubilees then. The performance of the opera was preceded by that of a Hymn, words by Rochlitz, music by Weber, which had not been given for thirty-five years. After a few bars, the curtain rose and the entire company, ranged in a semi-circle, was perceived drawn up on the stage, the foremost places being occupied by Mmes. Wilt, Gindele, Herren Müller and Krauss, the artists who took the solos. At the conclusion of the Hymn, Herr Lewinski stepped forward and recited some verses written, in commemoration of the event, by Herr L. A. Frankl. In the opera, the very smallest parts were sustained by leading artists, anxious to show their veneration for the great composer. One of the principal features at the grand concert just given by the Academic Vocal Association was the *Requiem*, written by Herr Franz Lachner, who conducted it himself. The solos were sung by Mmes. Wilt, Gindele, Fillunger, Herren Pirk and Krauss. This last work of the veteran General-Musical-Director of Bavaria was much admired, especially an eight part "Sanctus"—The Schubert Monument, of which Herr Kundmann is the sculptor, will be unveiled in May. The *Deutsche Zeitung*, speaking of it, says: With the exception of the red granite plinth, the entire monument is of white marble. It will be placed fronting the Wilhelm Palace in the Stadt Park. The statue of the master is completely finished, and the last touches are being put to the bas-reliefs which will adorn the pedestal. Schubert, larger than life, is represented sitting upon a rock. In his lap lies his note-book. In his right hand, which rests upon the trunk of a tree, he holds a pencil, as though about to jot down the melody that has just sprung from his brain. The thick set figure, in the characteristic costume of the period, including an ample cloak, the broad collar of which is turned down, and the good-natured face, set off by a thick curly head of hair, presents us with a most faithful semblance of Schubert's personal appearance.

---

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 20, 1872.

## Concerts.

THEODORE THOMAS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Another flying visit from this model band of instrumental artists drew large and musical, although by no means crowded audiences to the Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday evening, April 6 and 7. It is too late for crowds after such a protracted deluge of music as has resulted from the confluence of so many streams on Boston throughout the last five months. Three good houses in such quick succession showed that the appetite for orchestral music is still keen with many. The programme for Saturday afternoon was this:

Overture: "Magic Flute"....................Mozart.
Adagio: "Prometheus"....................Beethoven.
With 'Cello, Harp, Flute, Clarionet and Bassoon Obligato
Messrs. Hemman, Rocco, Weiner, Wendelschafer and Eltz.
Concerto Symphonique, No. 4, Op. 102 ..............Litolff.
Adagio Religioso and Scherzo
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Theme, Variations and March. Suite, Op. 113..Lachner.

—

Overture: "Carneval Romain"....................Berlioz.
Theme and Variations. Quartet in D minor...Schubert.
String Orchestra.
Waltz. "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald"..Strauss.
Polonaise, Op. 89....................Beethoven.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Paraphrase, "Loreley"....................Nesvadba.
March: "Tannhaeuser"....................Wagner.

The orchestra showed some new faces, and had gained decidedly in the possession of a new leading violoncellist; but its identity of character and in the main of persons, and its proportions, were preserved. BERNHARD LISTEMANN, at the head of the violins, with characteristic fire, still led the attack; and another of the worthies of our own Harvard Orchestra in past years, Mr. ELTZ, the bassoonist, was there to remind us how much we had lost. The spirit and precision, and brilliant purity of tune, with which that perfect Overture to the *Zauberflöte* was played, was really refreshing. The "Prometheus" Adagio has now become a standard favorite with our audiences, and of course such a band could bring out all its beauty. The Concerto by Litolff is one of the least extravagant and more euphonious and graceful of the few things. The *Adagio religioso* has an easy flow, a symmetry and rounded fulness, without much inward fire or depth, reminding one of Thalberg; the Scherzo, in Tarantella rhythm, is happily conceived and quite exciting. Miss KREBS who seems to gain continually in expression,—which was the one thing wanting to her unlimited power of execution and of memory—played it capitally well; as she did also Beethoven's *Polonaise* (heard here only once before, at a Harvard Concert). The Theme and Variations by Lachner (*Franz* Lachner, we suppose), all in a very serious and sombre vein, except the brilliant March, were extremely interesting, and showed the master hand in the deep art of development and polyphonic interweaving of parts, as well as in instrumentation. Such composition is not too common in these days. —Of the second part, the Schubert Variations were of course the gem "of purest ray serene." The Strauss Waltz ("Legends of the Vienna forest) was one of the most romantic in its introduction and luscious when the dance sets in.

In the evening were offered these attractions (Thomas draws always from a full horn, with both hands):

Overture. Leonore, No. 3....................Beethoven.
Scherzo. Reformation Symphony. ........Mendelssohn.
Fantasie on Hungarian Airs ....................Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs, and Orchestra.
Traeumerei....................Schumann.
Introduction, Chorus and March, 3d. act Lohengrin.
Wagner.

—

Overture. "William Tell"....................Rossini.
Fantasie. Visions in a Dream....................Lumbye.
(With Zither Solo.)
Waltz On the beautiful Blue Danube..........Strauss.
Duet. For Flute and French Horn ..............Tit'l.
Messrs. Weiner and Schmitz.
"Amaryllis." Air from Louis XIII................Gyhs.
Overture. Light Cavalry....................Suppe.

This was, particularly, a "popular" programme. All the well selected pieces in the first part have been under notice here before repeatedly, unless it were the Hungarian Fantasie, which of course was difficult, fantastical, Hungarian and wild enough, and brilliantly executed.—The little peasant instrument, the Cithern, which we had not heard employed in an orchestra before, added a certain novel charm to the dance composer's "Dreams." The Duet for Flute and Horn was exquisitely performed. The title is somewhat obscure to that "Air from Louis XIII." Is it an air attributed to the French monarch as author, and worked up with variations, as we heard it, by a Belgian violin virtuoso of half a century ago, Gyhs? At all events the air is a quaint, bright, pretty Gavotte, and proved quite captivating.

For Sunday evening was reserved a richer programme:

Overture: "Coriolan," Op. 62....................Beethoven.
Adagio, Scherzo. "Ocean" Symphony, Op. 42. (By request)....................Rubinstein.
Polonaise Brillante. Op. 72....................Weber.
(Instrumentation by Liszt).
Miss Marie Krebs and Orchestra.
Introduction and Finale: "Tristan und Isolde.". Wagner.

—

Dirge. [First time]....................Schubert.
Concerto. No. 1, E flat....................Paganini.
Adagio, Rondo.
Mr. Bernhard Listemann and Orchestra.
Allegretto. 8th Symphony....................Beethoven.
{ a. Nocturne: "Loreley"....................Seeling.
{ b. Rondo. E flat, op. 32 ....................Weber.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Maerchen Overture: "Aladdin"............Hornemann.

It is needless to say that the *Coriolan* Overture was played well, and when played well, it never fails to be intensely interesting. The two additional movements which Rubinstein composed after his "Ocean" Symphony proved fully worthy of a repetition; they are among the most poetic and most musical of the recent orchestral productions which Mr. Thomas has dealt out to us with liberal hand. The *Tristan und Isolde* Introduction and Finale do not yet win upon us; still less that "Aladdin" Overture, which does not seem to show a very genial fancy. But the *Trauer-Marsch* (Dirge) by Schubert, in E-flat minor, —No. 5 of the "Marches Heroiques," op. 40, originally a four-hand piano piece,—wonderfully solemn and impressive in itself, and wonderfully enhanced in these respects by Liszt's arrangement for full orchestra, was indeed a novelty worth hearing. We know of no dirge so laden with the intensest agony of grief; and yet in this very freedom and fulness of expression, the heavy burden appears lifted off, and you feel the spiritual exaltation of great music. How tender and how simple, like refreshing tears, the Trio in the major of the key! Liszt has been very faithful to his original, only prefixing a few notes of preparation to secure attention, and appending at the end, where the strain dies away, a couple of isolated muffled drum beats. Liszt has orchestrated more of Schubert's four-hand Marches, which we hope to hear.—Mr. LISTEMANN's masterly virtuosity on the violin seems to us more remarkable every time we hear him. What he played could have come from no one short of Paganini; but what he gave for an encore must have been by the "Old Nick" himself, with whom the wierd musician was always thought to be quite intimate.—In the brilliant, rapid piano reverie of Weber Miss Krebs was perfectly at home.

---

CARL ZERRAHN'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT, on Wednesday evening, April 10, had not the large attendance which the regard naturally felt for the indefatigable and efficient Conductor of nearly all the great orchestra and oratorio music in our city (and surrounding cities) for so many years had led us to expect,—even if that were all. But the artistic feast presented was surely of too high and rare an order to be passed over with indifference. Beethoven's wonderfully beautiful, touching and suggestive music to Goethe's *Egmont*—all of it belonging to the master's finest inspirations,—played entire, and admirably played, by such an orchestra, is not a thing to be heard every day. A goodly number of true music-lovers realized the fact, and took care to be present both in body and in spirit, giving their best attention and feeling themselves richly rewarded, in spite of the great disappointment caused to many by the sudden illness of Miss Charlotte Cushman, who was to have been the reader of the connecting portions of the dramatic dialogue; but there should have been enough to crowd old Music Hall. We cannot, however, with some of the newspaper critics, rush to the conclusion that, after all, the apparent interest in Boston for classical music is thus proved to have been in great part a sham and matter of mere fashion.

To this we say: *Non constat*, and seek the explanation of the small attendance elsewhere; in a complication of accident causes, particularly in the surfeit of an unprecedented musical season; in the adroitly manufactured excitement about a coming Gilmore "jubilee," and in the way in which this, besides so much other truer musical activity, has been keeping our Conductor so continually before a public which is Athenian enough to be restless for "new things," if not for rest itself; and probably in the preference of many for music without reading. This latter task was respectably well performed, at such short notice, by Prof. EVANS, who combines intelligence with a good voice and presence. The reading was unequal, to be sure; Clärchen was made commonplace, and the Mother caricatured; but the heroic passages, the scenes between Egmont and Orange, between Egmont and Ferdinand particularly, and the prison soliloquy were given with good effect.

Digitized by Google

At all events, whoever followed well the reading could enjoy the music with a clearer understanding, and feel the purpose and the beauty of all those wonderful entr'actes, as well as of the Overture and melodramatic accompaniments in the last scene, as he could not fully have felt it otherwise. How vividly are all the elements of the tragedy, the gloomy, bodeful, stormy times of Alva in the Netherlands, the tender love of Egmont and Clärchen, the despair of the humbler lover, the heroic characters of Egmont and Orange, the Vision of Liberty in the prison, and the triumphal Symphony for the finale, portrayed in that music. Goethe and Beethoven meeting in a perfect work, and yet only half an audience! Mrs. Weston, with her fresh, sweet voice, and in her modest, fervent manner, sang the two little songs of Clärchen — particularly *"Freudvoll und leidvoll,"* which *cannot* be translated and ought to have been sung in German, very finely.

---

Mr. B. J. Lang's second series of Symphony Concerts began at Mechanics' Hall on Thursday Afternoon, April 11. The pleasant little hall, hitherto the haunt of Chamber Music and unaccustomed to the sound of an orchestra, was very nearly filled by a numerous and refined audience. The orchestra was composed of about thirty musicians,—the best in their several departments that our city affords; a force sufficient for the rendering of such Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, &c., as do not require the "extra brass." The proportion was fair; 3 double basses, 2 'Celli (Fries and Hertdegen), a dozen violins and violas, the usual four pairs of wood wind instruments, two horns, &c. A good effective orchestra for such work as they had to do; for all the performers had had long schooling in the rendering of classical masterworks. The place, however, seemed too small for the loud *tutti* passages; there was a somewhat confused reverberation,—at least where we sat. This was the programme:

Overture to "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde,"Mendelssohn.
Symphony in F. No. 8. .................... Beethoven.
Concerto for Piano-forte, in A minor. Op. 54.Schumann.
Mr. G. A. Adams.
Overture to "Preciosa"........................v. Weber.

The two fresh and charming little Overtures had been very seldom heard in Boston,—never in the seven series of Harvard Symphony Concerts,—and were very enjoyable. That to Mendelssohn's youthful operetta, "The Son and Stranger," has a buoyant Spring-like feeling, and always seemed to us an anticipation of the first movement of the "Italian" Symphony. The rendering was spirited and nice. Weber's "Preciosa" Overture, with its romance, its woodland exhilaration, its gypsey march, tingling with tambourine and triangle, was well brought out, and left no sense of dull satiety at breaking up. Beethoven's shortest Symphony,—the sunniest and brightest, ripest, and the best in keeping with such programme,—did not in some parts go so evenly and smoothly as the Overtures; yet the impression of its beauty was not seriously blurred.

Schumann's Concerto was indeed an arduous task for so young an artist (almost a beginner) as Mr. Adams. It could not be expected that his rendering would have all the intensity, the poetic realizing sense, which we have felt in the interpretation of the same work by experienced masters, and that so recently; but it was a perfectly clear, unflagging, elegant reading of the work from beginning to end; carefully studied, regardful of light and shade, in good taste, and as a sign of technical proficiency remarkable. Life and experience alone can give the qualities it lacked.

Of Mr. Lang's second and third concerts (this week and next) we shall speak next time.

---

Mr. Joseph Heine, the blind violinist, who made so favorable an impression in the Music Hall some months ago, but who, amid the rush and competition of so many concert-givers, has hardly had fair opportunity to take here the position as an artist which he really deserves, had a Complimentary Concert tendered to him by friends and admirers, which took place on Thursday evening, April 11, at Mechanics' Hall. There was a good audience, though not so large as we had hoped to see. Mr. and Mrs. Heine played together the Adagio and Rondo from a Sonata for Violin and Piano, in B flat, by Dussek, one of those works by a too much neglected composer of Mozart's time, which are not held unworthy of the powers of Mme. Arabella Goddard and Joachim in the "Monday Popular Concerts" of London. The music proved interesting, and the violin playing was in a broad, sound, classical and earnest style, showing an artist at home in good music, not less than in the *ad captandum* feats of concert virtuosity. The piano part, albeit a little over-loud at times, was rendered with much ease and brilliancy of technique and good style by Mme. Heine, whose claim to the character of an accomplished pianist was still more clearly established by her solo performance of Weber's *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, as doubtless also in De Meyer's Fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*, which we could not stay to hear.

Mr. Heine's principal solo was "I Palpiti" by Paganini, in which he seemed almost to surpass himself, executing all its difficulties with an easy grace, a certainty and power, which entitled him to a high place among the prominent violinists we have heard here; though it would be extravagant to bring him into comparison with a Vieuxtemps. There is a genuine musical fervor in his playing, and a vein of rather fine and individual humor when he indulges in extravaganzas. His "Carnival" is quite as droll and fresh as anybody's.

The "Temple Quartette" contributed some of their sweetly modulated male part-songs, and songs were sung by Miss H. A. Hunt, Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Ryder; that by the last named was from Mozart's "Magic Flute,"—Sarastro's noble bass air.

---

Miss Anna Mehlig's last two (7th and 8th) Piano Recitals were at Brackett Hall, March 21st and 23d. They were fully attended and the programmes interesting. In the first, Miss Parsie Bell, a young pupil of Julius Eichberg, won marked approbation by her pure intonation, her precise and facile execution and her good sound style, as a violinist. She played the Andante from Mendelssohn's Concerto, and the brilliant *Fantasie-Caprice* by Vieuxtemps wonderfully well, though she has much of course to learn. Miss Mehlig played the great Chopin Polonaise in A flat, three little *Fantasie-Stücke* by Schumann, and a prodigious affect piece by Liszt made out of Gounod's *Faust* waltz. In the second recital she gave the clearest and most powerful rendering we ever heard of the Beethoven Sonata, op. 53; a Prelude and Fugue in E minor by Mendelssohn; three or four of the greatest *Etudes* by Chopin; smaller things by Seeling, Henselt, &c., and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

---

☞ Other Concert notes must wait for room.—Our New York letter also comes too late.

---

## The Chickering Piano.

### OPENING OF THE NEW WAREROOMS.

(From the Daily Advertiser, April 15).

Forty-nine years ago yesterday, Jonas Chickering first entered into the business of piano-making, and his sons celebrated the day by turning out of their factory their forty-thousandth piano and moving into the finest piano ware-rooms in the world. A small company of friends and gentlemen connected with the press were last evening invited to examine the new rooms, and the elegant finish of the spacious rooms called out the heartiest admiration from all present. The building, which has just been altered over for the firm, is the large granite block on Washington and Hayward place, one of the finest sites in the city. It is six stories in height, and before its occupancy by the Messrs. Chickering comprised Nos. 348, 350, 352 and 354 Washington street, on which it has a frontage of fifty-seven feet, and extending back so as to give an area of about thirty thousand square feet in the six stories.

One might well be excused for delaying on the sidewalk for a few moments to notice what is beyond question the finest entrance to any store in this city. The grand arched doorway occupies the first and second stories, and is of original design and elaborate workmanship. The outer arch is ornamented with a carved moulding and series of gilded pateras, and is supported by pilasters, the capitals of which are of an original design, representing the lyre. From the outer arch the sides and ceiling converge to the inner arch, thus forming an octagonal recess, the ceiling of which is decorated with a series of radiating flutes, with gilded reeds. In the centre of this inner arch is suspended the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which was awarded to this house by the Judges of the Paris Exposition of 1867. On either side of the outer arch are placed the business signs, extending across the whole front, with enlarged and gilded copies of some of the most highly-prized medals at each extremity. The floor of the entrance under the arch is paved with encaustic tiles, brought from Maubeuge, and the doors are of walnut, with plate-glass panels.

The principal sales-room is on the grand floor, and we step directly into it from the sidewalk. The floor is of elaborate marqueterie work, being arranged in large panels corresponding with the ceiling, after the designs prepared by the architects, by Mr. Joseph Hill, according to his patent process, by which the wood is wrought in fanciful designs and dovetailed together into one piece as it were. The columns and entablatures which support the ceiling are elaborately decorated, the cornices being carried across the room from column to column, dividing it into panels, in the centre of which are ornamental designs in stucco, from some of which the candelabra depend. The coloring is a combination of blue grays and warm browns, with gilding, the various parts of the elaborate stucco work being colored or gilded in such a manner as to intensify its effect. The hall terminates with a screen of pilasters and plate glass, which separates it from the offices in the rear. At the extreme right is the business office or counting room, connected with which and still further in the rear is one of Morris & Ireland's largest safes, costing $1500. Next to the counting room is the private office of the proprietors, and at the extreme left is the receiving room, where pianos are landed from Hayward place. The offices are in keeping with the outer room, and are fitted up with every convenience for the despatch of business. In the principal one is a fine life-size photograph of the late Col. Thomas Chickering by Rockwood of New York. The whole effect of these rooms is really gorgeous, but in perfect taste. The work has been done from designs and under direction of Messrs. Snell & Gregerson, architects.

The grand staircase, which faces the broad entrance, and is in the centre of the room, is of black walnut with moulded balusters, the pedestal newels supporting bronze candelabra of elegant design, ornamented with carved griffins. Ascending we enter one of the three warerooms in the second story, the first prominent object at the head of the staircase being a marble bust of Mr. Jonas Chickering, placed on a pedestal of the same material. This room is now used for pianos of all classes. On the left is the apartment formerly occupied as a business office, but now used for the exhibition of upright pianos, in which this firm has made many great improvements. The front room, formerly the principal salesroom, is now given up to the exhibition of the famous grand pianos. This room, with its rows of beautiful pillars and its general elaborate adornment, forms a harmonious contrast to the room below. Here, also, the founder of the house is again remembered, for, occupying a prominent position, is a life-size oil painting of the senior Chickering. Near this is a large frame containing electrotype copies of the eighty medals which have been awarded to this house for pianos of their manufacture, at the various industrial exhibitions where they have been placed in competition; and in this room, as well as throughout the whole building, the walls are adorned with portraits of various musical celebrities.

In the third story is another wareroom, where are kept nearly 100 instruments, and in the fourth story is another room of the same size and used for the same purpose, also for storing the pianos of patrons who desire it. In the fifth story will be found during working hours fifty workmen, whom it has been found necessary to locate here on account of the crowded condition of the seven acres of workshop at the factory. There are two rooms here, one used as the repairing department, and in the other the carvers are busily employed fashioning the legs and pedals of pianos in various fanciful designs. The sixth story is used entirely for the purpose of storage.

---

# Musical Correspondence.

Philadelphia, April 13. On Saturday evening, March 30, Mr. Jarvis gave his Fifth Soirée at Chickering Hall. He was assisted by Messrs Kopta and Hennig. Mr Jarvis played a *Gigue* by Raff, full of intricate contrasts, thus giving Mr. J. a full opportunity to display his wonderful skill. The Mozart Trio in A, for violin, 'cello, and Piano was fairly given, the absence of power being the main fault. Mr. Hennig in the Lubeck 'cello solo was very successful. Mr. Kopta's solo appeared to be a mite too difficult to him. It was by Bazzini. The difficult cadenza lacked crispness.

On Easter Sunday good music was rendered at all of our churches. At the cathedral, Haydn's mass No. 6, was given; also Mozart's 3rd motet. At the Assumption, Haydn's mass No. 16, in B flat; at St. Vincent's Cherubini's "messe solennelle;" at Trinity, Haydn's No. 1; and at St. Mary's, Haydn's No. 2. In the remainder of the Roman Catholic churches, either Mozart's No. 12, or Haydn's No. 3, was sung. So you see Father Haydn was well represented. At St. Mark's Episcopal church, the Easter Part of Handel's *Messiah*, and Sir J. Benedict's communion service were given. At St. Stephen's, Hopkins's "*Te Deum*" in A, and Handel's "Hallelujah." At St. Clement's, Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb," and

Digitized by Google

Gounod's "*Benedictus qui venit.*" As a general thing the music was fairly given, great attention and care having been expended. The great fault was that in but one or two cases the choirs were not large enough.

On Friday evening, April 5, the "Abt" male singing society gave one of the most thoroughly delightful choral concerts I ever attended. The chorus numbers about forty, every man a sight-reader and vocally proficient. The leader is Mr. M. H. Cross. The glees sung were by Hatton, Sullivan, Spofforth, &c. Sullivan's "Long Day Closes" was exquisitely sung; the shading was graceful, and the fortes crisp and ringing. The great merit in the "Abt's" singing is that all the marks of expression are carefully observed. Hatton's "Tar" song pleased every one; for it was given with a hearty snap that enlivened every one of the vast audience. This is the last of the "Abt's" concerts this year.

On the same evening the "Beethoven Society" (mixed voices) gave a concert at the Academy. There were about one hundred in the chorus, and about fifty in the Orchestra, the whole under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. Mr. Richard Hoffman, of New York, appeared for the first time in Philadelphia to play the piano part of Mozart's D-minor concerto. I was charmed with him; he exhibited rare ability and such unassuming manners that he soon won the hearts of his audience. The orchestra were not prompt enough in their parts in the Romanza, but the Piano was everything that I could desire. Mr. Huffman also played his "Solitude" and "Introduction and Tarentelle." The choruses as a general thing were well sung; the bass part, however, was too light. The choruses were: No. 1 and No. 6 from Mozart's "King Thamos," Gade's "Spring Message," Female chorus from the "Flying Dutchman," Beethoven's "Hallelujah," and the quartet in *Fidelio* arranged for a chorus, (very questionable taste). The "Hallelujah" was rendered in excellent style and the others, generally, were fair enough. The "*Fidelio*" piece was almost ruined by the basses singing too flat. It was a great pity that these two societies ("Abt" and "Beethoven") should have selected the same evening for their concerts—the "Abt" however did not lose, for the hall was crowded, while at the Academy only a fair audience was present.

The third concert of Miss Jackson's delightful series of chamber concerts took place at the Natatorium Hall. The programme was as follows:

String Quartet, op. 77. No. 2 .................... Haydn.
Philadelphia String Quartet Club.
Piano Concerto, F sharp minor .................... Heller.
[The orchestral part arranged for a second Piano].
Mr. Gublemann and Mr. Wolfsohn
Pieces Characteristiques. Violoncello ........... Lachner.
Mr Henning.
String Quartet, Op. 95, F minor .............. Beethoven.

The opening number was played with delicate and accurate refinement, but I should prefer hearing the Trio in D flat in the menuetto rendered a shade faster. The "Andante" was played a little too fast, not too fast for an ordinary modern time Andante; but artists seem to forget that Andante now and Andante in Haydn's time are not precisely the same movement. The Piano Concerto was thoroughly enjoyable; there seemed to be a perfect unity of sentiment between the two performers, which enhanced the effect of the piece to a high degree. Mr. Henaig's performance of his violoncello solo was entirely characteristic of him. It was a masterly effort; such delicacy, so much close attention to light and shade, combined with such accurate execution, is a refreshing rarity. The closing number to me is one of the finest, if not the finest of the whole of the seventeen string quartets of the Master, having been written after hard philosophical studies and experience had strengthened his mind, and hence better fitted it to restrain his lofty genius; it seems to be a completely logical work; every movement carefully follows the theme and develops the whole of it alone, thoroughly, to the end. With all these qualities it necessarily presents more difficulties than perhaps any of his others; but the quartet evidently did not agree with me, for their performance clearly evinced a very superficial rehearsal; while this was apparent throughout the whole piece, it was chiefly discernable in the Allegro assai vivace ma serioso, where each man seemed to need all his energies to keep himself straight, and consequently unity and expression went a begging.

On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday [matinée], 10th, 12th and 13th, we were favored by three performances of Thomas's Orchestra. The thanks of the music loving public are due to the energy and sensible arrangement of Mr. Alfred Stimmel, a courteous and experienced attaché of our Academy of Music, who brought the Orchestra here under his single management. The programme of the first concert was particularly rich in gems. In the heavenly Adagio from *Prometheus*, the performance of which was as faultless as any I have ever heard, the harp of Signor Rocco was refreshing to hear. The *pièce de resistance* was Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto, played by Miss Krebs and Orchestra. Miss Krebs's performance in this exceeded anything I have previously heard by her; it was sure, firm and forcible, yet eloquently poetic. The "Magic Flute" overture was given with the characteristic accuracy and care of the Orchestra. The String Orchestra gave a most charming interpretation of Schubert's D-minor quartet [Theme, Variations]. I was particularly struck with the clear and perfect manner in which the *pp* passages were rendered. This arrangement is one of Thomas's specialities, for which to him all honor. Weber's *Oberon* Overture was not up to the usual high standard of the Orchestra's performance. It was given entirely too fast to suit my taste, at least. Liszt's "Preludes," with all the beauties of its ingenious instrumentation, did not call forth any enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Miss Krebs played a Nocturne of Seeling's and Weber's delightful E-flat Rondo (from memory, *mirabile dictu*) with ease and finish. She won for herself hearty applause. Strauss's "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald" Waltz, and Suppé's "Poet and Peasant" Overture were the two "popular" pieces, and were thoroughly appreciated and heartily applauded by their admirers.

The second Thomas Concert took place on Friday evening, April 12. This one being announced as Mr. Stimmel's benefit, the house was much fuller than on Wednesday. The Larghetto and Scherzo from Schumann's B flat Symphony, op. 38, were given. The latter was particularly enjoyable. Weber's *Polonaise Brillante*, op. 72, [instrumentation by Liszt], was received with great delight. I think it was one of the most perfectly finished performances I have ever heard. The Introduction and Finale of *Tristan und Isolde*, by Wagner, is an extraordinary combination of utterly incompatible effects. It is thoroughly Wagnerian in its every part, noisy and full of contrasts, and by no means the most attractive of Wagner's compositions.

Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of the pieces which are thoroughly identified with the Thomas Concerts. It was superbly played. Bazzini's "Esmeralda" Fantasia received a most agreeable and intelligent interpretation at the hands of Mr. Listemann. In response to the encore he gave a little Rondo of Paganini's. Miss Krebs was very successful in Liszt's "Faust" Fantasia, and on being loudly encored, she played the "Spinning Chorus" air from Wagner's "*Fliegender Holländer*." Gybs's arrangement of the air accredited to Louis XIII. has been played at one concert at least of every one of Mr. Thomas's series. Schubert's Hungarian March closed the programme; its effect was greatly marred by the thoroughly Philadelphia audience characteristic of starting to go about the middle of the last piece. This great nuisance [for it is nothing else] is utterly without remedy, as an Act of Legislature forbids locking the doors of any public place while it contains an audience. N.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sunny Memories. 3. B♭ to f. *Mrs. Lancaster.* 30
"Sunny Memories, ye are singing
To my heart your silent way."
Beautiful song, every way.

I am watching for thee, darling. 3. D to e. *Fuller.* 30
"I am watching for thee, darling,
I am watching at the door."
One of the *good* home-songs. The more there are the better.

We'll vote for Grant again. 2. G to e. *Percy.* 40
"Come gather round the fire,
Lay on another rail."
Spirited enough for any one. Inscribed with the motto "Let us have Peace."—Well, let us all have *this* piece and sing it. Vignette Title.

Ah! tell me why. (Si vous n'avez rien). 4 D♭ to f. *Mme. Rothschild.* 35
"Ah! wherefore smile on me?"
"Pourquoi me faire ce sourire."
A favorite French song, with French and English words.

Think not I can e'er forget thee. Song and Cho. 3. B♭ to e. *Parkhurst.* 30
"Think not I can e'er forget thee,
Tho' we part to meet no more."
Words by Mrs. Kidder, and with the music are put together in good shape, by experienced hands.

Twilight in the Park. 3. C to f. *Brockway.* 40
"Cupid lingers there,
No one near to mark."
Very pretty lithograph title. Half funny and half serious, and a little more refined than the average comic songs.

O, fair Dove! 4. E to f. *Sullivan.* 60
"O last Love! O first Love!
My Love with the true heart!"
Jean Ingelow's poem has been recently noticed, but this time it is set to different music. Very effective, and in concert style.

### Instrumental.

Nocturne in C, No. 1, Op. 277. 4. C. *Jungman.* 75
Exceedingly sweet. Just the melody one would like to hear in a dream.

New Hawthorn Schottisch Dansante. 3. C. *Quigg.* 30
Rightly named a "Schottisch Dansante," for if you play it with any spirit, and occasionally glance at the feet of persons in the room, you will notice that they are all twisting or tapping time, and "all ready for a dance."

Silvery Charmes. Polka de Salon. 4. E♭. *Gross.* 65
Begins with a lively polka movement, on which the middle and finale of the piece furnish variations.

Mandolinata Waltz. 4. F. *Cheney.* 40
Notice that there is also a vocal piece and a Capriccio called "Mandolinata." The included melody is a "success," and is naturally worked up in various ways. This is a fine waltz.

Wine, Women and Song. Waltzes. Abridged. 3. *Strauss.* 40
One is not tired of the length of the longer piece; but as its brilliant features are preserved in the shorter one, some may may prefer it. The price of the complete waltzes is 75 cts.

### Books.

Six Songs for Male Voices.
By *Dudley Buck.* Voice parts, ea. 50
Score, 75
Complete, 2.50
Notice that "complete" includes 28 pieces, that is the separate part for each of the 6 songs, and the score for the player or conductor.
The Songs are:

1 Hassa! (Wine Song). Allegro con fuoco.
Come, brothers, fill the jovial glass.

2 In Absence. Andante con moto.
Watch her kindly, stars!

3 Come in the Stilly Night. Tempo di Valse.
Dearest, why thus delay?

4 At Midnight. Moderato.
At midnight dark, with solemn chiming.

5 On Tree Top High. Allegretto.
'Twas a peaceful, lovely night in May.

6 She is mine.
Spring is near, fraught with gladness.

It will be noticed that there is great variety. Words are from the German of Eichendorf and Reinecke, and the music approaches in character the best German 4 part songs. Dedicated to the Apollo Club.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 811. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 3.


## The Grand Orchestra.

BY HENRY AMES BLOOD.

O, listen to that solemn symphony:
These are the notes which to the heart interpret
The majesty of sorrow; and it is
By these the heavy progress of the dead—
The dead who died immortal—should be followed.

And this should be upon an afternoon
In rich October; and the grand cortege
Move down a mellow vista, where there hang
Floating aloft as if upon the air,
As far as eye could see, most gorgeous boughs
Of leaves, and leaves should lie upon the ground
Quite thickly; and it would be strange, indeed,
If here and there, all trembling to the strains
Of this great score, still others did not fall,
Slow sailing their first journey to the earth.
And strange if now and then might not be seen
Some happy squirrel, or wee thoughtless bird,
Scarce knowing any sorrow, even in death.

For it should be the month of yellow leaves,
And faint voluptuous odors in the grass
And in the golden haze; the only time
When to be happy is but to be sad,
And to be sad is to be like the leaves
When all the woods wear melancholy plumes.
Too early or too late the poet dies
Who dies not in the season of ripe leaves.
O, list the yearning of these cadences,
For they but breathe again what I now said!
I wonder if beyond the ancient stars,
Beyond this immaterial dome, this blue
Eternity of silence overarched,
Beneath the mighty rushing of the waves,
A hundred foamy leagues from any man,
Within those palaces where all for beauty
Mermaids live, and mermen die for love,
Such melody is not heard!

Soft! soft! O, hark!
Do you not hear them now? Do you not hear
The music of those deep sea-corridors,
Whose crystal pillars tremble with all hail
To the majestic entrance of the gray,
Surf-bearded Ocean? These must be, indeed,
Almost as beautiful as were the strains
Which followed, in the dim background of Time,
Upon the windy track of Æolus,
When mermaids have besought the mariner.
And those to hear again, who would not go
Sea-faring now? Who would not brave black night,
The creeping, treacherous fog, the roaring breakers,
The crazed winds, the insatiable fire,
The unlashed waves, that spring upon the decks
As swift as tigers, and remorselessly
Sinner and saint alike sweep, God knows where?
Only to hear such ravishing notes once more
How gladly would we sail the infested seas,
Above the dull eyed monsters! Oh! how quickly
Welcome the rushing and tumultuous bergs,
The thundering, league-long battlements of ice
Which were the outposts of the Arctic night.

But listen, now! Is it not passing strange,
These seeming ordinary whiskered men,
Who look no more than common entities,
Are really purveyors to the stars,
And lug us by the ears up into Heaven?
How worse than useless, now, are our good eyes;
I would not open them, if I might see
The unimagined form of Beauty rise.
How softly unto dulcet sounds like these
The current of our lives should glide away
Into an old age of sweet memories.
Now is the time to die and feel no pang;
The dreadful potion would be so disguised
In the bright sparkle of sweet music's wine..

Who knows not that beyond the amber air
The voice of music never will be hushed,
And silence would be sorrow. Oh! believe,
When we have laid this mortal burden down
Which gives us gravity, and the green earth
Spins off beneath us, we shall rise at once
Where spring immortal thunders, and where roll
Great globes of most celestial harmonies.

—*New York Independent*, Jan. 10, 1872.

Translated for this Journal.

## The Wizard of the G-String.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the 25th of March, 1828, there appeared in the Vienna Musical Journal the following announcement: "A very interesting piece of news to the musical public, is the arrival of the renowned Genoese violinist, NICOLO PAGANINI, who has set out from Italy on a musical tour, and has determined to dedicate his first performance to the patrons of music in Vienna."

Renowned? Perhaps—in Italy. We Germans looked down on the Italian masters; their works, though certainly held in high esteem by the whole musical world beside, were notwithstanding mere trifles in the eyes of the German critics. Instrumental music, Symphonies for example, they certainly could not compose; and as to their excellence as performers, it had not even been spoken of for a long time; Germany and France had other matadores in this arena. At the head of these on the violin stood Spohr—a giant both in stature and skill—Lipinski, Kiesewetter, Mayseder; and in France, Rode, Baillot, and some others. Of this Genoese virtuoso very few had heard, the public knew nothing of him. Add to this that he came to us an elderly (?) and sickly man, already 44 years ago; in the best aspect a ruin, good enough however for German barbarians. It was not to be wondered at, then, that the concert given on the 29th of March found no great encouragement. But the day after! All business seemed at once to have gone music-mad. The succeeding concerts found the house surrounded from early morning by a vast crowd, and in spite of the price being first doubled, then trebled, many carried away instead of a ticket, only bruises, bumps, and torn clothes. According to the articles which appeared in the Vienna journals either all the reporters must have greatly exaggerated, or the Genoese fiddler was in truth the most extraordinary artistic phenomenon that the world had ever heard.

For example: "He who has not heard Paganini can form no idea of what he is. To describe his playing is simply impossible, and even frequent listeners have but little advantage in this respect." The calm, reasonable Castelli wrote: "Never has any artist created so great a sensation within our walls as this god of the violin. His execution is the highest, the most extraordinary and astonishing possible in the whole range of musical art. He begins where others end; he performs impossibilities, yes—since even the means by which he produces them are unknown to us,—what for us are impossibilities."

From all the cities that he visited, Breslau, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, from everywhere indeed, was echoed the same incredible report.

Were we not right enough to be curious? Would he come to Weimar? That was a question as important to me as poor Hamlet's "To be or not to be" to him. The little royal residence with its slender resources, said I to myself, certainly cannot attract him, when one reads of the enormous sums lavished upon him by large cities; yet great names belong to this little town: Goethe, Hummel, Maria Pawlowna, still live, the latter a pianist of the first rank. If Paganini is a real artist he cannot pass by Weimar. So I persuaded myself, so—but I am an old man and age is garrulous. I turn over therefore several pages of my manuscript, on which I have portrayed my expectant feelings, and come at last to that evening,—the 29th of October, 1829,—on which our orchestra boy entered my room with the announcement, "Stage rehearsal to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock for Maestro Paganini's concert."

Again I pass over the rehearsal and come at once to the concert. From the city itself and all the region around everybody flocked on that evening, who could afford the double entrance fee. The house presented a magnificent spectacle, the audience was so closely packed, so wedged together that without exaggeration a falling apple could not have reached the floor while the concert continued. A solemn stillness rested on the vast concourse, all eyes were fixed on the stage, every ear was strained to catch the first notes of the famous master. The overture came to an end, the poor thing had banged itself out in vain, —no one listened to it. Finally after a tolerably long pause (Paganini, like other great men, enjoyed making people wait for him) he appeared. His violin in his left hand, his bow in his right, he glided with a light, quick step through our ranks to the front of the stage; there was no music stand, for he played entirely without notes. He bowed several times slightly and rather awkwardly, in doing which he rested his bow on the floor, as a general on parade sinks his sword in the presence of his sovereign.

Never in my life have I seen a man whose appearance awakened within me such emotions of pity. A lank figure, dressed in an old-fashioned black frock coat, and black trowsers down to his heels, which hung loose on his shrunken limbs as on a skeleton. Forth from loose hanging locks, and a thick, close, curled beard, looked a thin, cadaverous visage, with a long aquiline nose. From his shoulders hung baboon-like arms, terminating in very long, withered, but snow-white hands. Involuntarily I was reminded of Callot Hoffmann's organist, Kreisler. And again, his apathetic, blank, desolate gaze at the assembly, brought before me the weird and despairing face of the wandering Jew.

He began the performance with his great Concerto in E-flat major. The ritornello opened. His shoulders were high, and in playing he drew them together so that his head seemed to stand on a post. Contrary to the principles of all other violinists, he held his bow close to his body, and while the orchestra played the "Tutti," the brilliant and sparkling tones of his violin flashed through the accompaniment like gleams of light.

And how shall I describe his playing? It was justly said that to get any idea of him he must be heard, because no adequate conception of him can be obtained from description. Meyerbeer said later to Castil-Blaze: "Imagine the most surprising effects that can be produced on the violin, recall the miracles of the bow and the melody, still Paganini will surpass your expectations."

A notorious miser once found himself in a company assembled for a benevolent purpose. The collector presented himself a second time, intentionally, before him. "I have already given my contribution," said the miser. "Pardon me," rejoined the collector, "I did not see it, but of course I believe it." A witty neighbor of the Harpagon, thereupon put in quickly: "I saw it, but I don't believe it. So it was with regard to Paganini. Those who have not heard it, would not believe it, said the audience as they left the concert room; a reporter wrote, "I *have* heard it, yet I do not believe it."

Such was Paganini's playing, the most perfect that was ever listened to by human ear. But this magical performance was only the expression of his ardent

Digitized by Google

soul. In his playing, earnest and jest, melancholy and humor, sorrow and mirth, alternated in the happiest manner. André, from whose Hesperus I quote the following passage, has expressed this eloquently. "Is Paganini a musical genius in the highest sense in his own art? I believe that putting wholly aside his incredible mechanical skill and dexterity, I must answer in the affirmative, because more than any other he puts a soul into his execution. It is this inbreathed soul which impresses sensitive natures so indescribably, which gives to every tone its peculiar individuality, and must remain inimitable because it is his own spirit that speaks, himself that is expressed. He in fact makes his violin speak the language of his innermost sensations, and of the peculiar condition of his mind. That which passes within him the instrument expresses with singular truth and fidelity. Judging from its language as to his emotions and feelings, we should say that in that heart, (perhaps only in retrospect) the stormiest passions struggle with the deepest, tenderest affections, but sorrows are mingled with entrancing joys, black misanthropy with child-like kindliness. And to sum up all in a word, it is a heart broken, yet rejoicing."

It may be imagined what an excitement this magician aroused among us. The applause of our citizens, always before kept within decorous limits, stormed through the house like a rushing sea, and rapture carried away even the most phlegmatic. Paganini knew well that the performer must himself feel, in order to awaken feeling in others, and his motto was: "One must be an enthusiast himself if he would call forth enthusiasm." With regard to the impression made by his playing, Haltei wrote in his vigorous style, "Paganini has performed here in Weimar, and even here, squeaking on his four pitiful strings, he turns the hearts of men round in their bodies."

He had advanced to the footlights, a sickly-looking man of feeble frame, but no sooner had he taken up his violin, grasped his bow, and struck the first notes, than the giant strength that had slumbered in him awoke; nerves, muscles and limbs became strong, vigorous, intense; all was spirit, power and life, in and about him.

To discover how he became so great, so inimitable, we must look back at the history of his past life.

Paganini was born in Genoa on the 18th of February, 1784. His father was a tradesman in rather straitened circumstances, who passionately loved music, and practiced it "with little talent but much comfort." He soon discovered his son's natural gifts, and taught him the rudiments of the violin, and being a stern, severe man, he compelled the boy to practise the whole day, and when he was not industrious enough to satisfy him, drove him by hunger to double his exertions.

In his ninth year the young virtuoso appeared for the first time in public in his native city, Genoa, amid the incessant and enthusiastic plaudits of the delighted audience. After he had taken lessons at Parma, from Rolla, the renowned violinist, and in composition from Ghiretti, and then at Genoa had devoted himself in entire seclusion to the severest studies, he began to travel and give concerts alone at the age of fifteen, but only in Italy, and this he continued for twenty-two years, at the same time perfecting himself by increasing practice. For some time he was established at the court of Lucca. At this period passion awoke in the breast of the fiery young Italian. He fell into profligate courses and became devoted to love and play; the first destroyed his constitution, the latter brought him often into great poverty and distress; but at the time he appeared in Germany he had become a staid and very economical man. His world-wide renown dates from his appearance at Vienna, after which he travelled slowly through Germany, France, England, Spain and Poland, and finally, after an absence of ten years, he returned to Italy in the summer of 1834, loaded with wealth and honors, and took up his residence sometimes at Genoa, sometimes at Milan or Parma.

After a short visit to Paris, where on account o his failing health he could give no concerts, he hastened back by sea to Genoa, hoping there to regain his lost strength. It was a vain hope. Nice was to be his last resting place. His disease, consumption, there made rapid strides, his voice failed, his strength wholly left him. On the last evening of his life he appeared quieter than usual and slept a little; when he awaked he opened the bed-curtains that he might see the moon, which was rising in full splendor amid a cloudless sky. At this sight his failing senses revived, he feebly grasped his violin, the faithful companion of his journeyings, and breathed out to its faint tones his last sigh.

Thus died this great master on the 27th of May, 1840, in the 56th year of his age. But death itself could not end his troubles. He was an Italian and a Catholic; he believed in God, but not in the priests; he frequently visited churches and cathedrals to admire the masterpieces of architects, sculptors and painters, and to enjoy the religious music of the old Italian composers, and others; but with regard to the multitudinous ceremonies and incense-burnings, which blind and befog men, he had his own opinions, like the rest of the enlightened world. Some of these views had probably reached the ears of the priesthood, for the most Christian Bishop of Nice refused him a grave in consecrated ground, and only after many attempts of his son and his friends, whose petitions were for a long time futile, did he receive Christian burial by a special dispensation from Rome.

Paganini left behind him to a legitimatized son, named Achilles, an estate worth two millions of francs, and to each of his two sisters a legacy of between fifty and sixty thousand francs; but to the mother of his son, the singer Antonia Bianchi, of Como, only a life annuity of twelve hundred francs. Besides this he left a collection of valuable violins, Guarneris, Amatis Stradivaris, and others; last, but not least, his own instrument which he had used in all his concerts, and which he bequeathed to his native city that no other artist might use it. Some assert however that he left it to Ernst.

Paganini, besides frequent sickness and almost unspeakable physical sufferings, was the victim of the most despicable calumnies, set afloat by the many enemies who envied his success. They went so far as to accuse him of actual crimes. It was said that in his youth he had associated with robbers; that out of raging jealousy he had murdered his wife, and when he proved never to have had a wife, that it was his mistress. Some asserted that on account of his crime he had spent many years in the galleys, which accounted for his unsteady and trembling gait. Others reported that he had suffered a long imprisonment, during which, the strings of his violin breaking one by one, at length only the fourth remained, and that his wonderful performances on that string were due to this circumstance. Paris, standing at the very head of the civilized world, showed itself especially active in the propagation of these scandals. Fétis says: "There is in this city a very respectable portion of the population, which lives by the evil it does and by the good which it hinders." In his native land itself, where bandits and priests flourish, many gravely declared that he had a compact with the devil, by which, in exchange for the magic powers bestowed on him in this world, he consented to forego his happiness in the next. All these fables have indeed, since Paganini's death, been proved to be slanders and stupid superstitions, but during his life they were fully believed by many;—dear humanity credits the evil so much more readily and willingly than the good, especially when it relates to the great, the renowned, or the special favorites of fortune.

[To be Continued.]

## Distant Music.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

[From the London Musical Times.]

The genial Elia, in his paper on "Distant Correspondents," speaks so many truths which we all have felt, that we cannot but turn to it with renewed pleasure when a letter or newspaper comes to hand at our breakfast-table which for months perhaps has been travelling thousands of miles over the ocean. "Indeed," he says, addressing a friend in Sidney, "it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions: 'Alcander to Strephon in the shades.'" If these ideas will steal upon us in writing or receiving a friendly letter from a distance, how much more are we open to their influence when such communication merely contains news. Elia speaks amusingly of the "now" when the word is written, and the "now" when it is read, as so widely separated in time that he can have no security that what a person states as a truth shall not before the letter reaches his friend turn into a falsehood; "and not only," he continues, "does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction, for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage." The electric telegraph has of course done much for us in conveying from many distant parts of the world mere records of important events in a space of time which would astonish Charles Lamb, could he once more visit the earth; but news that will keep is still wrapped up in letters and newspapers, and sent across the sea to reach us so long after the occurrences narrated have taken place that it is often difficult to share the enthusiasm of a writer who, very probably, at the time we read his remarks has almost forgotten that he ever penned them.

Perhaps on no subject is this feeling more called forth than in that of music. A newspaper, let us say, comes to us from New Zealand, with a passage carefully marked for extract; "Last night," we are told, "an interesting performance of the 'Messiah' was given. The inclemency of the weather deterred many from coming, but those who were present were amply rewarded." Where is this "last night," when we print this; the weather has been fine and wet a dozen times since this concert; and Handel's strains, which the next morning lingered in the ears of the many who composed the audience on the occasion, have now become a thing of the past. Only a short time ago we received an account of a concert in Sidney, which was duly inserted in our journal. By the next mail came a letter, written "in great haste," correcting the name of a singer who had appeared in the performance. The "haste" with which this correction was made and despatched contrasted strangely with the cold and methodical manner in which it was packed up with hundreds of other letters in the mail-bag, conveyed over what Charles Lamb calls "the world of waters," and after being duly sorted by the post-office officials, dropped quietly into our letter-box long after any of our readers could have remembered that the concert to which the communication referred had ever been noticed. How strange, too, does it appear to read in a newspaper sent from the antipodes, that an opera troupe is about to commence a short season; to have the whole of the arrangements detailed in a prospectus, and to be perfectly aware that when this meets our eye, the season has long been over, and some other musical event is the real "news" of the place, the record of which will probably come here when it has become history there. It is like suddenly lighting upon a letter in the handwriting of a deceased friend, the well-known characters in which seem to speak to us once more with all the warmth of life.

In spite, however, of the length of time which must necessarily elapse before distant musical events can become chronicled here, it is always a real pleasure to find that the works which are loved and honored in this country are slowly, but surely, enlisting the sympathies of those who, although separated from us by a wide expanse of ocean, are in reality a part of ourselves—sprung from the same stock, and speaking the same language. Since music has ceased to be a luxury, and the greatest compositions of the greatest masters have been placed within the reach of all, musical Societies have been formed in the remotest lands, the object being to foster a love for the highest works, the demand for which is so rapidly increasing that a statement of the amount of their sale in English-speaking countries, would astonish even the most sanguine enthusiast in the cause of artistic

Digitized by Google

progress." Distant Music," therefore, it will be seen, has now become of such importance that it is in reality as necessary to insert accounts of the performance of Oratorios, Cantatas, and Operas, which have taken place many thousands of miles from our shores as to record similar events in our own Island; and if New Zealand, Australia, and America progress as they have done within the last few years, our country correspondents must not be surprised if our "Brief Summary" should become still more remarkable for its brevity when noticing their musical doings, in order to make room for the new press of matter. Meanwhile it may be interesting to glance at what our distant friends have been doing in the art within the last few years. Turning to accounts from Otago, in New Zealand, we find that the Dunedin Philharmonic Society has been for many years giving Oratorios and other works with much success. On Christmas Eve, 1863, under the direction of Mr. George R. West, the founder of the Society, the first concert took place, when Handel's "Messiah" was performed, and in 1865 the same composer's "Samson," "the work being listened to," we are informed, "with the utmost interest by the audience." At Auckland, too, we hear of a Harmonic Society giving a highly creditable presentation of Haydn's "Creation," before it had been established a twelvemonth. In Australia high-class music is making rapid progress, the visit of Mr. C. E. Horsley having no doubt tended much to further the good cause. As early as 1863 the Melbourne Philharmonic Society produced Mr. Horsley's Oratorio, "David;" and we afterwards hear of the performance of "Judas Maccabæus," the "Messiah," and several other standard works. Some idea, too, may be formed of Colonial liberality in matters musical by the following paragraph from a Melbourne paper:—"It is intended to inaugurate the Music-hall now building with a grand Inter-Colonial Musical Festival, when a new Oratorio by Mr. Charles Edward Horsley will be produced. A commission has been sent to England for a grand organ for the above hall, the sum voted by the Corporation being £4,000." We do not know whether all these intentions have been carried out, as no record has reached us giving a detailed account of the opening of the hall; but we quote the passage to show the spirit by which these artistic enterprises are animated in Australia. As an earnest of the future, we may also mention that in the prospectus of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society for the present season the works promised are Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise," Haydn's "Seasons," Spohr's "Last Judgment," and "Israel in Egypt." The Adelaide and Sydney Philharmonic Societies are likewise in a very flourishing condition; and we constantly read of miscellaneous concerts being given in the Colony at which good music receives a very fair share of attention. New works also appear to be produced here, for in addition to the one by Mr. Horsley, mentioned above, we hear of a composition by Mr. J. Summers, Mus. Bac., Oxon, written for the inauguration of the Music Hall; and our readers will remember that Mr. Tolhurst's Oratorio, "Ruth," was performed for the first time at Prahran, a suburb of Australia. The local papers were extravagant in their praise of this latter work; and although, on its production in this country, we took leave to differ from them as to its merits, we found that the few lines we wrote, based on the announcement of its success in the journals which were forwarded to us, and of course before we could have heard a note of the composition, were reprinted as an opinion of the *Musical Times*. All this may be forgiven, perhaps, when we consider how difficult it is for a man to become a prophet in his own country, and how natural it is, therefore, for him to endeavor to influence a new public by bringing certificates from an old one; but composers should be cautious of allowing themselves to be influenced by the adulations of local papers. The criticisms of the provincial press in our own country are rarely written by persons at all acquainted with the art, in proof of which we may mention that in a newspaper which lately reached us, after a panegyric upon all the performers, vocal and instrumental, who took part in a concert, the writer metaphorically pats Beethoven on the back by saying that his song "Adelaida" is a composition containing many pleasant surprises."

Pursuing our researches into the state of "Distant Music," we learn that at Adelaide, a Philharmonic Society is in a prosperous condition, and at Ballarat some of the best Oratorios have been given by the "Harmonic Society" with much success. In Tasmania we also hear of excellent concerts; and, incidentally it may be mentioned (although out of the scope of our present musical survey) that at Hankow, in China, on Easter Sunday, 1869, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung as an anthem by three sopranos, one alto, two tenors, and two basses, and that "it went exceedingly well. At Madras, a Philharmonic Society had been some time in existence in the year 1865, and Sir Hope Grant has given 100 rupees to the "Instrument Fund." Then we have satisfactory news of the progress of the art from Natal; and at Cape Town, the "Good Hope Choral Union is constantly performing such works as the "Messiah," "St. Paul," the "Mount of Olives," &c., a concert of the "Intermediate Tonic Sol-fa Class," under the direction of Mr. J. H. Ashley, being also spoken of in terms of much favor by a Cape-Town paper. At Port Elizabeth, too, we get reports of several musical entertainments, a "Monster concert," given in the Town-hall by Mr. Edward Newbatt, having been very largely attended, and highly successful. In the West Indies we are also informed that music is zealously cultivated, as an earnest of which it may be mentioned that the Barbados Philharmonic Society has it in contemplation to found vocal and instrumental schools. From Quebec we also receive interesting musical news; and at Montreal a series of vocal and instrumental concerts was given at Nordheimer's Hall, in 1867, followed, no doubt, by many others of an equally interesting character.

The musical events at Boston are constantly before our readers; the "Handel and Haydn Society," organised in the year 1815, chiefly for the practice of psalm tunes during the summer months, having advanced to a point of perfection in the presentation of the most classical works which renders a record of the proceedings of the Association highly interesting. The "Thomas Concerts," too, as they are called, are of such a high character as almost to put us to shame in England, where the announcement of unfamiliar works by an enthusiastic concert-giver is quite sufficient to keep our so-called music-lovers from the room. The Boston papers speak of the compositions of Wagner, Liszt, and many other modern writers as if their readers were thoroughly conversant with their merits; and in "Dwight's Journal of Music" (one of the most able critical musical periodicals ever published), in mentioning the performance of the Introduction and Finale to Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," the writer very wisely says that, not being able to comprehend it on a single hearing, he "suspends his judgment." In New York, although the love for good music is evidently steadily on the increase, it is obvious that inferior compositions have a very large sale. We are told, for instance, that the song "Don't be angry with me, darling," as "sung by the minstrels, played by the bands, and whistled by the boys," is the "great popular melody of the United States." Then we have constantly advertised a large collection of "Temperance Songs," the mere titles of which preach a whole sermon in aid of the cause. "Don't marry a man if he drinks," "I'll marry no man if he drinks," "Father's a drunkard, and Mother is dead," "Pure cold water," "Beautiful sparkling water," "Girls, wait for a Temperance man," "Brother, don't go out to-night," if sung with sufficient depth of feeling, would convert a man given to strong liquors, we should imagine, on the spot; but as "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" (comic duet) is included in the selection, it is obvious that our Temperance friends are not averse to having a little fun over their water. Another popular song in New York is called "Make me a jacket of Pa's old coat," and the "Aint I pretty" polka, with a "splendid lithographic title, printed in colors, of a young lady arranging her toilet before a looking-glass," is quite the rage, the whole first edition having been exhausted in a few days. Sensational dance music includes directions for its use; for after advertisements of the "Golden Robin Polka," "Swinging Polka," "New Anvil Polka," and "Partridge Polka," we have this sentence:—"The Robin Polkas have sweet bird calls in them, the Swinging Polka has a swinging movement, the Anvil Polka sounds best with hammer accompaniment, and the Partridge Polka brings in the whistle of the Quail." The lists of the "most popular" instrumental music contain a strange mixture of good, bad, and indifferent; and that there exists an extraordinary confusion of tongues in the titles of some of the modern compositions may be imagined when we say that one piece is advertised as the "Cascade de Dew-drops." Energetic endeavors are made in New York to create a love for the highest order of church music; but a review in our columns a short time ago upon a collection of Hymns and Tunes for public worship, recently published in that city, will sufficiently show that the compilers of the work have been more desirous of writing down to the taste of the multitude than of attempting to raise it. We must also remark that a book called "Zion's refreshing showers," which we find extensively advertised, can scarcely appeal to people in search of healthy sacred music; and that a slight want of classification in publishers' catalogues may be too frequently seen, can be proved by the following quotation of the titles of three pieces, which occur precisely in this succession: "Cling to the crucified," "Cock-a-doodle-doo," "Cod liver oil."

There can be no question, however, that high-class music is rapidly making its way in New York, and little doubt can exist of its ultimate triumph. The success of the "Parepa-Rosa Opera Company" has, we believe, done very much towards popularizing the best lyrical works; for Mr. Carl Rosa is an artist with a real love for the task he has undertaken, and not a mere speculative caterer for the multitude. Those excellent vocalists, Miss E. Wynne, Madame Patey, Messrs. Santley, Patey and Cummings—known as the "Dolby Company"—have also had much effect in deepening the love for Oratorio music; and Mr. Santley, who remains, we believe, for some time in America, will materially strengthen the cast of all the Operas produced by Carl Rosa. We have undoubted proof, too, that the standard sacred works are gradually obtaining a very large sale; and a knowledge of the good will speedily displace the bad. America has a magnificent musical future before it, if it can only learn to blot out the word "sensational" in those grand demonstrations which the people are so eminently suited to organise. It is well known that the "Boston Peace Musical Festival," which took place in 1869, was a mild affair compared with that announced for the present year; and yet, when we find that it took place in a building 500 feet long, and 300 feet wide, and constructed to hold between 40,000 and 50,000 persons, it is difficult indeed to conceive how all these figures can be materially multiplied without setting the laws of acoustics at defiance. In the account of the Festival furnished to us at the time by a correspondent, we have some curious information respecting various portions of the performance. Gounod's "Ave Maria," we are told (based upon Bach's Prelude in C major), was exquisitely sung by Madame Parepa, but it was scarcely a desirable solo to select for a *début* in so colossal a building. The same vocalist also gave the solo part of the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," but when the composition was repeated on the fourth day, the Festival had set in with all its fury, and the "solo was sung by about ten young ladies, with the utmost correctness of intonation and precision." Then the Overture to "Fra Diavolo" was given, the principal trumpet part being performed by fifty trumpeters; and also Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," with an orchestra of 1,000 musicians, although it is said of the latter work that it was "not perfect, and indeed proved nearly a failure." But the grand triumph of the Festival was reserved, as might have been expected, for the pieces especially suited to the "colossal" nature of the building. "The Star-Spangled Banner," we are informed, "proved a genuine success, and displayed to the greatest advantage the gigantic power of the grand orchestra, military bands, organs, drum corps, organ, artillery, and chiming of bells. The firing of cannons, by electricity from the conductor's stand, had really a fine effect, as the instantaneous discharge upon the first beat of each measure in the chorus, may well be compared to the striking of a large drum. The 'Anvil chorus,' from 'Il Trovatore,' by chorus, full orchestra, and artillery (outside) accompaniment, the anvil part performed upon 100 anvils by the Boston Fire Brigade, was excellent, and it was re-demanded with acclamations." (!!)

Here, then, we have undoubted proof that where the building is not adapted to the music, the music must be adapted to the building; and that if we are to have an almost unlimited number of listeners, we must have an almost unlimited number of performers. Not only, therefore, must solos for a soprano voice be sung by "about ten young ladies," but every part, vocal and instrumental, must be multiplied in proportion; and anvils, sledge-hammers, and artillery, will be the "additional instruments," with which the feeble scores of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other modern composers must be enriched for Festival use. *We hope and believe that America will see how destructive is this idea to the furtherance of pure art, and that a healthy reaction will take place* when renewed experiments clearly demonstrate that the real enjoyment of music is dependent upon the power of hearing the minutest details of the compositions performed. If good and healthy music is to have the prominent place in their artistic gatherings, we sincerely wish the Americans every success; but if it is to be mixed up with bells, guns, and anvils, we fervently pray that it may forever remain "distant music," and heartily bless the "world of waters" that lies between us.

---

## The Musical Education of the Blind.

(From the London Mirror, April 6.)

It is with feelings of intense satisfaction, and in the full hopefulness of a bright and prosperous career, that we have to announce the establishment, and

most influential auspices, of a Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, which will afford blind children throughout the country, who have the requisite talents, a thorough education, especially in music, so as to qualify them to earn a living as organists, teachers, and pianoforte tuners. With all deference and respect to the benevolent who so nobly support institutions for the blind, and day by day create new ones to meet an ever-increasing want, we think we have been going too long in the old grooves, and regarding the blind as if the loss of one sense disqualified them from anything higher than mere manual labor. We have too much ignored the intellectual in our attempts to impart to them the means of earning a livelihood; and though reliance must ever be placed to a large extent on mat-making, basket-making, and such like industries, there are among this afflicted race others of far higher intellectual capacity, which only needs culture that the very best and most encouraging results may accrue. Music is ever a source of delight to the blind, and we have rare examples of their musical taste and powers, even amongst those who have had little or no opportunities of obtaining instruction in the art; nevertheless, out of the thirty thousand blind in the United Kingdom, who, as a class, are wholly or partly dependent on public or private charity, and a considerable number of whom are inmates of various institutions, not more than one per cent. of the educated blind throughout the country have ever been qualified to earn their living by the profession of music. Such was formerly the case in other countries, but the special regard paid to the higher education of the blind, and the improved systems of musical instruction adopted by various institutions abroad, have produced most gratifying results, and wherever the musical education of the blind, based on a thorough intellectual training, has been properly carried out, this art, in its various branches, has been found, after long experience, to afford by far the most remunerative occupation of which the blind are capable. Thus, in Paris, about 60 per cent. of the pupils follow the profession of music, and of these about one-half are such successful pianoforte-tuners that incomes varying from £80 to £150 are by no means unusual amongst tuners who graduate at the Paris Institutions. The chief American institutions, and notably the PERKINS Institute at Boston, have also achieved great success. Both the male and female graduates earn excellent incomes as teachers, tuners, and organists, and some of the most successful of the pupils are children of poor emigrants from the United Kingdom.

Now there can be no doubt that what has been done for the blind in France and America can be accomplished in this country, and it is to achieve this object that the Normal College and Academy of Music has been founded. It will consist of three departments—namely, general education, the science and practice of music, and pianoforte-tuning, and "in every department the whole of the instruction will be directed to the practical end of preparing the blind for self-maintenance." In addition to the tuning-school in the College, other tuning-schools will be established at convenient points of London to accommodate scholars who can live at their own homes; and besides, the pupils in the Institution, day pupils, who may reside with their parents or board with private families in the neighborhood, will be received there. But none of them will be received who have not sufficient talent to justify the expectation that they may be rendered capable of self-support—therefore a much higher percentage of successful graduates may be anticipated than in the Institutions abroad, in all of which the children are admitted without reference to their ability. The college will be essentially a *national* institution; and in addition to generous efforts by friends of the blind in London, arrangements are being made in various large towns, including Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Glasgow, to select and send a number of talented poor children to the Institution. Suitable premises have been secured within two minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, where, by the courtesy of the directors, special facilities will be afforded the pupils for attending the instructive rehearsals and the admirable musical entertainments frequently given there. The whole practical management of the College has been placed in the hands of Mr. F. J. CAMPBELL, late musical director and resident superintendent of the PERKINS Institution, at Boston, U. S.; and who, with the assistance of teachers of improved capacity and under the general supervision of the committee, will carry out the system which has been so successful in America, and which, to a considerable extent, is the result of his own experience. It is a good augury that the committee are assured of the cordial support of very many influential friends of the blind throughout the country, as well as that of several musicians. The leading pianoforte manufacturers, Messrs. BROADWOOD and SONS, Messrs. COLLARD and COLLARD, and Messrs. ERARD, have also promised their co-operation in promoting the success of the musical department, and have already offered some pianos for the use of the school.

Such is the state of facts on which the committee solicit the active co-operation of the benevolent in every part of the kingdom, in order that all blind children, possessing the requisite talents, may be sought out and qualified by a suitable education to become self-supporting and useful members of society." There are, as we have said, names connected with this new movement which place it far above that suspicion which unhappily seems to attach to so many philanthropic enterprises in these days. Identified with it are the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Ebury, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Litchfield, Lord Eliot, and Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P., as vice-presidents and trustees—it has a general council composed of gentlemen of the highest social standing, and an executive committee, with the Hon. Wm. Ashley as chairman, and the Hon. Edward P. Thesiger as vice-chairman, and on which are also Dr. Armitage, Miss Gilbert, Dr. Hawksley, and other good friends of the blind—the musical committee being headed by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. Certainly no institution was ever ushered in under more promising auspices, and there is none which ought to meet with a larger amount of practical sympathy from the benevolent people of this country. We earnestly wish it overflowing coffers, for it is, we believe, destined to supply a great want. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Charles Harcourt Chambers, Esq., 2, Chesham-place, S. W.; to the Treasurer, T. R. Armitage, Esq., M. D., 33, Cambridge-square, Hyde-park; and to the bankers, Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1, Pall Mall, East.

---

THE FETIS LIBRARY. An interesting report, presented by M. Gevaert to the Belgian Minister of the Interior, gives the following particulars with regard to this valuable collection of books and manuscripts:

"M. Fétis left behind him an admirable catalogue in four divisions:—Musical History; Musical Theory; Practical Music; Literature, History and Science; these being divided and sub-divided for the purpose of classification in minute detail. The first portion of the library is very complete, especially in its biographical department: which, says Mr. Gevaert, is probably the finest ever gathered together in one and the same collection. The second division comprises most of the works on the technicalities of music which have been published since the invention of printing, together with some rare and curious manuscripts. The collection of instruction books for the library is most rich in the department of Practical Music. The missals comprise some as old as the 10th century; and among them is the famous Missal of Wurzburg (1484). Church music of the fifteenth and two following centuries is well represented, among the examples being the *Patricinium Musices* (7 vols.) of Orlando de Lassus. In the department of secular music is a unique collection of old madrigals, printed on separate sheets, and gathered from all parts of Europe with infinite pains. It comprises, also, a hundred manuscript scores of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian operas; a hundred and fifty scores of French operas, from Lully to Meyerbeer; and a complete collection of music for pianoforte and organ. We envy the Belgian nation the possession of this rare treasure, and consider that 150,000 francs were never better spent than in its purchase.

---

CORRESPONDENCE. The following letters arrived too late for publication in our last.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15.—At THEODORE THOMAS'S Matinée, on Saturday, the programme was far richer than that of either of the preceding Concerts. Mozart's glorious D-major Symphony headed the list of choice selections. The heavenly Adagio received a thoroughly artistic interpretation; the Andante was also most charmingly given.

Mr. Listemann gave the Adagio and Rondo of Paganini's Concerto for violin in E flat, with a truly artistic finish. It was a delightful performance. Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" Overture, which has been given at every one of the seasons of Thomas's concerts, was crisply and forcibly rendered. Miss Krebs played Beethoven's "Polonaise," op. 89, without her notes, as usual; and it was admirable. How she can retain in her mind upwards of two-hundred and fifty pieces, such as Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto, Chopin's, Weber's, &c., all so marvellously difficult, is a mystery to most of us. The everlasting "Träumerei," Neruda's grandiloquent *Lorelei* paraphrase, and a Strauss Waltz closed the programme, and with it the season ended. On May 12th the Orchestra open at Central Park Garden, N. Y., for the summer concert season there, and next fall we shall have them again.

In the evening Miss JACKSON'S fourth concert was given at Natatorium Hall. Here is the programme:

String Quartet, No 3 .................................Mozart.
Allegro vivace. Minuetto. Adagio. Allegro assai.
Concerto (Serenade), Violoncello.....................Lindner.
Mr. Hennig.
Andante and Variations. 2 Pianos..........Schumann.
Mr. Wolfsohn and Mr. Guhlemann.
String Quartet, Op. 29..................................Schubert.

The opening quartet was generally well given, but the common fault of the club was painfully obtrusive,—I mean lack of unity. The Adagio, however, was entirely free from this flaw, and was a smooth and skilful performance. Mr. Hennig's playing in the 'cello solo was truly beautiful; his touch was firm, and the spirit of the melody he carefully expressed. The Schumann Andante received an accurate but somewhat cold interpretation. N.

---

NEW YORK, APRIL 12.—Mr. Richard Hoffman gave the last of his Pianoforte Soirées at Chickering's Hall, March 23d, with the following programme:

Trio. Op. 97......................................Beethoven.
Mr. J. Burke, Mr. F. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.
Fantaisie. "Lucrezia Borgia." Op. 50.........Thalberg.
Mr. Hoffman.
Three Melodies, for Violin and Piano ..........Molique.
Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.
—
Air D'Eglise. Solo....................................Stradella.
Mr. Bergner.
"By the sad sea waves," and Cuban Dance. Mr. Hoffman.
R. Hoffman.
Duo Concertant on Themes from "Oberon."
Benedict and David.
Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.
Nocturne, le Depart and Marche D'Isly......L. de Meyer.
Mr. Hoffman.

The Beethoven Trio was given with good effect, the Andante being particularly well rendered. We have no better interpreter of Beethoven than Mr. Hoffman, and Mr. Bergner is an artist always to be relied upon. Mr. Burke plays the violin con amore, and with considerable skill, but is not always correct in his intonation. In the second part Mr. Hoffman's "Cuban Dance" was encored, and he responded with a fantasia on airs from Mignon, introducing "Non conosci il bel suol", "Leggiadre rondinella", and the Polonaise.

Messrs. Mills and Sarasate gave their fourth and last matinée at Steinway Hall, March 14th. The programme was excellent, including a trio by Lefébure Wely, a Duo by Mendelssohn [Andante and Variations for Piano and 'Cello] superbly rendered by Mills and Bergner, and Chopin's Impromptu played by Mr. Mills. The vocal selections were numerous, and included songs by Beethoven, Franz, Schumann and Schubert. The vocalists were Miss Antoinette Sterling, Miss Clementine Lasar, and Mr. Geo. Simpson. The success of these matinées has been such as to demonstrate the fact that instrumental music of a high order is beginning to be appreciated here, and I trust that the number of such concerts will multiply to meet the demand.

The elegant salle Chickering was well filled last Monday evening, the occasion being the last "soirée classique" of the Onslow Quintet, an organization which has given us many pleasant concerts during the winter. This time they played Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat [op. 87] and Mozart's Quartet in G [op. 30]. Besides this there was a very poor Sonata for piano and violin by G. Onslow, and some singing by a Quartet who seemed to imagine themselves in some large hall or cathedral which could be filled only by the greatest vocal exertion.

The Parepa Rosa-Phillips-Wachtel-Santley Opera season began on Monday, April 1st, with "Trovatore." The other representations have been "Rigoletto," "Don Giovanni," and "Les Huguenots." Of these I will give a full account in my next letter, and can only say now that the season has thus far been completely successful, the demand for tickets being greater than ever before, and the enthusiasm of the audience amounting almost to a *furor*.

At the fifth Philharmonic Concert, April 6th, the orchestral selections were The Eroica Symphony; Mendelssohn's Overture "Fingal's Cave," and Bargiel's "Prometheus." Mr. Bergner played a Concerto for Violoncello by Goltermann, and the Liederkranz sang a song by Frey, "Wie Kam die Liebe."

A. A. C.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

OPERA. The Prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera for the present season (which commenced on the 26th ult.) has an interest apart from the promises of well-known works, to be supported by well known artists; for Wagner's "Lohengrin" is the opera placed first in the list, as if indeed it were anticipated by the spirited lessee that the trial of this remarkable composer by an English jury would prove the most important event of the session. Lovers of musical progress will unite in thanking Mr. Gye for thus boldly challenging the opinion of his subscribers and the

Digitized by Google

public on the "music of the future;" and although, as a mere commercial speculation, it may be a question whether it would not have been more politic to produce "Tannhäuser first, it is certain that at least an intellectual minority will prefer to sit in judgment upon the latter development of the composer's style. The principal characters in this work will be entrusted to Madlle. Marianne Brandt, Herr Koehler, and Madlle. Emmy Zimmermann, all fresh comers to this country. An entirely new opera, called "Gelmina," composed by the Prince Giuseppe Poniatowski, in which Madame Adelina Patti will sustain the principal part, and "Il Guarany," an opera by Carlo Gomes, a young and comparatively unknown musician, produced with much success the year before last at Milan, are also promised. Amongst the works to be given during the season, one of the most attractive will undoubtedly be Auber's "Les Diamants de la Couronne," the part of *Catarina* by Madame Adeline Patti, and we are also glad to find that Cimarosa's sparkling little opera, "Le Astuzie Femminili," which was so well received last year, is included in the list. In addition to the names already mentioned the vocalists who will make their first appearance in England are Madlle. Albani (from the Pergola Theatre, Florence), Madame Saar (from La Scala, Milan), Signor Cæsari (also from La Scala), Signor Dodoni (from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg), and Herr Verenrath from Copenhagen). The services of Madame Pauline Lucca, Madlle. Mathilde Sessi, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Madlle. Scalchi, Madame Monbelli, Signori Nicolini, Graziani, Naudin, Bagagiolo, Cotogni, and Monsieur Faure have also been secured; and the stage management will be, as usual, under the experienced direction of Mr. A. Harris. Signor Vianesi and Signor Beviguani divide the post of conductor; and so, unfortunately, this department will be the weak point in one of the strongest programmes of arrangements yet issued from this establishment.

The Prospectus of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, promises us two works which will certainly be welcome to the subscribers, although we cannot agree with Mr. Mapleson in calling them "novelties." Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées" (which is to be produced under the title of "I Due Giornati") has never before been heard in this country; but Auber's "Les Diamants de la Couronne" is well-known here, although the libretto has not yet been forced into the Italian language; and we much regret that at both Opera houses (where the work is announced for this season) such a desecration of the composer's intention should be compulsory. The new comers at Drury Lane are Madlle. Carlotta Grossi (from Berlin), Madlle. Marie Roze (from the Opéra-comique, Paris), Signor Rota (from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg) and Signor Meo (from the Imperial Opera, Moscow). The company also includes Mesdlles. Christine Nilsson, Marie Marimon, Titiens, Colombo, and Baurmeister, Madame Trebelli Bettini, Signor Fancelli, Vizzani, Rinaldini, Sinigaglia, Mendioroz and M. Caponi, Signori Agnesi, Borella, Zoboli, Casaboni and Foli. Sir Michael Costa retains his post of conductor and director of the music, the principal violin being in the able hands of M. Sainton. The season is announced to commence on Saturday the 6th inst. * * * Second editions of Prospectuses, with additions, are novelties, but this year we have had one from each house. In these we are informed that Mr. Mapleson has engaged the great tenor, Signor Italo Campanini, Miss Kellogg (who is already well known here) and Madlle. Victoria Buudsen (from Stockholm); and that Mr. Gye has added Madlle. Alvine Ohm and Madlle. Caroline Simerochi to the list of singers mentioned in his former announcement.—*Mus. Times, April* 1.

Crystal Palace Concerts. The following programme attracted a large number of the daily increasing class of lovers of good music to Sydenham on Saturday last, March 16th.

Overture "Le Nozze di Figaro"..................Mozart.
Recit. and Air..................Barnby.
Mr. Edward Lloyd.
Recit. and Aria, "Non mi dir" [Don Giovanni].....Mozart.
Mlle. Anna Regan.
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, "In the Hungarian style"..................Joachim.
Herr Joachim.
Aria, "Und ob die Wolke" [Der Freischütz].......Weber.
Mlle Anna Regan.
Song, "Once again"..................Sullivan.
Mr Edward Lloyd.
Suite for Orchestra in D..................J. S. Bach.
Songs..................Schubert.
Mlle. Anna Regan.
Overture, "Guglielmo Tell"..................Rossini.

The appearance of Herr Joachim, the emperor of violinists, was the signal for a perfect cyclone of applause, whereof the great Hungarian artist was the centre, receiving his just tribute of homage in a manner at once calm, dignified, and appreciative. Of the concerto, considered as a composition, we must speak in terms of warm praise. According to Mr. G. A. Macfarren, some characteristic features of the Hungarian music are (1) a syncopated repetition of the tonic followed by the leading note (and the tonic again) in the "full-closes." (2) A frequent employment of figures founded on the lower notes of the harmonic series, this latter procedure being probably suggested by the horn used in pastoral districts. (3) "The scale which prevails from the Danube to the Caucasus, and is in use in Persia, remarkable for two augmented seconds," between the 3d and 4th and 6th and 7th, both in ascending and descending. (4) The frequent use made of passages wherein the second note of each pair is three times the length of the first: *e. g.*, a semiquaver followed by a dotted quaver. We should say that the above is taken in substance from a quotation in the "Analytical Remarks." The music as such is original, clever, and interesting, with a marked tendency towards the modern German school. The orchestration is throughout the work of a master hand. The horns play a very prominent part; to them are allotted several passages by no means easy to execute on that very uncertain instrument. The work was most heartily applauded. Bach's Suite was in striking contrast to the concerto: his music, so to speak, and that not irreverently, has been preserved in hermetically sealed canisters, such as are in use in Arctic expeditions, so wondrous fresh does it appear. It consists of five movements: Overture, Air, Gavotte, Bourrée, and Gigue. The orchestra employed in the original score consists entirely of the strings, oboes, three trumpets, and drums. The trumpet parts, now unplayable, have been simplified by Mendelssohn, and a clarinet has been introduced by him in the Gigue. With these comparatively slender materials, and without much modulation, the grand old Cantor, by his matchless contrapuntal skill and consummate genius, has succeeded in producing effect, and that, too, by no means devoid of variety. Mr Lloyd was very successful in Mr. Barnby's somewhat honeyed, but ingeniously treated effusion, and in Sullivan's song. Miss Regan, a German we surmise, was quite refreshing after the miserable failures of one or two ladies who have appeared at the Palace during the 19th century. When *will* singers learn that an easy song, *within their compass*, well rendered, is infinitely preferable to, and a hundredfold more effective than one which unduly taxes their powers, in other words which they cannot sing? Miss Regan is more commendable in this respect than many vocalists: moreover, she sings with refinement. Her voice, however, is hardly strong enough for such a room. For the next concert we are promised a MS. Symphony, by T. Wingham. Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat, and other "delicacies of the season."—*Choir, March* 23.

The 24th Concert, April 6, presented the following scheme.

Overture, "Fidelio"..................Beethoven.
Song, "Deh! non voler costringere" [Anna Bolena].
Donizetti.
Mme. Bentham-Fernandes.
Symphony in C, No. 9..................Schubert.
Song, "Oh! cara immagine" [Flauto Magico].....Mozart.
Mr. Bentham
Scena, "Infelice"..................Mendelssohn.
Miss Abbie Whitney [her first appearance].
Pianoforte Concerto in D (Coronation)..........Mozart.
Herr Carl Reinecke.
Duet, "Ah morir potessi adesso" [Ernani]..........Verdi.
Mme. Bentham-Fernandes and Mr Bentham.
Festival Overture, "Friedensfeier," introducing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and "Nun danke alle Gott."
Reinecke.
[Conducted by the Composer.]

Herr Reinecke, Kapellmeister of Leipsic, is known to the musical world of Europe as a fine *artiste* and gifted musician. He has written some 100 works; his pianoforte quartet in E flat (with *andante* in C sharp minor), was produced for the first time last May at the "Musical Union" concerts, where Herr Reinecke, on Tuesday next, will play his pianoforte trio in D. His easy, polished style, neat manipulation, and delicate touch, could hardly have found a more fitting medium for exposition than in Mozart's "Coronation" Concerto in D, so called, because it was played by Mozart himself, at Frankfort, in October 1790, when Leopold II. acceded to the Imperial throne of Germany.

Herr Reinecke introduced two elaborate cadenzas, at the close of the first and third movements, based on themes of the text and elaborately worked out. We note the Kapellmeister's predilection for sequences of thirds and sixths; nor does he forget the fine discord of the diminished seventh. Of Herr Reinecke's own *Fest-Overture* in G (conducted by himself), we cannot speak in glowing language. The overture must be pronounced pompous and pretentious. We may not speak of plagiarism, seeing the work is avowedly based on the well-known German hymn-tune or chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott," and Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the latter strain being introduced by the horn, not in G (the original key of the chorus), but in A flat. The trumpets of course are not spared. The two themes are afterwards ingeniously worked together, and interwoven. Herr Reinecke can do better by far.—*Mus. Standard.*

Oratorio. *Elijah* was the work selected for interpretation at the Oratorio Concert on Wednesday evening at Exeter Hall. The principals, who showed in force, were Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Nordblom; Mdme. Rudersdorff and Miss Emily Spiller; Mdme. Bentham Fernandes and Miss Dines; and Mr. Whitney, (of Boston, U. S. A.) who has rapidly made his way with the English public, and who on this occasion replaced, without disadvantage, Herr Stockhausen, incapacitated by a severe cold. The familiar music was rendered by these ladies and gentlemen with adequate efficiency, and the customary points were made. The double quartets were well taken, and the choral effects generally were sustained with due steadiness. Mr. Barnby conducted as usual.—*Orch. April* 12.

Bach's St. John Passion. The *Athenæum*, March 30, under the head of "Lenten Concerts," says:

The name of John Sebastian Bach has been so associated with his 'Grosse Passionmusik nach dem Evangelium Matthei,' for two orchestras and two choirs, that his more simple, but not less subtle, setting of the Passion according to St. John has been overlooked. The palm of superiority has been awarded to the St. Matthew version, and Mendelssohn greatly strengthened this opinion by his successful revival of the work, in 1829, at Berlin. Sir Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Hullah took much the same view as Mendelssohn, and the successive performances of the St. Matthew Passion in Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall, in Westminster Abbey, and last autumn at the Gloucester Musical Festival, seemed to confirm previous impressions; but we shall be much mistaken if Bach's 'Johannes-Passion,' executed for the first time in this country at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 22d inst., does not eventually take the higher place in public estimation. We are indebted to Mr. Barnby, who conducted the composition, for being the pioneer of art on this memorable occasion. The revival of Bach's work will tend to remove those scruples which exist against the presentation of the personality of Christ in music, as if there could be profanation in the Saviour singing instead of speaking: the Gospel can be said or sung with equal devotional feeling; there is no more blasphemy in notation than in the pencil of the painter, who paints Christ, apostles and angels. No congregation in church or cathedral ever listened with greater solemnity and devoutness than the audience assembled in the Hanover Square Rooms at the morning concert of yesterday week (Friday.) The execution of the music was not very uniform, for Miss Julia Elton, the contralto, and Herr Stockhausen, the basso, had to be replaced at the shortest notice by Miss Dones and Mr. Thurly Beale. Then Mr. Arthur Wade, the amateur tenor, charged with the important part of the Evangelist, was timid, hesitating, and subdued, instead of being dramatically emphatic, dignified and impressive, as the narrator of the awful events of the Crucifixion. Mr. Wade sang carefully and conscientiously; but it will require the highest declamatory powers to do full justice to the music of St. John. Miss Banks was the soprano, and the Rev. Mr. Harvey, an amateur, had the music of Pilate and Peter. In the St. John Passion a single choir alone is required, the music is for four voices, the organ is used chiefly for the recitatives, but the orchestra has its duty in the accompaniments. The Gospel narrative begins with the betrayal of Jesus by Judas Iscariot, follows the incidents of the denial by Peter, the scene with Pilate, the cries of the Jews for the Crucifixion, the division of the garments, the agony on the cross, and the final requiem, "Rest here in peace." The graphic power of the composer throughout this series is most remarkable; the incidental choruses of the populace depicting their savage intent, such as the marvellously exciting "Crucify" and "Let us not divide," contrast with the tenderness and pathos of the choral tunes; the latter so fresh, so varied, so touching, and often so sublime. The solos are of greater force, prominency, and interest than in the St. Matthew. There were necessarily curtailments on the 22d, but the leading soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, have each in turn airs of surpassing beauty. The tenor has florid passages of bravura to execute, requiring almost a violin to do full justice to them. It is difficult to listen to some of the strains without emotion: the turns in the words "wept bitterly" and the intensity of the pathos in "It is finished," indicate the genius of Bach: he must have felt deeply what he noted, for the elements of expression are often

overwhelming in their influence. The 'Johannes Passion' is not crowded with such complexities as the St. Matthew; there is nothing in the concerted pieces to dismay choral societies. It, as well as the St Matthew, ought to be scored by a master-hand, to adapt the two services for execution on a large scale by our oratorio associations and by the forces gathered at festivals; for the day is arriving when the repertory of sacred music must be extended, and the gems of the old writers, be they German, be they Italian, which have been so long lying dormant in libraries, will be welcomed by the fast-increasing body of intelligent and cultivated amateurs.

Last Tuesday the St. Matthew Passion was again performed in Westminster Abbey, with full band and chorus, thanks to the tolerant and liberal spirit evinced by Dean Stanley.

This Passion Week has been signalized by performances in Exeter Hall of Handel's 'Messiah' on Wednesday and Thursday. The Sacred Harmonic Society's fortieth annual performance of the work took place on the 27th, conducted by Sir Michael Costa, with Mesdames E. Wynne and Patey, and Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Whitney as principal vocalists. The National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on the 28th, had as solo singers Mesdames M. Scott and Palmer, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lander.

The programme of the Good Friday Sacred Concert at the Crystal Palace was composed of the customary pieces, the great feature being the singing by the vast auditory of the Evening Hymn. The leading singers announced were Mesdames Sherrington, Rudersdorff, Peschka-Leutner, and Patey, Signor Foli, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. The Director's benefit night (Mr. A. Chappell) closed the season of the Monday Popular Concerts, on the 25th inst. The artists were Mesdames Schumann, Norman-Neruda, MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Piatti; Sir Julius Benedict accompanist, and Madame Sherrington vocalist. Master Le Jeune also performed on the organ.

At the fifth of the Saturday Evening Concerts, on the 23d inst., Herr Hugo Heermann, from Frankfort, led in Haydn's string Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 1, with Messrs. Jung, R. Blagrove, and Paque as his colleagues. He also ably took the violin part in Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, with Mr. W. Gans pianist, and M. Paque violoncellist. Mozart's pianoforte and string Quartet in G minor was included in the scheme. Mesdames Liebhardt and Demeric Lablache were the singers, and Signor Randegger accompanist.

---

PESTH. A correspondent of the London *Musical Standard*, April 13, writes:

Great was the stir created in musical circles, both here and in Vienna, when the Abbé Liszt was prevailed upon to announce his intention of once more appearing in public, and such was the demand for tickets, that notwithstanding the price of them was trebled and quadrupled, the lists had to be closed before even a fourth of the applicants had received their allotments. The "prince of pianistes," as the celebrated Abbé is wont to be called by his admiring countrymen, the fiery Hungarians, had been so long living a life of retirement, that many could hardly believe the news when they were told that Franz Liszt, the great composer, the distinguished pianoforte virtuoso, and the favored guest of royalty, was again going to be heard in public. True it was, however, and his concert came off with unparalleled success, the evening being nothing but a series of enthusiastic ovations in his honor. Not only were the Emperor of Austria and several other members of the Imperial family present, but the flower of the Hungarian nobility were there to welcome the compatriot of whom they are all so proud.

The Abbé was most ably supported by two other performers, namely Madame Pauli Markovics as vocalist, and by Herr E. von Mikalovich as assistant pianiste. The Abbé appeared in his usual sedate garb, namely, the cassock of a Catholic priest, and with a magnificent gold chain hanging around his neck, no doubt the insignia of an Austrian order. Two pianofortes were placed upon the elevation which replaced the ordinary stage of the locale, the so-called "Redouten Saal," which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The instrument intended for the use of the Abbé was adorned with flowers and laurel wreaths, and magnificently ornamented. The programme comprised the following selection:—

Beethoven's Sonata, for pianoforte, C-sharp minor ... Liszt.
Nos. 1, 3, and 6 of "Frauenliebe und Lust"... Schumann.
Mme. Pauli Markovics.
Prelude, Nocturne and Polonaise of Chopin's ....... Liszt.
"Es muss ein Wunderbares sein" and "Wieder möcht ich dir begegnen" ........................ Liszt.
Mme. Pauli Markovics.
Nocturne dans le style Hongrois ................ Abranyi.
Franz Liszt.
Grand Fantasia for two pianofortes ........... Schubert.
Franz Liszt, and second piano, Herr E. von Mikalovich.

The critic of the "Hungarian Lloyd's" asks who can play like the "prince of pianistes?" As long as he was still in the flowing stream of active public life no one could aspire to a comparison with him. Men like Thalberg, Döhler, and Dreyschock, were obliged to give way to his superior powers.

And now, at the concert in question, he seemed to draw with magnetic influence his audience into a charmed circle in which they lay entranced, such was the power of his rendering of Beethoven's Sonata. The same may be said of Chopin's three pieces, and out of Abranyi's *nocturne* he created quite an imposing work. It was the same Liszt of former days, and however finely his three pupils Rubinstein, Bülow, and Tausig may play, or have played, their master is still their master.

Of the impression his performances created, it can only be said, that never has the "Redouten Saal" held such a crowded audience, and never have its walls resounded with such applause as fell to the lot of the dignified old Abbé, as he bowed his venerable head in silent acknowledgment of the tribute paid to him from every nook and corner of the building.


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 4, 1872.


## Concerts.

MR. B. J. LANG'S SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The second and third of these attractive "Thursday Afternoons,"—supplementing in some sense, in a smaller hall, the larger Symphony Concert season at the Music Hall—have shown improvement in the orchestral performance and increase of interest. The second (April 18), enlisting twofold personal sympathies by the appearance as solo pianists of two of the concert-giver's young disciples, offered the following programme:

Symphony in A No. 7 ..................... Beethoven.
Poco sostenuto; vivace.—Allegretto.—Scherzo, presto, —Allegro con brio.
Concertstueck in G minor, Op. 33 ....... Carl Reinecke.
Allegro—Lento ma non troppo.—Allegro.
Mr. B. C. Dixey.
Aria and Gavotte from the Suite in D minor... J. S. Bach.
Barcarole from Concerto in F minor, No. 4 Op. 19
Wm. Sterndale Bennett.
Mr. William F. Apthorp
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Mendelssohn.

Beethoven's Seventh was rather a large Symphony for an orchestra of thirty; yet for the most part it was remarkably well rendered and appreciated. Indeed in positive, clear outline, in accuracy of detail, in the distinct and palpable contribution of each instrument, in fine vitality of accent, in free and buoyant onward movement to the end, it brought the glorious creation nearer than ever to us. That wonderful "opening of the heavens" in the midst of the Scherzo's revelry, that sublime episode, the Trio, was made uncommonly impressive by the marked *sforzando* and *diminuendo* imparted always to the leading phrase. What was most wanting was a greater mass of strings to subdue the individualities of wood and brass so *criant* in the little room. By sitting farther back we found the general effect considerably less blurred by reverberation, except in the loud *tutti* passages. Mendelssohn's fairy Overture was capitally played, sending us out into the garish, actual light of day from such a beautiful ideal world, that the sudden contrast was a little cruel.—But, after all, the most ideal thing, the moment of the purest, most harmonious life, with sense of perfect health in it, was found in the Aria and Gavotte of Bach. That was the special gem of the performance,—suited to the place, as being at once Orchestral and Chamber music. It was especially enjoyable in this way.

Mr. DIXEY was received with warm signs of favor, and in the rendering of the principal (pianoforte) part of the Concert-Piece by Reinecke evinced no lack either of force or delicacy, of good sound technique or expression. The composition itself, however, in spite of some fine passages, was not very edifying. Some of its themes are common place and trivial,—one of them inviting into every mind a haunting polka tune, such as we seek refuge from in concerts of good character. We cannot doubt that the Leipzig Kapellmeister has done far better things than this.—Mr. APTHORP's selection was of a less pretentious and altogether graceful, pleasing character; one of the happiest characteristic moments of the young days of Sterndale Bennett. Not demanding any high degree of execution,—except that it grows a little tasking toward the end,—it showed the taste and musical intelligence and feeling of the ardent young interpreter to good advantage. And it is always pleasant when music as music, however simple, frees us from all distracting reference to personal triumph over outward difficulties. From this point of view we may be allowed to suggest whether Mozart's pianoforte Concertos would not be particularly appropriate and in every best sense rewarding in just such half Symphony, half Chamber Concerts as these of Mr. Lang.

The third programme (April 25) was indeed a lovely one:

Overture to "Fingal's Cave," ............ Mendelssohn.
Symphony in G minor ......................... Mozart.
Allegro Molto—Andante—Menuetto—Finale.
Concerto for Pianoforte in E♭, No. 5 ........ Beethoven.
Allegro—Adagio un poco mosso,—Rondo allegro.
Mr. H. G. Tucker.
Overture to "The Naiads," ........ Wm. Sterndale Bennett.

Mendelssohn's romantic Overture was fresh and rich and deep as ever, full of the vague seashore feeling of the infinite. The reed instruments said pungently and clearly each just what it had to say; and the wild mysterious trumpet tone, ever and anon resounding loudly through the mingled harmonies, was very effective. A more perfect type of the true symphony, in form and genius, than Mozart's in G minor, is not to be found;—a fact so often recognized as to have become a truism. And this was a symphony better suited than the most for the small room and orchestra. It all came out smoothly and clearly, furnishing as genial a half hour of pure, ideal musical experience as one could wish. This is "pure" music, in which you are not asked to know or think of aught outside of music.

And now for something more exciting, great, heroic, "*himmelhoch jauchzend*," heaven-storming in the best sense, not of upstart audacity, not of brazen-faced, fierce, physical onslaught, as with the modern "effect" mongers, who would fain bully the world into the belief that they have gone beyond Beethoven, but in the sense of real lofty inspiration from within! Now for the "emperor" Concerto, as the English call the last and greatest of the five by Beethoven! It had been kept from public hearing for about a year, and so was doubly welcome. As the robust, tall youth sat down at the piano, a picture of health and strength, handsome withal and looking innocently happy in his task, we thought of the strong runner in some old Olympian foot race,—only this was to be a hand race! As soon as seen he had his room full of warmly predisposed abettors, and never did young knight enter the lists amid a fairer crowd or more inspiring eyes. Mr. TUCKER, we are told, is very young. For the completest technical mastery of the piano he seems to possess every gift of organization, as he soon showed by his firm, even, clear, and wellnigh faultless rendering of this difficult Concerto. Nor could he have achieved a tithe of his success in it, had he not also had both musical enthusiasm and strong intelligence. We have heard finer, subtler renderings of the work, more steeped in poetry, more reproduced out of the interpreter's own deep experience, more intense, but seldom a more honest one. There were no affectations, no sentimental overdoing of the *ritardando*, no attempt to seem to feel more than one need to feel at this point or at that; but it went evenly and firmly through, without faltering, without false effect, and with good light and shade. If you call it a lesson, it was at least well learned. What further special practice and, still more, experience of art and life may yet develop out of such frank and wholesome energies, must surely be worth looking forward to. —— Bennett's "Naiad's" Overture, perhaps the happiest

Digitized by Google

creation from his graceful 'pen in his fresh period, made a good pendant to Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," — sufficiently in contrast too with that, and an enjoyable conclusion to the Concert, for which the pleasant Mechanics' Hall was more than ever thronged with listeners.

Mr. Lang's fourth and last Concert (this week) — of which we shall speak next time — passes fairly over into the domain of Chamber Music, dispensing with full orchestra and offering the following selections: Hummel's Pianoforte Septet (played by Mr. G. W. Sumner); Beethoven's Septet; Concerto for three pianofortes in C, Bach, (played by Mr. G. A. Adams, Mr. G. W. Sumner, and Mr. H. G. Tucker.)

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Here is the programme of a Soirée given at Wesleyan Hall, April 10, by the Boston Conservatory of Music, JULIUS EICHBERG director:

Fantasie, .................................... Hummel.
Miss E. M. Shumway.
"Al desio di chi t'adora," ...................... Mozart.
("Nozze di Figaro.")
Mrs. Chas. Lewis.
Violin Solo, Souvenir de Bellini .................. Artot.
Master A. van Raalte.
Fantasie-Stück, Aufschwung, .................... Schumann.
Miss Martha Graham.
"Rose Softly Blooming," ........................ Spohr.
Mrs. Charles Lewis.
Marche Triomphale, for two Pianos, .............. Goria.
Mrs. Waugatt and Miss Gertrude Miller.

With the exception of the vocalist, the performers were pupils of the institution and acquitted themselves in a way that showed ability and sound instruction. Master VAN RAALTE, younger even than Miss Persis Bell, seems almost as remarkable for the ease and freedom with which he handles his violin in music of difficulty, and for true intonation, phrasing and expression. Mrs. CHARLES LEWIS is an English lady who has been for several years a pupil of Garcia, and has lately made her residence in Boston. She has a musical, clear voice, of good power, evenly developed, and sings with refined style and expression. Her songs called forth warm marks of approbation.

A private Matinée in aid of the great Homeopathic Hospital Fair last week, but which we were unable to attend, claims recognition for its choice programme, as well as by the good accounts we hear of the performance, which was all by amateurs,—mostly musically gifted and devoted ladies,—with the exception of the aid of two of the brothers SUCK for violin and 'cello. These were the selections:

Sonata, for Violin and Piano, Op. 30, No. 3, .. Beethoven.
Allegro assai.—Allegretto moderato. Allegro vivace.
Song, ........................................ Blumenthal
Ninth Violin Concerto, (first movement,) ......... Spohr.
Piano Solo, { Scherzo, Op. 20. / Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2. } Chopin.
Song ......................................... Wallace.
Trio, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Op. 99, Schubert.
Allegro moderato—Andante.—Scherzo.—Rondo.]

"LOHENGRIN." A novel and interesting entertainment was that given by Mr. R. C. DIXEY, in a semi-private way, with the aid of amateur performers, last Saturday evening at Mechanic's Hall. It consisted of well connected specimens from every act of Wagner's second opera, counting *Tannhäuser* as the first after the promulgation of his new doctrine of the Opera as the Art-work of the Future. Of course, the most musical pieces had to be selected, those in which Wagner is not altogether unlike more familiar composers. For the Opera itself is such a great spectacular, dramatic whole, full of stage pomp and splendor, that as we try to recall our impression of it at the Berlin Royal Opera eleven years ago, we can hardly think of the music as a separable and independent entity; it seemed for the most part like mere background and accompaniment, an element on which the drama floated. A uniform nobility and purity of tone pervaded it; together with a mysticism which made it seem only half real and abstract, as if you were rather dreaming it than actually hearing and beholding. What we recall most vividly is the perpetual ringing, shivering clang of herald's trumpets making proclamation. Pre-eminently Wagner's is the music of splendid pomp and ceremonial,—the music of ambition: this, and that abstract, shadowy element of romance, seem to make up its individuality. Wonderful skill in instrumentation, startling and beautiful effects, stupendous climax, he has always at command.

But the long stretches of recitative, with the bits of instrumentation during and between them, give it all a certain slow and drowsy character, despite the splendor; speaking of the opera as a whole (and we have found it the same with other operas of Wagner), there is a lack of "go" to it, it does not move; you are continually delayed by indefinite and hesitating bits of symphony or interlude; and though each fragment may have beauty in detail, it does not seem to bear you on. As a general thing, we should say that there is a great lack of *heart* in Wagner's music. It is ingenious and artificial in the extreme; its inspiration is ambition. With all its splendor and its power it somehow lacks vitality.

But there are some numbers in *Lohengrin* which are beautiful as music. The orchestral Introduction is one; the wedding procession, the little chorus of attendants to the bridal chamber; the introduction to the third act, and the mustering of the knightly forces in the finale,—which the Thomas orchestra gave us,—are all fine in their way. Best thing of all in it, perhaps, is the long scene between Elsa and Lohengrin in the bridal chamber. The instrumental parts are sketched as well as might be on a piano by Mr. DIXEY, aided by Mr. TUCKER. The three principal solo rôles (Elsa, Lohengrin and the King) were sung quite admirably by amateurs with excellent voices; (the evil characters, Ortrud and Telramund, being omitted altogether). And for the choruses, some of which were charming, and all finely sung, in German, there was a select choir of four ladies and eight gentlemen. The evening will be remembered with much pleasure.

NEXT WEEK. We ask particular attention to the concert of Mr. KUTZLER, the excellent oboist of the Harvard Concerts and of the Globe Theatre, at Mechanics' Hall next Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. For the sake of a good orchestra, we ought to offer all inducement to such artists to remain in Boston; a good oboe is hard to get and harder still to keep. Mr. LEONHARD, Mr. EICHBERG and Mr. HAUTDBGAN will assist, and the concert will be a very choice one.

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, the popular and excellent Contralto of the Nilsson troupe, gives a farewell Concert at the Music Hall next Wednesday evening, which will no doubt be thronged. Miss Cary will sing from *Semiramide, Mignon, &c.*, and will have the aid of Miss BRUNA, soprano, Miss PERSIS BELL, the remarkable young violinist, Mr. S. B. MILLS, the distinguished pianist, and the Temple Quartette. All our music lovers will feel an interest in the concert of one of the most charming and accomplished of our own native singers, who stands so high among true artists on the lyric stage.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29. The season of Italian Opera, which began at the Academy on Monday April 1st., and ended last Saturday, was in many respects the most remarkable which has ever been known in New York. Formerly, a manager, having secured a "star" Prima Donna whose name was sufficient to "draw" the too easily deluded public, was wont to repair the financial breach resulting from this outlay by engaging, for her (so called) support, some weakly sentimental tenor, a broken down bass and a badly selected and untrained chorus.

The American public is proverbial for its good-natured endurance of certain forms of imposition—hence its meek endurance of performances in which the tragedy was mirth-provoking and the comedy dismal enough to shroud the listeners in profound gloom; performances so untrue, both to art and to nature, that the hearers might well have joined with those who consider Opera as a nondescript production, the very existence of which is to be regretted. The fact that under such management Opera remained a weakling is not surprising.

But last winter we experienced an operatic revival, which began as soon as it became known that the greatest of lyric artists was to appear at the Academy with the support of singers whose merit was generally known and acknowledged. Mr. Strakosch undertook to give his patrons an adequate return for their money. The idea was original and novel and it "took," despite the failure of the management to fulfill, in all respects, that which is promised. It remained for Messrs. ROSA and NEWENDORFF to complete the reform, so well begun, by securing, not only first class artists for all the principal rôles,—but, also a well trained and efficient chorus,—and by banishing from the stage a part, at least, of that time-worn scenery which, by reason of its antiquity, we had come to regard with feelings akin to awe. Of course all this involved increased outlay, which was met by fixing the price of seats at Five dollars; by far the highest rate ever known here, or any where else, to the best of my belief.

The Opera, for the opening night, was *Il Trovatore*, with the following cast: Mme. Parepa Rosa as Leonora, Miss Adelaide Phillipps as Azucena, Watchel as Manrico, and Santley as Count de Luna. Need it be said that even this worn and worthless Opera was galvanized into life and so superbly rendered that it was listened to with pleasure by all? Mme. Rosa had not quite recovered from an affection of the throat, from which she had been suffering, and showed signs of fatigue, particularly in the "tower scene;" but so popular has she become, that her best efforts were accepted by the audience with every token of admiration and, even in those parts where she was less successful, she was encouraged by applause and floral offerings. Miss Phillips made one of the best Azucenas I have ever heard; and Wachtel electrified the audience with his high *C* in "Di quelle pira." I have not space enough to speak critically of his merits, which are well known to most of your readers, but his singing seems to be phenomenal rather than artistic. With Santley it is different, for he joins to a deep, rich voice, every tone of which is full, rounded and complete, a culture only to be attained by long years of hard study and patient practice. It is plain, too, that his first thought is always for the music he is singing, and not for his audience, nor for himself. In every sense he is a true artist and he seems to be thoroughly appreciated here.

The *Trovatore* was followed by *Rigoletto, Don Giovanni, Martha,* and *Lucrezia Borgia*: representations which I have not space to describe, but can say that they were thoroughly successful and drew crowded houses. Two Operas were produced which deserve special mention. They are *Les Huguenots* and *William Tell*. In the former the principal parts were distributed as follows: Valentine, Mme. Parepa-Rosa; Urbain, Miss Phillipps; Marguerite de Valois, Miss Graziella Ridgeway; Raoul, Mr. Theodore Wachtel; Count St. Bris, Mr. Charles Santley; Marcello, Mr. Ryse; Duc de Nevers, Mr. Cook.

It is to be regretted that this really grand Opera is so little known here, for it is one which can be heard many times to advantage. The first performance, which took place on Friday evening, was, in certain respects, unsatisfactory. Mr. Ryse, who took the important rôle of Marcel, was utterly unable to fill it properly, and his bad singing was a great blemish in the performance. Miss Ridgeway was also unsatisfactory as Marguerite de Valois, her voice being weak and thin, and her style lacking dignity. The rôle needs a voice like that of Mlle. Leon Duval. The chorus and orchestra were fair;—the former might have been improved. Mme. Rosa sang with her usual earnestness and purity of style, and was positively grand in the great fourth act. Wachtel sung with his usual effect, and Santley was superb in the "Benediction des poignards," which was about the only opportunity he had for making himself heard.

There were two representations of *Les Huguenots* and two of *William Tell*, of which the cast was as follows: "Mathilde," Mme. Parepa-Rosa; "Jemmy," Miss Doria; "Arnold," Mr. Wachtel; "Tell," Mr. Santley; "Fisherman," Mr. Tom Karl; "Walter," Mr. Cook; "Gessler," Mr. Hall; "Melchthal," Mr. Ryse. The performance was one of the best I have ever heard; and even had it been otherwise, the music is so beautiful that we should forget to criticize the performance. The rôle of Tell gave Mr. Santley ample opportunity for the display of his splendid voice, and in the "apple" scene he showed a dramatic talent for which he does not usually get credit. The rôle of Mathilde was a small one for an artist like Parepa-Rosa, but the cast was strengthened and the performance greatly improved by her excellent singing and beautiful appearance.—She showed that no rôle is really insignificant when it is well filled.

This evening Miss NILSSON takes leave of New York by a benefit at the Academy. The programme consists of an Operatic Melange comprising the first act of *Traviata*, the second act of *Lucia*, the first scene of the second act of *Trovatore*, and the last act of *Hamlet*. Miss Nilsson has made herself thoroughly beloved to all who have any comprehension of music, and she is sure to be long and kindly remembered, even by those who do not wholly appreciate her great genius.

Tomorrow night the Academy will be the scene of another representation hardly less extraordinary, which will comprise the first act of the "Postilion of Longjumeau," including the "whip song" by Wachtel

Digitized by Google

in German. Then English Opera: second act of the "Bohemian Girl," with Parepa-Rosa, (Santley, and Tom Karl; followed by Italian Opera: second act of *Trovatore* with Miss Phillips, Wachtel and Santley; and concluding with the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, (Parepa-Rosa, Wachtel, Santley &c.) This terminates a season the success of which is unparalleled.

Notice of miscellaneous concerts must be brief. Mr. JOHANN HEINRICH BONAWITZ has given two classical matinées (piano) at Steinway's, (April 10 & 24), which are very highly spoken of. His forte is transcription. Sig. ALFREDO BARILI is giving a series of pianoforte matinées at Chickering Hall. Mr. BERGNER'S Annual Concert at Steinway's (Apr. 25,) and the exhibition of the "Engel Organ" at the Union League Theatre deserve extended mention, which I will try to give them in my next letter.

Nowadays, it is supposed that no singer will remain a baritone who can possibly become a tenor; but Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON is "going back on himself" in an extraordinary way; for he is cultivating his baritone, and, to judge from his rendering of an air from "Dinorah," at the reunion of the "Lotus Club" last Saturday night, he is amply justified in so doing. This, by the way, was the last of these pleasant reunions for the season; among the musical features of the evening was a violin solo by CHRISTIAN SUCKOW, the "Hardanger Violinist." A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26. — On Monday, the 15th, the Strakosch Troupe opened at the Academy of Music for a season of six performances. Mlle. NILSSON appeared in every opera but one. The opening opera was Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The huge building was densely crowded with a remarkably musical audience, for I never saw so much attention given to the stage and so little whispering at an Opera. Mlle. Nilsson, from beginning to end, was a thorough Lucia, and the different trials the poor girl suffered for her unhappy love were exquisitely depicted. The Arias: "Regnava" in D minor, and the "Ardon gl'incensi," with the flute obligato, were rendered in a style that forbids criticism. Brignoli's Edgardo was rather better than we have seen or heard from him for many years. In the death song: "Tu che a Dio," his singing was grand. In the duet "Verrano a te," he was also very good. "Chi mi Frena" was very well rendered. The orchestra were a mite hasy, however. M. Barré sang the Henry. On Wednesday Gounod's *Faust*. On this occasion M. Capoul made his first appearance. In the Aria "Salve dimora" his singing was very fine; he is somewhat inclined to overact. The part of Marguerite found a most appropriate interpreter in the person of Miss Nilsson, and her singing and acting in the part far exceed any we have ever had here. In the church scene, after the death of Valentine, her acting was sublime. M. Jamet was a very fine Mephisto. Miss Cary did everything there was to be done in the ungracious part of Siebel. M. Barré as Valentine acted well, but his voice is too light, and he is given to singing out of tune. The orchestra was rather better, but the chorus needed close watching to keep them straight.

On Thursday evening "Mignon" was given here for the first time. Miss Canissa was substituted for Miss Duval in the part of Felina. The opera itself is not strikingly full of rich music, nor on the other hand is it full of objectionable music — its character is rather negative. The song "*Kennst du das Land*" is so subdued and so mild that Miss Nilsson's exquisite singing in it only saved it from being called poor stuff. The Aria of Guglielmo in the third act, and the duet for Lotherio and Mignon are the best numbers of the Opera. Nilsson's acting was truly artistic; for every different emotion and sentiment she carefully and successfully presented. I think her agony of jealousy in the second act and her petulant envy in Filina's room are two specimens of histrionic talent difficult to equal. Capoul was capital as Guglielmo, and his singing in his solo in the third act was most excellent. Jamet as the old Harper was full of tenderness mingled with the dignity attendant upon his former high position. M. Capoul on Friday night made his farewell appearance in America. Auber's *Fra Diavolo* was the opera. It is in a fair way to be worn out, this *Fra Diavolo*, for it cannot bear much repetition. In the serenade "L'Agnese," M. Capoul did not sing nearly so well as usual; he sang it half a tone higher than the score — and consequently had to use this falsetto voice. In the third act he was very good. His "Proudly and Wide" he sang with a fire and snap which seem to be distant from the idea Mr. Santley has of Fra Diavolo. The Opera was somewhat cut, as M. Capoul had to leave here at midnight to sail on the following day. Of all the three characters I saw him impersonate, I think Guglielmo is the best; for in Faust he is too stormy — too boisterous in his love; while in Guglielmo he seems to know thoroughly what is right. On Saturday *Il Trovatore* was given for the matinée. Nilsson sang the part of Leonora; Miss Cary, Azucena; Brignoli, Manrico; and M. Barré, the Count. Except in the *Miserere*, Nilsson's acting is not remarkable for the brilliancy which characterises her other parts. But in this and in the finale she was grand. I never heard the part sung with such a thorough infusion of agony. She sank at the prison door in the act of eagerly attending to Manrico's last words, and she sang in gasps as from a breaking heart. Brignoli was rejuvenated apparently for the occasion — his "Deserto" was as of old, and the *Miserere* he never sang better in his whole career. In the "*Di quella Pira*" and the F-minor air which precedes, his voice rang out with all its old silvery beauty. Barré as Count di Luna was only passable; he sings constantly out of tune; but his acting was excellent. Miss Cary acted and sang deliciously. Indeed excepting Gazzaniga I never heard the part better performed. The chorus was poor and the orchestra timidly uncertain in the parts.

On Monday, 22nd, Nilsson took her farewell of us in Thomas's "Hamlet." It is as different from *Mignon* in the style of music as it is in libretto. Nilsson as Ophelia was wonderfully excellent. Her acting in the "mad scene" was superb — so simple in means — so grand in effect. The crazed glance, the frantic gesture, the hysterical laugh, combined with exquisite strains of "Negar tu puoi la luce" render this the most attractive and thrilling of all her impersonations. Miss Cary as the Queen was not successful in her acting; but in the vocal part, especially in the trio with Hamlet and Ophelia, she was exceedingly good. Mr. Barré as Hamlet was remarkably clever both in acting and singing: in the preposterous drinking song which he substitutes for advice to the players, (which they sadly needed), his singing was very agreeable. In the solo "Esser o non Esser" he was far more successful than in anything else I heard him sing during the whole season. Jamet as the King was most deserving of high praise as an artist. So closed one of the most brilliant, yet brief, operatic seasons Philadelphia has ever had. Nilsson has won for herself a far-sounding fame as a vocalist and as the greatest lyric artist we have ever seen here. The few grumblers are silenced by her brilliant success, and a few of them add their plaudits at the close of the delighted ones.

On the evening of the 19th Costa's "Eli" was given at Musical Fund Hall by the "West Philadelphia Choral Society," (a vigorous and thriving society composed of amateurs residing in the western part of the city). The solo parts were assumed by Miss Jarvis, Miss Poole, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Briscoe, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Cochran. Mr. Briscoe won the palm for the admirable way in which he sang the martial air: "Philistines!" The others were good in their respective parts. Miss Poole has a lovely voice and good method; but the lifeless style in which she sings renders her performance ineffective. Mr Cochrane who sang "Eli" muffles his voice in a disagreeable manner, but his singing was conscious and accurate. The chorus was well trained and intelligently conducted. "The Lord is Good" was the best performed. The lovely "Angel" chorus was sung with a delicacy and refinement not often met with in chorus singing. The orchestra was very much better than usual. Mr. Pierson, the leader of the Society, certainly deserves great credit and praise for the highly successful manner in which the work was induced.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" at Musical Fund Hall on the evening of the 18th. The chorus was large and very well trained, but the orchestra was not up to the mark. The chorus: "To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim" received the most accurate rendering, notwithstanding the exceedingly high part the basses had to sing. "Day by day we magnify Thee" was also very acceptably sung. The closing number: "O Lord in Thee," is the grandest of the whole work, but was not satisfactorily given; the objection being that it was taken too fast. Mr. Hamilton was very happy in his solos, particularly in "When thou tookest upon Thee;" his voice is particularly adapted to Handel's bass parts, as it is a rich and full Basso Cantante. The ladies The ladies who sang the alto and soprano solos were not equal to their tasks; but they sang without any marked or striking objections. Mr Thunder, the leader, was marked assiduously with the society, and his labor has not been thrown away, as this performance was a vast improvement on their first concert, when the "Seasons" was presented.

Mr JARVIS gave his sixth classical soirée at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening, April 20th. The programme consisted of

Piano Solo. Sonate No. 1. C major (Op. 24)......Weber.
Mr. Jarvis.
'Cello solo..........................................Lachner.
Rudolph Hennig.
Piano Solo. { Nocturne F sharp minor)..........Chopin.
{ Soirée de Vienne ..............................Liszt.
Violin. Gavotte and Rondo, Preludium..........Bach.
Piano Quatuor (E flat, Op. 47)..............Schumann.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopter, Hahn, and Hennig.

Mr. Jarvis in the Weber Sonata played with masterly ability; indeed he excelled himself in his clever execution of the "Menuetto Allegro" and "Presto:" but he did not do so well in the Chopin Nocturne and Liszt's "Soirée de Vienne"; these he did not appear to attack with accustomed vigor. Mr. Hennig played his 'cello solo as he always does with finish and admirable savoir *faire*. Mr. Kopter in his solo did not equal some of his other performances. The Gavotte is extremely difficult, and his rendering lacked its usual evenness. Schumann's great "Piano Quartette," the concluding piece, was not perfectly given; a slight uncertainty characterised the performance, especially in the Andante Cantabile. The beautiful and vigorous Scherzo was most acceptably rendered. It is the gem of the whole composition. NAT.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Blighted. 3. E to e. *Thomas.* 50
"I met her in the evening,
When the moon shone bright and clear."
Nothing dismal about it, as one might possibly infer from the title, but is a very good song every way. Among Thomas's best.

Have Mercy. 4. F to a. *Southard.* 50
One of a set of Sacred Pieces called "Domenica," and is an exceedingly graceful Motet. "Have mercy on me" is contrasted with "Oh rest in the Lord," with good effect. For 4 voices and solo.

One Glance from Thee. 3. A*b* to *g*. *Geary.* 30
"I know thee mine, nor vainly seek
The tokens other eyes may see."
Song and Chorus, and as such, can hardly fail to be a favorite. Fine workmanship.

Father of Mercy. (Maria Mater). Quartet. 4. F to f. *Boott.* 35
Maria Mater, mater gratiæ.
Father of Mercy God of Love.
The Latin words belong to a hymn to the Virgin, the English, quite different, constitute a Hymn Prayer to the Deity. Music excellent.

Miss me Darling when I'm gone. Song and Cho. 3. B*b* to f. *Seibert.* 30
"With one last kiss caress me, dear,
And miss me when I'm gone."
Beautiful farewell song.

Thy Will be done! Solo and Quartette. 3. G to *g*. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30
"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way."
Admirable. Peculiarly pretty arrangement of a melody by Batiste. One verse has a Soprano solo, the next, one for Tenor.

The Prayer of the Affianced One. (Preghiera della Fidanzata). 4. D*b* to *g*. *Vannini.* 50
Partito è per il campo.
Departed for the field
The "parting for the field" of the true lover gives pathos to this beautiful prayer, which belongs among the easier Italian songs, but by no means among the less pleasing.

When you and I are old. Song and Cho. 3. A to e. *Percy.* 30.
"I'll love you still, be true to you,
When you and I are old."
Of the "John Anderson my Joe" style, and although different, resembles it in homely beauty.

O Charming Countess! (Le faccio un inchino). Trio for Female voices from "Il Matrimonio Segreto" 5. F to *g*. *Cimarosa.* 75
"So very amusing, allow me to smile,
Ih, ih, ih, ih! Ah, eh, ah, eh!"
The very amusing, laughing, scolding trio in "The Secret Marriage. The scolding slips off easier in Italian, but the English may also be sung smoothly and rapidly.

We live for those we love. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to f. *Towne.* 30
"Yet do we live *for* them, that we
May live *with* them eternally."
Noble sentiments and good melody.

### Instrumental.

Grand Caprice Hongroise. 4 hands. 5. E*b*. *Ketterer.* 1.00

Valse des Fleurs. (*Ketterer*). 4 hands. 3. A*b*. Arr. by *Rummel.* 1.00
Two very effective duets. The last is easy, graceful, and sweet-toned as a silver bell. The first is a caprice indeed, and where played very rapidly would be one degree more difficult than is indicated above, but furnishes a grand display of musical fireworks. Requires a flexible wrist.

Lusitana Waltz. 3. A. *Bettencourt.*
Neat and sparkling.

Overture to Poet and Peasant. Duet. Violin and Piano. 4. D. *Wichtl.* 1.00
The mark 4 approximates to the degree of difficulty. Of course, in so long a piece there are more difficult and more easy passages. The Overture is one of our chief favorites, and this arrangement will no doubt afford great pleasure to the players.

### Books.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE CHORUS BOOK. 75
This is the book to be used in the great festival, and is now in the hands of the 20,000 singers. The demand for it by outsiders is already active, as it is one of the best of books for Musical Societies, and will be in great request for local Musical Festivals.

ABBREVIATIONS. — Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 812. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 4.

Translated for this Journal.

## The Wizard of the G-String.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 126.)

Beyond this gossip little or nothing is known of Paganini's private life and character up to the time of his arrival in Germany. From that period, however, he selected from time to time companions, who accompanied him on his journeys and relieved him of the business arrangements. One of these, the Hanoverian scholar, George Harrys, kept for a long time an exact diary, from which we obtain interesting glimpses of Paganini's habits and character.

Artists, have, as a rule, great sympathy with nature; to this Paganini was a marked exception. His route might be through the fairest landscape, or pass the finest villas and castles, he took no notice of them — they had no charm for him. If he did not converse he meditated on his art, or his compositions, or fell into melancholy thought. He could not, indeed, well look about him, as he, always shivering, kept the carriage tightly closed. Like the minister, Kaunitz, who always anxiously protected himself against every breath of air, Paganini sat with the thermometer at 72° wrapped in his cloak, all the curtains down, cowering in a corner of the vehicle, and scarcely allowing his fellow traveller a breath of air on his own side. He always vilified the climate of Germany, and attributed to it a large share of those ailments which he had in reality brought from Italy. He often said to Harrys, as he enveloped himself in his cloak: "This is a most excellent travelling companion in Germany, and one without which it will never do to make journeys even in midsummer." Strange to say, however, he liked best when in his room to sit between an open door and window, which he called "taking an air-bath." The numerous colds which he thus took increased his difficulties of the chest greatly.

Like all delicate persons, Paganini loved sleep; in his travelling carriage he often slept two hours at a time, and this several times a day. Then he would awake, cheerful, full of talk, and inclined to jest. Upon arriving at a station he either remained in the carriage or walked about while the horses were fed and changed, but never entered an inn until he came to the end of his journey.

His baggage gave him but little trouble; his most precious possession, his instrument, a Guarnerius, lay in a very worn-out and shabby case, which also contained his strong box, a few small valuables, and some fine linen. A workman could easily have carried his whole wardrobe in his satchel. His collected papers, more important than those of many a commercial traveller, were enclosed in a little red book; these, consisting of only about twenty loose leaves, held the results of all his business since he had come to Germany, and were written in hieroglyphics which none but himself could decipher. There, mingled in the utmost confusion, were Vienna and Carlsruhe, Frankfort and Leipsig, receipts and expenses, post-horses and concert-tickets; and yet he understood this labyrinth admirably, and seldom reckoned so his own disadvantage, although he was entirely inexperienced in business matters.

While on his journeys, Paganini was always satisfied with the accommodations which the inns afforded; it was all one to him whether the host gave him the attic or the first floor, a good or a bad bed, only he must have a room at the back of the house, as the noise of the streets was very annoying to him. "I have to hear noise enough in the great cities," said he, "on my journeys I will have quiet."

Coachmen, house-servants, all persons, indeed, of the lower class Paganini treated with contempt, and would scarcely deign to look at them. If, by chance, such a person spoke to him, he turned his back on him, and asked his companion: "What can this creature want of me? Who is the animal?" When assured that the country people in Germany were very good-hearted, he would answer: "Ah! yes, the *canaille* generally are so."

Arrived at the limit of his journey, no severely guarded state prisoner could lead a more monotonous or tedious life than did the great master in he seclusion of his apartment, which, nevertheless, he left rarely and unwillingly, so he seemed to find himself more comfortable in absolute retirement. Singers and performers usually maintain proficiency in their art by unremitting diligence, and by the practise of scales, solfeggios, and exercises on difficult passages; for some hours each day strive to keep voice or fingers smooth and supple. But even in this respect was this wonderful man an incredible exception. It is well known that on all his journeys no one ever heard the sound of a violin from his room, except, perhaps, the tuning of the instrument on concert days, for a few moments previous to rehearsal, or to the concert itself. He made no secret of it that he never touched his violin unless when obliged to. "I have practised enough in my life," said he, "and am glad when I can leave my instrument in its case."

As Paganini, when at home, was entirely at leisure, it might be supposed that he spent his time in composing, but this was not the case. The operas, concertos, and variations in which he appeared on his tours, he had prepared in Italy, and not a single new production saw the light during his travels.

Of general literature he was entirely ignorant; beside his native tongue he understood only a little French; all other languages were unknown to him, and he had no inclination for reading. He did not attempt to conceal, at least from his friends, this lack of literary acquirements; his excuse was,—"A man can learn only one thing thoroughly; my whole life has been devoted to the violin and to the theory of music, and this has left me no time for other pursuits." We can well believe this when it is remembered that for many years he practised from ten to eleven hours daily. His interest in general matters was no greater; he took no part in politics; the most important events and changes in the world's history, the overthrow of the mightiest potentates, the fall of Napoleon, the uprising and heroic deeds of the Greeks, or the sight of his own torn and helpless country, made less impression on him than the breaking of a string while playing in public. This extreme one-sidedness of his character, however, this devotion to the one thing, made him the greatest musical phenomenon the world had ever seen.

In general, Paganini's temperament was a melancholy one, as is the case with many who are strangers to sound health. A feeble body is a troubled medium, through which the spirit sees only a clouded world. Yet even the misanthrope may have moments of pleasure and of humor. And Paganini, when in the society of his friends, could be one of the most talkative and amusing of companions. He liked to relate anecdotes of his own life, which he could tell in a very piquant manner. He was an avowed enemy to large assemblies and dinners, and it needed great powers of persuasion to induce him to accept such invitations. At table he talked very little, but ate a great deal, and seldom left a single dish untasted when dining out. His appetite was of the strongest; he could eat for hours together without suffering the least inconvenience, and was correspondingly fond of wine; he was, however, so absent-minded that he seldom knew what he had eaten, and whether it was good or otherwise. As soon as the cloth was removed he withdrew from table to take his siesta. In evening companies, where there was less formality, he was more affable; but if any one attempted to give the conversation a musical turn, or to compliment him by giving a musical *soirée*, it put him in a very bad humor.

He had a remarkable memory for persons, but none whatever for places. The names of cities in which he gave concerts escaped his memory almost before he left them. Nature had formed him in a remarkable manner for a violinist; his fingers were extraordinarily long and of unexampled suppleness; he could bend his thumbs back so far as to touch the back of his hand with the nails. The flexibility of his arms was equally great; without any difficulty he could make his elbows meet behind.

His demeanor on the way to the concert-room, at the rehearsal, and behind the *coulisses*, was especially noticeable; at these times he appeared most interesting, both as a man and an artist. His disposition and his whole bearing on the morning of a rehearsal was graver and more serious than usual; although secure in his own ability, he could not overcome a feeling of anxiety. On those mornings he did nothing, he sat still on the sofa. A few moments before the hour he would spring up, open his violin case to see that no string was broken, tune the instrument, and strike, perhaps, a couple of chords, and then put it up again and arrange the necessary pieces of music. During all this time he took snuff incessantly, a sure sign with him of perturbation and uneasiness. If he found that listeners had crept in, as was not unfrequently the case, he merely marked his solos, indicating them only by a light *pizzicato*.

His ear was extremely exact; the slightest mistake did not escape him. Amid the loudest crash of the full orchestra he would call out: "The second clarionet is not playing!" "I do not hear the alto!" When they did not play to his liking he could be very violent, but if he were accompanied with precision he would cry out "Bravissimo!" in the middle of the piece. We had heard that he had showed his highest skill towards the close of a composition, and pricked up our ears when at the rehearsal he approached the end of the first piece; he disappointed us, however, completely, by putting down his violin with the words: "Go on, gentlemen," and go on we were obliged to, without him. Through fear lest some one of his compositions should be abstracted and copied, he always took away his music every time carefully, although it did not contain the principal part, as he always played from memory. After rehearsal he partook of some simple refreshments, and then gave himself up to repose.

Is was wonderful how this man,—throughout the day of a concert grave, silent, melancholy—cast off all care in the interval between his arrival at the concert-hall and his appearance on the stage. During this interval he was full of jokes and jests, and kept them up until the leader announced to him that his time had come, when he would suddenly assume his

Digitized by Google

accustomed gravity. As after every solo he would perspire so copiously that he was obliged to change his linen two or three times in the course of an evening, it was supposed that his strength must have been greatly exhausted by it; but this could not have been the case, as after a concert he often seemed to feel better than usual, and neither his sleep nor his appetite were at all affected by it.

Paganini was no exception to certain weaknesses which belong peculiarly to great men. As at a review, or a parade, the soldier must often stand for hours in the burning sun or the wintry cold, waiting for his General or Field-Marshal, so he never appeared punctually, but kept the audience waiting for him a longer or shorter time. In the intermission his dressing-room was thronged with music-lovers, and verses were sent in, chiefly from ladies, to whom he returned the most elegant compliments. Such are the triumphs of the virtuoso — if they are worthy of the name of triumphs.

Paganini delighted in church music; but cared little for the opera, that is, German opera, yet he thought highly of "Don Juan." Military music was not agreeable to him. "These people very seldom play in tune," said he; on the other hand, the chimes of church bells had a great charm for him.

A beautiful feature in his character was his uniformly obliging disposition. Young composers who often brought him their voluminous scores, ladies who wished to inquire of him whether their voices were powerful enough for the stage, artists whose talent he recognized, and who came to beg a recommendation of him — to all these he was friendly, and gave them a patient hearing and a candid answer. He liked praise, and read the journals in which it was lavished on him with eagerness and satisfaction. He carried on most of his correspondence in Italian; his French letters he was obliged to have corrected. His handwriting was almost illegible.

A show of splendor and luxury was offensive to him; even his orders he wore very seldom, except on the stage, and then usually the ribbon and buckle of the order. Often he said: "Of what use is all this? I am not proud."

The hardest of all tasks to this altered spendthrift was to part with money; a demand for what he deemed an extravagant *pour boire* would throw him into a rage. His habit even with regard to the commonest purchases was to beat down the seller, as he had been accustomed to do in Italy; in consequence of which he soon got the reputation of a miser, which opinion of him increased in proportion to the wealth that flowed in upon him from the enormous receipts of his concerts, the tickets to which were almost always double or treble the usual price. That he could be benevolent, however, when he thought it worth while, is shown by an instance of his generosity, a nobler than which it would not be easy to find. It is well known that Berlioz was for the greater part of his life in straitened circumstances — not his own fault, except as it was the result of clinging to his ideal, which did not suit the French, with iron obstinacy. His works, however, made a great impression on Paganini, who, after he had heard "Romeo and Juliet," and had learned the needy condition of the composer, wrote him the following letter:

"My Dear Friend,—Since Beethoven died, no hand but that of Berlioz has been to call him to life; and after the enjoyment which your divine compositions have given me I must beg you to accept as a token of my homage twenty-two thousand francs, which will be paid to your order by the Messrs. Rothschild.

At the period to which these reminiscences look back, the time of my ardent youth, Paganini seemed to me the greatest of geniuses, unequalled in the highest sense of the word; and to-day, when three score and fifteen years have chilled my blood, he still holds the same unapproachable place in my estimation. Whether any will ever rise who will compare with him as a violinist, I cannot foresee, but none has as yet done so. For although he aroused a great excitement among violinists, although they strove day and night with the greatest eagerness to plagiarize and imitate his arts whenever they took up a violin, even to the pauses in the rehearsals, (at the rehearsals in the Berlin Orchestra the leader was obliged distinctly to forbid the imitation of Paganini's peculiar style), although skilful performers certainly have appeared since his time, who have followed his manner with more or less of success, even his best imitators, whatever their names, are at most but parts of him. I myself, and all who have ever heard him, must admit that no mortal can ever surpass him. "Paganini is the prince of virtuosos," said Robert Schumann, and he was right. The next generation has given us but one musical phenomenon equal to him, — the pianist, Franz Liszt. He, too, has reached the culminating point on his instrument; he, too, has raised the standard of excellence greatly among his followers and pupils; it may even be thought that some have approached him very closely; none, however, have equalled him in the full vigor of his powers, and he can no more be surpassed than Paganini. And in a mental point of view, the Hungarian Liszt stands as a composer, an author, a poet, and in almost every department of literature immeasurably higher than the one-sided though wonderful Italian.

## Bach's Passions-Musik at Westminster Abbey.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

An archaic dialect must be mastered before the modern lover of music can appreciate Bach. This learnt, however, the beauties which develop themselves in reading the Passion Music are such as to suggest the reflection that if all lovers of music were accustomed to his idiom, the oratorio of the old Leipzig master could not fail to take as deep a root in English minds as that of his follower, the more intelligible Handel. In distribution of effects the work of Bach has features which many a subsequent writer of oratorio might have done well to imitate. The self control involved in discarding from the score the entire class of noisy metallic instruments (though Bach was no stranger to the effect of trumpet and trombone), is alone a point which might raise a blush upon the cheek of many a modern musician at his own unbridled indulgence in brass and percussion. But while it constitutes, in this and other points, a noble exemplification of reticence in art, there are few works of art so truly full of dramatic power — if by this expression we may indicate the power of using art material in the most effective manner for operation upon the sense addressed — as this musical picture of the awful and sacred tragedy of the Redemption. We have first the duplication of the choir, out of which spring, by the pen of Bach, as of Carissimi, and later of Handel, effects of multitudinousness and of responsiveness not otherwise to be attained: then the enlistment of the popular religious sentiment by the permeation of the whole texture of the work by chorāle, or, to speak plainly, Psalm tunes; the frequent silence — with a meaning — of the bow instruments; and the grateful occasional prominence — not for a phrase only, but for a whole number — of the cool tone of flutes, or the plaintive reediness of hautboys: all these are points which make it difficult to feel that musicians have learnt much in broad orchestral economy since the days — now a century and a half gone by — of John Sebastian Bach.

Passing over the description of the preliminary service, we quote Mr. Gowdy's thoughtful notice of the work, and of the effect produced by its performance: —

The entry of the choir, after the few bars of instrumentation which open the first reflective chorus, "Come ye daughters, weep with me," is quiet, as is the whole tone of this introductory meditative number, by which the mind is directed at the outset to contemplation of the figure of the Saviour "bearing the accursed tree." The antiphonal point in this chorus, where the second choir have the short ejaculations, "Whom?" "How?" "What?" "Look where?" interjected amid the plaintive and flowing passages of the first choir, has a prominence to the eye in the score which hardly comes out to the ear, unless the hearer be near the choral bodies: much of the beauty of such effects is always lost in a large space, since at any considerable distance it is not palpable to the ear whether a body of sound comes from the cantores or the decani side of the choir. Even in such performances as those at the Handel festivals, no one, it may be safely asserted, hears the antiphonal points like the choirs themselves, and at a certain distance the special effect disappears. Covered up by the streaming counterpoint of the two choirs in this opening chorus, appears as a ninth part the melody of a choral, for a detached portion of the soprani voices; the composer thus declaring at once a feature of his work which is to characterize it throughout. By reason of its comparative steadiness and slowness, this choral made itself felt among the interlaced work of the other eight voice-parts; but all the effect which Bach, in the year 1729, calculated upon in the introduction of these people's worship tunes, will never be felt by other than a German congregation, if, indeed, ever again by any congregation.

The form of diction in the *Passion Music* is, of course, narratory: the composer has, however, adopted—as was customary before him—a *quasi*-dramatic treatment of the text, by assigning uniformly the quoted words of each principal character to a particular voice. The introductory narrative phrases—the "Evangelist's part"—are assigned throughout to a tenor, and the actual quotation of the Saviour's words is made by a bass. To the two gentlemen who throughout this service rendered these respective portions of the music too much commendation could hardly be given for the masterful quietness of style which characterized their rendering. Nowhere was this reticence in execution more welcome on the part of the tenor reciter than at the narration of Peter's remorse, "he went out and wept bitterly," a point where the exquisite pathos of the musical phrases might have excused a straining after effect, though the slightest exhibition of such a straining must—such is the truly devotional tone of the recitative—inevitably result in destruction to the character of the passage.

The narrative or Evangelist's portion, by which chiefly the action is advanced, is undermarked by Bach with "figured bass" only, indicating organ, or perhaps harpsichord accompaniment; the use of the bow instruments being reserved, as already referred to, by a stroke at once artistic and reverent, to emphasize the actual words of the Saviour. To have used, therefore, for the accompaniment to the tenor recitative passages, as is the unpleasing habit in England, the violoncellos, would have obviously marred the distinctive effect of Bach's design. A pianoforte has been employed at these points in the recent performances which have been given of the *Passion-Music* in London concert-rooms; and is suggested by Mr. Macfarren in his masterly commentary on the work. In the Abbey the harmonium is employed. The *timbre* of the free reed is not usually spoken of among musicians with respect; in the present case, however, the effect was not merely satisfactory, but strangely and peculiarly beautiful. With the most liberal views as to the admission of orchestral instruments into the church, one would scarcely—though it would be hard to define the reason—fail to feel a shock at hearing in Westminster Abbey the percussive pronunciation of the pianoforte; the harp, though an obvious alternative, would have over-enhanced the part of the tenor-reciter; in the harmonium is found a substitute at once unobtrusive in its enunciation, and distinctive in its tone stamp. Etherealized by the stone-enclosed atmosphere, its tremulous speech had an effect both devotional and grateful.

But all effects of orchestral *timbre*, beautiful as they proved in the mellowing spaciousness, and happily subordinated as they are in this work by a master hand to sacred purposes, fade from the mind at the recollection of the one entrancing effect of this occasion—the singing, under the roof of Westminster Abbey, without accompaniment, of the chorals with which this musical recital of the Passion is interspersed. There was a hush of all vibrating string and quivering reed; and then, out upon the reposing air, from the voices of surpliced English choristers, men and boys, came keen and firm a burst of those manly harmonies which have made Bach's treatment of Church folk-song the unapproached ideal of all who have come after him. As these chorales from time to time recurred, one might have heard a pulse beat, so absolute was the silence, so intense the attention to every word enforcing modulation. That a devout appreciation of these portions of the "special service" filled the minds of all present was palpable in the very atmosphere.

To those numbers of the work which are of the nature of recitative, it is possible that sympathetic attention was not so general. To enjoy Bach's recitative—and how beautiful it is when one learns how to enjoy it no musician will be at a loss to say—a certain strangeness of idiom which naturally character-

Digitized by Google

izes its period must be conquered: this done, its earnestness and uniformly sustained meaning come out with a force which carries the attention on without flagging.

The numbers of another class are again equally beautiful, and even more unique; the airs, namely, for an alto voice, conveying reflective comment upon the narrated events—in the accompaniment to which the great composer, dispensing with an admirable economy the orchestral resources, gives pervading prominence to the wood tone of the orchestra. The voice of a boy alto, accompanied by flutes with a figure in thirds and sixths, moving over a bass part hinted, so to speak, in pizzicato, presents a combination as enhancing to the religious effect as it is refreshing to the jaded hearer of over-instrumented performances of oratorio at Exeter Hall. For carrying the lessons of the occasion to the heart of the worshipper, sensitive to, but not learned in, the language of music, such simple means must certainly be all-efficient.

To trace this interesting performance number by number would be a task welcome enough to the writer; in whose mind would be stirred, at every point, recollections of noble effects and deeply enjoyed sensations: it proceeded, with some excisions, with continuous firmness and delicacy of execution, divided by a sermon from the pulpit by the Dean. It must suffice to note briefly a few of the most marked effects.

The constant quiet presence of the harmonium as a support to the tenor recitative did not pall upon the ear; nor the dignity of string tone, as a mark of reverence at the quoted words of the Saviour, wear out its own significance: the bursting in of the chorus (the *turba* of ancient oratorio), either as representing the clamorous mob of bloodthirsty Jews, the disciples, or an imagined body of reflective spectators; the noble air (the epithet, in default of one conveying a more reverential sense, must serve) in which are set the words used by our Lord in instituting the Eucharist, the air for soprano, with accompaniment in imitation of the obsolete "love-oboe;" the fearfully vivid chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared," with its sequel, "Now open, O bottomless pit;" the air, "Have mercy," with a violin obligato part played with most religious effect; the tenor recitative telling how Peter "went out and wept bitterly," the rendering of which has been mentioned above: with the constantly recurring chorale, sung, as already described, without instruments, had each and all their effect in bringing before the mind of a meditating congregation, sensible to the language of music, a vivid picture of the events to the contemplation of which the Church devotes the week. More startling, though not less forcible, was the tremendous chorus of one word, "Barabbas!" Here we find concentrated in a single bar of sacred music all that music knows of dramatic effect; and when, at the proper point in the quiet narratory recitative, the one word "Barabbas" (with an accent—barbarous to English ears—on its first syllable) was thundered into the nave of the Abbey by the united double choirs, on the poignant chord of "extreme sharp seventh," the congregation started visibly. In the whole range of known music there is not, probably, a bolder touch than this embodiment of the insensate passion of a Jewish mob, rejecting Jesus in favor of the seditious robber. Not a trace, nevertheless, of other than reverential effect results in performance.

The essentially religious character of Bach's mind did not permit him to forget reverence in sensation; no work of art illustrates better than this setting of the Passion the dignity of artistic reserve. Here we have no sudden close at a climax of orchestral and vocal activity, such as would have marked the end of a modern oratorio; but from the point where the action of the Divine tragedy reaches its culmination in the death of the Saviour, the music assumes gradually a cadential tone as gentle—to compare things sacred with secular—as that which characterizes the close of a Tennysonian canto; and the mind of the devout listener, lacerated by the poignant portrayal of death upon the cross, is soothed by a musical embodiment of *Requiem* at the tomb, in strains which foreshadow the tenderest of those peaceful choruses by which, a century after Bach, his great admirer and reviver, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, has betrayed the influence of the earlier master. No one of the congregation at this service whose mind answered to the sway of the music, could have left the Abbey in a frame less tranquilly meditative, less unexcited, than becomes a Christian man, fulfilling the duty in Holy Week of a contemplation of the Death and Passion of our Saviour Christ.

## Music and Drawing in the Boston Public Schools.

We take the following extracts from the admirable Annual Report (1871) of the School Committee of the City of Boston, written, it is understood, by Mr. Francis H. Underwood.

### MUSIC.

This department appears to be in a satisfactory state of progress. Instruction in the art of reading music and in producing correct natural sounds is given to the pupils from their first entrance into the Primary Schools, and the efforts of the several supervisors are devoted to making the various steps of that musical instruction and practice combine in a philosophical system. It is certain that the standard of musical knowledge, and of ability and taste in performance, has very greatly increased within the last few years. If all the pupils competent to sing in parts correctly, in good choral style, were gathered into one body it would require a stage considerably larger than that of the much-vaunted Jubilee.

An experiment has been in progress during the summer and autumn of 1871 and the winter of 1872 that *may* lead to favorable results, although it appears to be a partial abandonment of the high ground taken the year previous, and a return to the old system of dividing the schools between the music teachers, leaving each one to teach in his own way. The supervisor of music in the Primary Schools, Mr. Mason, represented that he had not had the opportunity to develope his method of teaching, and desired to have a school assigned to him, that he might give instruction in all its various classes, and so exhibit his system by a connected series of examples. It was to no purpose that he was reminded that in his own proper sphere he was exerting a wider influence than would be possible under any "perpendicular" division of duties; the Music Committee reluctantly acceded to his wishes, and, with the consent of the District Committee and of the chief musical supervisor, he was allowed to give the entire musical instruction in a certain school. When this was done, it was impossible to deny similar requests made by Messrs. Sharland and Holt, the supervisors of music in the Grammar Schools, and accordingly each of these gentlemen has now a separate school in which he is sole instructor.

For a mere experiment this state of things might be tolerated; but it should not be allowed to continue long. If in the musical progress of any one of these schools there should appear to be any special excellences, they can be noted, and the improvement made available for all of them. The valuable traits of each system (if there are distinct systems) ought to be gathered together. The present competition must have two unpleasant results; it must foster a jealous rivalry between the supervisors, who ought not to be exposed to the feeling, but rather to work together for the general good; and it must result in giving to the three schools mentioned a great deal more than their fair share of musical drill, and perhaps in occupying more of the time of the pupils (under the forcing system that is sure to grow out of any strife for superiority) than a just regard for the claims of other studies should allow.

The annual exhibition in June last was one of the most successful of the long series. As the report of the Music Committee will probably give an account of it, the details may be omitted here. We cannot forbear to mention one thing, however, in regard to the exhibition in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis, which is, that the City Council assumed the entire control of its management, practically ignoring the Music Committee of this Board. They issued the letters of invitation over their official signatures, so that even the members of the Music Committee who were present entered as spectators of the festival which their own labors had made possible, by the favor of the Aldermen and Councilmen who represented the city on the occasion. The distribution of tickets was made with a similar want of consideration for the rights of this Board. We think it should be made certain that no concert or musical festival shall take place hereafter which shall not be entirely under the control of the proper committee.

While upon the subject of these annual concerts, we would observe that a great wrong is done to the feelings of parents by depriving them of the opportunity of hearing and seeing their children on these interesting occasions. We think they have the first right, and we would recommend that two performances shall be given, to one of which each member of the chorus shall have one or two tickets. If but one performance can be given, let the parents enjoy it, and let all the city officials exercise a wholesome self-denial.

We do not wonder at the eagerness with which our citizens press for tickets to these concerts. The city has nothing else so fair to show. And we add, with what we believe is a just pride, that no city in the civilized world can present such a splendid chorus of children, so officered and drilled, so competent to sing.

If we would show to a foreigner the spectacle that testifies most strongly to our culture as a people, that distinguishes ours from other merely great and prosperous cities, we could find nothing like this. Other cities have galleries, halls, statues, paintings, libraries, and other institutions which make our progress in the arts look poor and mean. But that glorious chorus, especially when considered as a representative of twelve thousand more that could be gathered if we had a colossal hall for them, is without a parallel. And the thoughtful mind begins to consider that each small atom of that grand mass of harmony is the light and beauty of some home, and that the humanizing influences of this loveliest of the arts are diffused like the common light and air.

We shall not be thought too enthusiastic, perhaps, if we urge that music, as a means of education, is more important than is generally considered. Few pupils come to be eminent mathematicians or linguists. The works of classic authors, and the aerial architecture of the geometer, are for the very few. We teach the higher things for the exercise they give to the faculties, and because we *may* develop some new Laplace, or Newton, or Bowditch. But we find practically, that, after school days are over, the mathematics are laid aside, and that Horace and Virgil become dusty.

*For the average man and woman, the arts that refine nature and make life beautiful, such as music and drawing, are more beneficial than high mental cultivation.* We would give the high cultivation if we can. We would enlarge the mental horizon of every pupil. We would show the greatness of God in the laws of the universe; in the nice equilibrium of the solar system; in the succession of geological strata, in glaciers, mountain chains and volcanic craters; in the growth of plants, and in the structure of animals; but when all is done, the influence of music will have much more to do with their daily happiness. It will make them more contented with their lot; will banish weariness, and lead their minds into that repose which it is the highest philosophy to gain.

### DRAWING.

With regard to this important branch of public instruction, a new and lively interest has arisen during the last year. The first steps have been taken to bring the whole body of pupils under an intelligent system of instruction, by educating the teachers in normal classes. The report of the Drawing Committee will best show what has been done, and what remains to be undertaken. This is probably one of the most important movements made in our time, and its effects will be felt powerfully in many ways. Education is not altogether an interior process; other faculties besides the reason demand cultivation. Drawing, which educates the eye and the hand, gives facility to express the thoughts of the mechanic, as well as the plans of the engineer, the fancies of the designer in decoration, the recollections of the traveller, and the conceptions of the creative artist. By the power to draw, the value of any mechanic's labor is vastly increased, and in time we shall see greater elegance in furniture, in household utensils, in ornamental fabrics, and in domestic architecture. With increased knowledge of art in its higher forms, we shall see less of the wretched plaster-ornaments, and the tasteless pictures now cherished in so many houses. Books will be free from the coarse and ignorantly drawn plates with which so many are now "illustrated." Another generation, reared under these more favorable influences, will grow up with finer instincts of proportion, and we may hope that Art, in its true power and divine beauty, may not always be the meaningless word it has so long been.

Aside from these remote prospective benefits, the training of our teachers in the art is sure to bring immediate advantages. We have before called attention to the power which a teacher exerts in oral instruction. The art of making thought visible by illustrative figures on the blackboard is the natural complement of oral teaching. The intelligent teacher talks with chalk in hand, illustrating as she proceeds. She does in this way a two fold work, arresting attention and making impressions that are indelible. What Agassiz is before a class of naturalists, the model teacher becomes in the estimation of her expectant pupils.

The public is to be congratulated upon the employment of Mr. Walter Smith as director of art instruction, since from his familiarity with the working of drawing schools in England, and from his great natural aptitude as an educator, much is to be hoped for in this department.

## National Anthems.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

I.

It seems ordained that some sort of mystery should

overshadow the origin of most national airs and national anthems. This is the case even with our own famous "God save the Queen," though all necessity for doubt or conjecture as to its parentage has, in fact, long ceased to exist. It is truly astonishing that so many among us should be unable to give a prompt and decided answer to the question "Who composed the National Anthem?" That strange, perverse, ludicrous predilection, so peculiar to the English, for ascribing as little merit as possible to their compatriots, and as much as possible (or impossible) to foreigners, still leads to the foolish replies, "Well, I really am not sure, but I believe it was Lulli, Rameau, or Handel." Answers indicating about as much real knowledge of music as would be shown by any one asking whether "Lucrezia Borgia" were not composed by Sebastian Bach.

Every musician is aware that the form, rhythmical construction, and entire character of our superb national anthem are exclusively British, and could not be the work of any but a British composer. This internal evidence alone would suffice to determine its origin.

It has been well said that "a national song composes itself;" that is to say, that a truly national and imperishable melody is rather the result of many minds and many years than the product of one brain. Of course there are exceptions; a sudden and harmonious national feeling will sometimes find an echo in immortal music or poetry. The tendency among all nations has been from time to time to alter and vary their popular songs. The changes which music continually undergoes is sufficient to account for this characteristic. Traces of "God save the King" are to be found in an Ayre by Dr. Bull written in 1590, in an old Christmas carol bearing the date 1611, in the ballad "Franklin is fled away," circa 1669, and in a theme by Purcell published in 1696. All these tunes have passages in common, and some of them bear a remarkable resemblance to our national hymn. "God save the King," in its present form, was first sung and played by Henry Carey in the year 1732 at a banquet given in honor of the birthday of George II. at the Freemasons' Tavern in London, where it was much admired, though it does not appear that its transcendant merits were fully appreciated, as the fame of it spread very slowly. Carey was a highly gifted man; a musician by profession, he was also a poet of some eminence. We are almost tempted to cull some passages from his "Satire on the luxury and effeminacy of the age." His strictures on the preference then shown to foreign over English musicians, significantly point to the commencement of what Mr. Macfarren has well termed our fashionable neglect of national music and composers in favor of foreign ideas.

Carey wrote the burlesque called "The Dragon of Wantley," also the well-known ballad "Sally in our Alley." Southey says of him, "his life was led without reproach, but it was unfortunate: he died by his own hand." Carey was born, 1696, in London; the exact date of his death is not settled, but it would seem to be 1744; Southey places it in 1748. He was a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. His untimely and tragic end was not, as some have supposed, occasioned by poverty, but was rather the result of a hopeless passion he is said to have entertained for a lady of noble birth, who rejected him. Nevertheless, it is certain that Carey must figure, and that prominently, in the long and dark catalogue of British artists who have been treated with neglect and ingratitude:

> "Laedimus insontes vivos, laudamus eosdem Defunctos."

It is true that many books and endless discussions have taken place as to the true authorship of "God save the King;" but the later researches of Mr. W. Chappell and Dr. Rimbault, together with those of the Germans, Carl Engel and the learned Dr. G. Fink, clearly point to Carey as the author of our present version. Conceive a Frenchman not knowing who composed "La Marseillaise," or "Le Chant du Départ!" And what are they in comparison with our National Anthem! We blush to think how many self-styled "Britons" are still in ignorance of these facts.

The music of "Rule Britannia," the ode in honor of Great Britain, which, according to Southey, "will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power," was composed by Dr. Arne for his masque of "Alfred," and first performed at Cliefden House, near Maidenhead, on August 1, 1740. This place was then the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the occasion was to commemorate the accession of George II., and in honor of the birthday of the young Princess Augusta. Dr. Arne afterwards altered it into an opera, and it was performed at Drury Lane Theatre on March 20, 1745. The words of the masque were by James Thomson (author of the "Seasons,") and Mallet; the first named writer is generally credited with the stanzas in question, although the authorship is by no means certain.

There is no need to dilate on the characteristics of our two great national themes. "God save the King" is chiefly remarkable for its grand rhythmical dignity, its majestic form and happy sequential phrases; while "Rule Britannia" is distinguished for its manly freedom, flowing periods, and especially, its immense vigor. The process of alteration we have before spoken of is still going on; neither Carey's song nor Arne's composition have remained in their original state; numerous arrangers have tried their hands on them, and variations in the melodies as well as in the harmonies are apparent on referring to the earliest printed copies

The admiration for our national air is by no means confined to England. It has been adopted in Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Sweden, and Russia (at least till 1833, when the new Russian anthem was composed). It is the air of the federal cantons in Switzerland, and the Austrians pay it almost as much respect as they render to Haydn's "Emperor's Hymn." This adoption sufficiently affords a proof, were one required, that it aptly expresses the respect felt for the monarch, and the love we should bear our native land.

II.

The majestic and widely popular "God save the Queen" has at length found a rival in the country whence it might most naturally be expected to emanate, viz., Germany. That rival is the "Deutsches Reichslied," Song of the German Empire. It is remarkable that "the land of music" should have been forced by circumstances to borrow its national anthem from England; the explanation of this lies in the then disunited state of Germany. At the time when the song was adopted, Prussia would have repudiated any work of the sort coming from Bavaria, Saxony or Würtemberg, and those states would have rejected one which had been derived from Prussia. *Tempora mutantur:* with the unification of Germany and the revival of her ancient empire has arisen, as might have been foreseen, a national anthem worthy of so great a realm. "God save the King" was borrowed from Hanover, when the latter was an appendage of the British crown; it gradually became the national hymn of all Germany, adapted to the (not very poetical words) "Heil dir im Siegeskranze," "Auf Hamburg's Wohlergehn," &c. This is a phenomenon which must appear strange indeed to those who are not aware of its causes, among which, be it remembered, was the culpable indifference of the English with respect to the composer, and their readiness to ignore him and attribute the song to Handel. The German Reichslied, lately published at Leipsic in the *Musikalische Gartenlaube*, vol. III., page 23, has no reason to shun comparison with our grand hymn, being equally large and noble in conception. It is somewhat less solemn, but quite as imposing; more secular, for there is a slight tinge of ecclesiastical gravity about "God save the Queen;" very nearly as simple and easy, and adorned with a greater amount of melodic charm. The two songs, though bearing no resemblance to each other, present many points of affinity; they possess the same loftiness of style, the same stately, imperial movement, without the least admixture of levity or of bombast. It is tantalizing to be kept in ignorance of both the composer's and poet's names; they have preferred to offer their joint production to the public anonymously; rather a needless piece of modesty, the grandeur and beauty of the music being undeniable, and the words (commencing "Segne der Himmel dich"), if not equal to those of "Rule Britannia," being immensely superior to those of "God save the Queen," "Heil dir," "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," "Hail Columbia," &c. The valuable periodical in which this magnificent song appeared, informs the public in a foot note, that it was produced in the camp of the German army near Paris. It now remains to be seen whether old habit and custom will allow the Reichslied to take the place of "God save the King," which the Germans did us the honor of appropriating. But whether this new and noble strain be adopted or not, we may congratulate the German people upon its possession.

As regards the national anthems of various other countries, they are soon discussed, being all more or less inferior to the three on which we have here enlarged. That of Austria, "The Emperor's Hymn," (Gott erhalte), composed by Jos. Haydn, is a fine melody, but not remarkable for dignity: it is more graceful than grand. "The Watch by the Rhine," (Die Wacht am Rhein), cannot well be styled a national anthem; it is, like the "Marseillaise," occasional rather than universal. The late war gave it a profound significance, and it naturally rose to sudden and great popularity. But France, having received so tremendous a lesson from Germany, will probably be in no haste to attack the Rhine again; moreover, "the Watch by the Moselle" would now be a more suitable title than "the Watch by the Rhine." The song itself secured the public favor more by means of the words (especially the refrain) than of the music; which latter, by Wilhelm, a native of Prussia, is good but not first-rate. Reichardt's composition to Arndt's poem, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" (What is the German's fatherland?) is of much the same calibre, or a little below it, being less happy in form and rhythm, less melodious, and too diffuse. The words are now becoming irrelevant; Germans need no longer ask what their fatherland is, or complain of its boundaries being too narrow.

The French have no national anthem, properly so called: war-songs, like La Marseillaise," (written and composed by Rouget de Lisle, 1792), "Le Chant du départ," and "La Parisienne," cannot claim that title. The last named is the best of the three; it is yet more chivalrous and exciting than the "Marseillaise," and contains some more excellent phrases. The "Chant du départ" was written by M. J. Chénier and composed by Méhul, 1792; the music is rather uninteresting and spun out." "Mourir pour la patrie" is also, upon the whole, insipid and unattractive; the words are good. Louis Napoleon attempted to establish the pretty song, "Partant pour la Syrie," partly composed, it is said, by Queen Hortense, as the national anthem of France, but of course failed to do so: the air would suit a small state, like Belgium, well enough, but is too trivial for a great country like France.

The national anthem of Norway, composed by Blom is bold and vigorous, superior to that of Denmark and even to that of Holland (by Van Bree), which last has considerable merit; that of Russia, by Alex Lwoff, is mawkish;(?) it aims at a certain dignity which it does not attain. That of Belgium, "Le Chant du Belge," by Bouillon, is of no higher order, though one degree better, and less sentimental, than those of Portugal and Poland. The Spanish Hymn, "Viva el Rey," is not without power; the Roman hymn, in praise of Pio Nono, composed by Magazzari, is about on a level with that of Garibaldi, viz., not above mediocrity. The American hymns, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," of which the former is the best, are animated strains but tinctured with a certain vulgarity of style; "The American Banner" is far superior to both, but is not as well known. Some of the English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh popular airs are so fine that they might justly be termed national songs: among the foremost of these are "Scots, wha hae," "The young May morn," "Of noble race was Shenkin," "The march of the men of Harlech," "Charlie is my darling," "Hearts of oak," and "Home, sweet, home." Several of the German Volkslieder are also very felicitous, such as the Blücher song, "Gaudeamus igitur," "Am Rhein, am Rhein," "From high Olympus," Weber's songs from Körner, the Dessauer march, &c. The martial song, "Es zieht ein König hinaus" (A King goes forth to war), is an admirable specimen of the modern German popular ballad: simple yet effective, homely, yet artistic; the words are equally praiseworthy. Among the modern airs of a still more elevated patriotic character, which seem destined to become national, are Pierson's "Ye mariners of England," Brinley Richards's "God bless the Prince of Wales," Boncourt's "France, à toi mon cœur, mes vœux," and a song which lately appeared at Rome, "Bella Italia," by a young composer whose name has not reached us It is to be regretted that the spirited and forcible old French air, "Vive Henri quatre," should have fallen into complete desuetude.

Our readers will gather from these observations that musical power of a peculiar and very high class must be possessed by the composer of a national anthem which deserves the epithet "first-rate;" the very limited number of such productions proves how rare is that power. Preeminent among them stands the triad "God save the Queen," "Segne der Himmel dich," and "Rule Britannia."

## Music in English Schools.

### THE BATTLE OF THE METHODS.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Under the system of Government patronage of Education which Mr. Forster's Act superseded, music, in common with other "non-essentials," found but scant encouragement. Indeed, no special arrangements whatever were made for its promotion; and such culture of the art as is possible in elementary schools went on without authoritative supervision — every man engaged in doing precisely that which was right in his own eyes. We are not going to waste words in condemnation of this system, or, rather, no-system. It is over and done with; all that

we have left us witnesses to its existence being the backward state of musical knowledge among the people, and the fact that we are now seeking the tablish, for the first time, a really national education in music. But it is important to observe that the old state of things allowed the rise and growth of various methods of teaching, and, by giving liberty of trial to all, afforded data which may prove of the utmost value. How fully this liberty has been used is shown in the remarkable development of what is called "Tonic Sol-fa," a plan of instruction to which we cannot refer without prompt acknowledgment of the energy and devotion of its advocates. Altogether apart from the merits or demerits of their system, Mr. Curwen and his zealous lieutenants must be credited with having shown an earnestness of purpose, a power of organization, and a resolution to stop at nothing short of complete success, which go far to explain the position their cause now holds. So rapidly has "Tonic Sol-fa spread over the land, and so readily have other methods yielded ground to it in primary schools, that little discernment was required to foresee a sharp struggle if ever the question arose of adopting a national system. As yet that struggle has been evaded by the habit of compromise dear to English statesmen, and "Tonic Sol-fa" now enjoys equal rights with the "old notation;" that is to say, it is recognized and accepted by the Government as a means of instruction in the art. Compromise, however, generally involves difficulties, more or less serious, on points of detail; and in this case such a result was both certain and undesirable. Government teaching necessitates Government supervision; but who should supervise so as to hold the balance equally between two opposing systems, each backed by zealots, and, after the fashion of musical people, manifestly sensitive partisans? This was the question the Education Department had to answer; and, while the Department pondered over it, the Tonic Sol-faists indulged in ominous forebodings of the result — the more prominent among them even going so far as to memorialise Mr. Forster in advance against the nomination of any one "hostile to a system so evidently true," and in favor of "an inspector unpledged to the support or discouragement of any particular method."

On the face of it, their demand was fair enough; though, perhaps, it would have been more courteous to assume that responsible authority could not neglect considerations so obvious, and that any gentleman appointed to superintend musical education in our State schools would, whatever his personal sympathies, impartially discharge a public duty. But the Tonic Sol-faists have long had a *bête noir* in Mr. John Hullah, who is not only the chief promoter of a rival system, but also sounding musical counsel at Whitehall. Mr. Hullah, it appears, has never made any secret of his very natural antipathy to "Tonic Sol-fa." On one occasion he declined to allow any music having his name to appear "in the so-called Tonic Sol-fa notation." In the capacity of Cantor Lecturer at the Society of Arts he referred to advocates of "new systems of notation" with the adoption of which would reduce all our musical hieroglyphics the level of waste paper, and existing musical science and skill to the level of those advocates. He was an official reporter of the International Exhibition, he discovered one of the greatest advantages of the "Tonic Sol-fa" system in the fact that "objections to it are only appreciable by those who have cultivated the art and science somewhat closely." Human nature being what it is, we are not surprised that the Tonic Sol-faists anticipated with dismay the appointment of Mr. Hullah as Inspector of Vocal Music in Training Colleges and Schools. The prospect of seeing their arch antagonist clothed with supreme authority was enough to excite the most impassive among them, and the whole "Tonic Sol-fa" army raised against the decision which would summon it to arms. That decision came; Mr. Hullah was nominated to the post, and the fight began. Beyond all question, there is much to be said in favor of the new Inspector. Whatever the merits of his own system of teaching — happily, we are not called upon to decide them here — Mr. Hullah has devoted his life to the cause of musical education; he has long held a distinguished place in the ranks of those who profess his art; and his official connection with the Education Office gave him a claim which could hardly be overlooked. It is difficult, therefore, for an impartial observer to question the action of the Government in this matter. A new post being created, Mr. Hullah was found to have that sort of prescriptive right to it which English precedents invariably recognizes; and he was inducted almost as a matter of course. Nevertheless, we can readily imagine a more happy conjunction of circumstances. It is unfortunate, for example, that Mr. Hullah is chiefly known as the promoter of a particular method of instruction; and it is yet more unfortunate that he has shown himself intolerant of rivals. These facts must, of necessity, awaken distrust, and, for a time at least, affect his usefulness by placing an obstacle in the way of hearty co-operation between himself and those who do the actual work of teaching.

But we are far from sharing the extreme alarm of the Tonic Sol faists, whose dread lest the cause has perturbed their judgment. In the first place, Mr. Curwen and his followers must be assured that no Government Inspector, be he Mr. John Hullah or any one else, can retard a movement which has acquired such momentum as "Tonic Sol-fa." The results of the method are too obvious, and its first epoch the masses is too firm, for the opposition of a single individual, however highly placed, to have much effect. Whether Mr. Hullah likes it or not, the movement which, in a few years, has given the elements of music to hundreds, perhaps to more of thousands of our countrymen will go on; and we are surprised that its promoters have so little faith as their present fight indicates. In the next place, between Mr. Hullah the professor and teacher, and Mr. Hullah the Inspector, there is a wide difference. Office and its attendant responsibility have a sobering influence, often transforming even the rampant partisan into a calm and impartial balancer of conflicting opinions. Mr. Hullah, no doubt, will rise to the level of duties which demand that he shall be no longer the advocate but the judge, prepared to act without "fear, favor, or affection."

## Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. The 20th and last Gewandhaus Concert had a purely Beethoven programme, namely: Overture to *Coriolan*; Fantasia for piano, chorus and orchestra (the piano part by capellmeister Reinecke); and the Ninth Symphony.

The programmes of the 20 concerts and the two benefits are thus summed up in the *Signale*:

*Symphonies.*—Beethoven: Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9; Mozart: in E flat and G minor; Schumann: Nos. 3 and 4; Gade: Nos. 4 and 8 (new); Mendelssohn: "Scotch;" Haydn: No. 2; Raff: Jena by Abert; No. 1 by Jadassohn; Schubert: unfinished Symphony in B minor, and Andante from the "Tragic Symphony."

*Overtures.*—Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream, Melusin, Ruy Blas; Beethoven: Coriolan, Leonore Nos. 3 and 2; Cherubini: Anacreon, Les Abencerages; Weber: Jubilee Overture, Freischütz; Mozart: Zauberflöte, Figaro; Méhul: Joseph; Rietz: In a major; Auber: Masaniello; Reinecke: King Manfred; Volkmann: Richard III; Bargiel: Woloni; Gade: Ossian; Dietrich: *Die Normannenfahrt.*

*Other Orchestral Pieces.* By Joachim: 2 Marches; J. S. Bach: Soite in D; Franz Lachner: Soite No. 6; Goldmark: Scherzo; Rubinstein: Don Quixote.

*Violin Concertos, &c.*—Spohr: Nos. 7 and 9; Mozart; Mendelssohn; David: No. 5; Schubert: Rondo brillant, op. 70, arr. by David.

*Piano Concertos, &c.*—Beethoven: No. 3 (in C minor), No. 4 (G), and choral Fantasia; Schumann: in A minor, and *Concertstück* in G; Reinecke; Grieg; Liszt: *Concerto-Symphonique*, No. 3; Chopin: in F minor; Mendelssohn: Rondo brillant in E flat.

*Concertos for Violoncello.*—By Haydn; Golter mann: No. 3: Lindner.

*Concertos for several Instruments*—Mozart, for two pianos; Handel, for 2 obligato violins, obligato violoncello and string orchestra.

*Smaller Solo pieces with and without accompaniment.*—1) For *Pianoforte*: Schumann: Andante in F (transcription), "In der Nacht" (from *Fantasiestücke*, op. 12), No. 4 of "Nachtstücke," op. 22, Scherzino from the "Faschingsschwank;" —Chopin: Notturno in D flat (twice), Scherzo in B minor, Ballade in G minor; —Leschetizki: *L'Aveu* (Romanza), Mazurka;—J. S. Bach: Prel. and Fugue in A minor (trans. by Liszt), Prel. and Fugue in E flat minor (from the "Well tempered Clavichord")—Mozart: Fantasia and Fugue in C minor;—Tausig: Hungarian Gypsy dances;—Glaur: Gavotte (transcribed by Brahms); —Schubert: Impromptu in E minor, (op. 142).—2) For *Violin*: Rietz: Adagio;—Leclair: Sarabande and Tambourin;—Vitali: Chaconne (with piano arr. by David);—Ader: Rêverie; Paganini: Capriccio.—3) For *Violoncello*: Lübeck: Serenade;—Vieuxtemps: Rêverie;—Piatti: Tarantella.—4) For *Harp*: Parish-Alvars: Fantasia on Italian motives; —Aptommas: Fani, on Welsh melodies.

*Choruses and Ensemble pieces.*—Pr. Lachner: Requiem (twice);—Schumann: Manfred, and Faust music (3d part);—Gade: Comala;—Handel: "L' Allegro, il Pensieroso ed Il Moderato;—Mendelssohn: *Loreley* finale;—Mozart: Ave Verum, and Sextet from Don Juan;—Dietrich: Morning Hymn;—Max Bruch: Frithjof at his father's tomb.

*Arias with Orchestra.*—Mozart: one from Figaro, Scena and Rondo with piano obligato, one from *Titus*, Concert Aria (Alcandro, lo confesso");—Beethoven: from Fidelio, and "Ah perfido;"—Spohr: two from Faust;—Rossini: from Semiramide, and Il Barbiere; —Weber: from Euryanthe;—Holstein: from the "Haidenschatz;—Méhul: from "Joseph;"—Rossi: from "Mitrane;"—Marschner: from "Hans Heiling;"—Boieldieu: from "John of Paris;"—Bach: from the Whitsuntide Cantata.

*Songs with Piano*: 10 by Schubert; 5 by Schumann; 3 by Mendelssohn; 2 by Mozart; 1 each by Weber, Wagner, Lassen, Brahms, Reinecke, J. S. Bach, Löwe and Robert Franz.

Of the works above named 14 were heard in Leipzig for the first time.

The Operas given in the Leipzig Stadttheater during the month of March were: Wagner's *Meistersinger* and *Fliegende Holländer*; Rossini's *Tretschütz*; Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*; Auber's *Le Maçon*, and *Fra Diavolo*; *William Tell*; and Fr. Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro*, composed 30 years ago.

DUESSELDORF. The programme of the approaching 49th Lower Rhine Musical Festival, which is to be held at Düsseldorf during Whitsuntide next, will comprise the following performances. Upon the first day: a cantata of J. S. Bach, in which all the principal soloists will take part, and of which the finale will consist of a grand Hallelujah chorus; Beethoven's No. 8 Symphony in F major, and Handel's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. Upon the second day: Schumann's Symphony in D minor, Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Victory," soprano solo and chorus, with an orchestral accompaniment composed by F. Lachner; an overture of Weber's, and Rubinstein's sacred opera entitled the "Tower of Babel." Of eminent singers the following are already announced their intention of assisting, viz., Parepa Rosa, Herr Vogl (tenor), from Munich; Herr Gura (baritone), from Leipzig, and Herr Aner (solo violinist), from St. Petersburgh. The joint conductors are Anton Rubinstein and Director Tausch. Rubinstein will play himself one of Beethoven's Concertos on the third day, for which the programme is not yet definitely agreed upon. German papers are of opinion that the festival will be very brilliant and interesting.

At the first concert given by the Evangelical Association of Singers under their new director, Herr Tausch, odeon Rateschurger, the programme included, among other pieces, two sacred choruses by Hauptmann and *Historische Zeiten und Stetbens unsers Herrn Jesu Christi* (*History of the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*), recitative and choruses from the *Four Passions*, by Sebastian Bach, who died in 1673. Between the works of the above two composers, Herr Rutzenberger played the Prelude, Fugue, and Capriccio from the D minor Suite, by Handel, and Sonata, Op. 97, No. 2, by Beethoven.

VIENNA. *The Seasons* was performed on Palm Sunday by the Haydn Academy. The solos were executed by Mr. Adams (American), Dr. Krückel, and a *debutante*, Mdlle. Wiedermann. The vocalists appeared instead of Miss Minnie Hauck (American), who was prevented from singing by indisposition.

After a lapse of some fourteen years, Anton Rubinstein's sacred opera, "Paradise Lost," has once more been presented to the notice of the musical public of Vienna. When last produced here, in 1859, it was given in an apotheosing manner by the members of the old "Musikverein." This winter, however, the work was taken in hand by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, a powerful and influential body, at

whose concerts Rubinstein has officiated as conductor since November last; and at their extra concert on the 26th of March, the opera, in a more finished and attractive form, was given before a numerous and critical audience. With the exception of a few passages which remind the hearer of Schumann and Mendelssohn, the composition is quite original. The first part, especially, is very fine, and contains some exceedingly beautiful music, treating the defeat of Satan's army by the legions of heaven. The second part is also replete with good points; in fact the creation act, as it is called, may be considered by many to be the finest portion in the work. There is a very prettily arranged duet between Adam and Eve, and a splendid chorus in this part; these two numbers will in all probability be always very popular. The third part is devoted to the fall of our first parents and their ejectment from the Garden of Eden, finishing with the promise of the delivery of mankind. The orchestral introduction to this part is finely arranged, and appeals strongly to the sympathy of the audience. The tenor, supposed to be the voice of the Almighty, is very difficult to sustain; and, with the exception of a lovely solo, has a somewhat uninteresting and unthankful part. Satan, on the other hand, is more favored, most of his solos being greatly applauded; in fact, he has a grateful task to perform.

The audience was unusually large, notwithstanding that it was an Italian opera evening, by which many, who otherwise would have attended, were prevented from being present, as they could not resist the attraction of Adelina Patti. Why the work should ever have been entitled a "sacred opera" is an enigma to most people, for it is nothing more nor less than an oratorio *pur et simple;* as such, however, it will always command the attention of choral societies, for new modern compositions of worth are in these days but too rare.

The winter musical season is now quite over, and open air concerts will soon be the rage again. In no other capital of Europe is such fine music to be had in public gardens as in Vienna. Besides the regimental music performed at parade in the day time, almost every public garden can boast of an evening concert *al fresco*, where, seated at a small table enjoying a glass of the famous beer of Vienna, or a cup of coffee, the music loving inhabitants can listen to the strains of a splendid orchestra. The celebrated conductor Herr Edward Strauss is, however, just at present carrying on a warfare against the proprietors of one of these gardens, where, year after year, he has performed with his world-renowned band. The bone of contention is this: Herr Strauss considers that the noise of cups and saucers, dominoes and ice plates, not to speak of the clatter of the tall beer glasses used, must of necessity interfere with the true enjoyment of his music by those who can sit and listen without taking refreshment; and he therefore requires that a circle of three rows of chairs be placed around the orchestral platform, which seats are to be devoted to the true lovers of music. Such an arrangement does not meet with the approval of the proprietors of the "Volks' Garten," who, of course, derive their profit from the sale of refreshments to the frequenters of the garden, to which a very trifling entrance fee is charged. If, therefore, connoisseurs were to be treated to music almost gratis, ruin might stare the proprietors in the face in a very short time. They have of course refused to agree to the proposal of Herr Strauss, who has, on the other hand, declined to allow his band to perform. Who will have to give in it is difficult to say, but at present the musician has the public in his favor; a natural sequence, for the public is the party who will gain by the arrangement.

At the Italian opera, Lucia, Rigoletto, and Traviata have already been given before crowded audiences. Not only has Patti been most enthusiastically received, but Graziani and the tenor Nicolini have also received a fair share of the public applause. Arditi conducts with his usual excellence, and, with the aid of a capital orchestra and chorus, gains one success after the other. A concert was given on Easter Monday for the benefit of "La diva," for which every seat was taken days and days before, and an enormous profit made.—*Corr, Mus. Standard.*

Another personal friend of Beethoven's has gone from among us. Herr Anton Halm died on the 6th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. He was particularly eminent as a teacher, and many leading German pianists were his pupils. He continued to perform his professional duties up to the time of his decease.—Among the novelties at the third concert of the Sing-Academie may be mentioned an "Ave Maria" by Franz Liszt, and two Scotch National Melodies, arranged by Herr Weinwurm. The other pieces included an "Adoramus" by Palestrina, Mendelssohn's hymn, "Lass, o Herr, mich Hilfe finden," Op. 96; Mozart's Sonata for Piano and Violin, in A major, and a selection of the National Songs arranged by Beethoven for a Single Voice and Trio Accompaniment.

LONDON. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, judging by the number of representations at the London Opera Houses, considers Donizetti the most popular of all the Italian composers. Bellini is constantly represented at both establishments—above all, when a new prima donna undertakes to fascinate the public—by that ever fresh musical idyll the *Sonnambula*. A tragic prima donna, at very rare intervals (the taste for tragic prima donnas having gone out), favors us with *Norma*; and attempts are now and then made to interest the public in *I Puritani*, which, however, full as it is of beautiful music, is not a beautiful work considered as a whole; it cannot be said to keep the stage with any thing like a firm footing. *Beatrice di Tenda*, *Il Pirata*, &c., need not be mentioned; they are forgotten. Rossini's great representative work—perhaps the most characteristic, certainly the most popular—is his perpetually recurrent, always delightful *Barbiere*. It is to be feared that *Guillaume Tell* is more admired than it is liked; though, not to speak of more palpable beauties, its ballet music alone (the first and last that Rossini wrote) ought to endear it to all lovers of pure melody. To such, too, *Semiramide* must recommend itself. The three operas just named—each so different from the two others—are all that remains in still vigorous life of the long series of operas composed by Rossini. Donizetti, however, though he has produced no one work flowing with melody, as with milk and honey, like *Semiramide*, no musical comedy to be compared to *Il Barbiere*, no musical drama to approach *Guillaume Tell*, is always before the public with one or more of the seven or eight operas from his pen which are still found valid and fit for representation. *Lucrezia*, *Linda*, *Lucia*, *Don Pasquale*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, are frequently presented, while *La Favorita* is one of the stock pieces of the Royal Italian Opera, where *L'Elisir d' Amore* may also be heard, though not so often as many would desire.

MILAN.—We lately attended the opera of "*Der Frieschutz*" at "La Scala," and all former performances paled in comparison. An orchestra of one hundred performers gave the overture as I never before heard it, and the artists engaged were all good. Francesca Saar as *Agathe*, Perotti as *Max*, Maini as *Caspar*, and an immense chorus; you should have heard the *Huntsman's Chorus*—recalled three times. A ballet was introduced and danced to the music of the "*Invitation to the Waltz.*" The prima donna (a new one) has already been engaged for one of the two opera houses in London. The Incantation scene produced the desired weird effect, and not the ludicrous one so often presented. It was indeed diabolical! . .

"Aida" is still on the boards at "La Scala," and will conclude the season, with the close of this month; there are, however, to be Spring seasons at the "Carcano," and a new theatre not yet finished. Have I told you what a swarm of artists there are here? There are one hundred and forty-four soprani, three hundred and seven contralti, seventy one tenori, seventy baritoni, and fifty-five bassi; of these two hundred and seventy-seven, one hundred and forty-four have no engagements whatever; while those remaining are fulfilling Spring engagements in the innumerable theatres scattered over the world, wherever Italian Opera is given. . . .


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 18, 1872.


## Hints on Musical Worship.

Have we determined in *what sense* Music may fitly intervene in a true act of worship? What kind and quality of service ought we to expect of this divine Art, to secure its best aid to the religious life?—We simply offer a few hints.

1. Music, whether in the church or out of the church, must be treated with the respect due to it. It must be dealt with as *principal*, and not as mere subordinate and "handmaid" to some other language, or some form or dogma; not as a mere vehicle for sacred words, but as a thing sacred in itself. We want to avail ourselves, in worship, of the religion which is in all real and high music; which is of its very essence; that interior religion, though it be untaught, unformulated, out of which all great, inspired, enduring music, of whatever form, originally sprang.

Words may go with it (sometimes such marriages are made in heaven, sometimes not); but good music has itself a meaning and a mission deep and true and high as any words. All words are more or less ambiguous, but true music is a direct, transparent medium of the living Word. If it be coupled with words, let them not be doctrinal, sectarian words; let them not be cold, conventional creed statements or professions, nor imposed formulas of ritual, which, even with the sweetest choirs to chant them, have such a fatal tendency to mere lip service,—lifeless routine. But let them be such words—sweet, simple poems gushing from the heart's pure springs—as lend themselves most unobtrusively and sympathetically, as by a foreordaining fate or kindred genius, to some true melody, conspiring with it to give expression to the emotions of a soul that yearns for God, for perfect life and love. There should not, therefore, be *too many* words. Those little snatches of word song which refresh us so in Shakespeare and in Goethe have proved the fittest of all poetry for music. It should be so with hymns and anthems.

Are our musical means limited to the simplest, to hymn-tunes and chorales of the people? Then it is better that each Tune remain coupled with its own Hymn, as if they had grown up together, and could not safely be dissociated,—as has been very much the practice with the German Chorals,—rather than it be used as a vehicle to wash down indefinite scores of stanzas of the given metre, or sugar-coat whatever pills may match in calibre. A moderate number, even a few genuine tunes, with the divine spark in them, (and none the worse for age), indissolubly wedded to a like few spontaneous, short, sweet poems, may answer the real needs of worship better than the thousands of new psalm tunes manufactured every year to sell. Is greater variety needed? Seek it in higher forms of Art; in those wondrous transformations or developments which the divine alchemy of Harmony and Counterpoint, as understood by Bach and Handel, or by Mendelssohn, can bring forth from the pregnant germs of the plain Choral.

2. Let it be considered that mere Melody, in unison, is but a flickering, faint foregleam of complete Music *in full Harmony;* just as the pretty warblings of the birds are only vague foreshadowings and prophecies of real human music. Mere melody is personal and human; Harmony is divine. All *tunes*, as such, grow commonplace and stale by frequent repetition,—inevitably sinking into sing-song; but by the divine power of Art, developing what is implied in them, harmonising them, "setting" them in *polyphonic parts*, they are rescued from decay and clothed with a perennial freshness. Because in Nature every vibrating column of air begets shorter vibrations of each subdivision of itself; every tone carries in itself a little faintly-heard aërial choir of *harmonics*, or accompanying *overtones;* and Art has learned to make this secret palpable to common hearing by weaving voice parts into a web of harmony. The organ builder puts these overtones into his mixed or compound stops; and now it has been discovered that the power and brilliancy and rich tone-color of the individual human voice depends upon the presence of these *overtones* blended with the principal tone. A perfectly harmonized Choral, like those by Bach, is almost a miracle of art and beauty.

Unison, in great masses, sometimes seems to imply and suggest harmony. Unison of voices, with accompanying harmony of instruments, is next best to no harmony at all. Alternate unison and har-

Digitized by Google

mony—the congregation singing one verse of the hymn in unison, with organ accompaniment, and a trained choir, unaccompanied, taking up the next verse in harmony—suggests, as we have heard it in Berlin, celestial choirs echoing our coarser human strains transfigured.

3. The music of worship should be free from all distracting, alien, frivolous associations. Old sentimental songs or ballads made into psalm-tunes, opera choruses turned into anthems, snatches from Verdi and Donizetti used for organ voluntaries, so common nowadays in Italy, are above all to be avoided. Better silence than such mockery of music.

4. The more one deepens in his musical experience and feeling, the more he loves the music that is impersonal. *"Pure music"* (i. e. music without words) gains new charm and influence over him, the more he penetrates into the sphere of tone. Hence instrumental music of a high character — which is sometimes more available than satisfactory singing — is eminently in place in our ideal temple. The wholesome, profound, infinitely suggestive organ compositions of Sebastian Bach, the sublime orchestral symphonies of Beethoven : — why shall not these exert that inspiration in the holy place, which they so often do in concert rooms ? How can our souls be stirred so deeply, as they often have been by the Andante of the Fifth Symphony, by the Funeral March in the *Eroica* or the heavenly *Adagio* in the Ninth, and not be, for the time being at least, religious, feeling nearer God, and nearer to all pure and noble souls ? — It is only asked that Music should begin to be that quickening spirit *in* the church that she so often is, even amid incongruous surroundings, elsewhere. They that know the experience of being completely transported, raised above all fear, all meaner thoughts of earth and self, under a Beethoven Symphony, can well believe that Music has but very feebly yet fulfilled its mission as an element in public worship.

5. Again, *quality* before *quantity*. Good music, even the best and purest, and most potent, may be had on a small scale. True Art is modest, is not ambitious to do things it may boast of, so much as to achieve something perfect in its kind however small. All vain musical display and sounding advertisement, all *bravura* and mere music of *effect*, is false in Art and ministers to no religious feeling. And do not think *vast numbers*, monster proportions, a "bigger chorus than the world ever saw," essential, or even favorable, to true sublimity or grandeur. The whole world cannot be got together under one roof made with hands ; compared with *all* mankind (who ought to be singing, or sung to, together, to carry out the theory of these gigantic efforts), the difference between "twenty thousand singers" and only a few hundred is inconsiderable; whereas a Handel "Hallelujah" or a Bach Chorale, or a "Rain" chorus in "Elijah," can impart all its meaning, all its inspiration, through a choir of half a thousand voices, with good orchestra and organ, in a good-sized music hall, or a cathedral. The miracle resides, after all, in the composition itself, and not in any magnifying glass of countless armies of executants. A pigmy seen through such a lens, of however high a power, will still look like a pigmy; whereas an artist of real genius will paint you a giant who will be a giant even on the smallest canvas. Let not our All Souls temple, therefore, be a vain glorious "Coliseum !" But could some reasonable, unambitious, sincerely religious, sincerely musical, artistic temple rear itself in the midst of every free, intelligent community, then indeed would all the people, all the nations be practically celebrating a Festival of Peace and Good-will.

6. But finally, and above all, if we would have true and quickening religious Music, we must believe in Art. Art is that form of human energy which most resembles the Divine. The true artist is a creator also in his feebler way. Art, if it be true, is always earnest, always seeks perfection ; it aspires forever ; and therein is it religious. To think of having true religious music by shutting Art out, in the idle interest of what we call "simple," "unsophisticated," "popular," is the sure way to run into all sorts of affectation and of shallow sentimentalism. Music has not done its great work in the churches, because great music has not been believed in. Can real vital piety afford such mean economy ?

## Concerts.

We suppose the really good music is all over now, and we must wait for more until the cool autumn months bring back the social summer. The few scattering concerts of the last two weeks, which we have now to mention, fairly wind up a season unprecedented for the number, the variety and average excellence of its musical entertainments. The coming winter doubtless will afford as many and as good; for there is solid culture, real progress going on in spite of the strange things which speculative "Rings" can conjure up here in poor Boston, which least of all our cities merits the infliction. Winter will show that we do still love Art, and are not lost to all sense of the modesty of Art. Meanwhile flaring advertisement will keep truth blushing out of sight ; charlatanism usurp the name of "Boston," the whole country, nay all nations, to give show of character to a gigantic folly purely of its own invention for its own ends ; and through the "heated term" the Gilmore dogstar rage, while real music lovers seek relief and "peace" by seashore and among the mountains, or in unprecedented numbers make the trip to Europe, happy to get far away from the doomed city to which "the world" is so grandiloquently bidden. If we could bid the world to see our average ordinary work in music, so far as it can be called Art or culture, if musical society abroad would only read the list of Oratorios and Operas, of Symphonies, and Chamber Music, which draw good audiences in Boston in any single winter, we should make upon the whole a favorable impression; but if our musical character abroad is to be measured by these exceptional demonstrations, if our land is to be looked upon in music chiefly as the peculiar home of these vain glorious monster "Jubilees," the only land where such are possible, it is a bad reputation for us to have, and quite unjust, too, if not to our average civilization, at least to a city where education is esteemed as it is here in Boston. Depend upon it, these things prejudice the best, the real musical and moral opinion of the world against us. It is not the great musical names in Europe, not the Mendelssohns and Schumanns, nor those who may in any sense be called their followers, that countenance or flatter these "big" enterprises put upon us in the name of Music and of Peace.

But, to come back to Music — the concerts of the last two weeks.

Mr. Lang's fourth and last "Symphony Concert" was not a Symphony Concert at all. But for all that, though there was not an orchestra, it was a fine feast, and there were instruments enough for the small hall, so many and of such variety as to show the connecting link between an Orchestral and the usual Quartet or Quintet Chamber Concert. Three noble works, each rich in matter and of formidable length, were admirably rendered. The first was the well-known Beethoven *Septet*, — though not so well known as it should be in its proper form, for violin, viola, horn, clarinet, bassoon, 'cello and double bass. These instruments were all ably handled, and the whole work, in all its many movements, was keenly relished. Yet we think the effect much improved when all the strings of an orchestra are employed, as they were in the Thomas Concerts.

Hummel's masterpiece, the Septet, in which the pianoforte plays the principal part, — and in its rendering Mr. G. W. Sumner proved himself already an accomplished artist, uniting fine technique with true expression,—was also given very satisfactorily, the wind instruments, particularly the oboe, being better than we were accustomed to in former years.—After such double length of Septuor, nothing could have proved more refreshing than the Bach Concerto in G, for three pianos, which were most evenly and distinctly played by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Adams and Mr. Tucker. It was a [illegible] wholesome ending to a choice and enjoyable little after-piece of concerts. With the accession of all these able young pianists Boston may feel rich indeed in that department.

---

Mr Kutzleb's Matinée on Thursday, May 9, enlisted a good deal of interest among the lovers of good orchestral music, and the desire to retain so artistic an oboist among us expressed itself in a good attendance. The concert itself was one of most beautiful of the many good chamber concerts of the season. It could not have been otherwise with such artists in such a programme :

Sonate, for Piano and Violoncello, Op. 69. . . .Beethoven.
Messrs. Leonhard and Hartdegen.
Romanzen, for Oboe and Piano, Nos 1 and 3, from Op. 94.................Schumann.
Messrs. Kutzleb and Leonhard.
Piano Solos. { a. Nocturne, Op 32, No 1, b. Mazurka, Op 33, No. 3. } Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
{ Sonate, G minor, for Oboe....................Handel.
{ Siciliano, for Oboe..............................Bach.
Messrs. Kutzleb and Leonhard
Trio, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Op 63 D minor.................Schumann.
In four movements.
Messrs Leonhard, Eichberg and Hartdegen.

All the compositions had been given during the winter in the concerts of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg, and were among the very best things of that series; particularly the Beethoven Duo, and that magnificent impassioned Trio by Schumann. And the interpreters entered fully into the spirit of each work. All went to a charm. Mr. Kutzleb, by his rich, sweet tone, his artistic accent, clear phrasing, and true expression, established himself still more in favor as a superior master of one of the most difficult of instruments. The Pastoral Romanzas by Schumann, written in the very genius of the oboe, charmed especially.

---

That was a very interesting Matinée given last Tuesday in Wesleyan Hall by the Boston Conservatory, Mr. Eichberg presiding. Between that beautiful and graceful first Sonata Duo, Op. 21, by Gade, and the exhilarating Trio, No. 7, in A, by Haydn (Eichberg, Leonhard and Hartdegen), Weber's *Concertstück* was played by a young pupil, Miss Emily Seitz, with sure, clear, even execution throughout, and with such truly musical and vital accent, that no one could help listening to the end with interest.

---

Miss Annie Louise Cary's Concert in the Music Hall, May 8, was a remarkably good one of its kind. Miss Cary herself, though suffering from a cold, gave most satisfactory proofs of her rich, evenly developed contralto voice, her finished ease of execution, and her musical expression in "Ah! quel giorno" from *Semiramide;* and besides some ballads, sang Mignon's song: "Non conosci il suol" with real tenderness, if not like Nilsson. It is needless to say that she had the most cordial sympathy of her large audience. Miss Burns, of New York, a well trained, clear and flexible soprano, made an excellent impression in the Aria of Alice in *Roberto:* "Vaone, vaone," and in a ballad by Pease; but pleased still more by her charming rendering of the soprano solo in a vocal Quintet by Kücken : "Hie thee Shallop," sung with the Temple Quartette of male voices. These four gentlemen sang several of their part-songs with their usual success. Mr. S. B. Mills, the distinguished pianist from New York, added greatly to the interest by his masterly performance of Chopin's *Impromptu*, Op. 66, followed by his own graceful *Etude Caprice:* "Fairy Fingers," and of the "Soirées de Vienne" by Tausig, and Liszt's Fantasia on the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The youthful violinist, Miss Persis Bell, continues to fulfil the rare promise of her previous appearances in public. She played a Fantasia on themes by Bellini, and Bazzini's very tasking "Witches' Dance," keeping up the continual *staccato* of the latter with remarkable evenness and lightness.

---

Philadelphia, May 10. Since my last we have had only two really interesting concerts. The first was Messrs. Cross & Jarvis's third Symphony Concert, which was given at Musical Fund Hall on Saturday evening, April 27. This was the programme :

Symphony, No 1, B flat, Op. 38..............Schumann.
Concerto: Piano, Violin, and Cello, Op. 56...Beethoven.
Largo. Rondo alla Polacca.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopta, and Hennig.
Concerto: Piano, E minor, Op. 11................Chopin.
Mr. C. H. Jarvis.
Overture: "Leonora," No. 3................Beethoven.

The Hall was comfortably filled with a rather appreciative audience. The playing of the orchestra in the Symphony showed careful rehearsing. In the first movement (Andante un poco maestoso) the execution lacked the energy which this and indeed all

the movements of this Symphony require. This fault was more palpable in the latter part of the first movement (Allegro molto vivace). The next two—the Larghetto and Scherzo—had been played by the Thomas Orchestra at one of their recent concerts here. These two Mr. Cross's orchestra played much more freely and intelligently than the other two members of this Symphony; but there was missing the delicate light and shade which abounds with Thomas. The wood instruments were a little out of tune in the *andante sospeso* cord which connects the two movements.

In the Beethoven Concerto all the artists acquitted themselves of their difficult task with great credit; the orchestra, too, was good.

The Chopin Concerto was admirably played by Mr. Jarvis. This concerto is marvellously difficult to interpret. Mr. Jarvis in the Romanza (Larghetto) did not appear fully possessed with the idea meant to be conveyed, but as to his execution he was perfect.

The *Lenore* Overture closed this most delightful series of concerts.

Miss ANNA JACKSON's Second Matinée of Chamber Music was given at the Foyer of Horticultural Hall on Friday afternoon, May 3. In addition to the quartet club, you will notice, by the annexed programme, that Mr. Gastel lent his valuable aid to the attractions of the concert.

| | |
|---|---|
| String Quartet, No. 2. | Mozart. |
| Air: "Liebe ist die zarte Blume." | Spohr. |
| Mr. Gastel. | |
| Concerto: Violoncello. | Lindner. |
| Mr. Hesing. | |
| Scherzo in B minor. | Chopin. |
| Rhetorische Tonbilder. | Mendelssohn. |
| Mr. Gastel. | |
| String Quartet in A major. | Schumann. |

The opening quartet was excellently played, especially the Andante. It is a heavenly morceau, full of that delicious poesy which characterises all Mozart's movements of this kind. The Minoetto, too, was very well given. Mr. Gastel in the Spohr Aria sang with much more spirit than usual; and the peculiar richness of his evenly-trained voice found very good opportunities to display itself in the exceedingly intricate warbling of the air. Mr. Hesing in the third movement of the Lindner Concerto played in strict accordance to his reputation on an artist. Mr. Guhlemann was not strong in the Chopin Concerto; it requires of a performer great vivacity of energy and brilliant accuracy of execution, of which the Guhlemann certainly possesses, but not enough of æsthetical feeling.

The closing number was the noble A-major Quartet of Schumann. It was subject to the great fault of this club's performances; a lack of unity. The Assai Agitato and Allegro molto vivace were very free from this fault, but the chief of all the movements—the Adagio—was greatly marred by its starving presence. N.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC. We take the following from the *Tribune* of May 6.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society on Saturday evening,—the last of the thirtieth season,—presented the following programme:

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony in C. | Schubert. |
| "Schlummerlied," from the "Christmas Oratorio." | J. S. Bach. |
| Miss Antoinette Sterling. | |
| Concerto in A for the piano. | Mozart. |
| Andante from the Trio, opus 97. | Beethoven. |
| Instrumented by Liszt. | |
| Lieder. | Schumann. |
| Miss Antoinette Sterling. | |
| Symphonic Poem, "Mazeppa." | Liszt. |

This was one of the best concerts of the season. The orchestra was in capital trim, and gave an admirable interpretation of Schubert's great symphony of "heavenly length," albeit the pace in the accelerando of the third movement was a dangerous one. The execution was both spirited and graceful. So it was also in Liszt's arrangement of the well-known Beethoven Trio in B flat. Written for piano, violin, and violoncello, the composition seems to have undergone some curious change of spirit in the transcription for full orchestra; and effective as it is, the flavor of Beethoven is certainly missed. Liszt's "Mazeppa" is in our taste one of the least enjoyable of the series of "Symphonic Poems," so far as we have yet been made acquainted with them. The famous march, however, redeems it, and this was played on Saturday with true barbaric splendor of tone and well-measured vigor. Mr. Hoffman gave a delightfully intelligent and poetical interpretation of the Mozart Concerto, and Miss Sterling did justice to the very trying but beautiful Slumber Song from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio,"—a performance which the audience keenly appreciated. For her selections in the second part, this estimable artist took three songs from Schumann's Liederkreis, "Ich grolle nicht" (No. 7), "Und wissten's die Blumen" (No. 8), and "Aus alten Märchen winkt es" (No. 15). Mr. Henry C. Timm, ex-President of the Philharmonic Society, played the accompaniments for her.

The season just closed has been satisfactory but not a brilliant one. Only three novelties have been produced, namely, Mr. Ritter's fine symphony in E minor, Eichberg's "Macbeth" overture, and a concerto of Reinecke's played by Mr. S. B. Mills. The symphonies have been Beethoven's "Pastoral" and "Heroic," Haydn's No. 11 in G, Raff's "Im Walde," Schumann's No. 4 in D, Schubert's No. 6 in C, and Ritter's No. 2. The overtures and other orchestral pieces have been Schumann's overture to "Julius Cæsar," Beethoven's "Coriolanus" and "Leonore" No. 3, Heinefeter's "Macbeth," Bargiel's "Prometheus," Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave," Wagner's Introduction to the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and Liszt's arrangement of the Beethoven Trio, "Les Preludes" and "Mazeppa." Instrumental solo performers were Mr. S. B. Mills, Miss Anna Mehlig, Mr. Richard Hoffman, Mr. Prockner, Mr. Bergner, and Señor Sarasate, and the vocalists Mrs. Galager, Miss Corradi, Miss Sterling, Mr. Remmertz, and the Liederkranz. It was in the vocal music that the concerts were notably different, though praise was certainly deserved by Miss Sterling and Mr. Remmertz.

## A Warning Unheeded.

In his lectures *Upon German Composers, from S. Bach down to the present day*, Emil Naumann cites some very remarkable observations made by a Freechman concerning *Der Freischütz*. They are contained in a book, published at Paris more than twenty years ago, on Weber and his music, when *Der Freischütz* was first produced there, exciting by its peculiar and foreign character, an extraordinary sensation among the young men of the prime of the French capital. The patriotic author looked scrupulously at the opera with its huntsman raising magic bullets, and saw nothing and nobody, not even the devil himself; he fancied that behind these huntsmen he could perceive a whole nation of such young blades, and attempted to warn his countrymen by pointing out with what sort of a foe they would have to do, if they ever again felt inclined to attack a nation, whose courage, defying every danger, was so unmistakably demonstrated through the medium of its national composer. With a wonderfully correct presentiment of the fatal, though then distant, events hanging over his country, he remarks, in words clearly indicating an utterance by a Frenchman: "Weber pourtraya in *Der Freischütz* the free life of the German huntsman in his woods, together with his lovely maidens and the maiden with the true blue eyes, to whom he has given his heart. To gain her he dreads neither death nor the devil. But such pleasure of the German mind are not confined to *Der Freischütz*. The same fundamental national trait is to be found in the songs from Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*. Germany, to music by Weber, in Lützow's "Wilder Jagd," too, we find the same daring courage characterising the German huntsmen. Only in the latter instance, the rifle is not directed against a stag with an antire of sixteen horns, but against the enemies of the German people, and German contempt for death here and above devotion for one's bride to sacrifice for one's native land. "Let us, therefore, beware," he exclaims to his fellow-Frenchmen, "of underrating these daring huntsmen, and this stubborn and heroic courage, for we are the foes at whom Weber and Körner aim. One would imagine that listening to the lightnings charged supernatural storm of Weber's 'wild hunt' in *Der Freischütz*, or the death-despairing melodies of the male choruses: 'Du Schwert an meiner Linken,' and 'Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenschein,' would cure us of all eagerness again to compel the Germans to engage in a war of deliverance against us." The above observations would almost lead us to suppose that it was not the success of Prussian arms in 1866, but *Der Freischütz*, twenty years previously, which excited in the French the first panicic misgivings, and first inflicted a painful wound on their self-confidence.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

The Love of the Good and the True. Song and Chorus. 3. E♭ to e. *Webster.* 30
"And she whispered, the teacher, lead them
To the love of the God and the True."
Get this, by all means, for Sabbath School Concert Singing. Very sweet words and melody.

The Unfinished Prayer. Song and Chorus. 2. G to d. *Webster* 35
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mama, God knows all the rest!"
A little gem of a song. One of the sweet "Mother and Child" melodies that will touch one's heart.

Evelyn. Song and Chorus. 3. G to d. *Webster.* 30
One morning in heaven the Angels
Kept watch on the bright golden shore,
Charming poem, and set to very pretty music.

O Loving Heart, Trust on! 4 B♭ to e. *Gabriel.* 30
It whispered low;—it whispered low
"O loving heart, trust on!"
Varied accompaniment, with considerable expression. A song of delicate sentiments, and the kind that will please refined musical taste.

Farewell, and May no Shadow Glide. Duet. 3. C to f. *Seligson.* 30
"As I see you star, once bright, away
Beneath the moon's supremer light."
A smooth-going, melodious duet, with considerable originality.

Forget not the Loved Ones. Song and Chorus. 2. G to c. *Christie.* 35
"Oh, gentle and calm is the joy they have won
Those sleeping comrades of ours."
One of the Cooper-Christie songs that become so popular. Good for all the year, but especially appropriate to the coming *Soldier's Memorial Day.*

The Gleaning Song. 4. A to f. *Pease.* 35
"Wither away, then thou cankerous crown,
Kind Roger's true!"
Jean Ingelow wrote it. Full of neat poetic fancies, to which the composer has skilfully adapted both air and accompaniment.

Popular Comic Songs by *Gus Williams*, each 30
Two of the three of this set) mentioned below are peculiar to not being comic songs exactly, but sheer, full, popular ones, well calculated to "bring down the house." About the "Still I am not Happy" one will not doubt its comicality after hearing it once.

Pull Along, Steady, Boys. 2. B♭ to e.
"If you wish to keep your bark afloat,
And brave life's stormy weather,
Never dip your oars too deep,
But always pull together."

While there's Life there's Hope. 3. F to d.
But clinging to the rope,
You have the assurance whisper still,
"While there's life there's hope."

Still I am not Happy. 3. C to e.
"I cannot find the right singer, but,
But still—I was not happy!"

Widow Maverns. 3. E♭ to e. *MacEvoy.* 30
"Last night I lay slumbering awake and alone,
I saw, at the foot of my bed,
A lovely lady in black bonnet and veil."
He couldn't bamboozle the widow. A genuine jolly Irish ballad, whose no-end-to-it stanzas will make the feet of the dancers at Donnybrook.

The Bailiff's Daughter. 3. B♭ to e. *Orenfard.* 30
"Give me a penny, thou prentice good,
Relieve a maid forlorn"
The tune is" from tradition." One of those sweet old English ballads that have almost passed from memory. It is a good work to revive them.

**Instrumental.**

Chiel-Pipi-Nini. (Cuban Dance.) 5. A. *Hoffmann.* 75
The quaint and peculiar guitar imitations, which are in this piece, but in new forms, and the ensemble is very pretty. A good piece will amuse audiences a hearing.

Knickerbacker Galop Brilliante. 3. f. *Quigg* 30
Very pretty Galop.

Arion Waltz. (by Vogel.) 4 hands. 3. D. *Smith.* 60
Almost easier than the 3d degree, and, as it is a fine waltz, will be an excellent duet for learners.

Ballads. Op. 19. 6. A♭ *Leyhach.* 60
Eightly named a "Ballad," as the melody is simple and quiet, while the accompanying arpeggios, &c., are so graceful and smooth as not to distract attention from the theme. An enjoyable piece, and fine practice.

EXPLANATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 813. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 5.


## The Charity Children at St. Paul's.

(From the London Choir, May 4.)

The public feeling in favor of anything which has, as people say, become "an institution," is proverbial, and it is a task of no slight difficulty to interfere with a society, a charity, or a practice, which has tradition and precedent in its favor. This it is, we imagine, which lies at the root of the maintenance of many of those charities which are obviously useless and out of date, while it is also accepted by the world as an apology for that most extraordinary of all proceedings, the charity dinner, when under the decent veil of philanthropy, men of education and refinement assist at what is by courtesy called a banquet, but would in reality be better designated by a far lower term. The same argument underlies a large number of our religious and social customs. Thus in the church, services which were never intended to be tacked on to each other have become so tightly joined together that it has been necessary to pass an Act of Parliament to enable bishops and clergy to reconcile it with their consciences to separate them. In the world the same rule holds good, and men and women still offer themselves up willingly as sacrifices on the altar of fashion, ruining their health, destroying their family comfort and, as a consequence, their family tempers, because society's laws are deemed inexorable, and rules which are so absurd that one wonders they were ever made, are held to be obligatory on all who come within the magic circle. This being the case, it is always a matter for satisfaction when some happy accident occurs to interfere with any practice which, though really undesirable, cannot be broken through because it has always been the rule; and it was thus with a decided feeling of relief that we recently read an announcement that the Annual Meeting of the charity children would not be held this year, at St. Paul's Cathedral, in consequence of the recent closing of the Church for the Thanksgiving Service, and the alterations and repairs now in progress. This we hail with satisfaction, not only because it will, for one year at least, interfere with what we have always regarded as a very undesirable proceeding, but because it must ultimately lead to the entire abolition of the service. The meeting has indeed one plea in its favor, inasmuch as it assists the cause of charity; but on the other hand, it has always seemed to us to furnish a singularly effective illustration of that very system of doing evil that good may come, which the highest authority has condemned. There are those, however, who bring forward several other arguments in favor of the great gathering, and we have for many years been regularly reminded of the touching effects produced by the singing of the juvenile choir, and the threadbare anecdotes of the remarks made by Berlioz, after listening to the unison of the young voices, have been repeated until people have at last begun to believe that they proved the case.

We regard the matter from another point of view altogether, and as we have sat—for duty has sometimes compelled us to "assist" in the proceedings—and watched the unfortunate children, we have felt that it was decidedly a case for the interference of one of the Humane Societies. To suppose for a moment that the meeting can be regarded by the children in the light of a religious service is palpably absurd. After having been marched in detachments in the early morning from various parts of the metropolis, the unfortunate scholars in their neat uniforms, which tell with such striking effect when massed in troops against the dark background of the dome, are, by a process easily to be imagined, seated on the narrow boards, where they remain in durance vile for many hours while the fashionable congregation in all the colors of the rainbow assembles. Then follows the service, in which the part taken by the children is very limited, and during the greater part of which they stand without Prayer Books, until the Bishop, or other dignitary, ascends the pulpit to preach about them to the congregation below. It is, in fact, a species of ecclesiastical baby-show, and is, as far as we can see, as little capable of defence as the exhibitions of this nature which have excited such just reprobation, on more than one occasion, across the Atlantic. Musically, there is little in the service to be proud of. The children take their part in a few easy chants and hymn tunes, proving most clearly that they are not as well taught as the young folks who assemble on the Handel Festival orchestra at the Crystal Palace under far happier auspices during the summer; and notwithstanding the effect which must always result from the combined voices of a number of young songsters, there is nothing of which the conductors have any cause to boast.

On all grounds, then, religious, musical, and social, we rejoice that a breach is at least to be made in this "time-honored custom," and that the "institution" is likely to be numbered with the things of the past. If the children are to be brought to church, let them, at least, be treated like Christians, and provided with books to use, and space to kneel, and above all let a sermon be preached *to* them, and not *at* them. Still more, let us no longer afford a spectacle which must make thoughtful men blush, by keeping up an exhibition which the public pay to see like any other sight and then go away flattering themselves that they have performed an act of charity by contributing the necessary sum to secure admission. Let all who have been in the habit of attending the Festival give their donations as before, and then instead of assembling the children at St. Paul's, let them enjoy a holiday at the Crystal Palace, and we shall have arrived much nearer to the true idea of charity.

---

## The Opera at Naples.

(Correspondence of the London Telegraph.)

You will now guess what the only thing must be that can interest every class in this city of restless laziness and indolent activity. Will the opera remain open, or will the season be brought to a premature close? This is the burning question of the hour; this is the all-engrossing topic which, for the past fortnight, has absorbed the attention of savage and semi-civilized Naples. For weeks the pit of San Carlo has been like a bear garden; a few generous-minded individuals have endeavored to support the artists, but the great majority have spared none in their fierce desire to ruin the poor manager. *Poor*, did I call him? Why, in London he would be thought the luckiest of the lucky. He receives from the municipality a subvention of 350,000 francs (£14,000) for the first year of his contract, 250,000 francs (£10,000) for the remaining three years, and he has the handsomest theatre in the world — the largest but one — for nothing. He is compelled by his contract, a printed copy of which is now before me, to open the house at least eighty nights in the year; but he may also give performances every night of his life if he is inclined to do so. What would London managers, who pay £4,000 a year for the rent of a house, which, auditorium and stage, roof and cellars, might be put bodily into the pit of San Carlo, say to such conditions? But there is a reverse to the medal. A London manager may make a fortune, or ruin himself, at his own sweet will. The Neapolitan *impresario* is helpless in the hands of two governing bodies, who may, if they please, drive him to absolute ruin. He is bound in the minutest details by a contract, which, consisting of fifty-eight different articles, takes up twenty-nine folio pages of printed matter, and is actually furnished with an elaborate index of conditions and obligations. In this precious document every possible contingency is provided for as scrupulously as though the management of a theatre were the most important business which could be undertaken by a State. The exact constitution of the *troupe* is scrupulously laid down, and the artists are specified who are to be respectively *di primo Cartello* and *di merito distinto*. Moreover, the meaning of these terms is exactly defined. Thus an artist *di primo Cartello* must be in the full possession of his means and must not have been depreciated by singing or dancing in any second-class theatres; he must have sung or danced with complete success and with the rank conveyed by the epithet *primo assoluto*, in three theatres of the first rank. Similarly an artist *di merito distinto* must have fulfilled the same conditions which are here elaborately repeated, except that he need only have sung or danced with success in at least one first-class theatre in Italy or abroad. The *impresario* is also generously permitted to engage other artists, in addition to those forming the two specified companies, but only after the commission has verified the need of any such accession. The prospectus must be published a month and a half before the opening of the season, and if the *impresario* fails in this condition, he forfeits *ipso facto* the caution-money he has deposited. Methinks this clause would ill suit some London managers of whom I have heard. At every representation an entire opera and an entire ballet must be given, or a single *opera ballo*, provided this latter last not less than *five* hours! Of a truth, the Neapolitans are a thrifty race, and they insist on having their money's worth. The *impresario* is bound to give in each principal season two new operas; one must be new for Naples, but must have been performed elsewhere with success—the other must be a work written expressly by one of the three most famous living composers. Two new ballets must also be brought out, each consisting of not less than five acts. All novelties must have been produced at least twenty days before the close of the season. No comic nor serio-comic operas can be performed, unless they are by celebrated composers, and adapted to San Carlo; even if they fulfil these conditions, only two can be given in each season. Sundays, Thursdays, and high feast days must always be subscription nights. There must be in each season at least two "great illuminations" of the theatre — that is to say, the candles must be lighted in addition to the gas lamps. The "diapason normal" must be used "as in Paris and *London* and Milan"—a condition from which you will see, astute readers, that we English obtain credit for a virtue we do not possess. But surely the officials who drew up this elaborate document should have known that the English pitch is half a tone higher than the *diapason normal*. The firemen are to attend at the cost of the municipality, but any extra men employed by the manager must be paid by him at the exorbitant rate of twenty centimes an evening. He is, moreover, not to receive his subvention intact; there have to be deducted from it, according to the terms of this precious document, "sundry pensions to persons employed by the municipality, maintenance of machinery, and *food for the cats*." These expenses, including "food for the cats," are to be rated at rather more than seven thousand francs a month. Cats' meat must be an expensive article in Naples! It is not this, however, that is likely to ruin a manager, but the double government, for he cannot move a step without the consent of the municipal authorities and of the theatrical commission. Flagrant instances of the effect of this system we shall see anon.

The Neapolitan public has lately taken it into its multitudinous head that it does not get its full amount of justifiable enjoyment out of its great theatre. It has, therefore, hooted down every performance. I went one night to hear *Anna Bolena*. The first act was performed in silence. No sooner, however, had one unfortunate basso sung a false note, than the keenly appreciative and merciless public screamed with rage. This was the signal for the onslaught; and there arose such an uproar as in a tolerably long experience I have never heard within the walls of a theatre. All the evil blood of the people betrayed itself in an instant, and they hooted, and yelled, and gesticulated as though they had been possessed of devils; the place was like Pandemonium broken loose. Not a note could be heard, and at length the obnoxious basso walked off the stage. The concerted piece could not proceed without him; the other singers then wandered off, the *prima donna*, Mlle. Krause, being shrewd enough to make a low bow to the audience, for which she received a round of applause, and the curtain slowly fell. After a long delay, a paper was brought round to the boxes, stating that those who pleased might claim the return of their money, and that the evening would not count in the *abonnement*. Straightway there was a rush to the ticket-office; the "mean cusses" had heard half an opera for nothing; but the *abonnés* remained to enjoy the ballet on the same terms—the evening's amusement not being reckoned against them. "But why did the manager return the money?" you will ask. Simply because he was compelled by the authorities, some of whom are always present, to do so. The same thing happened with *Beatrice di Tenda*, and again with *Lucrezia Borgia*. The *abonnés* were tired of the operas they had heard all through the season, and they were determined not to have them any more

until the promised new work had been brought out.

There was a truce in the hostilities for one night, when—it being the King's birthday, and not in the subscription—the theatre was lighted *a giorno*. The *coup d'œil* was superb, the two hundred private boxes all a glow with the brilliant colors in which Italian dames luxuriate, the six hundred additional lights bringing out into strong relief all the admirably designed ornaments of this "golden house" of music, and the soft sheen of the tapers enhancing by contrast the fuller radiance of the sunlike globes round which they were clustered. Then the theatre was closed for many days after this event, and nothing was talked of but the forthcoming new opera. At last it was whispered about that the general rehearsal was fixed for Thursday. On such occasions the Municipality decides if the new work shall be given or no, and that august body alone has the privilege of inviting visitors. This time the authorities used their rights with a vengeance. When I looked down from a box on to the dimly-lighted house I could see hundreds of pale faces glimmering out of the gloom, like the ghostly spirits that look out of Gustave Doré's Dante designs. At least two thousand people must have been present. At first they were very quiet, but, as time wore on, from eight to nine, from nine to half past, and there were still no signs of beginning, the guests began to get impatient, and from the vast abyss of darkness which justified the name of pit, came up inarticulate yells. The musicians were all at their places, but lo! their desks were void of music. At last a gentleman stepped forward on the stage and explained that unforseen circumstances would prevent the rehearsal from taking place that evening. The fact was that the publisher of the music would not deliver the orchestral parts until the price agreed upon had been paid. This was done the following morning, and the rehearsal announced for night; but when evening came the costumier was unpaid, and the trial had to be again postponed. Then the basso became importunate for money, but at last all financial difficulties were temporarily settled, the rehearsal took place, and was followed the next evening by the first performance. Much had been expected; for Petrella, although unknown in England, has for years been one of the most popular composers in the Peninsula. His best known work, *Ione*, founded on *The Last Days of Pompeii*, contains much attractive music, among which may be reckoned a spirited *brindisi*, for the tenor, a characteristic funeral march, and a love-duet, which, for delicacy and depth of feeling, may compare favorably with anything in modern opera. Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*, based on the story of Octave Feuillet's *Dalilah*, is a still more successful work, and his *Promessi Sposi*, amid much that is rude and vulgar, contains one duet which is a true gem. His numerous productions can never satisfy the exacting musical connoisseur, for he has no power of development, but his well marked melodies, his keen feeling for dramatic effect, and his *ad captandum* contrast of *forte* and *piano* are certain to strike a musically illiterate audience. In *Manfredo*, his new work, he has flown at higher game, and has altogether missed his mark. The Italians blame him for imitating Wagner and the German school, but his new manner of writing is no more German than it is Chinese. His accompaniments are simply fidgety, incoherent, and unmeaning, while his themes are at least as trite as ever. He is too old, I imagine, to be able to modify his style to advantage, and I vastly prefer his early, unpretending productions to his last attempt at a higher school. He is also very unfortunate in his libretto. *Manfredo* has nothing to do with the Byronic tragedy, though it is quite as gloomy.

The prologue opens effectively; the curtain rises on the results of an orgie; groups of drunken cavaliers have fallen across the tables, which still groan under the weight of cups and flagons, and women, overcome with wine, are scattered about the floor of the banquet hall in all sorts of picturesque positions. *Manfredo* alone is awake; and, taking up one after another the senseless hand of some fair courtezan, he soliloquizes on the vanity of all earthly joys. His *katzenjammer*, as the Germans would call it, is interrupted by the entrance of a pilgrim from the Holy Land, who informs *Manfredo* that his mother was innocent—we had not heard that she was guilty—and that she was falsely denounced by the penitent. *Manfredo* naturally kills on the spot the self-accusing pilgrim, and is incontinently repudiated by his associates for breaking the laws of hospitality. Thus ends the prologue, which consists of a long recitative, unrelieved by a melodious phrase. The three acts of the play are taken up by the loves of Lina and Ranuccio, who, to be married, need the permission of their feudal Lord, the Duke of Scilla. Manfredo has a *liaison* with the Duchess, and a meeting is in danger of being discovered by the Duke, when, Lina sacrifices her own good fame in order to avoid the shedding of blood. On this ground the Duke refuses his permission to her marriage, whereupon Manfredo declares that he will marry her hifnself. Hence general tribulation, which is increased by an old innkeeper's declaration that Lina, his supposed daughter, is no other than Manfredo's sister. It generally happens, by-the-bye, in Italian librettos, everybody knows everybody else's relationship much better than his own. However, all the characters at this point are at as decided a standstill as in *The Critic*. Manfredo, to save trouble, kills himself; and, thank heaven! the curtain falls—of course to the accompaniment of a *cantabile* phrase for the violoncello and a *tremolando* figure on the high notes of the violins. What creatures of conventionality are these composers! Why must they make everybody die to the same tune? You may easily imagine that there is no interest in the story, nor is there much in the music. A duet for soprano and tenor, "Dal core trabocca," as original in melody as in idea, and a clever phrase expressive of the cavaliers' mockery of Manfredo, which, although repeated in perpetual unison, is nevertheless always effective, are the only bright spots in the dull level of four acts, nor did a second hearing reveal to me any new beauties. The performance was not above mediocrity; Mdlle. Kraus, the *prima donna*, is a true artist, but neither in voice, face, nor figure is she suited to the character of a young and tender bride. Signor Aldighieri, the Manfredo, has a powerful bass voice, but the rest is, or ought to have been, silence. Luckily for the composer, the audience were not of my opinion, for they recalled him some three-and-twenty times. On the second night he was called out only twenty two times, and this *diminuendo* movement will probably go *accelerando* to a full close. The "poet" was also demanded, and a stout gentleman, Signor Cimino, who, I am assured, repeatedly wept sweet tears of gratitude, came on several times hand-in-hand with the composer. I myself observed him standing at the wing, and blowing appreciative kisses to a bald *basso* who had roared out "Figliuolo mio" as softly as a sucking bull. Several other incidents of the evening were highly diverting to a stranger. The audience, glad to hear anything new, were as kind as they had been cruel same nights previous; every well-rendered phrase instantly evoked from these singularly-gifted people a murmur of sympathetic admiration, and even the execution of short solo passages in the orchestra, beyond comparison the best disciplined I have ever heard in any theatre, found immediate and never-failing appreciation. The opera has not been given since, owing to the illness of the *prima donna*, whose indisposition, I am told, may be traced to financial causes.

## J. S. Bach's Music of the Passion according to the Gospel of St. John.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

The interest of late excited by Bach's music of the Passion according to St. Matthew, promises for that great work an English acceptance, if not as general as it has in Germany, where all its Choral tunes, with their poems, are familiar to everybody, that is still commensurate with the importance of the subject and the sublimity of its treatment. The Matthew having established a hold on public esteem, attention naturally turns to another work of the same class by the same artist. Comparative criticism is a fallacious term of judgment, since no work is better or worse because of the less or greater merit of another; but, an examination of the as yet less known John Passion will be facilitated by reference to the other, not as a standard of excellence, but as a type of form. Such reference will then be made in the present remarks, and, in the absence of other data, the internal evidence of the two will be taken as an authority for guessing as to which may have been the earliest production.

No record has been brought forward of when the John Passion was composed, or when publicly produced; Herr W. Rust, the editor of the work as issued by the Bach Society, states indeed that four performances of the Oratorio are known to have been given during the life of the author, but he makes no mention of their time or place. Further, he asserts that there are three versions of the composition, the second differing from the first in the substitution of five pieces for as many others that are quite distinct from them in the original, and the third differing from the second in the refinement and elaboration of the details of the same matter. One of the substitutions of the second version is the opening Chorus, "Lord, our Redeemer," which displaces the contrapuntal treatment of the Choral, "O Man, thy heavy sin," that now stands at the end of the first part of the Matthew Passion. Here is a seeming evidence of the earlier composition of the work upon St. John's text; and the change is otherwise remarkable, as the substituted piece, with all its merits, is less attractive than that which was rejected. Surmising from this, and from other indications to be adduced by and by, that the John Passion was written before the Matthew, one may date it prior to 1729, when the latter was performed; and one may suppose it to be subsequent to Bach's settlement in Leipzig in 1723, for it was there that he first had opportunity to write extensively for the Church.

The design of the present work is the same as of the other, and in this respect the Oratorio resembles also several preceding settings of the Passion for the Lutheran celebration of the event. The Gospel text is set as recitative, the words of the narration being reserved for a tenor voice, his part being named Evangelist, and the words of Jesus and the other persons who speak in the course of the story being assigned to a different singer for each character. The words spoken by the disciples, the Jewish people, the Roman soldiers, and even the High Priest, are given to the chorus. This text consists of the 18th and 19th chapters of St. John's Gospel, the first part containing the 18th chapter to the end of the 27th verse, and the second part proceeding from hence to the end of the 19th chapter; but, curiously, there are some insertions in this from St. Matthew's Gospel, which show that the composer's object was rather to make an impressive recital of the story, than to give a faithful rendering of either historian. The text is interpolated with Chorals, the words and inseperable scenes of which illustrate the points where they are introduced. It is further interpolated with Choruses and Airs, described by German writers as "reflective pieces," which form a commentary on the Biblical narrative.

The poetry, so to speak, of the "reflective pieces," is based on that of the John Passion of Handel, with which Bach must have been familiar, for a copy in his writing is extant of the entire work of Handel. This is the production of one Brockes, a member of the Town Council of Hamburgh, and it abounds in coarseness of expression, such as at the time was not uncommon in the treatment of the sacred story, in which it was usual to exaggerate in some degree the personal, at the expense of the doctrinal aspect of the subject. These turns of phrase are materially modified in Bach's version, always to their literary improvement, and to the idealization of the theme; and internal evidence suggests that the alterations may be due to Bach himself, as there can be little doubt in the arrangement of the entire book, as to where the Gospel text should be broken by the insertion of Chorals and lengthened compositions, where by the insertion of scriptural passages from another source, and as to the choice of the Chorals.

The following speculations are offered as to the possible evidence within the two Oratorios of the later composition of that to St Matthew's text. In the work under notice, the words of Jesus are not individualised from the rest of the recitative by the accompaniment of string instruments, a beautiful device by which, in the Matthew Passion, the sacred person is surrounded, as it were, by a glory that distinguishes his figure from every other in the story. This conception is too poetical, and its good effect is too apparent for it to have been discarded by the same composer in a subsequent work of the same class; but it may naturally have occurred to him when pondering a completed composition, and considering how farther he might idealise the subject in an after setting of analogous text. Again: those passages in the Gospel which are assigned to the chorus are here so amplified by repetition as to form, in some cases, the groundwork of extensive compositions—for instance, those beginning "If this man were not an evil-doer," "It is not lawful," and "Let us not divide," in the second part; whereas, in the other work, if such passages are not set totally without repetition, as is the case with those for single speakers, they are repeated to such extent only as to give an idea of multitude, and so to increase, not to annul, the dramatic force of their setting. It would be matter indeed for regret, were any one of these noble pieces any shorter than it is; but the more one admires their musical beauty, the more one must feel their dramatic unfitness, and hence arises the surmise that he who had written the concise, terse, living ejaculations that animate the action of the Matthew Passion, could not afterwards set like passages in the comparatively cold, because diffuse and quite didactic, manner of those before us. And yet again: in the John Passion, after what would else be the final Chorus, "Rest here in peace," is a Choral, "Lord Jesus;" but in that according to St. Matthew, the Chorus "In tears of grief" concludes the work. Now, the purpose may have been good of assigning to the people, whose part throughout the Oratorio is eminently conspicuous, the task of closing it with one of the Hymns that served to enchain their attention to the performance, as much as to enlist their

Digitized by Google

services therein; but it is not unlikely that, in Bach's own time, the people's hymn-singing may have been perhaps unsteady, and that such a termination to a work may consequently have been somewhat vague and undecided; if so, his experience of this would prompt him to finish a later work with a piece for his trained and controllable executants only, which would be more impressive, because more definite than the other.

From these indications, if they may be regarded as such, and from others that it would be tedious to particularise, it may be assumed that the John Passion was a kind of sketch or study for the other, having tested his powers upon which, and strengthened them by exercise, Bach devoted himself to the grander work, which was fitted by the more dramatic form of the Apostle's relation, and by its superior suggestiveness, to become so much greater as it is than its predecessor.

In a composition of this structure, the narrative recitative is the portion of primary importance; for, though the rhythmical portions be more musically attractive, they are designed to illustrate and to relieve this, and must therefore be esteemed as subsidiary to it. In speaking of the recitative in the present work, one technical speciality must not be unnoticed, but it may be briefly mentioned and dismissed. Nearly always, the vocal closes are followed by a second inversion of the tonic harmony preceding the penultimate dominant chord. This is so unlike the general use of composers, including Bach himself, as to be remarkable on that account; its effect is to prolong the vocal cadence in the accompaniment, and to connect it with the sequel, whether this be the continuation of the narrative or one of the reflective pieces. The course of the action and the reflections upon it seem thus to be linked in unbroken sequence, and the hearer's mind passes from event to commentary, as if the one sprang irresistibly from the other. It may appear superfluous to describe the ordinary and all-familiar practice of confirming or completing the vocal closes in recitative with two chords only, those of the dominant and tonic; the more definitely terminal character of this form of cadence will be acknowledged by every reader, and the distinction from it of the form here employed warrants the space spent on this remark.

It is impossible to extol too highly this portion of the Oratorio. The words are declaimed in the manner of the loftiest oratory, and in some places with pathos that seems to be in unison with the fervent feeling of the Evangelist in relating the scenes he witnessed, and the doctrines on which the faith and the teaching of his life were founded. The two passages interpolated from St. Matthew, to which reference has been made, are notable; first, because the same points are distinguished in the other Oratorio, and second, because of their very high but yet inferior beauty to the present setting; these are, when Peter, hearing the cock crow, is reminded of his Lord's words, and "went forth and wept bitterly," and the plaintive melody to these words is strengthened by a progression of harmony as fully beautiful as it is unprecedented, and as yet unimitated; and when the final agony is passed, and nature is convulsed as if in horror at human iniquity, the terrible disturbance of her laws is described. In both of these passages, as in their setting in the other Oratorio, the orchestral instruments are unemployed, and the accompaniment is restricted to the organ or the harpsichord—it is hard to determine which—preserving to the recitative throughout the work its marked separation in every respect from the rhythmical portions. One might wish that the extreme high notes of the tenor voice had been less freely used than they are in phrases where the declamation of a word seems not to demand such a strain as they must cause the singer; one must more regret that their difficulty of performance compels sometimes the substitution of others, which are practically better, but which must distort the climax of the passages wherein they occur, and so weaken the effect. The sentences belonging to Jesus are set with a tenderness that is quite holy, and with such an obvious sense of reverence, as makes one revere the great master to whom we owe this interpretation of the divine character. The greatest qualities are needful in the singers who will undertake the parts of the Evangelist and of Jesus, the latter more particularly, because it is but by the manner of the executant that the composer's conception can be embodied, and that an audience can be made to feel the presence of the superior Being whose personality is represented in his words; the distinctive accompaniment of the other Oratorio materially aids the vocalist, nay, in itself separates this character from all the others; but here the grave responsibility rests with the performer alone to fulfil the sublime ideal of the composer.

The portion of next importance in the Oratorio is the treatment of the Chorals. This is to be esteemed with reference particularly to the situations of their occurrence, and to the unmistakable purpose of throwing light on those situations by the choice of appropriate verses from the hymns with the tunes that are dissociable from them, and by the expressive harmony wherewith the tunes are sustained. There can be no question that the master has here harmonised the tunes very differently from what he would have done, from what he did, in fitting them for ordinary congregational use—his purpose there was to give broad expression to the general purport of the poem, while here it was to strengthen the sentiment of certain words, so as to make it strengthen the impression of the incidents to which the selected verses apply. The harmonization of the Chorals is always remarkable from a merely technical point of view, and in many places it is particularly so on account of the extremely chromatic nature of the harmony; the comment that every piece seems to call forth would be unintelligible if not read side by side with the music; but one instance is so unlike any thing elsewhere to be met with, is so strikingly beautiful, and is so truthfully pertinent to the words, that it may be cited in the hope to induce the student to examine it separately, and to regard it as a valuable addition to his store of knowledge; it is in the Choral, "Thy bonds, O Son of God most High," the setting of the last line, "We had been bound forevermore," where, the piece being in the key of E, the bass ascends semi-tonically from B to E, and the progression from an inverted chord of A minor to the dominant seventh in the key of F sharp minor is as beautiful as startling. The effect must have been very deep, and all but supernatural, upon singers accustomed from infancy to troll forth certain tunes which were familiar to them as is the Lord's Prayer to our grown up school children, of unwonted harmonies that give particular meaning to every word, changing almost the sound and certainly the character of the very notes they sang, as if men standing on the ground were unexpectedly lifted into a rarer atmosphere, and consequently breathed and felt, and even thought, otherwise than they used to do. In two respects, this portion of the Oratorio suffers from its transplantation into another people than that for whom it was written; the English people know not the tunes which are a part of the very being of the North Germans, or if they know accidentally some one or other of them, know it as being in "Common Metre" or "Peculiar Metre," and by the unsignifying name of some German city or province; and the English version, admirably as it fits the accents of the tunes, and as it accommodates itself to the mechanism of vocalization, fails, and could not but fail, to represent word by word the sense of the original, and thus hides the purpose of expressing with the harmony the sense of each. This is said in no disparagement of the translation of the entire work, which commands, on the contrary, high praise for its fulfilment of the severe exactions of the most arduous of all literary labors, the adaptation of syllables to music of which not a note is without its characteristic purport; the metrical hymns differ in structure from the other portions of the work, and in rendering them there are difficulties almost insuperable. Nothing can better show the illustrative design in the various treatment of these tunes, than a comparison of different arrangements of the same tune when it occurs in several situations of the present work, and occurs also perhaps more than once in the Matthew Passion; for example, "Oh wondrous love" —which is introduced where Jesus, yielding himself to the officers of the High Priest, craves leave for his disciples to depart—is the same tune as, "Oh mighty King," another verse seemingly of the same poem, which follows the Saviour's allusion to his heavenly renunciation of his earthly kingdom; and this is the same tune as, "Oh blessed Jesus," and also, "Mysterious art," both in the Matthew Passion, and having reference there respectively to Jesus's prescience of his betrayal, and the Jews' demand for his crucifixion. It would amply repay the student of harmony and of musical expression to compare these pieces, and the several others that are in like manner framed on one tune in the same and in the two works; he will learn from such a comparison how apparently boundless are the resources of harmony, and how far more strongly does their just application prove the inspiration of a poet than the mere skill of a scholar. This simple reference should be sufficient to instigate the search of those who are interested; to enumerate all the instances would here be futile as tedious.

The reflective pieces—namely, the Choruses and Airs—call lastly for consideration; lastly, because they are subordinate, in some sort, in the plan of the work; lastly, because they are each complete in itself, comprehend each a complete design, are each extractable, and have all interest of a kind that belongs not to the other portions of the work. These are, for the most part, of extreme difficulty; difficulty more of insight and comprehension than of a mere note singing, though in this respect some are by no means to be slighted. Of the songs, two are perhaps more attractive—it would be as false as daring to say more beautiful—than the others.

Firstly, the soprano Air, "I follow Thee," which directly succeeds the statement that Peter and John followed the captive Jesus to the house of Caiaphas, has a melody of the tenderest sweetness and of charming continuity, one that will please all hearers, and repay whatever pains a singer may spend upon it; specially notable in it is the ascending phrase to the words "encompassed with sadness," where the chromatic passing note is a most rare exception from the practice, of the age and of the author, to employ diatonic passing notes only; and the accompaniment of this song, for organ with two flutes only, helps essentially to characterise it. Secondly, the contralto Air, "It is finished," which follows the last words of the Saviour, is such a piece of pathos as has rarely been equalled; in more than one respect this may be likened to Elijah's song, "It is enough," as in the similarity of its opening words, in its form of an Adagio, interrupted by an Allegro, and afterwards resumed, and its accompaniment for the viol da gamba, which is analogous in tone to the violoncello employed by Mendelssohn; the likeness goes not so far as the phrases, in which the two pieces are totally distinct, but it is too obvious to pass unnoticed. The exhortation to follow our Lord to Golgotha, "Haste, ye deeply wounded spirits," an Air for bass, is remarkable for the choral questions, "Come where?" "Fly where?" that intersperse it, and is on the pattern of several pieces in the other Oratorio. "Beloved Saviour" is another Air for the same voice which forms both the counterpoint and the interludes to the Choral, "Jesus, Thou who knowest death," and is an admirable specimen of a musical form that Bach often employed, and in which he was always successful. The Chorus, "Rest here in peace," that precedes the concluding Choral, refers to the entombment; it bears a strong resemblance to the final Chorus in the Matthew Passion, in having the same key of C minor, the same 3-4 measure, and even in its phraseology, one passage in the second part, indeed, where the bass descends in arpeggio, being almost identical with one in the other Chorus; its expression, too, is the same as that in the piece here cited; but admirable as is this Chorus, it certainly suffers from comparison with the other.

At the present day, and in this country, it is impossible to reproduce the John Passion with precisely the effect that it had in Bach's time. The subject is now differently regarded from what it was a century and a half ago, and the hearers are therefore otherwise impressible, and this must be taken into grave consideration in estimating the work. Several of the instruments are obsolete for which the parts are written; the substitutions, however, that are now imperative, are not more greatly at variance with the several versions of the Oratorio than are these from each other, for it seems that one inducement for recasting the work again and again, as has already been shown that the author did, must have been to adapt it to the means at command on the different occasions of its performance. To assign now a part for the viol da gamba to the violoncello, one for the lute to the harp, and to make some other similar adaptations is but to meet necessities in the manner that Bach would have done; and though he appears to have set great value on the delicate distinctions of different kinds of hautboys that are now extinct, and of instruments of the viol class that are now no longer in use, he bowed to compulsion when the one of his predilection was not at hand, and we do but as he did in choosing its nearest representative under the same circumstances. In our performance of the Chorals, a still more important deviation from the method of Bach's time is inevitable. The people here have not so generally the habit of hymn singing as is common in the Lutheran Church, even of the tunes they know, and the Choral tunes introduced in this Oratorio they, with few exceptions, know not; hence their taking part in the performance is here impracticable, and even in Germany it is at the present day unpractised. When all the congregation sang the tune, it was needful to enforce the harmony of the comparatively small choir with the accompaniment of organ or orchestra. The somewhat coarseness of tone of all those voices and instruments probably at their loudest, was greatly counterbalanced by the fact that everybody contributed to it, and no one stood apart to listen; general experience will attest to vastly different effect of music upon him who sings and him who hears, and some other means are requisite to excite us to the same extent when we are witnesses, than those by which we should be moved were we participants in the performance. It is, then, a most happy expedient to have the Chorals, sung by the unaccompanied chorus, and to give them the beautiful relief of light and shade expressed in music by the gradations of

Digitized by Google

one from piano to forte. There is no effect so universally and so irresistibly pleasing as that of unaccompanied voices; to offer this at its best before an audience, it is necessary to vary it by different degrees of loudness and softness; and to compensate for the people's inability to sing their part and to be thus moved from within by the words and the music, the most powerful external aid must be made to their feelings, and the means employed in London performances are to be commended as being the most powerful and as producing the desirable result. The Chorals were originally the most impressive portion of the Oratorio; so they are now; the end is analogous if not identical, and we must applaud the very different machinery whereby this end is effected.

This necessarily brief notice of a great work would be more than necessarily incomplete without an acknowledgment of how far its acceptance in England will be due to the Rev. J. Troutbeck, whose rendering of the text shows his comprehension and appreciation of the music as much as his knowledge of the German, and command of the English language. He has been singularly fortunate in the preservation of nearly all the words of the accepted Scripture text, for this would lose much of its hold on our interest were it represented in other than the familiar syllables.

The John Passion has here been spoken of as a study for the supposed latter work of the master, the Matthew Passion. Many a painter's study is treasured as highly as his matured work, and so indeed, if regarded in such a light, must this be. If we possessed not the latter Oratorio, this would be esteemed above all price a masterpiece; the only thing that can out-price it is the other Oratorio, and that can be only fully valued by those who have a thorough knowledge and a due appreciation of the great work we have now been considering.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

## Improvement in Popular Song Writing.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, June, 1872.)

In considering the almost innumerable songs and ballads that are continually appearing in sheet form, we find that in one respect, at least, there is a marked improvement upon similar publications that were popular some fifteen or twenty years ago, namely, in the great attention that composers of this class of music now pay to the instrumental accompaniment. Passing over, as not worthy of note, the vast amount of music of the *sentimental* negro minstrel stamp, music which is about as faithful an exponent of the true negro musical spirit as our sensation dramas, like "Under the Gaslight" and "Across the Continent" are of the manners and customs of so called fashionable American society, this feature in the vocal sheet music of to-day seems worthy of notice as indicative of an advance in musical taste and appreciation in our as yet not highly cultivated musical community. Before the songs of Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, and Robert Franz, and the operas of Meyerbeer and Gounod, had become as generally known as they are now, the popular songs and ballads both of English and American composers were generally modelled upon the Dempster ballads,—songs which, if not of any great musical significance, were, at least, thoroughly respectable compositions,—or upon the Italian operatic music of Bellini and Donizetti. Old Scotch ballads like "Auld Robin Gray" were not without their imitators; and reflections of the national Scotch and Irish spirit might be found in many songs written both here and in England some years ago. As the star of Dempster's popularity began to wane, the songs of Franz Abt, a composer who has caught much of the Suabian and Tyrolese spirit, came into vogue, and at one time "When the Swallows homeward fly," and a few others of the same stamp, bade fair to banish even such standard favorites as "Auld Robin Gray" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" from the music-racks of our singing amateurs. Although the models after which these various songs were fashioned were naturally widely different in character, they had one great family resemblance. They were all more or less perfect representatives of the national folk-song of their respective countries, and their most striking feature was their purely melodic character. They were as simply harmonised as possible, and the accompaniment acted as little more than the barest support to the voice. The same three or four simple modulations from tonic to dominant or subdominant, with some few minor chords, were to be found in them all; and anything like an accompaniment in itself musically interesting, much less an instrumental *obligato* standing in contrapuntal relations to the principal theme, was not to be thought of. This simplicity of harmony was not in itself any thing derogatory to the musical spirit of the time. Neither the Scotch, Irish, or German folk-song demanded anything more than the simplest harmonic progressions, and the brilliant and finished vocal writing of the Italian operatic school would have been rather embarrassed than helped by any so-called *learned* harmonizing, or contrapuntal elaboration in the instrumental part. But as the old saw has it, "Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi." The many imitations of natural folk-songs and Italian opera came in time to be so much alike that at last their similarity amounted to the dreariest sameness. Sometimes a song-writer would imitate all the different schools at once, and not unfrequently Scotch, Irish, German, English and Italian characteristics would be huddled together in the same song in most artless confusion, and always with the same old tonic, dominant, subdominant,—subdominant, dominant, tonic, in the accompaniment. It soon became difficult to tell one song from another. One would begin Scotch, then pass through a phase of Suabian or Tyrolese lightheartedness, and off with a burst of Italian fire; while another, beginning in the depths of Italian sentimentality, would, by a consoling transition through Scotch or Irish quaintness, come to a happy ending with a reminiscence of the Tyrolese *Jodel*. The result of this curious mixing of styles was that, from being a conglomeration of the melodic characteristics of many countries, the popular ballad came to be a thoroughly characterless form of art which embodied the musical spirit of no country. The vigorous people's-song and the artistically finished Italian opera melody, which were the prime sources of the ballad of to-day, became so diluted and vulgarized that all artistic merit vanished with their distinctive national characteristics, and instead of having a genuine hold upon the popular taste, these feeble imitations of an imitation were forced to content themselves with a mere fashionable notoriety. Real popularity must have some firm foundation in the sincere sympathy and applause of the people, but anything may become *fashionable* if it only have the suffrage, either real or apparent, of some popular favorite. A practice that has always existed to a greater or less degree became unpleasantly prevalent some years ago, namely, the custom for composers and publishers to pay prominent singers to bring certain songs before the public. The *éclat* which a brilliant performer can give even to the flattest piece of music rarely fails to result in the happy publisher's pecuniary benefit; and people are never wanting who are incapable of distinguishing between a good composition and an effective performance, and when they have heard anything at a concert that particularly pleases them, forthwith rush to the nearest music-seller to buy a copy. Thus hosts of songs have successively become fashionable from no merit of their own, but because some popular singer has chanced to make *a hit* with them. Such a system cannot but have the worst effects upon general musical education, and we are daily feeling its evils to a most lamentable extent in the performances of the various miscellaneous concert-troops that wander about our country.

We have tried to show how the popular ballad of the day is the degenerate, mongrel offspring of the old Scotch and Irish ballad, the English ballad through the Dempster songs, the German *Volkslied* through Franz Abt and others, and finally, of the Italian opera melody. But even before Franz Abt's star appeared above our horizon, another influence was at work which was destined sooner or later to have its effect upon popular vocal music in this country. Two or three songs by Franz Schubert became not only widely known, but almost universally popular. The few Schubert songs that were first heard here were, as far as form is concerned, hardly different from the Abt songs that soon followed them; in fact, Abt may be said to have founded his style upon Schubert. But the older composer handled his musical materials with a firm, masterly grasp that was not so easy to imitate as the sentimental mannerisms of his weaker follower. Where Abt daintily appropriated certain naïve turns and peculiarities caught from the national *Volkslied*, and arranged them, not unskillfully, we must admit, to suit the public taste, much as a Parisian milliner copies forms from peasant costumes and catches hints among the mountains for those triumphs of her skill that show themselves on the boulevard, Schubert reproduced with all the added brilliancy with which his fertile genius could surround it the very people's song itself. To the vigorous, sincere melody, drawn from that purest spring of musical inspiration, the heart of the people, he added a richness of harmony and a variety in modulation that places many of his songs in the very first rank among compositions in that form. After we had become acquainted with a few, and by no means the greatest of Schubert's songs, it was some time before the public taste in vocal music made any further advance, and the popular ballad ran its gradual down-hill course unimpeded. But in a few years a new light began to dawn upon us; Robert Schumann, more introspective and moody than Schubert and at times more obscure, in a certain sense more romantic, full of the divine fire, and with such an unconquerable determination to give form to the musico-poetical idea that was strong with him that he was of necessity great, if only from the very violence of his victorious struggle after expression. Next came to us the Robert Franz songs, in which the artistic form of the German *Lied* has attained its highest perfection. These influences, all of them good, worked quietly, and if slowly all the more surely upon the popular taste. Another influence which we will only hint at in passing has been the public performance of the best orchestral works of the great masters, as well as of the oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and others. But great and good as this influence has been upon the popular taste, it has only indirectly effected our song composers. The good seed sown by the Schubert, Schumann, and Franz songs is already beginning to bear fruit; fruit of rather questionable quality sometimes, for the soil has often been none too congenial, but fruit that shows that efforts are making in the right direction, however faulty they may as yet be. Instead of the old rum-ti-tum guitar chords, we now find songs written with something that deserves the name of an accompaniment. No doubt the passion for abstruse and unexpected modulation will have to run a little wild here as elsewhere, and all manner of violence will be done to musical grammar and form before a reaction sets in which shall bring matters into the proper channels. The great popularity of Gounod's *Faust* has probably given an additional impulse in the direction of a reckless modulation, and we doubt whether its influence has been entirely good in this respect. Young composers sometimes seem to think that keys were made to be modulated into, much as the school boy thought that door knobs were made to be wrenched off, and in the shortest song they will slip from C Major to F♯ Minor with an easy nonchalance quite wonderful to behold. But even this very extravagance has had one good effect. Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was next to impossible to go to a musical party without having one's ears scorched by hearing some sweet-voiced amateur, generally, we regret to say, of the female sex, sing a popular ditty while her fair fingers went through some mysterious evolutions upon the keyboard, producing a series of distressing sounds which she fondly imagined were the *accompaniment* to her song. Almost all singers have found out a certain simple series of chords in several keys, and in accompanying themselves are too prone to forget that the proper efficacy of a chord, like that of the decimal point, depends in a great measure upon its coming in the right place. But we doubt whether any singer would be adventurous enough to attempt to accompany "by ear" many of the songs that are written nowadays. Thank heaven, singers have at last begun to *learn* their accompaniments, or, still better, to let some competent pianist play for them. In spite of all the unnatural harmony, forced modulation, and bad counterpoint with which many of the modern attempts at song-writing abound, we hail these very blunders as indications of improvement, inasmuch as they prove that composers at least take pains. Musically considered, one of Bishop's old ballads with its beautifully finished simple harmony is worth scores of these modern vagaries, and can, as far as form is concerned, be placed beside many Schubert, Schumann, or Franz songs without suffering by the comparison. But we nevertheless hold that the German and even the modern French song-composers, such as Gounod and J. Massenet, unfold to us a wealth of harmony which will in the end better repay study and imitation than Bishop's simple perfection of style.

# Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, MAY 18.—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.* So, I am told, remarked the ancient Romans. But in Chicago it has ceased to be true. During the winter building operations have gone on with remarkable vigor, so that one who now traverses the burnt district, especially on the south side, will find it hard to believe that the large number of buildings now occupying the ground were mere heaps of *débris* so recently as the 10th of October last.

Musically the city has been in the most quiet condition possible during the entire season. We did have Wachtel and a picked up troupe for German opera; but our Lake Michigan east winds proved too much for him, and the enterprise fell through after two nights.

The Oratorio Society had last year a chorus of nearly three hundred. The library included the

Digitized by Google

"Messiah," "Creation," "Hymn of Praise," "Elijah," "Judas Maccabæus," "Eli," and I think one or two other works. These and the records were burned in Farwell Hall. Since the opening of Bryan Hall here twelve years ago, all symphony and chorus operations have been under the direction of Mr. Balatka. This gentleman is an admirable musician, a man of wide general cultivation, and a good conductor, open only to the charge of having always to bring out works with poor players in the orchestra and too few rehearsals. If he had a fault it was too much good nature. For ten long years the papers have criticized his performances in the carping spirit of writers entirely unable to judge of the real difficulties in the way of his doing anything, and utterly wanting in a sense of their duty in the matter of giving a right direction to the public taste. The fire burned Mr. Balatka's home and library, and he removed his family to Milwaukee, where there is a fine German musical society in a flourishing condition. In my opinion this honest and hard-working conductor has done more for musical taste in Chicago within ten years than all the newspapers together. From the members of the musical profession here I imagine Mr. Balatka experienced little sympathy or aid. It is here "every one for himself." The theory is that the supply of immortality and glory is a fixed quantity averaging one quart to each man, and if one man gets a bushel, somebody else gets a gill. This theory, however, is not well founded. The intention was for every man to become immortal and glorious, and if he fails to be so it is because he neglected the proper means.

The Oratorio Society, as I have said, were left orphans by Mr. Balatka's removal to Milwaukee, and penniless by the loss of their household gods. But after waiting a few weeks we found there were still some three hundred thousand people here, and the managers, Messrs. O. Blackman and A. R. Sabin, began to look around for some practical way of recommencing operations. Your glorious old Handel and Haydn Society came nobly to our aid with a donation of sets of "Israel in Egypt," "The Messiah," "David," and some miscellaneous selections. Mr. J. A. Butterfield was chosen conductor, and W. S. B. Mathews organist, and work began on the "Messiah." I do not remember whether I have before introduced Mr. Butterfield to your readers. He is a young gentleman, something under forty years of age, an Englishman by birth, and of a musical stock. At an early age he sang the alto solos in the "Messiah" for the Philharmonic society in his native town. When under twelve he played first violin in the orchestra. With such a beginning he has, of course, a great comfort in Handel's music and a correct idea of its proper execution. He came to this country some twelve or fifteen years ago, and to Chicago about five years since, where he has been occupied in teaching singing and conducting musical societies, and the choir of the Centenary M. E. church. This choir numbers about fifty voices and does the best things in Buck's two books of Motets very nicely indeed. I believe it generally has the credit of giving the most finished performances of any choir in the city. Indeed I know of no other that attempts work of this class. As a composer Mr. Butterfield deserves to be well spoken of. His song "When you and I were young, Maggie," has reached a sale of about a hundred and fifty thousand copies. He has lately written a dramatic cantata, "Belshazzar," which is scored for small orchestra, and is, I am told, an exceedingly pleasing work.

Having a room to meet in, and a Conductor, one would think the society had plain sailing before them. Such, however, was not the case. The fire left us in a shape something like this: Suppose all the central part of Boston burned off, out as far as the Worcester R. R. track, and all of East Cambridge and Cambridgeport. The singers live many of them in Charlestown and many of them in Roxbury. The meetings are held in Roxbury, say about half a mile further out than Hook's organ factory. The Charlestown singers take cars to the place where Scollay's building was and change off to Roxbury cars. In our case the distance some of our singers come is over six miles. Notwithstanding this disadvantage the "Messiah" was carefully prepared and given Thursday evening, May 16, in the Union Park Congregationalist church.

This church is a new one, built very much in the form of an amphitheatre, containing seats for about a thousand on the first floor, and over eight hundred in the gallery. The room is a very pleasant, bright looking one, and is, I judge, a good one for sound. The organ, standing behind the pulpit, in the gallery, is a noble instrument built by Messrs. Hook & Hastings. It has three manuals and about fifty stops, and adds another to their brilliant list of first-class organs erected in this city. I would suggest, however, that a *mezzoforte* pedal for the great organ would be a valuable addition to the *piano* and *forte* pedals already present. The pedal organ is very satisfactory, as it contains three 16 ft. flues, two 8 ft. flues, one of 4 ft. a mixture of five ranks, two reeds (16 ft. and 8 ft.) and a 32 ft. bourdon. Of the performance the *Times* remarks:

It is with the most sincere pleasure that we congratulate the Oratorio society on the superb effort of last evening, an effort which redounds most brilliantly to their credit, in view of the great difficulties which their energy has so ably overcome. Chicago in her palmiest days never heard a chorus so admirably trained, and evenly balanced in its parts. The soprani and tenors were all young, fresh voices, and the brilliant, resonant, unworn tones of these leading elements gave a character to the choral numbers, which has rarely been heard before in similar attempts in our city. It is to the oratorio chorus that we must look for those solid, massive effects which contribute to the dignified, solemn spirit of oratorio music, and furnish the sublime frame-work for the individual tone pictures, in which the enthusiasm of the composer finds its most rapturous and inspired flights. Perfection in choral ensemble wanting, the whole force of the oratorio is emasculated. The admirable performance of the society in rendering the choral numbers is deserving of the most unqualified and ardent praise, and Mr. Butterfield, the skillful and sympathetic conductor, has indeed reason to be proud of the masterly style in which his chorus singers have responded to his careful and judicious training. The chorus consisted of 150 voices, gathered from the best musical material in Chicago; and the long and severe training to which they have submitted themselves bears its legitimate fruit in perhaps the finest choral efforts that have ever been given in our midst. The orchestra was no less good, and its only fault perhaps was that it was not quite large enough, as there were not more than 40 pieces. The grand mass of vocal harmony might, perhaps, have been more fittingly sustained by a heavier orchestral accompaniment, yet none but the most carping critic would be disposed to find fault, particularly as the organ under the masterly manipulation of Mr. W. S. B. Matthews lent its swelling notes to augment the force of instrumental sound.

The fine performance of the delicious Pastoral symphony was one of the notable facts of the evening. The orchestra in some of the choral numbers showed itself not fully balanced through its lack of brass, but in the symphony, this want was not felt. The exquisite prelude reminding the hearer of cloudless oriental nights, balmy winds, and the Arcadian joys of happy shepherds leading their flocks beside green pastures and still waters, was given by the strings and reeds with a soothing, dreamy sweetness, whose sympathetic mastery over the feelings could not have been more effectively rendered by Thomas' orchestra, which, for Americans, stands as the highest type of instrumental perfection. The close of the symphony, where the reeds cease their cheerful human sounds, and the strings faint away in the softest *pianissimo*, was rendered in the most delicious manner under the accomplished baton of Mr. Butterfield, and had the occasion permitted there would have been an imperative demand for a repetition of the whole symphony. The perfect unison of chorus, orchestra, and organ was a notable feature of the oratorio, which it has not always been the privilege of critics to remark favorably of on similar occasions.

The solo parts were taken by Mr. S. C. Campbell and Mr. Jas. Gill, bassos, Mr. Alex. Bischoff tenor, Mrs. Clara Huck and Mrs. Carpenter, soprani, and Mrs. J. M. Davidson, contralto. Mr. Campbell showed himself wanting in experience in oratorio singing, but the air "Who may abide" was very well done indeed. The bass songs in the latter part were given by Mr. James Gill, a new comer here. Mr. Gill is a teacher of singing, brought here last year from Leipsig, with a great flourish of trumpets, carried, I think, to such an injudicious extent as to damage his ready acceptance by the general public. He is a Scotch gentleman, with a good but not heavy baritone voice, and an admirable method of singing. He certainly did the trumpet song and "Why do the nations" very excellently. Mrs. Davidson has a strong contralto voice, but not the artistic culture for such a part as fell to her the other evening. Her besetting sin is the *tempo rubato*, which, of course, plays "hob" with the figuration going on in the orchestra. To such an one Balatka used to say; "Why, madame, you might as well put a stovepipe hat on Julius Cæsar." Mrs. Carpenter did not prove equal to the occasion. Mrs. Huck is the wife of a wealthy citizen. She studied for the opera in Berlin. Lovely in person, attractive in deportment, and the possessor of a delicate yet powerful and exquisitely pure soprano voice, she is a prima donna of whom any city might be proud. She is new to oratorio, but I hope the warmth of her reception the other night will enable us to hear more from her.

All the papers agree that in point of precision in attack, steadiness of performance, and balance of *ensemble* the choruses were never done so well here before. One paper, indeed, advised the selection of a more brilliant organist. The solo stops were not shown enough for him! The truth is, you know, the organ part of the "Messiah" is really difficult, and that it was done with smoothness and steadiness and sufficient power, ought to satisfy the sapient critic. The *Tribune* says: "The success was chiefly due to the superior excellence of the chorus, which was, perhaps, the best in balance and training we have ever heard in oratorio. Each of the concerted numbers was given with superb precision and effect."

I greatly fear, Mr. Editor, I weary your patience, yet I cannot forbear to refer to the beauties of criticism as manifested by one paper which began its *critique* with the statement that the west side had enjoyed three important musical privileges this week: "The Jubilee Singers, The Oratorio of the *Messiah*, and Blind Tom" (!)

DER FORTSCHRITZ.

---

NEW YORK, MAY 25.—An excellent concert was given at Steinway Hall, May 13, by Señor SARASATE with the following programme:

Duo for Piano and Violin.
On themes from "Don Giovanni" ........ Vieuxtemps and Wolff.
Miss Marie Krebs and Senor Sarasate.
Song. "If thou could'st know." .................. Balfe.
Miss Gomien.
Fantasie for Violin. .............................. Alard.
Senor Sarasate.
Grand Aria. "Faust," ...................... Duchauer.
Mlle Corradi.
Polonaise for Piano ........................... Chopin.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Duo. From "Martha," .......................... Flotow.
Mlle. Corradi and Miss Gomien.
Violin Solo, "Melancholie," ..................... Pruma.
Senor Sarasate.
Ballad. ........................................ ——
Miss Gomien.
Faust Waltz. From Gounod's Opera ............. Liszt.
Miss Marie Krebs.
Polonaise. "Mignon," .......................... Thomas.
Mlle. Corradi.
Trio. ........................................ Mendelssohn.
Miss Marie Krebs, Senor Sarasate, Mr. L. Duchauer.

With the exception of Vieuxtemps, I have heard no violinist in America whose playing equals that of Sarasate. His execution is perfect, and he draws from his instrument a tone which, for purity, leaves nothing to be desired, although not as broad and well sustained as that of Joachim. He is young and has undoubtedly a brilliant artistic career before him. It is, however, to be regretted that his selection of pieces is so seldom worthy of his splendid playing.—A fantasia on *Der Freyschütz* was substituted for that of Alard on Auber's *La Muette*. In the Mendelssohn Trio (D minor), which was not given entire, the harmonium made a poor substitute for a violoncello. Miss

Krebs gave a brilliant and effective rendering of the Chopin Polonaise, but, as it seemed to me, did not play with quite her usual delicacy of touch. The piano on which she played the *Faust* waltz is the famous Twenty five Thousandth Grand, recently made by the Steinways. It contains a new improvement in the treble scale, which gives a peculiar singing quality to the high notes. It is no exaggeration to say that Chickering and Steinway now lead, not only America, but the world in the manufacture of pianofortes.

The Steinways, in honor of the completion of the fine instrument above mentioned, gave a reception and collation to the artists and journalists of the city. New York is indebted to this house for one of the most elegant concert-halls in the world; and their experienced manager, Mr. Petri, who is himself a thorough musician and an excellent composer, has always a kind welcome and a timely word for every artist or friend of art.

The delightful "Summer-Nights' Concerts" at Central-Park Garden, re-opened on Monday evening May 13, and will be continued every night until autumn. Mr Koch, the proprietor, has refitted the handsome *salle* with full-length mirrors and other decorations which add to its attractiveness; and here those of us who are denied the blessing of a summer in the country, can nightly listen to excellent music, by the best orchestra in America, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. This orchestra now numbers some fifty performers, whose playing, owing to skillful direction and constant practice, has reached a perfection which must be heard to be realized. The garden and hall were almost overcrowded on the opening night, and the attendance continues undiminished, although the warm season has not fairly begun. Most of the music is of a high order, and even that which is lightest has something to recommend it. Every Thursday evening the second part of the programme is devoted exclusively to classical music. The selections for the opening night included the ever popular overture to "Wm. Tell;" the Bridal chorus and march from *Lohengrin*; Liszt's arrangement of the Beethoven Trio, op. 97; selections from *Preciosa*, full of wonderful beauty—the *Magic Flute* overture; Gounod's Saltarello; Overture to "The Desert Flower" by Wallace; two Strauss Waltzes, and a quaint air attributed to Louis XIII, which brings to mind at once the Gavotte in the second act of *Mignon*.

Where else can one listen to such music and at the same time enjoy the charming social freedom of a German beer garden!

On Saturday evening, May 18, the Liederkranz gave a concert at Steinway Hall in honor of Franz Abt, who officiated as leader in two of the selections. Meyerbeer's Ninety-first Psalm was the chief feature of the entertainment. The Mulder-Fabbri Opera Troupe undaunted by repeated failures, have begun a short season of German Opera at the Academy of Music. Last night they gave Meyerbeer's "Prophet," and for next week they announce *Tannhäuser*, with Franz Abt as conductor.

Mr. Wm. Seguin announces a summer season of English Opera at Bryant's Opera House, beginning June 3, and consisting of twelve nights and two matinées. A. A. C.

(*Too late for last number.*)

NEW YORK, May 11. Mr. F. Bergner's Annual Concert, on the 25th of April, afforded the many friends of that excellent artist an opportunity of testifying their regard for him, which they did by coming out in force and filling Steinway's smaller hall to its fullest capacity. The programme was attractive, and Mr. Bergner was assisted by the following artists:—Miss Anna Simon, soprano; Mr. S. B. Mills, Piano; Dr. L. Damrosch, Violin; Mr. Schussel, Violin; Mr. Matzka, Viola; and Master F. Kammerer, (pupil of Mr. Bergner). I give programme:

Quartet, in D, Op. 64 ........................Haydn.
Recitative and aria, "Dove sono,"................Mozart.
Miss Anna Simon.
Fantaisie Russe, Solo Violoncello..............Kummer.
Piano Solos. a. Impromptu, Op. 66..............Chopin.
b. Etude Caprice.....................Mills.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Solo Violin. a. Nocturne, B minor, Op. 9 } Chopin.
b. Valse, D flat, }
Transcription for Violin, with Accompaniment.
Dr. Damrosch.
Song: "Fruehlingslied," ......................Mendelssohn.
Nocturne Elegiaque, for two violoncellos and Piano,
Charles Schuberth.
Master F. Kammerer and Fr Bergner.

I need not say how well the difficult "Fantaise Russe" was played by Mr. Bergner, whose broad, noble phrasing and fine intonation were never more manifest. The Quartet was played with excellent effect, and Dr. Damrosch gave a skilful rendering of Chopin's Nocturne and Valse, transcribed for the violin, but he would do well to remember that Chopin is *par excellence* the poet of the piano, and that any attempt to improve upon his compositions by transcribing them for another instrument is not likely to be crowned with success.

Mr. Mills gave us a really fine rendering of Chopin's Impromptu; but, if he *must* place his own Etude in such juxtaposition, why not play that first and the Chopin Impromptu afterwards.

Mr. Lewis Engel has given three Matinées at the Union League Club Theatre, for the purpose of exhibiting the "Engel Organ," made by Needham. This is distinguished by an "expression" stop operated by the foot, a patent percussion stop for pizzicato effects, and various other improvements on the ordinary reed organ. The programmes were somewhat classical, including the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; Agnus Dei from Mozart's First Mass; Menuet from Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Nocturne by Chopin; Gavotte by Sebastian Bach; Song Without Words by Mendelssohn, &c., &c.

Mr. Engel also exhibited the "Piano-Organ,"—an ingenious combination of the Engel-Organ with an ordinary piano—on which he skilfully played the Serenade from *Don Giovanni* with accompaniment and pizzicato. Connected with the organ is a knee-pedal by which any note can be held down at the will of the player, thus producing effects impossible on the ordinary organ. But I imagine one would require a liberal education to manipulate the machine. A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25. Franz Abt is among us; at last he has fulfilled the oft-repeated promises of visiting us. He arrived in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, May 15, and was enthusiastically received by the German Singing Societies. He was the guest of Martin Landenberger, Esq., and at this gentleman's house on Wednesday evening he was tendered a serenade by the German Societies. Musically it was not a success; the "ruination" of everything was the decided and emphatic singing out of tune of almost every Society.

On Thursday evening Herr Abt attended a rehearsal of the programme for the concert to be given in his honor the next evening.

On Friday evening the Academy of Music was well filled with an enthusiastic audience. The Concert was given by the Maennerchor, Saengerbund, Junger-Maennerchor, Harmonie, and the Vocal Union, this last being composed of American singers. Messrs. Gastel, Himmelsbach, Kopta and Hennig, and Miss Bertha Krause, also took part. I enclose the programme:—

Jubel Overture..............................C. M. V. Weber.
Chorus—"Morgenlied" ("Morning Song")......F. Rietz.
By the Combined Societies.
Chorus—"Wasserrose" ("Water Lily") ......Franz Abt.
Vocal Union.
Trio D-moll.....................Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Messrs. Himmelsbach, Kopta, and Hennig.
Chorus—"Oybin,"..............................Franz Abt.
Saengerbund.
Soprano Solo—"Verlegenheit,"...............Franz Abt.
Miss Bertha Krause.
Chorus—"Ich muss nun einmal singen"......Franz Abt.
Male and Female voices of Harmonie
Overture—"Ruy Blas"..........Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Chorus—"Wehmuth"..............................Schubert.
Junger Maennerchor.
Violin Solo—"Ballade and Polonaise"......Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.
Chorus—"Pfingsten"..............................Franz Abt.
Harmonie.
Baritone Solo—"Am Neckar, am Rhein,"....Franz Abt.
Mr. Emil Gastel.
Chorus—"Vineta,"..............................Franz Abt.
Maennerchor.
Chorus—"Siegesgesang der Deutschen,"......Franz Abt.

Mr. Carl Sentz led the orchestra. the "Jubel Overture" was clearly, though not strikingly, given.

The pieces rendered by the Combined Societies were conducted by Abt himself. When he appeared to conduct the "Morgenlied" he was royally received. He is a modest looking gentleman of medium height, rather stout, but of dignified carriage. His hair is sprinkled with gray, and he looks to be quite his alleged age. He is a capital leader. He seems to hold his chorus in perfect control, so that he can infuse into it the spirit of the composition. The other chorus by the Combined Societies was Abt's "Siegesgesang der Deutschen": it was given with a burly spirit, but sadly lacked refinement. The participating societies did well in allotted parts; but singing out of tune was chiefly the trouble. The Maennerchor in Abt's "Vineta" were very forcible. The Vocal Union carried the palm for delicate singing; it is feeble in forces, but the way in which they rendered Abt's "Water Lily" was very agreeable. Mr. Kopta in his solo was particularly happy. The orchestra were conducted by Abt. Miss Krause did not by any means deserve the encore she received for singing "Verlegenheit"; it was due chiefly to the fact of Abt accompanying her. Mr. Gastel sang his solo with much more fire than usual, and was loudly encored; in response he sang Abt's "Schlafe wohl," and was very successful in it.

The Mendelssohn Trio was excellently played, Mr. Hennig especially deserving praise.

Herr Abt is much delighted with the reception which Philadelphians—not only German but natives—have extended him. He left for New York on Saturday, the 18th, but will return. R. A. T.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 22. Although writing from this city, I will speak first of a New York matter. The proverb saith it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. In visiting the Central Park Garden and viewing the internal changes, especially the addition of those great mirrors which illusively double the size of the crowd of visitors, one may ask if the point of the proverb may not be predicated of that pistol shot, which, in the fulfillment of its fatal function, prevented the desecration of those consecrated precincts by the Ninth Regiment Band with its tawdry trappings and brazen flare.

Theo. Thomas (the entire sixty of him,) has a pre-emptive right there, which, not even the thief of a four-hundred mile railway ought successfully to dispute.

If that sea of glass adds to the resonant quality of the place, let all rejoice that the former genii of the locality are re-instated, undisplaced by those less worthy.

The name of Theo. Thomas, (multifariously meant as before) is now a musical household memory and anticipation in every city in the land. The make-up of a Thomas Concert programme is known to be always one of predominating excellence.

I enclose a copy of that for last evening as illustration of the classic element promised for each Thursday evening.

NOTICE.—Every Thursday evening the second part of the Programme will consist of compositions of a higher order, as movements from Symphonies, Classical Overtures, etc.

1 Festival March, (New)..............................Krebs.
2 Overture.—"Oberon,"................................Weber.
3 Waltz.—"Wine, Women and Song,"..............Strauss.
4 Minuetto.—Symphony E flat......................Mozart.
5 Ballet.—"Faust,"....................................Gounod.
6 Overture.—"Egmont,"..........................Beethoven.
7 Adagio, Scherzo, } "Ocean Symphony," Op. 42, Rubinstein.
8 Introduction, Chorus and March ............Wagner.
Third Act (Lohengrin)
9 Overture. "La Gazza Ladra,"....................Rossini.
10 Waltz, "On the beautiful blue Danube,"......Strauss.
11 Polka, "Gracioso,"...................................Hans
12 March, "Tannhaeuser,"............................Wagner.

The listening to such a programme, devoid, as it is, of the solo element, is like the view in a gallery of great paintings, in which if there be portraits of persons, (solos) they are but the adjuncts in a great design. The only soloist here was the conductor, and his instrument, the baton. But his unobtrusiveness offers a marked contrast to the frantic air sawing frequently and fruitlessly indulged in by persons occupying the conductor's stand, and even to the fanciful batonic gyrations with which the elder Jullien was wont to "conduct" the audience.

One other matter which will interest all "orthodox" Bostonians, because Mr. Hepworth's name is associated with it. As is well known, his new Society meets for worship in Steinway Hall. The singing is purely congregational, my good friend, Mr. Sigismund Lasar, being the organist. On meeting him recently he said, "I can now adopt the language of old Simeon: Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. I have long wished, but scarce dared hope to hear an American congregation sing Luther's '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*;' but on last Sunday morning it was sung in Steinway Hall. We are to use it six Sundays consecutively, to make it familiar."

A Brooklyn item of interest is the lately promulgated annual statement of the Philharmonic directors, from which it appears that after paying conductor, (Mr. Bergmann) orchestra, (60 picked men of the New York Philharmonic one hundred), soloists, &c., they have two thousand and eight dollars and odd cents in the treasury. Whereupon the Daily Eagle advises them to take a hint from Theodore Thomas, and use the surplus in providing the material to "lighten and freshen" their future programmes. The city will furnish music in Prospect Park on Saturdays during the summer, commencing June 1. T. E. A.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1872.

## The School Festival.

When we said the good music was all over, we did not realize that one of the most beautiful and most suggestive of our annual festivals was coming round so soon. The event of last week was the Fifth Musical Exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools of the city of Boston, under the direction of the Standing Committee on Music, of which Dr. Upham is still at the head. This was an occasion most delightful and inspiring, both to the participants, and to the few thousands who were favored with the card of in-

Digitized by Google

vitation. There has been much complaint in past years that the members of the city government monopolized the distribution of the tickets, and that not even the music committee were allowed much influence in it. This time a partial remedy was found in giving the performance twice, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, May 22 and 25th,—the latter opportunity being for the special benefit of the parents of the children who sang, and surely no class had a better right. But even then, the Music Hall twice filled contained but a small portion of the many who desire to witness such a manifestation of the most beautiful and most expressive phase of culture and refinement in our public schools.

There was no exhibition this year of the Primary and youngest scholars; and there were no specimens of the musical or the "vocal-gymnastic" drill, illustrating the mode of teaching, as on former occasions; the old wearisome practice of speech-making, eulogy and exhortation, had been wisely dropped some years ago;—so that now it was something rather higher than Exhibition; it was purely a musical, and we might almost say, an Artistic Festival. A programme of good music, choral and orchestral, well selected, well arranged, was carried through without interruption. One enjoyed the children of course, and these evidences of their wise training and great progress; one also enjoyed music.

With the first sounds of the Voluntary on the great Organ, some of the effective French Choral pieces, (would not strains more joyous and more tranquil, with less of the tragic opera intensity, have been more in the spirit of the hour?), brilliantly played by Mr. Shareland, one of the principal and most successful music teachers in the schools, that beautiful baleidoscopic scene, which need not be again described, began to repeat itself, more beautiful than ever, of the long files of white-robed blooming girls, entering from all points and moving with mathematical, say musical precision to their several places on the great amphitheatrical platform, built up around the organ; then the boys of the Grammar Schools in many streams converging into the central spare and background; closely packed in front of them was the orchestra of the Harvard Symphony concerts; finally, with quick military word and step, two battalions (tenor and bass), from the Latin and the English High Schools, forming to the right and left in front of all. This one scene was enough to show how unity of measured movement, the joy of harmony, the freedom of law, pervades the whole school discipline. As for the picturesque ensemble, with the contrasts of white and colors, it seemed to rival the apple blossom glory of the country in that very week, while the compact mass of "sober-suited" boys might well suggest the patches of ploughed land.

The conductor, Mr. Julius Eichberg, general Supervisor of Musical Instruction in all the schools, and having the immediate charge of music in the Girls' High and Normal School, stood at bid desk in the centre, and at the tap of his baton the whole 1400 singers rose like one, and sang in four-part harmony a grand old Choral, "Praise God, ye people, with accord," arranged to Nicolaus Hermann's 154. It was given with great precision both of time and tune, with a free, full delivery of tone,—perhaps somewhat too uniformly loud; but making fair allowance for the faulter quality of mixed voices, it was, in the good honest choral singing, grandly impressive. The tenors told well; but we confess our inability to palpably identify the bass notes with the Harmonium on the left; whether the voices were too few in proportion, or too undeveloped, or whether the fault lay in our own sense of hearing, or our place, we know not or whether the voices were covered up by the instruments; for, what with orchestra and organ, bass there was in plenty.—Next came a fine piece, solo and chorus, also in four parts, from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*; "Sing of judgment, sing of mercies," &c., in which the solos were sung by the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal, Highland (Roxbury), and Dorchester High Schools. The solos were given with right musical and true expression, and in the response sat the full chorus poured in like a broad uplifting floodtide. Here, as in all the singing, one could not help remarking the vast improvement within a few years, and from year to year, in the average quality of tone in these young voices; it shows that they have been developed, so far as it is possible in class teaching, upon sound principles; that the voice has not been forced beyond its natural and easy compass, but has acquired strength by daily exercise within the medium range of tones.

Next, the Orchestra of over fifty instruments gave an effective rendering of Weber's "Jubilee" Overture,—a fitting prelude to the jubilant choruses that followed. There were then two fine Madrigals, ("Light and laughing summer sky") a light, quick, buoyant melody, which rang out cheerily and sweetly, though the outline was not quite so perfect (at least on the first day) as that of the slower movements; a Trio: "The heavens Bellow," by Verdi, not in his overstrained and morbid mood at all, but healthful, tranquillizing, and delightful; it was even delicately sung; lastly, a spirited and jovial "Sailor Chorus" by Wallace, with a liquid, graceful turn of melody, that went to a charm, so that there was loud call for a repetition.

Here came pause for a few minutes, filled with that peculiar, fascinating lawless music, the multitudinous hum and brook-like babble of all those young voices eagerly engaged in talk. The sumptuous Overture to Mendelssohn's *Athalie* opened the second part of the Concert. A "Chorus of Angels," in four parts (soprani and alti), from Benedict's "Legend of St. Cecilia" was very evenly and purely sung by the pupils of the several Girls' High Schools. And then came the noblest selection in the programme, the Chorus with Soli (by pupils of the Girls' High-School) from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*: "Heaven and earth display," &c. This was the highest effort, and, artistically, the crowning achievement of the concert; the chorus, voices returning after the subdued and sweet reflective solo passages, had a most sublime effect. The solo by the collective Contraltos was particularly rich. All that was needed to the full intention of the composition was tenors and basses. But the excitement reached a climax in the "National Hymn," composed for the occasion by Mr. Eichberg. The words, which have been sometimes thought underrated to have been written by his daughter, and are as follows:

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling,
Our vows issued by prayers we
Thy power and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty breast
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend to whom
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our lives,
For thee with fervent deep we pray,
To Him who dwells above,
O God, preserve our father's land,
Let peace be shed
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to south unbroken.

The flowing and spontaneous melody, conceived in a happy moment, full of fervor and of unfeigned exaltation, harmonized with a musician's skill, and set in good orchestral relief, was sung with a will, and wrought a marked sensation in the audience. Both times it had to be repeated, and with increased effect. A stranger in the balcony, a Southern clergyman, was so excited by it, that he claimed leave under the inspiration of his Hymn, "as an ex-Confederate South Carolinian," to call for three cheers for "Our Common Country," and they were given heartily and roughly, and with a mixture of many voices, it was The new hymn "took" decidedly, nor can we wonder that it did. That the tune is really unique and in the best sense popular, we might be bold to assert at once; and whether it is the simple, grand, inspiring enough to unite with the Star Spangled Banner and the Nation's Hymn (for some predict that) is what time only can decide.

After a charming chorus by Haxton: "Who will to the greenwood his?" between the two stanzas of which Mr. Eichberg had interpolated a graceful solo in Waltz measure, the singing of "Old Hundred," with the audience rising and joining in the last verse, brought these most interesting exercises to a close, and all went away edified and happy, and occupied with the thoughts on the whole matter of this musical school culture, than we have room to a ven hint of now. Among the sentiments awakened, gratitude to those who have been and are the wise, devoted leaders in this noble movement, was one of the readiest and strongest.

## Conservatory Concerts.

The New England Conservatory gave its "224th Recital,"—an artists' chamber concert, or rather matinée, for the instruction of its pupils, in Wesleyan Hall, on Wednesday, May 22, with this interesting programme:

Quintet in E flat, Opus 16, for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon.....Beethoven.
Allegro moderato.—Andante.—Allegro non troppo.
Mr. J. D. Parker, Mr. Hosmer Hubbard, Wulf. Hoffmann, and Barber.
Song, "A lonely Arab maid."(from Oberon).....Weber.
Miss Addie S. Ryan.
Piano Solo, "Songs Without Words,".....Mendelssohn.
Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
Song, "O'ver l'onde pure,".....Meidel.
Miss Addie S. Ryan.

The Quintet, with the original wind instruments, (it is more commonly played as arranged for strings), was a rare treat. Mr. Parker played the piano part most artistically, and every one of the other instruments was entirely satisfactory; the horn, especially, has very difficult passages which it performed with great ease and evenness. Miss Ryan sang the song from *Oberon* with good expression, and her voice seemed firmer than when we heard her last.

The Boston Conservatory (Mr. Tourjée's) had a quarterly exhibition of the Pupils in the Music Hall last Monday afternoon. The programme included organ, pianoforte, violin, and solo vocal pieces: and all of the eighteen numbers spoke well for the system of instruction and the promise of the pupils. The organ performances showed intelligent and good, and progress, perhaps, were the playing of Weber's *Concertstück* by Miss Emily Speyer, her teacher, Mr. Leonhard, sketching in the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano, and the Violin Solo (Eichberg's Reminiscences from *L. Portiani*) by Miss Persis Bell. Master Van Haaten's performance of Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia Caprice* was also a very great piece of violin playing for so young a lad. A little dot of a girl, too, only nine years old, Miss Lily Chandler, played some Violin Variations by no means easy. The organ playing of Miss Alice Speyer (a Choral Vorspiel by Bach, and the Allegro from Mendelssohn's Second Sonata) is worthy of mention; so too the execution of Rink's Concerto for the flute stop on the organ, by a small boy bearing the great name of S. Bach! (William Shakspeare sang that Concerto, ago in a Leipsig Conservatory Concert.) The singing by pupils of Mme. Johannsen and of Mr. Giddings-Castelli did credit to their faithful and judicious training.

The sudden death of Mr. Francis G. Hill, which occurred a week ago at his residence in Newtonville, was a painful blow to very many musical and other friends of the deceased, who, by his amiable and kindly disposition, his rare modesty, his sincere interest in Art and fellow artists, and his zeal for their success, more almost than for his own, had become attached to him. Mr. Hill was among the first of Boston young men who went to Germany to study music. He returned with a really accomplished pianist, but his extreme modesty, ever inclined to undervalue his own abilities, kept him from public performance. As a teacher he was faithful and successful, and as a friend all who have come within his quiet sphere have valued him.

# Music Abroad.

Vienna. A correspondent of the London *Musical Standard* writes:

Anton Rubinstein has taken a formal farewell of the public, and must feel himself highly flattered at the ovation his last appearance gave him. The engagement as artistical director of the "Society of the Friends of Music" was brought to a close at their last extra concert, upon the conclusion of which, in the presence of the committee and the assembled public, he received all the professional and amateur who had taken part in the concerts, a most elegant baton was handed to him.

On the 24th of April his newest opera was produced at the Hofoper, entitled "Feramors." The music is good, but not, most unfortunately, to a very weak libretto, a circumstance which will materially interfere with its success.

The Italian Opera performances, of which Mme. Patti was the star, have been brought to their conclusion; but not without one of those manifestations

Digitized by Google

in her honor which greet her wherever she goes. The descent of bouquets and wreaths, which almost buried "la Diva," was copious and beyond comparison, in fact it was so extraordinarily heavy, that the fair recipient—quite moved to tears at the favor of the audience—had to solicit the assistance of six attendants in order to convey them to her dressing-room. Besides these marks of favor, the accomplished bénéficiare received several costly presents, such as a silver table service, a bouquet-holder, most lavishly jewelled, and a splendid bracelet, ornamented with precious stones of great value.

Wagner is expected here very shortly, and will treat us to a very grand concert, at which compositions of his own will be interspersed with some of Beethoven's and Gluck's. The foundations of his Nibelungen Theatre at Baireuth are already being laid. It will cost 100,000 thalers alone to build it, and the expenses of the performances which will be given in order to illustrate his ideas of what an opera should be, will absorb another 150,000 thalers. When we add 50,000 thalers for defraying the expense of the costly machinery which is necessary to the success of the music, we arrive at a total of 300,000 thalers, a sum equal to about £45,000. This is a heavy expenditure for the production of a musical and dramatical composition; but what we must expect in future, if Wagner's ideas make rapid progress.

---

Paris. Mr. Oakeley writes to the London *Choir* under date of May 8, about the 13th Concert of the Conservatoire (45th season), giving the programme, as follows:

Symphonie en ut.............................Beethoven.
Ave Verum.............................Mozart.
Chœur.
Concerto pour violin.............................Mendelssohn.
Mr. J. White.
Chœur des Genies d'Oberon.............................Weber.
Ouverture de Ruy Blas.............................Mendelssohn.
Scène et Bénédiction des Drapeaux du Siege de Corinth.............................Rossini.
Le solo chanté par M. Gailhard.

The orchestra, under the direction of George Hainl, played with its accustomed perfection of execution. In respect to elaborate finish, no orchestras within my recollection—at Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, or even at Vienna—surpass that of the justly renowned band of the Paris Conservatoire, although the French reading of the music of the greatest composers falls short of that of the Germans in breadth and grandeur of conception. This was felt in some parts of Beethoven's first Symphony, and especially in the trio of its third movement—played, notwithstanding the exception about to be taken, with marvellous refinement, grace, and brilliancy—at a point when the first violins, hurrying back to the opening subject, introduced a *sforzando* so suddenly and emphatically as to produce an effect somewhat sensational. The passage elicited from the impulsive audience a burst of applause, and the whole movement was re-demanded and repeated after loud calls of "bis" from all parts of the hall. Scarcely less applause followed a magnificent performance of Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, which glorious overture exhibits no trace of having been written against time by a composer whose popularity throughout musical Europe seems to be approaching that of Mozart. Mention of the latter great name shall not here occur without adding that his divine *Ave Verum* was sung by the chorus with more attention to light and shade, with more devotional feeling—in a word, better than in any country I had heard it given.

The operas *Les Huguenots* and *Faust*—always interesting to hear in this capital,—at the Theatre Français, and *Trovatore* and *Norma* at the Theatre Italien, are at present less remarkable from a musical than from a scenic point of view. The Lyrique Company have given an interesting revival of Weber's neglected "Sylvana," and at the Opera Comique Mozart's *Figaro*, and (by way of contrast in every respect) Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* have been the most recent representations.

---

## London.

### A NEW ITALIAN TENOR.

(*From the Times, May* 6.)

Since the *début* of the late Signor Giuglini at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1856, when Mr. Lumley was manager, no new comer of the sterner sex has ever been received with such marked and continuous enthusiasm as Signori Italo Campanini, who made his *debut* before a London audience in Gennaro (*Lucrezia Borgia*), with Mlle. Tietjens (the Duchess of Ferrara), Signor Rota—another new comer—(Duke Alphonso), and Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Maffeo Orsini). Of Signor Rota we may say at once that he made a very favorable impression, that he has a powerful voice, a fine stage presence, and both as actor and singer gave evidence of qualifications far beyond the ordinary. But almost exclusive attention was bestowed upon the new tenor, who, after the ballad "Di Pescatore," in which Gennaro tells the brief history of his life to Lucrezia, was at once accepted. We cannot enter minutely into a judgment of his qualifications now; but we may say without hesitation that a more genuine and beautiful tenor voice, a more finished delivery, more thoroughly satisfactory phrasing, and more general musical intelligence, have not been known for very many years on the Italian stage. That Signor Campanini is already an accomplished artist there can be no doubt. That the whole audience—the most crowded of the season—thought so was shown by the enthusiastic applause which followed every one of his efforts. The conclusion of the Opera was like the beginning—a triumph for the young singer, who was three times called before the curtain, in company with Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Rota. We must not forget to state that Mme. Trebelli received the customary encore in "Il segreto per esser felice," which she sang as well as ever. If this Signor Campanini, as we believe to be the case, is the same who has been singing the chief part in Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* so often at Bologna and Florence, he must be no Italian tenor altogether out of the way.

The operas this week have been:—*Don Pasquale*, with Mlle. Marimon (Monday); *Faust*, with Mlle. Marie Roze (Tuesday night); and *Lucrezia Borgia*, second appearance of Signor Campanini (Thursday). *Linda di Chamouni* is announced for to-night—first appearance of Mlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, after an absence of four years.

Royal Albert Hall. The first of the promised series of grand Choral Concerts, with M. Gounod as conductor, was given on Wednesday afternoon, by command of the Queen, who honored the performance with her presence.

The hall to all appearance was as full as it could easily be—area, amphitheatre, great gallery, picture gallery, and balconies on either side of the organ being seemingly crowded, while very few boxes in any one of the three tiers, so far as we could observe, were unoccupied. It is computed that some 7,000 people were present; and the spectacle was in the highest degree imposing. The chorus filled the orchestra to the roof. The lady singers were all placed in front—with their variegated costumes, a pretty sight, of course—the gentlemen behind them, crowding both sides of the organ. We are informed that the number of singers was 1,134—346 sopranos, 194 altos, 236 tenors, and 358 basses, in two equal choirs. It would be difficult to find place in the orchestra for another singer, although we believe that the Albert Hall Choral Society numbers in its ranks a good many more members.

M. Gounod, on taking his place as conductor, received a hearty welcome; and if to him is due the credit of having trained this large body of choristers, a hearty welcome was his right on this account alone, putting aside his other and more widely recognized claims. The choir is carefully balanced in its various sections, and sings for the most part well in tune, attacks with good accent, can sing piano as easily as forte, graduate, when necessary, from one to the other, and only wants a little more finish of detail, and of what is understood as "*chiar'oscuro*," to become a choir of first rate excellence. Such qualities as this large body of singers already exhibits are much to boast of. What was done sounded in the greater number of instances as effectively as could be desired, and warranted a belief that, in unaccompanied choral part song especially, a vast deal may yet be achieved at Albert Hall. True, there were not many examples of elaborate part-writing in the selection; nevertheless, what there really was seemed in no way to puzzle the choir; and perhaps the two pieces to which the expletive "elaborate" most justly applies—one by Palestrina, the other by J. S. Bach—were among the most successful efforts of the day.

We append the programme entire:—

"Te Deum," composed by C. Gounod. "Adoro Te" (Catholic Hymn), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "Kyrie" (Mass, "O regem Cœli," Palestrina), arranged by Ch. Gounod. "O Jesu, my Lord," J. S. Bach, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Old Hundredth" (Psalm), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. ["I loved a Lass" (French Pavane, 16th century), harmonized and arranged by Ch. Gounod. "O! the sweet Contentment" (Pastorale, 1650), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "Love me true, dear Lassie," Jacques Lefevre (Pastorale, 1613), harmonised by Ch. Gounod] "Ave Verum," Mozart, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "O Filii et Filiæ," Leisring, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Hallelujah Chorus" (from the *Messiah*), Handel.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dolly Varden. Song. *Hunt.* 50
" " " *Brockway.* 50

Two songs in popular style, bearing on the new fashion. Each has a Splendid *Illustrated Title-page.*

I'm just as happy, Darling. Song and Chorus. 3. G to d. *Harrington.* 30

"He's coming, coming, coming!
My darling's coming home."

Very pretty chorus.

Dream of the Better Land. Duet. 3. Eb to e. *Barker.* 30

"I dream, I dream of pleasant lands,
And fair and sion-less shores."

A pleasant and easy duet. Carry it home for next Sunday evening.

Lilla Darling. Song and Chorus. 3. Eb to f. *M'Neal.* 30

"Come and sing your song to me,
Lilla, Lilla darling!"

One of the "soft blue eyes and golden hair" style of ballads, and is very sweet and pleasing.

How 'shamed I was. 2. Eb to e. *Bagnell.* 30

"He kissed me thrice,
And said it was nice."

Very merry melody. Comic, and with a "lady's," and "gentleman's version.

I dreamed that I dwelt beside a Stream. Song and Chorus. 3. C to e. *Keller.* 30

"She seemed to me as a beautiful dream,
Too sweet for earth and woe."

A very beautiful Contralto, (or Base or Barytone) song. Rich and tranquil music and words.

### Instrumental.

Dolly Varden Galop. 50
" " Schottische. 50
" " Waltz. 50

Here comes Dolly, at last, the lady herself, in splendid colors, on every title page. As the picture is worth the price, the music is of course thrown in, but will pay well for the playing.

Adieu. Waltz. 3. C. *Missud.* 30

Varies to the key of G and of F. Is quite original, and therefore has the merit of giving you something pretty to hear that you have not heard before.

Faust. Fantasie Brillante. 5. *S. Smith.* 1.00

Sixteen pages of brilliant music. The airs comprise quite a number from the opera, and the composer has managed to invest them with considerable additional "brightness" without introducing anything of great difficulty. Good piece for exhibitions.

Thirty Sonatas by Domenica Scarlatti. Edited by *C. Banck.* No. 3. 4. F. 35

The appearance of these Sonatas will at once awaken the curiosity of players, as Scarlatti was, not an "old master," but a great grandfather of those we usually style "old," and these Sonatas, now first published are, perhaps, the very first in that form ever composed. To Herr Carl Banck belongs the merit of bringing them to light, and of "editing" them by making such slight changes as were absolutely necessary to fit them for the Piano forte, an instrument not dreamed of at the time of their composition.

No. 3 is really musical, and is not a bad piece either for Piano, Reed Organ or Pipe Organ.

### Books.

Sparkling Rubies. A Collection of Sunday School Music. *By Asa Hull and Harvey Sanders, Esq.* 35

To produce a good S. S. Singing book, one must not only be a good composer, but a good teacher and a good Sunday School man, and have also a very fine tact. The last, certainly, will be conceded to the gentlemen who compiled the "Rubies." The text itself is very readable, as the titles it contains are novel and well chosen, and the tunes will be found to be as good as their names.

The Pilgrim's Harp. A choice Collection of Sacred Music. *By Asa Hull.* 60

One will exclaim, on seeing this, "Just the thing for our Vestry!" and the good deacons and young men who go around to neighborhood prayer meetings, will echo, "the best pocket-singing book we have seen!" It *is* that. There are 224 pages, and each page has a great deal on it. But all is, somehow, very conveniently fitted in, and the print, although small, is very clear and distinct. The selection of tunes, new and old, is all that can be desired.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff—an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 814. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872. Vol. XXXII. No. 6.

## Music in Italy.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, from "Bunte Blätter, by A. W. Ambros.)

The spirited composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Otto Nicolai, published among his earliest works a Duo for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano, an excellent salon piece in its way. It attracted the attention of the King of Prussia to the young composer; and he received a stipend to enable him to go to Italy for his improvement. Otto Nicolai actually made the journey to Italy, wrote operas in the modern Italian style (the "Templario," the "Esule di Granada") and could be unspeakably mortified when asked whether he were the author of the book: "Italy as it really is" Not until he had thrown this musical Hesperides plunder behind him,did he create so fresh and fine a work as the "Merry Wives"—unfortunately his last.

Even to this day the winner of the prize for composition in the Paris Conservatoire is sent a pensioner to Rome for farther education. Berlioz won this good fortune through his prize Cantata "Sardanapalus." In very piquant letters, at the time, (written for I know not what Parisian journal), he gave expression to his dissatisfaction with the music of the land, which, as he said, "receives the stale kisses of the Sirocco and the Cavatina writers." Yet so strong and so lasting is the power of old traditions! It was all right that Gluck, after he had learned music in a sound and solid way as a *handicraft* in Prague, should serve his apprenticeship in Italy, there to learn also how to handle music as an *Art*. What Handel learned in Italy is shown by the peculiar aroma which floats over even his long-spun roulade arias (not to speak of the choruses); Sebastian Bach, with a general similarity of style, seems austere in comparison. To-day one can only send the musician to Italy to learn how *not* to make music; which certainly may be a proper object of study. With the painter, the sculptor, it is otherwise. For him no journey to Paris, no study in any Belgian *atelier* can take the place of what the treasures of centuries of the noblest artistic culture, the highest bloom of Art, in Italy, afford him. When Berlioz passed his pension year in Italy, there still lived traditions, at least, of the *bel canto*, and he, whose own vocal pieces are the complete antipodes of the *bel canto*, might have learned something under this head of the "Cavatina writers."

Older friends of music in Vienna still remember an almost ideally perfect company of Italian opera singers, who, about the year 1822, under Rossini's personal direction, in the *Semiramide*, the *Cenerentola*, the *Zelmira* (composed especially for Vienna), presented an ensemble such as was scarcely ever witnessed elsewhere, and even drew from the most sworn enemy of new Italian music,—from C. M. von Weber, who was present in Vienna for the bringing out of his *Euryanthe*,—the exclamation that: "he was getting angry with himself, because the stuff was beginning to please him against his will."

All this is passed away! In place of the fine, elegant man-of-the-world orchestration of Rossini, which often pearls and bubbles like an overflowing glass of Champaigne, but which always respects the singer as the principal person, we have now an orchestra brass-clad, in true blacksmith fashion, with a view to "grandiose" effects, against whose coarse, rough blare the singer can no longer sing, but has to scream. Bellini, in Paris, with the help of two wonderful bass singers, Lablache and Tamburini, made the experiment of doubling the effect by letting those two bass Colossi sing in unison; the Duo: "*Suoni la tromba*" in *I Puritani* really had an unprecedented success, little as the melody could be called new, since essentially it is only Oroveso's air in *Norma* with a new turn. Such a device is well enough for once, and not again. In spite of that, unisono duets, unisono choruses, have since then come to form special category. Finally, in these latest times, Verdi's notion has been pushed aside by Richard Wagner, and the "endless melody" begins, like a *boa constrictor*, to crush to death whatever was still left of the *bel canto* of the good old times.

Contrasted with the present standpoint of Italian Opera (which even in its libretti, like the *Trovatore*, *La Forza del Destino*, &c., treats subjects which might excite the envy of the Porte St. Martin), the finely cultured, always extremely pure and elegant writer, Rossini, seems completely classical, and so indeed he is esteemed in Italy. They comfort themselves with the thought that they possess *him*; he is for Italy the divine composer *par excellence*, the finest perfection of Art, the master, in whose recognition connoisseurs and non-connoisseurs are all agreed, whose dramatic works keep ever coming up again, to give the operatic repertoire the dignity and the importance of the "Classic." From him dates the new era of music, so that all that was earlier has fallen into oblivion; his *Stabat Mater* passes for the model of perfection in the musical church style, through which Pergolese's *Stabat* has been put completely in the shade. An inscription over the homely door of the Liceo Filarmonico in Bologna informs us, that "here Rossini entered as a scholar, to come forth for the admiration of all ages.'

Only very lately has a timid effort been made in Florence to reach back into the period before Rossini. The Rossini barrier once broken, possibly Paisiello and others may venture to show themselves again. Reluctantly I say it: the utter and complete degeneracy of music in Italy dates, after all, directly from the one-sided, blind idolatry toward Rossini. With that all earnestness in Art has ceased, and Art has been regarded only as a means of sensuous, unintellectual enjoyment. Rossini's brilliant geniality, his irresistible amiability helps us over all his musical levities, extravagancies and loosenesses; but when there come people after him without their model's geniality and amiability, of course nothing but the levities, &c., remained. Bellini tried to set things right again; he had cast glances into the scores of Spontini and of Beethoven, perhaps even those of Gluck, and indeed he had remarked there more than perhaps was good for him. His powers did not suffice to give a new fall and direction to the stream. With the very talented Donizetti a suspicious coarseness is already often discernible, which in Verdi becomes the principal and foundation power of the whole. And Verdi is the *gran maestro* of the day, the legitimate successor of his predecessors; for what the graduates of the Milan Conservatory, &c., have since accomplished in the way of festival and wedding marches, hymns of "emancipated" Italy, and operas not utter failures, is not worth mentioning. Mercadante and Pacini, whom we know only as feeble imitators of Rossini, pass there for the representatives of a "learned," in some sense old-fashioned musical direction. From the operatic stage the corruption passed into the smaller art of the *Romanza*, the *Canzone* (in which field the "Canti popolari Toscani" of the Florentine Luigi Gordigiani form a solitary brilliant exception), and even into the church music, in which the most trivial Rossini-isms greet us from all church choirs. Why not? Rossini is a classic, the *divino maestro assoluto*. "The beautiful is everywhere beautiful, and why not also in the church?!" is the rebuke I got in Florence, when I let the state of things annoy me. I could only take the observation quietly, but I advised that they should also let the *Corps de Ballet* dance about the altar. That they should put aside as "obsolete" the worldly music, the theatre music of the brilliant musical period of Italy, and whatever else had served for mere amusement, may be tolerated; but that a whole glorious literature of church music of the Roman, the Venetian and the Neapolitan school should be thrown overboard, ignored, its mere existence scarcely dreamed of, that does indeed exceed all bounds of patience.

In the singers' college of the papal chapel at Rome compositions in the Palestrina style have kept a place indeed; and on appointed days one may hear certain pieces by Palestrina, Morales, Allegri, Biordi, Pitoni, &c. The *Improperia* on Good Friday, the *Miserere*, are even now astonishing achievements in their way. But, incomprehensible contradiction, the same singers, who here in impurity of intonation, in the finest shading, in soulful expression left nothing to be wished, screamed out their Palestrina at the next "Cappella Papale" in the not spacious Sixtine Chapel, in such an incredibly coarse and soulless manner, that one could not trust his own ears and preferred to keep them shut. *Crier comme un aveugle*: say the French; instead of which we might say: *Crier comme un chanteur de la chapelle du Pape.* As late as under Baini's direction the performances of the Capella were famous for their excellence. Baini died on the 21st of May, 1844, at Rome; it has not taken a quarter of a century from that time to make the Chapel what we now hear. And already, too, the famous Holy Week music of the Sixtine has suffered a considerable rupture. On Ash Wednesday, 1866, Allegri's, and on Good Friday Bai's *Miserere* was sung; on Thursday a new *Miserere* by—the Abbate Mustapha, the old soprano of the Chapel. "*Prophete rechts, Prophete links, Mustapha in der Mitte.*"* More serious friends of Art shook their heads over this Mustaphi-cation of the Sixtine; and it may be the fault of the name merely, if for my part a very well known refrain from the *Italiani in Algeri* hummed itself in my ears. On the 21st April, 1868, the *Requiem* was celebrated in the German Church Dell' Anima for King Louis of Bavaria. The Papal Chapel sang, and among other things the *Dies iræ* of Pitoni. How coarsely and mechanically this fine composition was performed, cannot be told; the precious little three part episodes of the *Tuba mirum*, *Liber scriptus*, &c., requiring the exactest rendering, went as slovenly as possible. The effect is incomparably more solemn when instead of figurative compositions the bare *Cantus planus* is sung, as was the case a few weeks later at the burial of Count Ludwig von Stainlein (a very talented composer by the way) in the church of St. Sabina on the Aventine. Here for the first time one understands a fact always told in history, but commonly misunderstood: how at the

* *Prophete rechts, Prophete links, das Weltkind in der Mitte*" (Prophet on the right, prophet on the left, the world-child in the middle), said Goethe of himself walking between Lavater and Basedow in the Rhine country in his young days.—Trans.

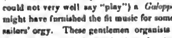
Council of Trent, in spite of the splendid compositions of a Morales, Goudimel, Animuccio, Costanzo Festa, &c., the question could arise of doing away with the artistic polyphonic song and introducing merely the ritual Gregorian Intonations in its place;—for the first time one understands these complaints about the "confused shouting of the singers, in which not a single syllable of the text can be distinguished," and the dry wit of Cardinal Capranica, who thought it sounded "like a sackfull of sucking pigs shaken up." The fault by no means lay in the compositions as they lie before us now in black and white; but it might well be in the execution, which certainly in many of the choirs was not the best. Truly celestial as the Palestrina style is in a good delivery, it becomes intolerable even in a mediocre rendering, just as a Rafael Madonna in a mediocre copy is the more intolerable, the more heavenly the original. I fear, the true Palestrina song will soon become an obsolete tradition in its own home. It makes a tragic comical impression to see the long, glorious line of Palestrinists, a true triumphal procession of the spirit and of noblest beauty, closed by the figure of the fat old Mustapha waddling along after! But the church music of the modern cut derives its phraseology from the opera theatre; the Italian wants to hear in church the same motives, roulades, impassioned accents and stresses, to which he has become accustomed in the (modern) opera. The soloists in the church, mostly naturalists, with splendid, but uncultivated voices, lay themselves out like the street singers before the coffee houses, of whom they remind you in a very questionable manner—caricatures of the more cultivated opera singer. The ennobling sound of female voices is excluded; harsh boy sopranos supply its place, if not, as Berlioz found, *falsettists*. The orchestral instruments (they were too "worldly" and too "frivolous!") are replaced by the accompanying organ with registers which imitate oboes, clarinets, &c. At high Mass in S. Carlo de'Catinari in Rome I actually heard, for once, the singers venture into the labyrinth of a fugued movement; it went well enough and there was no man missed when it was over.

The worst chapter in the Italian church music is the organ playing. Here all humor ceases, the thing is positively exasperating. The Organ fantasia, which introduces the *Offertorium*, is commonly a ragoût of all possible hacknied phrases, turns and scraps of melody, which we have heard to satiety in Donizetti and Verdi, little runs, little trills, chords popping out in the wrong places, dance rhythms, with now and then the rolling thunder of the *tympani* register, or, in particularly brilliant passages, a lively chime of bells. The left hand of the organist (*des Orglers*) keeps going on in so-called *Brillenbässen*,* or in trichords struck in rapidly reiterated quarter notes. In S. Maria in Cosmedin in Rome I heard the organist at a church festival, on an organ frightfully out of tune, play off a march-like movement *staccatissimo*; it sounded like the bleating of a flock of sheep! On Ascension day, 1868, I heard—I must say it, with a sort of inward rage—in the lower church of the Sacro Convento at Assisi, the organist (*Orgler*), close to the grave of St. Francis, immediately beneath those paintings by Giotto, so full of the sublimest spirit of Dante, thrash out (one could not very well say "play") a *Galoppade*, which might have furnished the fit music for some drunken sailors' orgy. These gentlemen organists avoid the Pedal, as they would the glowing ploughshares over which St. Kunigunde had to walk to give proof of her virtue. At the utmost they tread down at the end of their movements a couple of tones, Dominant and Tonic, with their ponderous boots. Such is the present aspect of the organ playing in the land, at whose great organs once sat masters like Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, like Claudio Merulo, like Ercole Pasquini,—like Frescobaldi, one of the greatest masters of all times! The profanation is incredible.

In the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence I heard the Overture to Flotow's "Martha" played during the military Mass by a military band planted wide in front of the high altar! At the altar the little bells were sounded at the moment of the Elevation, and at the same time rang out the merry motive of the march of the maids to Richmond! Had Mephistophiles stood by me at that moment, he would perhaps have said to me: "Are you reaching out after the thunder? Well that it is forbidden to you wretched mortals," &c. Who knows what I would have done, if a small thunderbolt had been at my disposal! The singing of the nuns in Trinità de' Monti may still be heard; there is something innocent about it; but the melodies themselves which you hear there, are flat and sweetish sing song. In fact the church music in Italy has sunk to a degeneracy wholly without example in the history of music. For Catholics it is a grief and shame, for non-Catholics an object of contemptuous mockery. I actually can see no remedy;—in such utter depravity scarcely anything is left, but the heroic cure,—briefly and simply to restore the plain Gregorian Chant.

Nor have I found Opera in Italy particularly well done. A performance of Rossini's *Otello* in the San Carlo at Naples was just respectable, and no more. The part of Emilia was taken by so wretched a singer, that the graceful Duet: "*Vorrei che il tuo pensiero*" had to be omitted; and Desdemona sang an air of Verdi in its place. The orchestra accompanied purely and with extreme precision, but without spirit, without soul, (something like an admirably made mechanical "Orchestrion"). The musical glory of Italy, once radiant throughout the world, is a tradition of the past.

* "Spectacle" or "eye-glass basses." Italian, *Occhiali*. Meaning basses of this kind:



so common with Rossini and the modern Italian composers.—Tr.

## The Gillott Sale.

COLLECTORS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

"Riches make to themselves wings and fly away." And what strange and various wings they choose! The flapping of some that have recently taken flight might indeed assist in the music of the spheres. Let us, however, hope they may still hover near us, and, being at last released from a cruel bondage, enjoy a happier and more useful state of existence nearer home. There is something sad in the contemplation of the event which has suggested the above remarks. A certain rich man has died, and his death has been immediately followed by the complete undoing of that which had been the pleasure of his life to accomplish. A recent number of our journal contained an account of the principal musical instruments which formed the collection of the late J. Gillott, of steel pen fame, disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson on the 29th ult. A glance at the names of the purchasers will show how complete has been the dispersion.

The desire of possession does not often take a musical form. Bibliomania and picture gathering are very common diseases; the passion for collecting old crockery and furniture is also rife among many who have more money than they know what to do with, and believe that age is the sole test of excellence. When the disease seizes a musician, it generally assumes the library form in preference to the instrument fever. The complaint attacks persons in different ways; sometimes the desire is for full scores, sometimes for string quartets, and, occasionally glees are the coveted treasures; old operas, ancient English songs, works on harmony, and musical literature are also common forms to be met with. The wish to possess every scrap that one particular composer ever wrote is one of the mildest, as it is one of the most common forms of the complaint. We have known persons who were never easy until they obtained every edition of Mozart's quartets that had ever been published; not, however, that they could play them, for possession is by no means synonymous with appreciation, and too often treasures lie on the dusty shelves and in the cupboards of those whose sole pleasure seems to be in the mere tenure. A certain conchologist once astonished the visitors in an auction room by crushing under his foot a precious shell for which he had just given an enormous sum of money; but the act was done with a definite object: "There, I have now left remaining in my collection the only specimen of this species." We almost tremble to think of the fate of our inimitable Cremonas if the musical collecting mania took this virulent form. And yet, the shutting up of these gems in a museum, like so many mummies, or stuffed birds, or butterflies, is a crime differing only in degree from that of utterly destroying them. In both cases they are lost to the world; but in the collecting mania, time, which heals all diseases, comes in the ruthless form of the auctioneer's hammer, and a new life dawns on the long hidden instruments.

The recent sale was not an isolated case. In 1857 a similar event took place, when about thirty violins, violoncellos, and several bows, the property of the late James Goding, a brewer, were disposed of, and realized upwards of £2,000. And now we may mention the curious, though to our mind perfectly natural and to be expected circumstance, that in neither of these cases was there the ability to use these choice instruments in any proportion to the inordinate desire of possession. So does the wealthy Moslem collect together, from all parts of the earth, all forms of female beauty; and to him is denied its true and worthy appreciation,—his treasures are also his prisoners.

Without committing ourselves to vouch for the authenticity of all offered for sale, it is unquestionable that the collection was the largest of its kind, and perhaps the finest ever gathered together by one man.

In fiddle dealing, as in several other trades, many tricks are played, and "Cremonas" can be manufactured, which in every respect, save in refinement of tone, are calculated to deceive the vast majority of self-constituted judges. The Gaspar di Salo Double Bass formerly belonging to Dragonetti, which was sold for £41, surely cannot be the instrument for which this celebrated player was once offered a thousand guineas. No doubt Mr. Gillott had some queer instruments in his collection, instruments whose labels were by no means to be relied on.

Viewed in a commercial light, Cremonas, like many other gems of art, pay well for investment. The prices obtained for Gillott's instruments were in every case higher than those paid at the Goding sale fifteen years ago. This is not to be wondered at, for while the number of these masterpieces can never increase, the number of those desiring to obtain them is ever more and more. Sixty or seventy stringed instruments—golden prizes for ambitious artists—many of them being the finest specimens extant, are now in the hands of dealers, and will, we may be sure, command prices far beyond the large sums for which they were knocked down. But whatever may be the cost of their redemption, it is at least a gain to musical art that they are no longer shut up, and buried alive, in a "collection." We hope that they may eventually become worthily associated with owners who, far beyond the desire of mere possession, will prize them for their beauty and real use in interpreting to us the thoughts of those great composers without whose writings the instruments would be comparatively valueless.—*London Musical Standard, May* 18.

[The succeeding number of the same journal publishes the following reply to the above.]

SIR,—With your permission I should like to say a few words in your columns on the subject of your leader of Saturday last, but chiefly to offer another view of Messrs. Gillott and Goding as collectors of musical instruments. You say it was a perfectly natural and to be expected circumstance," that neither of those gentlemen could use these "choice instruments in any proportion to the inordinate desire of possession." This may be true, but there is another and very important service which they rendered to the cause of music, for they (but chiefly Goding, from his residence in London) made the extraordinary excellence of the Cremona violins so well known by their love of them and delight in hearing them played by the first artists of the day, as to imbue these artists with a conviction of their much greater adaptation for this purpose, and to induce them all to use such like whenever they could become possessors of them. Mr. Goding was noted for assembling together the most eminent violinists and giving his other friends the delight of hearing them execute the finest compositions on the best instruments, a rare combination not then easily accessible. Much to his credit, also, he made it a matter of conscience to pay well for his private parties, so that his munificence aided to ob-

tain for those players, when the time came, a choice among those grand instruments.

A more recent instance than you have mentioned, and a much more striking one, taking the quality of the violins into consideration, is that of the late Mr. Plowden, whose eight choice specimens of Stradiuarius and Guarnerius are now nearly all in the hands of professional players. These eight were purchased by a dealer for £2,000, a much larger price than a similar number in Gillott's sale. Mr. Plowden was also a munificent patron of the art. I consider the collections of such men as I have named, as well as of the kindred taste, that of pictures, have a great tendency to educate the people, and aid in the advancement of art.

For these reasons we ought not to be ungrateful to men like Goding, Plowden and Gillott, for they have been the men whose munificence has made England the richest country in the world, among other things, in pictures, in Cremona violins, and other works of art, all of which have produced an effect on public taste which cannot be over-rated.

I hope you will allow me to offer these suggestions as to the use of men who can neither paint pictures or play Cremonas, but who yet, in both instances, take great pleasure in accumulating them.

Yours respectfully,

J. PEARCE.

Author of "Violins and Violin Makers."

Sheffield, May 20, 1872.

P. S. In page 74 of my book, your readers will find an account of the real Gasper di Salo double bass, made so celebrated by Dragonetti.

## Organs and Organ Playing.

(From the London Orchestra.)

During the past week the curious and rare collection of ancient stringed instruments, for so many years the care and solicitude of the late Mr. Gillott to get together, has been disposed of by public auction, and the wit and penetration of the present day has been paying famously for the industry and learning of the past. Two hundred and fifty years ago the Italian could make a violin and violoncello that in these times will bring three hundred guineas and serve as a model for present work in its highest form. Why is this? Because the dead artist still speaks in the living instrument. The wise head, the facile hand, the loving heart, the tender tone of the almost mediæval workman has come down to us in his imperishable work. Never was made any instrument of any value but what revealed the tone, temper and habits of its maker. A grand violin in the hands of a spiteful player is certain to let us know how miserable and wretched it is in such hands: it bewails its unhappy fate, and beseeches your pardon and consolation in an unmistakable pathos. And in the old instruments we see the old player and the old composer. The strings of the ancient viol let us into the secret of the old methods of order and connection, development of idea, nature of passage, and power of combination. We see, better than any notes can show us, the way the old scholar learnt his gamut; what were his notions of song, and what his learning in thorough-bass and general counterpoint. The treble viol kept him in his diatonic series and preserved him from the abstruse calculations of enharmonic reversions. The bass gave him a roadway of good tetrachords and unembarrassed hexachords, and taught him to write agreeably, unaffectedly, and with interest for ears and eyes not quite so learnedly corrupted as those of these days.

As it was with the violin, so it was with the organ. But a real, true representative organ of past centuries is an instrument of the utmost rarity, and the spirit of those times was almost dumb. We mend old organs when we had much better destroy them. An old organ will not take to the modern vernacular; it groans and weeps over its fate, and it is mercy to put its pipes into the melting pot. The modern organ is a thing of its own times, and will not associate with the manners and customs of its ancestors. It speaks the fashionable lingo of this hour, and disdains communion with the vernacular of its great grandfather. In organ building the Celt has deposed the Teuton, and put his wit and temper into the new instrument. The Gallican churches were without organists of the true breed, and the Gallican organ builder invented something for the hybrid to exhibit himself thereon.

There are seven descriptions of organ players, and as the number seven is the type of fulness, we may congratulate our readers in seeing the last species of the genus. They stand thus: 1. The extemporaneous poet and orator in sounds. 2. The elocutionist—the interpreter of the thoughts of great composers. 3. The conductor and orchestral performer, who can transpose orchestral music into orchestra organ music. 4. The dramatist and operatic composer, who can interpret operatic scenes and *ensembles* upon his organ. 5. The singer, who can convert his organ into a vocalist. 6 The sensationalist, who creates unpleasant perturbations of the viscera and nausea in nature's chemical furnace with andromat of inversions, creeping chromatics, inaudible echoes, and earstunning crashes. 7. The man of notes and thorough bass, who plays what he sees how he best can, and with such comprehension as kind nature has bestowed upon him, somewhat original and dulled by an imperfect education.

With regard to the first species—the ready man of head and hand, to talk in his own way on any theme such as the occasion may demand—it is almost extinct. As to extemporaneous preluding, is there a man living who can extemporize on the points of the tetrachord, after the fashion of old Bach, in his "Gravement in G major?" Like the slow 3 2 openings and middles of Corelli in his concertos and sonatas? England had the organists who could play in this way, Rosengrave, Bennett, Kelway, Battishill; but it died out with old Sam Wesley. Thomas Adams could do nothing in this school. He could staccato a subject, but not idealize a tetrachord. He occupied his early manhood in manipulating a fugue after the fashion of Reicha, and he beat his model and master. So much for his headwork. And he compelled his fingers to do what John Flight had made his long barrels do—articulate every sound without any severe regard to the emotion and meaning of the composer. He was one of the last great organ players, but could not extemporise a *gravement* in parts, or on any system of the old division of the octave.

Again, as to the free fantasia-prelude—after the model of Bach's chromatic fantasia and his organ preludes with pedal—this school is gone, dead, extinct. Thomas Adams could not do it, for he had neither the passage at command nor the slightest idea of the chain of its chords. Old Sam Wesley could not do it, for, as he naively confessed, England had no organ proper for this style. And yet Handel did it on English organs; and so Roseingrave. Mendelssohn could do it bravely, chastely, grandly; full of fire in the brilliant passages, and a right knock down when the massive chords broke in. Poor fellow, he died wrapping his mantle around him, and our organists have forgotten the model the sacrificial fire so ruthlessly destroyed. Whether he was the only organist in Germany possessed of the gift we know not; but none of the continental organists who performed on the Albert Hall organ gave any indication of familiarity with the form. So far our native organ-players are not peculiar in their neglect or abandonment of one strong mode of organ exhibition. Since the disappearance of Thomas Adams, strictly speaking there has been no extemporaneous fugue player. It is no easy thing to have at command even a mechanical harmonic guide to the fugue to carry in one's head and bring to bear at a moment's notice the rules of progression that effect consecutive chords, create suspensions and yet make no new chords, and apply the well-understood method to the instantly-conceived theme. Even the made-up fugue—unless it have a clearly developed feeling—something more than applied counterpoint and borrowed subjects—is of no high value. Imitation from analysis and clear exchange of parts is so much barren labor in a dry land. From all such there is nothing to store, nothing to glean.

The elocutionist on the organ is the executant who is the master of method and school, and can say with his fingers whatever his intellect and imagination teach him to draw out of the great compositions peculiarly belonging to the organ—genuine organ music. This comprises most if not all the requisites for fine pianoforte playing, subject to the differing modes of expression between the piano and organ. The more perfect the pianist the more perfect his organ performance, provided he is an organist. In this country there is no traditional mode of playing Bach's music. Bach died in 1750, long before any copies of his music came into this country, and John Christian Bach, his youngest son, who was at our Royal Opera in the last century, may be said not to have known his father, was certainly never taught by him, and knew little or nothing of his music. Even in Germany the tradition was lost, whatever it might be, and hence the variation of thought and feeling in the rendering his organ music. Again he wrote it to be played with five fingers, and it has been cunningly and carefully edited with numbers for four fingers and a thumb, making places difficult which the composer intended should be easy. Until the mechanism of the Bach school be overcome, it is in vain to look for revelations of the Bach feeling, and without the Bach feeling there is no Bach. The elocutionist is a rare specimen of the organ player, for the reason that there is no remuneration for the time spent in acquiring his power and reputation. The imitation does as well and saves half the labor, and all the pull at the heart-strings.

The organ orchestral player must be not only the perfect mechanician, skilled in method of execution, but something more. A violin player, or at least one who can perform on some instrument in the band, familiar with scores, familiar with orchestras, with orchestral playing, and himself capable of laying out a score and analysing movement. Arranging orchestral music as mere notes is an easy affair, but expressing orchestral thoughts on an orchestral instrument is by no means easy. Here the organ ceases to be an organ, and the remembrance of a pedal pipe, an open diapason, a sesquialtera, &c., is sheer abomination. Under no situation must the audience be reminded of a church, or a church organ, of pedal-piped psalm tunes or twelfth and fifteenth anthem choruses. Cremona and vox humana, mixture and furniture of themselves, are each and all odious, and must be translated into something more real and tangible. Then the player must have the schooling and experience of the conductor of an orchestra—possessing the full apprehension of the life and expression of the composition, and its adaptability to the means of the new mechanism. He who can play the Pastorale of Beethoven on the organ, should be well able to conduct it with the orchestra, and teach its meaning to the fifty players before him. His organ stops are in fact so many bandsmen, and need as much care and attention in their handling. When the transposition or translation of operatic composition is the case, the player assumes the functions of vocalist, orchestral player, conductor, and almost stage manager. No organist can be reasonably expected to translate the great operatic movements of the present day without intimate acquaintance with the music, the manner of its singing, the method of its construction, so as to be able to cut it here and there when necessary, to give it its proper color, and to recall the feeling created by its performance in the theatre.

Nothing is more difficult to give on an organ than any great soprano, tenor, or bass aria. Nothing is more easy than playing the notes, but notes are only signs of sounds, and something more than sounds is required—the idea, the sequence, and the "to and fro," the life and breath of the vocalist. Here the organist must feel himself a singer with an orchestra before or behind him. He has to sing the song on his organ, and direct the orchestra in the accompaniment. There is a stereotyped fashion of doing this; one row of keys for solo, another for orchestra, and pedal pipes for violoncellos and basses; but something infinitely more than this is requisite for the well-doing of vocal song transposition. The chief characteristic is the total oblivion of the organ as organ.

The sensationalist is the conjuror on his instrument, a clever and acute mechanic, one who knows every pipe in his organ, and its power singly and in combination; who rings bells, fires cannons, makes birds whistle, the cry of the cuckoo, the gurgle of the nightingale, the genuine thunder, the hail and the storm. He commands the entrance of things animate, things inanimate and exanimate. He executes solos on the contra basso, and you fancy you can hear the rasp of the bow on the string; he flies to the harmonies of the violin, the hard woody and yet reedy one of the bassoon, compounds an oboe, and extemporizes a clarinet and cornet di bassetto. He plays dances and marches, and chorals, and ballads, glees, and part-songs—all in sequence just as it suits him to show off his organ, and is a great favorite with the organ builder. Then oftentimes he has a fair sprinkling of learning, and is well up in the last specimen of the music of the future and the dismal chromatics of the modern continental organist. He can weep and wail all over his three keyboards, and mutter a "de profundis" from his pedal board. He is fully alive to the *diminuendo*—the almost inaudible echo—and to the ear stirring *crescendo*. And for a *crash*—something to make the audience jump on their feet he has no rival. In the funeral march he is an adept—one may fancy the presence of undertaker, body-bearers, mutes, plumes, and the very coffin itself.

The thorough bass player is nearly gone—he who was accustomed to give the congregation his version of the exercises in Burrow's Harmonic Primer—progressions of 6 5 up, and 6 4 2 down, a minor chord, and then a major, all stereotype and glue. Arne's "Water parted from the sea" was his favorite andante, and Handel's "Water music" his brilliant effort. He was glorious in the overture to the Occasional Oratorio and sublime in the Coronation Anthem. But he could play a psalm tune, and, give him time, compose a chant, the two things he could not or would not teach, for oftentimes his successor fails in both.

The great change in organ construction has no doubt affected the tastes of our organ players, and something remains to be observed on this point.

Digitized by Google

## Personal Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller communicates the following to the London *Musical World*, May 18.

For several years I had not met Felix Mendelssohn, nor corresponded with him. I had been travelling a great deal, and it was not until 1836 that I became more settled, having accepted my first engagement as music director at Arnsberg in Westphalia. The winter of 1829 was a very severe one, mountains and forests were covered with snow, and, in consequence, both travelling and postal arrangements were greatly interrupted; in those days no steam horses drove their way through all weathers, man was dependent upon the season and the state of the roads, and dragged along his miserable way, jolted in a diligence, or shivering in a private carriage. Arnsberg, the principal town of the county of Arnsberg, was one of those favored places where the diligence between Cologne and Berlin stopped for about two hours in order that its wearied occupants might refresh themselves. One day, not long after the arrival of the diligence, a messenger was sent from the principal hotel, to request me to be good enough to visit a gentleman there who was so unwell as to be unable to move out. I asked his name, but the man had entirely forgotten, and could only assure me that he must be a friend of mine from several observations that he had made. I hastened to the hotel, where I was shown into a private room, and duly announced, when, to my surprise, I found my friend, Felix Mendelssohn, stretched out upon a sofa. His first words were of gratitude for my promptitude in visiting him. I then told him of the messenger's forgetfulness; he laughingly replied that all his cards were in his portmanteau, and that he had been unable to move to obtain one, as the slightest movement caused him acute pain. "Be sure," said he, "that that stupid fellow is not musical." "What, then, is the matter with you?" said I, "have you met with some accident?" He explained that his feet had been frost-bitten and caused him excruciating agony, and begged of me to seek out a good medical man in order that he might obtain advice as to whether it would be safe to continue his journey on to Berlin, and, at the same time, some alleviation of his sufferings. I immediately started to find a doctor, and, in going out, entreated Felix not to make himself uneasy, but to be assured that a few days' rest and medical treatment would put him right, at the same time offering him the use of my house, if any stay in Arnsberg should be necessary. "Thanks! thanks!" was all that he could say, so violent was his pain. I made all haste to find the doctor I was in search of, and quickly brought him to my sick friend. After he had inspected the injured parts, he informed us that no dangerous symptoms were present; and after using some medicaments, which he would send, the journey towards Berlin might safely be continued. "However," he said, "if, by the time you have reached the next stage (three hours and a half distant), the pain does not abate, I would advise you to remain there all night." I offered at once to accompany Felix, in order that he might not be alone should he become worse, and be obliged to stay at any place. Fortunately one place in the diligence was vacant and I secured it for myself. After a great deal of trouble to get my suffering friend into a comfortable position in the coach we started. He bore his pain with a great deal of firmness, and, in order to draw his mind from it, we entered into conversation about his visit to England. "My reception," he said, "was all that I could have wished, for I am sure in such a country my works will receive acknowledgment. I met there many accomplished artists and talented musicians" (here he mentioned about half a dozen or more, whose names, after such a lapse of time, I cannot recollect, but had I then known that England would become, after 1848, my second "*Vaterland*," I should have had more interest in remembering them). "I met men there who loved their art, and whose whole aim was to elevate it." I enquired how he liked England, its people generally, and his answer was, "If you could see how they worship our Handel, and the care which they bestow upon the performance of his works, you would find your unfavorable prepossessions vanish. Only imagine that during the mighty Hallelujah Chorus in the *Messiah*, an English audience rises to its feet, and remains standing, in honor of its immortal composer; that is elevating, that is noble! I should not like, however, to live there constantly, so much of my time for work would be taken up, and time to an artist is irrevocable. The distances from one place to another in London I found very long and often very vexing." Other subjects upon which we conversed were Moscheles and Carl Maria von Weber. With regard to the first, Felix could scarcely find language to praise him sufficiently, both for his kindness in making his sojourn so agreeable, and for his upright and true-hearted advice. As an artist and composer he admired Moscheles highly, and remarked of him that by keeping persistently to the piano, and composing only for it, he had made himself famous; he had not scattered his talent broadcast, but had concentrated it upon that instrument upon which he stood unrivalled as an executant. Mendelssohn expressed his great delight at the enthusiasm which C. M. von Weber had created in England, and the deep impression which he had caused by his *Der Freischütz*; incidentally mentioning that Weber, with an eye to stage effect, had altered the opening scene in the opera, which the author of the libretto, Frederick Kind, had given to the Hermit, by substituting for it the effective scene of the prize shooting. Whilst on the subject of Weber, I added, that having been in company with Weber whilst he was in Hamburg, he mentioned he was composing an opera, but had not made up his mind as to whether he should call it *Die Jägers Braut* (*The Huntsman's Bride*), *Die Freikugeln*, (*The Free Bullets*) or *Der Freischütz*, thinking, however, the last name the most striking. Mendelssohn having expressed his ignorance as to why Cherubini's beautiful opera, *Der Wasserträger* (*The Water Carrier*) was usually called in France *Les deux Journées*, I proceeded to acquaint him with the origin of the name, which is as follows. Before Cherubini brought out his opera, there was a dramatic and operatic law extant, which was always strictly adhered to, viz., that the action of any play or opera should not be supposed to occupy more than one day. Cherubini, with his masterpiece, was the first to break this ridiculous restriction, and give a freer scope to dramatic literature. The time of his opera was supposed to extend over two days, hence its name of *Les deux Journées*. Of many other subjects we discoursed, but the foregoing are all I remember. I was pleased to see that Felix gradually became more cheerful, and that his pains were alleviated, so he determined to continue the journey on to Berlin without stopping. We parted when we reached the next station, named Meschede, exchanging the best wishes, and I returned to Arnsberg. Soon after his arrival in Berlin, I received from him a very affectionate letter, heartily thanking me, and prophesying an early meeting under circumstances more favorable to jollity, at the same time expressing his gratitude to Dr. Weber for his skilful attentions. We did not meet again until 1833, at the Rhenish Festival, at Düsseldorf, which he conducted, and for which he expressly composed a *Festival-Overture*, playing, on the third day, the *Concertstück* of C. M. von Weber. He accepted, at that time, the appointment of Music-Director at Düsseldorf, and I being Organist and Music-Director at Solingen, about two hours ride distant, our intercourse was for several years almost uninterrupted.

# Music Abroad.

Leipzig. Our last musical exchanges are full of the annual examinations of the Conservatory pupils. The correspondent of the *Standard* (London) writes:

Spring always brings to the musical critic a pleasing duty to perform, and that is to encourage through well earned praise, and aid by good advice, the budding talent he may perceive displayed by those pupils of the Conservatoire who are permitted to give proof of their skill at the public examinations held in the concert hall of that establishment. These examinations—or "trials," as they are termed here—always unite a highly critical and interested audience, composed, of course, principally of friends of the pupils, but leavened with the presence of several of those *cognoscenti* in musical matters, whose dictum at the Gewandhaus Concerts is looked forward to by débutants and débutantes, yea, even by veteran performers, with a certain amount of trepidation. Woe to to the élèves who allow nervousness to paralyze their powers, for no allowance is made in their favor by the stern critics, who, in the interest of art, distribute with the strictest impartiality praise or censure as it may seem due.

At the three examinations held at the Conservatoire on the 17th, 20th, and 24th of April, some highly-gifted young musicians were brought before the notice of the public. As usual, the performers upon the violin were more successful in the impression they created than the performers upon the pianoforte, whose studies seem to have been less abstruse than those of the future Paganinis. Of these, perhaps, the most promising is a young Austrian, Richard Sahla by name, whose interpretation of a concerto allegro by the immortal Paganini was so masterly in character as to merit the prediction of a brilliant future being in store for him in the realms of art. A pupil of the Conservatoire already for some length of time, Herr Sahla has, at a previous examination, attracted the attention of the public here; and the progress he has made within the last few months is strong evidence of talent and of the power of intense application to the study of his instrument which he possesses. A formidable rival for him was to be found in the person of a young American—of German parentage, no doubt, to judge from his name—who has come right from the other side of the world to pursue his musical studies. Herr Louis Schmidt, who calls San Francisco his native town, played Beethoven's concerto for the violin (1st part) with much taste and precision, earning the well-merited applause of the delighted audience.

Of the pianists, a young musician from Leicester created a very favorable impression by the clearness of touch, correctness of taste, and powerful execution he displayed in rendering Dr. Hiller's concerto for the pianoforte in F sharp minor. Mr. George Löhr—a name more German than English—will no doubt prove to be a valuable acquisition to the musical community in the land of his adoption or birth, whichever it may be, and will carry back to England a sound knowledge of the theory of the art to which he has devoted himself, joined to a delicate appreciation of its beauties. Scotland was ably represented by Mr. William Townsend, from Edinburgh, who proved to be a clever exponent of Chopin, whose concerto for the pianoforte in E minor (1st part) he played with delightful brilliancy and precision. The ladies were not so well represented as they usually are; and, with the exception of a young vocalist from the Hague, who sang "Ah perfido" with much sweetness, were infinitely inferior to their male rivals.

The representations given at the Opera by the Italian troupe, of which Signor Pollini is the director, have afforded a certain amount of distraction to those who delight in Italian *staggione*. Mme. Desirée Artôt is the star of this company, which numbers amongst its members the tenor Marini, and the bass-buffo Rossi, names all more or less well known to the London opera habitués. "Don Pasquale" and the "Barber" have been about the most successful of their productions; and Mme. Artôt has met with a most favorable reception upon all occasions. When "Rigoletto" was given, Mme. Peschka-Leutner undertook the part of Gilda, and sang with much success this part in the Italian tongue. The buffo Rossi has also greatly pleased the public by his inimitable acting and really splendid, although somewhat powerful voice, over which he has, however, such an unquestionable command. Signor Pollini has also been very successful in the choice of a conductor, having succeeded in securing the services of Herr Ernst Schuch, a musician who will probably be seated next winter either at the conductor's desk of the opera in Berlin or in Darmstadt.

An opera, entitled "Diana of Solange," in five acts, composed by the Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, brother to the departed Prince Consort, is now in rehearsal at the Stadt Theatre here, and will shortly be produced. The princely composer, who greatly distinguished himself, it may be remembered, by his military talents during the late war, has already published several very able compositions; and one or two of his operas have already been produced in Germany with success.

May Festivals. A foreign journal, May 18, remarks:

In Germany and in Austria the present month will be unusually prolific in grand concerts. Of those already announced, the following appear to be the most important: namely, in Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st inst., the three concerts of the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, conductor, Anton Rubinstein. At Königsberg, in Prussia, another triplet is fixed for the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th inst., which will constitute the proceedings of the Provincial Musical Festival, which is to be held there, under the leadership of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. In Vienna, on the 12th inst., Wagner gives a concert, at which he will assume the functions of conductor; and on the 15th, the unveiling of the Schubert statue, which has lately been erected there, takes place with great pomp and ceremony, followed by a Schubert concert, at which compositions by this great master only will be performed. The great event, however, will be the concert which Wagner intends giving at Baireuth, on the the 22nd inst., in order to commemorate the laying of the foundation-stone of the theatre he is going to build there, for the performance of his *Nibelungen* music. The pro-

Digitized by Google

gramme of this concert contains but one work, and that is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which Wagner contemplates producing in a style which will astonish the world.

GENEVA, a city already celebrated as the centre of several international associations which have for their objects the best interests of humanity, is in August next to be the scene of an international musical festival, with competitions for bands and choral societies. An influential committee is now at work making the necessary arrangements, and from all we hear the scheme is far more likely to succeed than that which is being so freely "puffed" across the Atlantic under Mr. Gilmore's superintendence.—*Lond. Choir.*

BERLIN. A Society with a very useful object—the publication of musical works by ancient masters—is about to be formed at Berlin, on the principle adopted by the old Musical Antiquarian Society in London, of issuing the works annually to subscribers. Among the scores in preparation are:—a Collection of the Songs of Œglin (1512); of Peter Schœffer (1513); of Ott (1534 and 1544); of Finck (1536); and of Forster (1539 and 1556); the *Flores Musicæ* of Hugo de Reullingen (1488); *The Dodecachordon* of Glarean (1547); the *Porte d'Honneur* of Mattheson (1740); the first book of the Chorales for Four Voices, by Johann Walter (1524); and some works by Ludwig Senfl, Johann Leo Hassler, and other composers. Herr Robert Eitner is the founder and manager of the Society.

BRUSSELS. In the last week of the present month (May) a gathering of unusual interest will take place at Brussels, when the Academy of Sciences, Literature and the Fine Arts, will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. The musical arrangements, which will form one of the most important features in the scheme, will be entrusted to M. Gavaert, and among the performances by the orchestra of the Conservatoire will be a work of the sixteenth century, and another work of the period of the foundation of the Academy. Contemporary musical art will be represented by a work by a deceased member of the Fine Arts section of the Academy (probably Mr. Fétis), followed by a work by one of the present members, M. Gevaert or M. Limnarde. All the foreign associates of the Academy have been invited to assist in the solemnities, and judging from the admirable manner in which King Leopold presided at the recent dinner of our own Literary Fund, there can be little doubt that his Majesty will enter con *amore* into the proceedings.—*Choir.*

BAYREUTH. After three days' brilliant festivities, in which 250 male and female singers, 100 musicians, and 1000 guests have taken part, the foundation stone of the Festal Theatre has been successfully laid, though the ceremonies were marred by a drenching rain, disarranging the original programme. The projected theatre will stand on an elevation overlooking the city, and distant from it fifteen minutes' walk. It was arranged that the singers, after the ceremony and Herr Wagner's address, should join in a chorus, but the rain interfered, and the festive proceedings had to take place in the Opera-house. Nevertheless, thousands assembled on the spot, and Herr Wagner was greeted in proportion by many tongues and palms.

The Opera-house was crowded. The stage was filled with singers and musicians. Herr Wagner was enthusiastically received when he appeared, leading his wife, followed by five solicitors. When they had taken their seats, the Burgomaster welcomed the guests, and cheers were given for the King of Bavaria and the Emperor of Germany. Herr Wagner then addressed the assembly upon the subject of the projected theatre, and expressed his confidence in its success. He rejoiced at the presence of the singers, musicians, and friends, who had assembled in a true German spirit. The theatre they proposed to erect in his honor would, he hoped, be a gathering place for the best German talent, and a nursery of dramatic and musical art. As Herr Wagner concluded his remarks he raised his hands with expressive energy, and a chorus was immediately after given by 300 persons with marvellous effect. Herr Wagner, who appeared deeply moved, embraced his wife and children, and the friends near him, including many solicitors.

In the afternoon there was a grand concert, at which Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was given. Herr Wagner directed; and the vocalists were of the highest rank. The festivities were closed by a banquet, which Herr Wagner attended.

100,000 thalers have been subscribed, but 200,000 are needed. The festivities are declared to be a great success by all present, and the future of the Festal Theatre is considered to be assured. The day being Herr Wagner's birthday, the composer received congratulations from all parts of Germany.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

## London.

MR. SANTLEY'S CONCERT. We find in the *Musical World*, May 25, what will interest American readers, to-wit:

One evening last autumn, St. James Hall was filled with a crowd eager to bid Mr. Santley "God speed," though, perhaps, wondering why an artist who is ever acceptable to English audiences should betake himself across the Atlantic. On Tuesday evening the same hall was filled with another crowd, eager to welcome him back, and bent upon showing that, for unstinted admiration, there is "no place like home." Mr. Santley could hardly have desired better evidence of his great popularity than the reception he met with. It is not so much that ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and men shouted a noisy greeting, as that the whole affair was marked by unmistakable genuineness. The people obviously put their hearts into the work of bidding Mr. Santley welcome, and the value of that sincerity exceeded the worth of any other possible demonstration. It is pleasant to see merit thus recognized—all the more pleasant when distinction has been gained by the honest and unaffected use of natural endowments without stooping in the least degree to artifice or trick. Such distinction is eminently that of our English baritone. Mr. Santley was wise to confine his share of Tuesday's concert to songs he has made familiar, because, if anything could enhance the pleasure of seeing him back, it was the hearing of music closely associated with his name. The selections made were, "O, ruddier than the cherry," "The Bell-ringer," and "Hearts of Oak," with "Pronto io son," and Mozart's "Sola," as concerted pieces. The audience encored all three songs, as a matter of course, especially as they were sung in the artist's grandest manner, and with a voice which seemed to have gained rather than lost by hard work in a strange climate. Mr. Santley granted each demand, substituting the "Yeoman's Wedding Song" for Handel's air, and "The Stirrup Cup" for Wallace's ballad, but repeating the last verse of Boyce's nautical ditty. In the duet from *Don Pasquale*, sung with Madame Florence Lancia, the audience were reminded of the loss sustained by the Anglo Italian stage when Mr. Santley withdrew from a position rarely gained by an English artist.

Mdlle. Carlotte Patti, Mdme. Nérude, Mdme. Rita, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Hallé, and others, assisted at the concert, but, as they presented nothing new, it is unnecessary to give details. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who was associated with Mr. Santley's American tour, accompanied some of the songs. He might well have taken the more dignified place of soloist.

MR. CUMMINGS'S CANTATA. Our good friend, Mr. W. H. Cummings, the refined tenor singer, whom Boston remembers with so much pleasure, has composed and had performed at St. James's Hall, May 24, a Cantata, of which the next morning's *Telegraph* gives report as follows:

Mr. Cummings's "Fairy Ring" is neither more nor less than a story of the "good people" who, in the days of old, "gambolled on heaths, and danced on every green." The authoress of the libretto, Miss R. S. Hobbs, introduces us to one of their nightly merry-makings, just as the revel is at its height; or, rather, just as Fortunatus, a fairy with a bass voice, stops the dancing. "Let some one tell of goodly deed performed by magic spell:" this is his command, and to him responds Percival, a tenor fairy, who narrates how he had charmed a passionate and rebellious maiden back to home and duty. An approving chorus follows; after which Florina, a soprano fairy, is bidden speak. Florina has to say that she had restored a wandering boy to his dying mother, and left him asleep in her arms. The fairies at once sing a lullaby, and Fortunatus next takes up his parable, telling how he met with a love-lorn blacksmith, who, in the intervals of toil, lamented the cruelty of woman kind. Happily, the blacksmith's hard, scornful hearted one arrived on the scene in the nick of time, and a touch of the fairy wand brought happiness where there had been sorrow. Hearing this, the assembled elves moralize on the nature of love; and Gentilla (contralto), after generally approving the occasion, bids the revels recommence. But Florina and Percival, moved by mortal example, get up a little love-scene, for themselves, in which the gentler fairy plays the woman with much success. The dawn then breaks, and the entire throng, after dancing an elfish "Sir Roger de Coverley," betake themselves to rest. Such is the story of "The Fairy Ring," and, being what it is, the composer found ample opportunities for contrasted effect, as well as characteristic treatment. We cannot dismiss the libretto without praising its authoress, not only on this account, but because of verses which are above the average of their kind.

Mr. Cummings had written no work of such importance before, but any one acquainted with his music, both sacred and secular, must have been prepared for a composition of merit, animated by a true artistic feeling, and framed upon the best models of its class. These are precisely the salient features of "The Fairy Ring," to hear which is impossible without recognizing that the composer has devoted to it his best ability, and wrought out the whole thing with immense pains and care. Mr. Cummings makes no pretence of striking out fresh paths in his art, though the modern custom is to struggle sorely at a "new departure." Accepting the generally accepted, he has given us music at hearing which, if no one cries out "Oh, the depth!" most will be conscious of gratification. Once on a time gratification, not bewilderment, was the highest good of musical art. "Nous changerons tout cela," doubtless; but Mr. Cummings is one of those who yet prefer the ancient lines. The work contains thirteen numbers, beginning with an orchestral introduction (E flat) chiefly made up of themes afterwards given to voices, and marked by some tasteful scoring with a view to distinctive character. This leads to a chorus, "Round about the fairy ring" (E flat), in which reliance is placed upon carefully wrought harmonies, set off by lightsome orchestral themes and varied orchestral color. Percival's air, "By the fair river" (A flat), is melodious and well-contrasted in its various parts. Occasionally a trite phrase presents itself; but the general effect is good. The themes of a vigorous chorus, "Our Queen is quite content" (C major), are relieved and set off by an independent orchestral subject, elaborately scored; after which comes Florina's air, "In a rosebud I was lying," charmingly sung by Miss Edith Wynne, and encored. The melody is one of those incorporated with the orchestral introduction. A quartet, "Peace to the dreamer" (E flat), is another striking feature of the work; and this, too, was encored, amid the liveliest signs of approval. Its harp accompaniment could not have been better played than by Mr. John Thomas. Between the quartet and the song of Fortunatus, "I heard the anvil clang and fall" (G major), the widest possible contrast exists, the latter being written with extreme vigor, and heavily, not to say noisily, scored. Mr. Lewis Thomas gave it the full benefit of his sonorous voice, and won for it the third encore of the evening. As "The Forge," this song is likely to be used apart from the rest of the work. A six-voice madrigal, "Love is a sweet, yet a cruel thing" (G major), pleases by its studied simplicity; and the song of Gentilla, "Happy fays and fairies all" (F major), gratifies in an equal degree by pleasant tune and tasteful instrumentation. Mme. Patey gave this air after her very best manner, and could not refuse the encore it elicited. The duet for Florina and Percival, "Why should I squander my pity on trifles?" (A flat) though somewhat elaborate, is less effective than the other movements; but atonement comes with the finale, "Away, away" (E flat), wherein Mr. Cummings has adopted the style as well as the key of his opening movement, and given consistency and unity to the work. The chorus is, beyond question, one of the finest portions of the Cantata, which it ends in an effective manner. Like the other concerted pieces, the finale was well sung by the members of Mr. Barnby's Choir; and the whole of the instrumental music had justice done to it by a capital orchestra, with Herr Straus at their head. The success of the Cantata could hardly have been greater if applause be a criterion; and Mr. Cummings, who himself took the tenor solos, was lustily cheered at its close, and recalled to be cheered again. The performance was well conducted by Mr. F. Stanislaus.

A miscellaneous second part followed "The Fairy Ring," comprising Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, the pianoforte solo in which was played to perfection by Mme. Arabella Goddard; and the scene, "Ah! quelle nuit," from "Le Domino Noir," sung with characteristic piquancy by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington. Mr Cummings contributed David's "O ma maitresse" in graceful fashion; and the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro" ended the concert. The hall was full.

PAULINE LUCCA'S first appearance this season as Selika in Meyerbeer's "Africaine" had the natural effect of filling the theatre. A finer performance as regards the principal part could not have been heard. But all was as nothing compared to the merit and effect of Mme. Lucca's impersonation, than, which

Digitized by Google

nothing more admirable, from every point of view, can be seen on the operatic stage. A Berlin paper, reckoning the other day the number of different impersonations in which Mme. Lucca had distinguished herself, arrived at a total of forty-eight. That is a high figure; but it seemed nothing to the Berlin journalist, who went on to complain that Mme. Lucca had not yet undertaken the part of Elsa in Wagner's "Lohengrin." One can believe anything of the versatility of an artist who appears with equal success as Zerlina and as Sella, as Cherubino in the "Marriage of Figaro," and as Leonora in "La Favorita." — *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1872.

## In Honor of Franz Schubert.

A reporter of the *Wiener Neue Freie Presse* writes as follows of the unveiling of the Schubert Monument lately erected in Vienna, (May 15):

If our Franz Schubert could only have guessed, could only have dared to hope,—above thy grave, poor heart, there shall one day burst and blossom so delicious a spring morning, full of sunshine and flower-scents, and Schubert songs, and Schubert love, as we today enjoyed in our City Park! Has the richest minstrel of the spring, the most dearly beloved minstrel of the young,—the minstrel "by the grace of God," with the lips gushing over with song, and the heart of a child, could not guess, not dare to hope this. His contemporaries made it too difficult for him. They did not believe in him. They did not understand his singing, they did not sing his songs. A single concert did Schubert succeed in giving in Vienna, where his own works were performed. And when the second Schubert concert in Vienna laughed and wept in his tones, and won for him fresh wreaths of love and admiration,—those wreaths formed only a new made grave, and the proceeds of the concert scarcely sufficed to defray the modest burial expenses. A few coats, several handkerchiefs, some old music,—and some old and new debts,—these were found to be the worldly possessions left by our richest Prince of Song! The artist's earthly pilgrimage! No, Franz Schubert could not have foreseen to-day. And if some one had told him in his happiest, merriest, most hopeful hour on earth, "Franzerl, by singing your songs the Wiener Männer-Gesang Verein' shall some day make from twenty to thirty thousand florins, and in loving gratitude for your imperishable gifts, erect a marble monument to your memory, upon the most beautiful green spot of your native city, even before your revered masters, Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn have such honors given them,"—honest, modest Franz Schubert would certainly have laughed at them most heartily. And yet we have but just now been a witness to the unveiling of Schubert's Monument.

The grounds about the monument, as also the tent erected for the accommodation of invited guests, were richly decorated with flowers and flags. Because of the want of room, but a few hundred letters had been issued. Among the invited guests, the first places were occupied by Schubert's beloved sister "Lisl," since married, the two brothers, Andrew and Hermann, the poet Franz Schober, whose verses Schubert has set to some of his sweetest tunes, and many other personal friends of the departed, as well as deputations from the Vienna Art Association, and personages distinguished in art and science.

The celebration was opened shortly after eleven o'clock, by the singing of the lovely choruses for male voices from Schubert's *Sanctus*, exquisitely rendered by the "Männer-Gesang Verein." How wonderful it sounded, in among the green trees, swelling up into the radiant spring sky! If Schubert could only have heard his *Sanctus* sung thus a single time, perhaps his earthly pilgrimage might not have seemed quite so hard. After this, the President of the Society, Herr N. Dumba, made an address, in which, after formally and solemnly handing over the monument to the charge of the representatives of the city, he said,—"They and the whole population of Vienna will treasure this monument erected to the memory of their fellow-citizen, the modest school teacher of Rossau, who was an honor to his native city, to our Austrian fatherland, whom German art counts among her worthiest, most illustrious representatives. The artist honors the people he belongs to, the country in which he lived and labored; art and the artist require the vivifying breath of encouragement from their surroundings; this is the warm sun which develops talent, matures the fruit. Thus to the people justly belongs a share of the artist's fame. And particularly in this true of our Schubert. His immortal strains breathe all the atmosphere of home. The Austrian with his full heart and rich mind, the son of Vienna with his happy disposition, and deeply tender soul, knew, richly gifted as he was, how to give utterance to every throb of our hearts, to every emotion of the human breast. He offered us truth, unvarnished truth, and truth makes its way to the heart. A worthy addition will this monument be to those already adorning the city, honoring the memory of the heroes and victors of Austria. He, too, is a victor, a conqueror; he has conquered the hearts of the whole cultivated world, and the conquered praise him with grateful hearts.

And thus I hereby pray our honored Mayor to proceed to the unveiling of the statue, that is to remain a proud monument to our beautiful city, rich in tunes and love of song, for all times!"

This speech was often interrupted by hearty applause.

After a few noble words by the Mayor, Dr. Felder, he gave the sign for the covering to be dropped,—and in the glimmering sunshine, the fine marble statue of Franz Schubert stood before our delighted eyes.

The artist has represented the tone-poet in a sitting posture, the right foot drawn back a little, the left moved slightly forward. On his knees rests an open book, which he holds with the left hand. The position represents a moment of inspiration. The gaze is turned upward, the pencil in his right hand, seems just about jotting down his ideas. Three bas-reliefs, in marble, on the pedestal, represent musical imagination, characteristically symbolized by a sphinx, instrumental and vocal music. In front are the words, "Franz Schubert—To his memory. The Wiener Männer-Gesang Verein, 1872." On the back the date of Schubert's birth and death.

Franz Schubert was not a handsome man in life, it was therefore impossible for the artist to show us an Apollo. But he has most nobly infused into these marble features the lovely, musical soul of the great dead, the soul which sang the sweetest dreams of love and spring, and the highest ideals of youth. From this countenance shines the fulfilment of Robert Schumann's appreciative words,—"Schubert will always remain the favorite of the young, he knows what they require—an overflowing heart, bold thought, rapid action; tells them what they love most,—romantic stories, fairy tales and adventures; wit and humor too he blends with them, but not so much that the softer emotions suffer under it." But also that which made the mortal Schubert so dear to his friends, his touching modesty, his childlike innocence and trustfulness, his heartfelt mirthfulness, and above all, his great beautiful heart,—beams from these marble features, eloquently and full of life.

The declamation of a poem written for the occasion by Joseph Weilen, which was received with tumultuous applause, and the singing of Schubert's *Jubelchor*, closed the splendid celebration.

## Concert of the Apollo Club.

On Friday evening, May 31, the great Music Hall was crowded once more by invited friends of male part singing, interested in the success, already very marked, of the "APOLLO CLUB," which hardly has been organized a twelvemonth. The Club is in a flourishing condition, having several hundred "passive" or subscribing members, including many gentlemen of high social character and culture, besides the actual singing nucleus, which is composed of over fifty singers,—the pick of the best tenors and basses in our city. In power and quality of voices never has so good an ensemble been brought together here before; and as much may be said, without risk of contradiction, of the average degree of skill and taste shown in the exercise of such fine organs, or the true musical expression, the unity and fervor o their singing. A high ideal seems to animate the union; something more than the mere wholesome social pleasure of giving out their voices in full ringing harmony; its members love *good* music and believe in music in the sense of Art, instead of in the vulgar and vain glorious display sense of "Peace Jubilee." They have an artistic leader and instructor. Mr. B. J. LANG has proved himself one of the best of choral drill masters; so the members of the Club in their weekly rehearsals have found out to their delight and animating sense of progress; and so the thousands of delighted hearers, both at the monthly and the larger "private" concerts of the year, have witnessed with increasing satisfaction. More so than ever on this last occasion.

The voices, as we said, numbered about fourteen on each of the four parts. There was no full orchestra, and no overtures, as in the two great concerts given in the winter; but all the orchestral wind instruments (the "*Harmonie-Musik*," as the Germans call it) were present for the accompaniment of certain pieces. The only purely instrumental piece was at the end of the First Part,—the Andante with Variations from Hummel's Septet in D minor, for Pianoforte, &c., played by Mr. Lang. We could not be there in season to hear the First Part of the programme; but in the morning rehearsal we had heard the two pieces with accompaniment; namely, the opening chorus: "Warrior's Prayer," by Lachner, with introduction and accompaniment by all the reeds and brass;—a broad, full strain of sustained and solemn vocal harmony, not strikingly original, and not always ennobled by the instrumentation; but it was grandly sung. The other was the Foresters' Chorus from Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," that breezy and exhilarating strain, fitly accompanied by four horns, in which the tones of pure, sweet, strong male voices, perfectly blended, find free, life-some, thrilling play as much as in any chorus we remember; the selection was a happy one for the "Apollo." The unaccompanied part songs, which we had to lose, were: "The lake in dreamy slumber lies," by Schumann; "Hussars to the fray!" by Storch; "The Mountain Shadows" (sung by a triple quartet) by Abt; and *Ave Maria*: "The twilight fast is falling," with Tenor Solo, also by Abt.—We may state, that nearly if not all of the Part-Songs are from German sources, published in the "Chickering Club Collection," and the English translations of the words, which are poetical and well adopted to the music, are by Mr. C. J. STRAGUE, a leading member both of the Apollo and the Chickering Club.

Part Second opened with the noblest thing of the evening, Mendelssohn's *Post-Gesang* "To the Artists," after Schiller's Ode, from which are culled these words (we give a more literal version than the one here sung) as suited to the composer's purpose:

> The dignity of Man
> Into your hands is given;
> O! guard it well!
> With you it sinks, or lifts itself to heaven!
> Of Arts the holy spell
> Secreets a world's well-ordered plan;
> Soft may it lead unto the sun
> Of the great Harmony.

Digitized by Google

Let earnest Truth, if her own age reject her,
Seek rest in Song:—the Muses will protect her.
So shall she meet the unbelieving sneer
With glance, whence guilty spirits quail,
More terrible in Beauty's veil;
So rise in all the might of Song,
And, with avenging trumpet, shout her wrong
Into her persecutor's coward ear.

Of freest Mother free-born sons!
Wing yourselves upward with undaunted gaze,
To highest Beauty's throne of rays!
Ye need not woo for other crowns;
* * * * * *

O'er all the thousand winding ways
Of manifold Variety
Meet ye at last in full embrace
Round the high throne of Unity!

The first passage is set to a majestic and inspiring movement (*andante maestoso*) in four-part chorus and four part solo harmony, in 4-4 measure, accompanied—this and the whole—by horns, trumpets, &c., with an uplifting, grandiose effect. In the second passage, about "Truth rejected," the movement changes to 3-4, *Allegro moderato*, yet of a grave character. In the third part the 4-4 measure returns in swift Allegro (*assai vivace*). It was superbly sung, and with Mendelssohn's original accompaniment we thought it more effective than with the full orchestra arrangement we had once before.

Hatton's Sailor's Song: "Sweetly blows the western wind," Abt's "Sleep, thou Wild Rose" (triple quartet), and Mendelssohn's "Huntsmen's Farewell" (with four horns), were admirable specimens of male part-singing. Perfect purity of intonation; sweet yet strong and manly quality of tone; good balance of parts and blended euphony; nicely studied phrasing; light and shade, distinct in softest pianissimo; exactness, giving no sense of mechanical constraint, but plenty of free *abandon*; in short, refinement, without sentimental overdoing of expression, and a ringing, crisp vitality without rudeness,—all these qualities of true part-singing, unless to some ideally fastidious Fairy Fine-ear, were present in that singing.

A very bold, grand, thrilling piece of harmony was that Hymn to Odin, by Knoz, conjuring up appalling images of angry Ocean waves, and stormy skies and battle. Among the more modern efforts in the self-limited and well-nigh exhausted field of part song composition for male voices, we have found hardly anything so strikingly effective, and in a true poetic sense. It brought out the strong side of the Club to great advantage.—"Now forward!" by Storch, a merry Marching Song, such as soldiers sing to cheer the weary way and keep their courage up, was spirited,—though farther than that we have no distinct remembrance of it. The closing piece: "He's the man to know," by Zöllner, is about the most ingenious specimen of the right jovial, sensuous, convivial song that we have heard for many a day; and the fitting of the music to the words in the several verses: "Who'll not drink when the foaming glasses chink," "Who'll not kiss, when a mouth is close to his," and "Who'll not sing, when a song can pleasure bring," —sung so nicely as it was, is humorously close and delicate. A pretty trifle cunningly elaborated!

---

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea's "Beethoven Recitals." Last Saturday afternoon, at Wesleyan Hall, Mr. Petersilea gave the ninth and last of his "Recitals," for the improvement of the taste of the pupils of his recently established and already flourishing Music School. In these nine concerts Mr. Petersilea has been himself the sole interpreter, and his programmes have consisted solely of the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven, the whole thirty-two of which he has performed in the consecutive order of their opus numbers, three or four each time. This has been done before only, so far as we are aware, by Mr. Charles Halle in London, whom we had ourselves the pleasure of hearing through the last half of the series eleven years ago. Of course it was interesting to an American to hear such music by such an interpreter. But it is impossible, from any true æsthetic point of view, on the artistic principle of unity in variety, to justify a programme made up (even of the best materials, all works of highest genius) on such a plan. If Beethoven himself were to sit down to entertain a circle of his friends for an hour or two with music of his own creation, would he be likely to present things in the order of their publication? Promiscuity in good things is to be avoided, as well as in bad. But Halle relieved the Sonata monotony by choice songs from such singers as Sims Reeves, &c. However, the enterprise was creditable to the zeal and courage, and to the musical executive ability of Mr. Petersilea.

On this last occasion the subjects for his interpretation were: 1.) Sonata, No. 30, op. 109, in E, beginning with a few bars of light and airy *Vivace*, leading into and alternating with an *Adagio espressivo* in the style of free fantasia; then *Prestissimo*, 6-8; and then that beautiful, religious *Andante Cantabile*, with its wonderful variations. 2. Sonata No. 31, op. 110, in A flat, consisting of *Moderato Cantabile*, *Allegro molto* in F minor, a brief mournful Adagio (*Arioso dolente*) in E flat minor, and a Fugue finale in the original key, with episodical returns of the Adagio. 3. The last Sonata, op. 111, in C minor, so tremendous in the energy of its first movement, of such involtive subtlety and beauty in the rhythmical phrasing and fine subdivision of the Arietta marked *Adagio molto semplice e cantabile*. More difficult tasks a pianist could hardly have set himself. That he had caught the spirit, and succeeded in transfusing it, of these most mystical and strange confessions of the most deeply brooding and imaginative of modern tone-poets, is more than we can say. But so far as a clear, sure and unfaltering reading of the notes is concerned, he had made himself master of them, and that is saying a great deal.

Before the last Sonata, Mr. Petersilea repeated the "Moonlight" Sonata from a former programme, rendering the first movement particularly with a good deal of expression. This was of course much more appreciable to his audience, which consisted mostly of young pupils. The strangest thing, in fact, about the concert was the presence of so many children, little girls of eight or nine years! These of course did not listen (who could expect it of them) to the last three, the most abstruse Sonatas of Beethoven. Others we noticed not so young, doing their best to understand and to appreciate by keeping their eyes fixed on the music in their laps.

---

Musical Education. The Mendelssohn Quintette, with Mr. B. J. Lang, and other good musicians and teachers, will open in September, here in Boston, a new "National College of Music." During the coming weeks, while the city is full of musical visitors, the Directors will be present at their rooms in Tremont Temple, every day, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to answer inquiries. See Advertisement.

---

Jubilee begins on Monday! Gilmore's Jubilee! "Peace" Jubilee ("*My* peace I give unto thee," quoth the "Great Projector" and Panjandrum)! Music by more instruments, more voices than were ever heard, or ever can be heard, together! "Peace" with anvils, cannons, bells in glorious harmonic turmoil! "Anvil Chorus" *à la* Gilmore *every day* for three midsummer weeks! Three programmes are proclaimed already: the first "American," the second "English," the third "German;" "French," we suppose, will follow, and so the line will stretch out possibly to "Patagonian" and the "crack of doom;" what less finale would be adequate to the occasion?

Surely the three programmes are masterpieces in the art of—advertising! And every newspaper has been magnetised and Gilmorized until its critical and editorial columns have undergone a "sea change" and read precisely like the advertisements; so that every thing and every person, great or small, connected with the Jubilee is understood throughout the world to be sublime, magnificent and "pretty great," —particularly by our country cousins. Are they not great programmes? Why, here is something for every taste, and every form of no taste. Here are guns, bells, anvils ("played upon" by æsthetic red-shirted firemen,—through hose and pipes is it?); Lowell Mason psalm tunes; noisy "Rienzi" Overtures, preluded by "Old Hundred" from 20,000 voices, one verse whispered, one verse thundered; Strauss Waltzes magnified through a thousand instruments; Solos in unison by "bouquets" (!) of 150 artists, and even by 5000 voices all in—melody; "Star-spangled Banner" with guns and bells and all the noise that the Genius of Peace (which is P. S. G.), can devise; piano forte solos, for those who like piano music at long range; Bands native and foreign;—all in glorious promiscuity each afternoon! And then to think of all the pomp and circumstance: the monster drum! the loudest Organ in the world! the distinguished personages, perhaps some of them titled! And the badges! worn by the "Projector," the sublime, the Only; by the Head Centre (innocent and modest little man) of all the chorus shouters of the whole United States; by the Conductors, the august Committees, clear of all suspicion of commercial aims; and even by the "Press"-gang, which has pressed us all into the service! Think, too, of the great "Bulletin-boards," announcing every hour the rates of gold and stocks, that thereon you may read how sensitive the pulse of the stock market throughout the world will be to the Anvil Chorus! During the second week, it is said there will be Oratorio—"Israel in Egypt," by a selected chorus, Classical Symphonies. These will be worth hearing, if they can be heard in so *small* a place.

Well, *Vive la Gloire!* That is the Gilmore motto. Glory! Glory! that is the ideal, that the motive and the animating passion of the thing. That was ever the ideal of the French nation, and brought them to the present pass. The Celtic Gilmore, like the French Celts, dreams ever of *la Gloire*. It is a heartless and a truth-despising sentiment, where it becomes paramount, sure to sink into *vain-glory*, and its contagion dangerous, even without Music pressed into its service. We fear it is one of the dangers that most threaten our own beloved Country!

---

Washington, D. C., June 7. It may not be generally known that Herr Franz Abt, the composer, received his first musical welcome in America at the hands of the Musical Societies of the Capital. He arrived in New York early in May, and proceeded directly to Washington, where a grand testimonial concert was given in his honor by the two German Societies and the Choral Society, (American) which it will be remembered took part in the 18th Saengerfest held in New York in June last, and which bore away the prize allotted to societies of their class. The concert took place at Lincoln's Hall, Wednesday evening, May 8, with the following programme:

Völkergebet. Nation's Prayer. Op. 300............Abt.
Arion, Choral Society, and Saengerbund.
Souvenir de Spa. Violoncello Solo..............Servais.
Mr. Junguickel.
Amor als Spötter..................................Abt.
Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, of Baltimore.
(Dedicated to Mrs. R. by the composer, F. Abt.)
Echo in Spring. Op. 222..........................Abt.
Saengerbund.
O, Ye Tears. Bass Solo............................Abt.
Mr. F. A. Chase.
Quintet. Instrumental.........................Kuhlau.
Messrs. Hoffman, Douch, Finkel, Shutter, Junguickel.
Spring Morning....................................Abt.
Choral Society.
Piano Solo. Reverie au bord de la mer........Willmers.
Prof. Geo. Felix Benkert.
Lively Rivulet. Soprano Solo and Male Quartet....Abt.
Mrs. Morell and Messrs. Knoop, Daniel, Rockar, and Weiss.
The Shades of Eve are closing.....................Abt.
Beethoven Octet.
Serenade, (Trio). Instrumental..................Till.
Messrs. Shutter, Junguickel and Kley.
Siegesgesang. Victory Song. Op. 267..............Abt.
Arion, Choral Society, and Saengerbund.

Mr. Abt's personal description has already been given. He was enthusiastically received, and all were eager to hear the pieces set as "mass" to be led by himself as conductor. His manner is not as graceful as that of Theodore Thomas, yet very energetic and expressive. His praise of the pieces rendered by the combined voices, was all that could be wished for. He particularly complimented the English Society on its just and forcible conception of its selection "Frühlingsmorgen" (Spring morning) and was agreeably surprised to hear such fine voices and such material as was collected from "American" talent. Mr. A.'s knowledge of the English language is very limited, so much so that he was most "at home" among those of his "own tongue."

As a substantial earnest of our reception he bore away a handsome gift in shape of "legal tenders." The "Beethoven Octet," mentioned upon the programme, are all members of the "Choral Society." Among them is Mr. Charles C. Ewer and A. Chase, both known among musicians in your city. The season, musically, is now over here, Congress about to adjourn, and those able to do so, making preparations for summer resorts.

As a fitting close to our successful season, the "Choral Society" gave a "complimentary" to its 'passive' or contributing membership, at Lincoln's Hall, Wednesday evening, June 5. The Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by the elite of Washington, and all expressed themselves highly pleased with the entertainment. Harmonix.

Digitized by Google

WAGNER'S SPEECH IN A THUNDER STORM. Here from Vienne (we translate from *Le Ménestrel*) comes a speech of Richard Wagner, during a storm, let loose by *le Diable*, if not by the good God, upon the last piece of his grand Philharmonic Concert. It was right in the midst of a thunder of applause, an avalanche of bouquets, thrown to Patti . . . the heavens suddenly grew black, a storm burst forth,—a veritable thunderstorm from the skies:—its groanings silenced the drums of the orchestra, and Wagner, quick to seize on this occasion to set up his little *réclame* in honor of the theatre which he proposes to build upon the hill of Bayreuth, expressed himself as follows amid new plaudits of the intoxicated, though somewhat terrified crowd:

"Once already I have had occasion to meet with numerous sympathies in this city. To-day, in these tokens of affection I see marks of adhesion to my project of erecting to our German country a temple, where Art shall find shelter from the pernicious influences of the present. And, as the Greeks in old time had a custom of invoking Jupiter, and praying him to manifest his assent by a flash of lightning, I see to-day a happy presage in the signs of heaven."

The same paper, after citing the programme of Wagner's "Ninth Symphony" concert at Bayreuth, adds:

"So we see, Germany distances America in the matter of charlatanism. Go, hang thyself, O Barnum!" (and O Gilmore?)

---

The above is from a French source; here we have the same view from a German paper, the *Belletristiches Journal* of New York:

"Great is the power of humbug, in Europe not less than in America. Gilmore's expedition to Europe and the Continent has proved thoroughly successful, and in Germany he even did a better business than in other countries. The first military bands have been granted him for his gigantic festival. The Chinese, Japanese, Terra-del-Fuegans, Caffers, &c., to whom he appealed, keep away; but from the land of musical art *par excellence* artists of the first rank consent to lend themselves to the lowest money speculation and to coöperate in the profanation of an Art which they considered holy above all. In America men turn from it, but Germany walks into the trap. The letter of recommendation from President Grant, who has to *see* music in order to enjoy it, has had its effect with the governments; and with the artists money proves its magic power. After this experience Germany has no longer any right to turn up her nose at American humbug, since in her own midst this finds now a more thankful soil than in America itself. It does not make the enterprise a whit more respectable, and whoever takes part in it compromises himself."

—The same opinion is quite common in America, especially in Boston,—*with the exception of "the Press!"*

---

## Story's Bust of Beethoven.

(Extract from Miss ANNE BREWSTER'S Letter from Rome, May 7, to the *Evening Bulletin*, of Philadelphia.)

Story is now modeling a bust of Beethoven. He owns the mask of the great composer, which was taken during life [?] for Stryker. I went into Story's studio, on Saturday, to see the Electra at the tomb of Agamemnon, which is finished and was cast yesterday. I found Story as gay and chirrappy as a boy, at work on the Beethoven. He was rumbling over in his throat and chest the motive of the 7th Symphony—symphony in La—and imitated, playfully, the various instruments, especially the passage where the strings reply to the wind instruments, a sort of musical declamation. Story is not making an ideal, handsome portrait of Beethoven. He is copying the mask exactly in all its homely fidelity, giving it vitality through expression.

It is a grim, ugly face, with a decided mulatto type, especially in the nose. Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, was in Rome this spring. I saw and talked a great deal with him. He says Beethoven looked like a little ugly mulatto, he was very short, had a yellow skin, broad spread-out nose, and projecting teeth, over which his heavy lips shut. The mask gives all this faithfully, with a slight Indian look about the cheek bone. Beethoven had also that concentrated expression in the eyes, brow and mouth of morbid discontent, which a face of mixed blood is apt to wear, when part of the blood is ignoble and the brains akin to divinity.

In Story's bust the scar on the chin is evident. The under-lip is placed firmly, viciously up against the upper, and this gives a sort of leonine muzzle, quite in keeping with the lion look of the head. Some human heads seem to have the rudiments of the ape; some of the bull-dog and horse; Beethoven's had the lion. In Story's conception, eyes and mouth make you think instantly of the composer's mind, delving away, deep down, for richer and fuller harmonies and rhythmical developments. No wonder Story's memory brought to him the allegretto of the seventh Symphony, as his imagination or "*L'Autre* within him," as De Maistre said, modeled in the clay that bold, grim, almost savage expression of the bust. When Beethoven composed the Symphony in La, he was standing on a bridge which led to a great realm that he afterwards explored, and brought from it what some of his contemporaries called Madness in Music. From that moment he labored in a sphere where mortal hearing was of no use—his guides were profound harmonic science and deep thought.

---

## Goethe's Frederike.

It is said that this fair girl, who for one brief summer called Wolfgang Goethe her own, was also beloved by another great and glorious spirit, and that the sweetest song she ever warbled was given her by him! but that, girl-like, she sang it oftener to Goethe, whom she loved, than to the composer, who loved her. The writer of the pretty refrain was no other than the afterward famous André Gretry, whose name and operas were destined to ring throughout all Europe, and whose song—

> On peut-on etre mieux,
> Qu'au sein de sa famille?"

the old French guard chanted on the great Napoleon's retreat before the Russians. Light-hearted and gay, the young composer had undertaken a journey, and after the fashion of those days, on foot. His destination was Strasburg, but his way led through Switzerland, and, together with a companion student, he journeyed pleasantly and merrily along. But on reaching the fair village of Sesenheim, he became so intoxicated with the perfect scenery and lovely air that he decided to remain for some days at least in its charming vicinity; and here, amidst the beauties of nature's own begetting. Gretry met the gentle maiden whose memory was destined to dwell with him throughout his life. They sat together on the scented grass of early spring. She, too innocent and childlike to know her own heart; he, drinking in with the light of her eyes the one great love of his life. With her fresh young voice Frederike was singing one of his own songs. He had taught it to her, and and as she finished the last note looked inquiringly into his eyes. "My skylark," he murmured, "you are perfect. But I would be paid for the song I have given you. With your own dear hand write me your name and the day of the month," and he gave her his tablets. She complied and added a gift of the violets she wore on her breast. "I shall always keep them," he said, and tears, he knew not why, filled his eyes, and a darting pain shot across his heart. They parted, Gretry going on to meet his great fame, and the maiden to her quiet home and her sad fate. Years after, when the silent clay of the once merry Gretry was laid in its last resting place, the tablets with Frederike's name in shadowy lines and a bunch of faded violets were laid on the quiet breast. And Goethe, who gazed on, loved and left the charming songstress of Gretry's melodies, gave her a place that was nearest his own soul—a leaf among his poems. Her heart history, with its griefs and pinings, are not traced in the music of its verses, but the song—

> "Ufm Bergli
> Bin i gesässe"—

holds the history of three persons, Gretry, Goethe, and the fair maiden of Sesenheim.—*New York Evening Mail.*

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

---

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Greeting to Spring. Four-part song for Ladies' Voices. Arranged from the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes, by Strauss. 3. *Wilson.* 75

> Away, away, away,
> In the gladsome month of May.

It was a happy thought with Mr. G. D. Wilson, who, (like other teachers acquainted with the needs of Female Seminaries), has often found difficulty in getting good exhibition music, to arrange, vocally, this fine set of waltzes. It is not an easy affair to arrange four voices for ladies, and separate sufficiently the parts to make each one distinct. In fact the four parts are apt to sound like two. But in these waltzes every one is heard, and the lively dance measure keeps up one's interest to the last.

Awfully Clever. Comic Song. 3. D to e. *Hunt.* 35

> Those fella's deserve all their gains,
> As for brains—I can do without any.

Amusing.

Hark! The Convent Bells are ringing. Four-part Song. 3. A*b* to f. *Hatton.* 30

> And the nuns are sweetly singing
> Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!

Represents "the taking of the veil" by a novice, and has good and appropriate music.

Would You? 2. G to *g*. *Tully.* 30

> Baby crowing on your knee,
> Pulls your hair or thumbs your e's.

Very neat little home song, comic, but prettier than it is funny.

Down in a Coal Mine. Song and Chorus. 2. D to d. *Geoghegan.* 30

> Digging dusky diamonds, all the season round,
> Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

Not a comic song, as one might suppose, but a very pretty one, with a good burthen or chorus in unison. "Mauch Chunk" will please sing it, and Scranton and the rest echo it. It is not often they will have so good a thing made for them.

Dolly Varden. Song. Plain Title. 2. C to *G*. *Brockway.* 40
" " Colored " 50

> There's pretty Dolly Varden,
> A gay and charming flower.

The Dolly Vardens with colored titles, noticed in the last bulletin, are all "gorgeous in their attire," and brilliant things to have. But those who don't care for color can have plain titles at a less price. The above song is written by Dexter Smith, and is a very pretty comic song, and much more pretty than comic.

Barney O'Toole. 2. F to f. *Lee.* 30

> O be still, Barney dear, with your jealous complaints,
> For you know that your darling's as true as the saints.

Jolly! Very pretty melody.

The Three Ravens. 3. G minor to F. 30

> Ah! Well-a-day, in yonder field.
> Down a down, hey derry down.

A song of the sixteenth century, quaint and queer enough for any one. One of set called "A Selection of Old English Songs."

**Instrumental.**

Pluie de Corail. 5. D*b*. *Grau.* Op. 38. 75

Contains gentle, sweet, semi-staccato movements, alternately with rapid runs and arpeggios. More brilliant than most "Pluies." One of the collection called "Perles Musicales."

Fanchette. Quick March. 4. E*b*. *Pratt.* 40

Quick March is a new name for a Quick Step, and this is a bright and powerful one. A great many octaves.

Sonata No. 1. 4. F. *Scarlatti.* 35
" " 2. 4. F. " 35

Of the set of 30 Sonatas previously described. Not quite so well fitted for the organ as No. 3, but are pretty piano studies. Edited by Carl Banck.

Little Golden Hair Quadrilles. Four hands. 2. *Adam Arctic.* 75

Pretty, pretty, pretty! Hurry up and get these for your little pupils before you forget it.

Souvenir de Kieff. Mazurka. 4. A*b*. *Schulhoff.* 50

Might perhaps be termed a *military* mazurka, as it has very brilliant qualities.

Alaska March. 2. A. *Waterman.* 35

Easy and pleasing. Very good piece for players but little advanced.

Souvenir du Rhine. 5. B. *Cramer.* 40

Requires considerable facility in playing runs, and is excellent for practice.

The Little Wanderer. Lithograph Title. 3. F. *G. D. Wilson.* 50

Beautiful. One of his sweetest pieces, and should be introduced everywhere.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 815. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 7.

## The Wagner Concert at Vienna.

[The distinguished musical critic, EDUARD HANSLICK, contributes the article, which we translate below, to the Leipzig *Signale* of May 31. His comments upon Wagner and his national Theatre scheme at Bayreuth are applicable also to the "World's Peace Jubilee" and to the author, with the difference that Wagner is an intellectual musician and a master, whereas our Irish-American "Projector" is but a bandsman and a showman.]

On the 12th of May, at noon, the great "Wagner Concert," under Richard Wagner's personal direction, came off in the great hall of the Musikverein before a very numerous public filled with enormupled enthusiasm. The performance contained entirely of familiar things; but its object was to turn the general attention toward something new in all respects: namely to the Bayreuth enterprise. In a few days, at Bayreuth, Wagner will lay the cornerstone to a new, colossal theatre, to be constructed altogether in accordance with his own ideas, and particularly for his newest musical drama. For this solemnity he has chosen his own birthday, May 22. Next year, at the same time, his stage festival play: "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," consisting of four parts, will be performed on this new stage; and on the first evening, "*Das Rheingold*;" on the second, "*Die Walkyre*;" on the third, "*Siegfried*;" and finally, on the fourth, "*Siegfried's Tod*" or "*Die Götterdämmerung*."

The astonishing energy and love of labor of the restless master excites our admiration and respect. How this man, interrupted by the most various undertakings, still keeps coming back to the "Nibelungen," which he began some twenty years ago, writing in the meantime pamphlets, books and operas; to-day dictating the plan of the building in Bayreuth, to-morrow directing a concert for it in Berlin or Vienna; all this presents an image of rare energy and activity.

We are less sympathetically moved by the pomp and circumstance, the colossal apparatus, which is set in motion for this "Nibelungen" performance. A musical Art-work, for which it is necessary to build a special theatre with the most adventurous arrangements, plainly has its centre of gravity no more in music. Where all the emphasis is laid upon hitherto unheard of externalities, one can scarcely rid himself of some misgiving about the strength and soundness of the artistic heart and kernel of the matter. We are involuntarily reminded of a letter which Goethe wrote in the year 1808 to Heinrich von Kleist, on the occasion of "Penthesilea," in which he says: "Allow me also to say, that it has always disturbed me when I have seen men of intellect and talent waiting for a theatre which is yet to come. A Jew, who waits for the Messiah, a Christian who waits for the New Jerusalem and a Portuguese who waits for his Don Sebastian, cause me no greater feeling of impatience. Before any sort of a board staging I would like to call out to the true theatrical genius: '*Hic Rhodus, hic salta!*' At any village fair, on planks laid over barrels, I will trust myself to give delight to the whole mass of cultivated and uncultivated people with Calderon's pieces." Operas with beautiful music make effect even in the smallest provincial theatres; nay, the more precious the music, the narrower may be the stage, the simpler the scenery. Our present opera stages, in their great compass, their variety of decorations, and in the ingenuity and boldness of their mechanics, have unquestionably reached a perfection, which ought to satisfy the most excellent composers. These theatres are specially indebted to the Wagner operas for great enrichment and perfection of their stage *technique*; on the other hand, one would think that Wagner owed them not a little. Quite the contrary, it seems; so great is his contempt for them, that he has openly declared that, with his "*Meistersinger*" he has touched these theatres for the last time."

To Wagner it seems an abomination to work in theatres where operas by other masters, even such as Meyerbeer's, are sometimes given; he builds a new, a Wagner theatre, so that his gifts hereafter may be served in vessels never used before. At the same time he thinks, by his Bayreuth production, to revive that golden age of Greece, when the theatre formed not a daily entertainment, but a seldom recurring great popular festival, a supreme religious and artistic exaltation of the Nation.

Whether the classical Greek era, from which our time is separated by an impassable gulf, will be renewed by means of the Bayreuth Theatre, the future will inform us; one distinction must already have occurred to many. The Greek stage plays were in the strictest sense the people's festivals, and free to everybody without price; whereas, to see the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth, one must pay three hundred thalers for a "*Patronatscheine*" (certificate of stock). Of course only the very most Friends of music can avail themselves in the regular way of this aristocratic theatrical enjoyment.* By joining a "Wagner Club" one has the possibility of winning such a *Patronatscheine* in the lottery. But since Wagner would like to assemble others besides rich people in Bayreuth,—else it might wear to him the aspect of a Jewish colony!—he has devised the remedy of "Wagner Clubs" and "Wagner Concerts." The net proceeds of these concerts go toward the purchase of "*Patronatscheine*" for young artists without means.

There is something delightfully characteristic in this elevating of the hearing of the Wagner "Stage-Festival Play" to a formal matter of humanity, to a benevolent object, for which concerts are arranged, as hitherto they have been for Blind Asylums, or poor invalids. The undertakers proceed on the assumption, that the pilgrimage to Bayreuth is indispensable to the salvation of the souls of young musicians, and that therefore they must gather every such poor devil in all Germany, seeing that, as it is said in *Tannhauser*, "for him too the Redeemer died." In spite of that, it will be impossible to gratify all the musicians who have not got three hundred thalers to spare; they will have to seek out "the most worthy," and without doubt the applicants will have preference according to their musical faith. So only the *Gesellschafts* among them have a prospect of receiving gratis the means of grace from Bayreuth. In a word: this so-called German national festival belongs to the rich and to those poor Wagner enthusiasts for whom the rich pay. That does not harmonize with the alleged revival of the "Olympic Games," and quite as little with those democratic velleities, with which Richard Wagner is so fond of dallying. This end, of making the people happy, he might have reached much better in one of the great theatres already existing, where even the man of feeble means is welcome for a few groschen.

* So too, for the Boston "Jubilee,"—all "for the *dear people*"—a season ticket costs $50, and a seat for one performance, $5.

Meanwhile fortune smiles continually on the composer of the "Nibelungenring;" and even when the heavens for once are suddenly darkened, and an untimely storm thunders into the midst of his music, as was the case here in yesterday's concert, Wagner, like a skilful augur, knows how to interpret it favorably and, in a graceful speech, explain it to the audience as a propitious sign from "Jupiter." Yes, Wagner is lucky in all things. At first he raves against all monarchs: and a magnanimous king means him with flattering love and prepares for him an existence free from care and even brilliant. Then he writes a pasquinade against the Jews: and all Jewry, both in music and outside of music, pays him all the more zealous homage through newspaper criticisms and purchase of Bayreuth promissory notes. He proves in his pamphlet "On Conducting," that all our Court Kapellmeisters and musical directors are mere mechanics, to whom he dares not entrust "a single tempo" of his operas: and lo! our Court Kapellmeisters and Directors organize "Wagner Clubs" and recruit troops for the battle of Bayreuth. Opera singers and Directors, whose performances Wagner has cut up most fearfully in his writings, follow his footprints wherever he goes and are made happy by his greeting. He brands our Conservatories (in the Report to King Ludwig) as the most loosely managed, injudicious institutions: and the pupils of the Vienna Conservatory draw up in line before Wagner, and assemble in the school for an honorary presentation to the master. If we take into account also the wall-shaking Jubilation, the countless laurel-wreaths, and all the other acts of homage, which Wagner received in the concert of yesterday,—such homage as Mozart and Beethoven, Goethe and Schiller, taken together, never in their lives experienced,—we shall have to admit, that there is only one step wanting to the actual Dalai Lama worship, and that it is from no absolute lack of call for it, if this step is not taken.

We come back to the concert. It was in two parts, the first consisting of Beethoven's *Eroica*, the second of Wagner's own compositions. The *Iphigenia* Overture of Gluck, originally intended for the opening, was left off on account of the great length of the concert. As Beethoven's Heroic Symphony is one of the most often-played pieces of the Vienna concert repertoire, Wagner cannot have chosen it for its own sake, so much as for the sake of showing how it ought to be conducted,—that is, as a demonstrative illustration of his pamphlet "On Conducting." In this treatise, which contains very suggestive hints and witty observations, Wagner speaks repeatedly of Beethoven's *Eroica*, using it especially to prove his favorite assertion, that our kapellmeisters have no idea of *tempo* and that "Beethoven, as we have known him heretofore through public performances, is still with us a *pure chimera*." Dionysius Weber in Prague had declared the *Eroica* sheer nonsense; "but any one who heard such a performance of it (as that by the Prague Conservatory under D. Weber) would have said that Dionysius was quite right." "Nowhere," continues Wagner, "do they play it otherwise; and if this Symphony *to day*, in *spite of the fact that it is still played not otherwise*, is everywhere received with acclamation, it is (unless we choose to joke upon the whole phenomenon) because, for several decades, this music has been studied more and more outside of concert performances, especially in pianoforte arrangements." Wagner is acknowledged to be a brilliant conductor: he

has genial intentions, and, through his great authority over the players, he knows how to carry them out. And so his energetic, fine and nicely shaded reproduction of the *Eroica* gave us on the whole, a great enjoyment. Nevertheless it would be a very sad case, if we had only yesterday and purely by the grace of Wagner learned to understand this work, which Beethoven composed and conducted in person in Vienna. It would be unpardonable ingratitude, did we not avow that, from the same orchestra, under Herbeck's and Dessoff's direction, we have heard most excellent performances of the *Eroica*,—performances, which to-day, *after* Wagner's production, would still seem excellent. The one conductor takes a tempo a little faster, the other a little slower; one colors the contrast between *forte* and *pianissimo* more, the other less sharply. Such differences there will always be, so long as not machines, but living men direct, in whose physical and mental individuality these differences of conception are necessarily rooted. Among earnest directors of solid culture and of undisputed talent (we speak only of such) this differences will be for the most part only small; no one will take an Adagio fast or an Allegro slow, or make a piano of a forte. About such variations within narow, artistically indubitable limits there may be dispute; one only in this contest could decide: the composer himself. So long as Beethoven does not declare in person, that Wagner's conception of the *Eroica* is the only correct one, and that what seems Wagnerish in it is peculiarly the genuine Beethoven element, so long we cannot grant even to the hero of the day the right to call every other director of the *Eroica* an ass.

What there is new in Wagner's reproduction of the *Eroica* consists, briefly expressed, in a frequent "modification of the tempo" of the same movement. With this phrase and the second: "right conception of the Melos," which is to furnish the key for the correct tempo, Wagner himself designates the reform demanded and attempted by him in the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies. There are movements where in fact the "dynamic monotony" so odious to Wagner can without injury be interrupted and enlivened. Such is the Finale of the *Eroica*, whose structure rests essentially upon the expanded Variation form, so that for every variation of the theme a characteristic "modification of the tempo" is undoubtedly admissable. A series of variations, played off in one even tempo, easily stiffens to a soulless formalism; hence in just this movement Wagner's alternating rate of time produces charming effects. In other passages Wagner seems to us to go too far with his "modifications;" for example, when, after a very quick beginning of the first movement, he immediately takes the second motive (*dolce*, 45th bar) strikingly slower, whereby the hearer, in the scarcely yet established ground mood, is bewildered, and the "heroic" character of the Symphony is turned aside into the sentimental. The *Scherzo* Wagner takes uncommonly fast, even *presto*,—a rash and dangerous undertaking even for a virtuoso orchestra. The funeral march sounded wonderfully beautiful, especially the gradual dying away of the principal theme. The whole performance was, as we have said, of the highest interest, full of fine, suggestive traits and of ingenious effects; yet scarcely anybody doubts, that these "modifications" are more of a Wagner than a Beethoven origin.

Many a bold deviation from the law on the part of a peculiar and gifted person may have such a convincing show of success, that only narrow souls can take exception to it. But there is nothing more dangerous than to generalize a clever *aperçu*, and to wish to expand a purely individual feeling into an absolute rule. Were Wagner's principles "of conducting" generally adopted, it would open the door to an intolerable arbitrariness in such perpetual change of tempo; and soon we should come to hear no Symphonies by Beethoven, but only freely *after* Beethoven, wearing a different aspect in every city, under every conductor.

The disagreeable *tempo rubato*, that musical seasickness, which spoils for us the performances of so many singers and virtuosos, and against which hitherto our orchestral performances have furnished a sufficient antidote, would soon seize possession of these also, and it would be all over with the last sound kernel of our public musical life. Wagner does the same thing with conducting as with composing: what suits *his own* individual peculiarity, what succeeds with his entirely exceptional talent, must become the universal law of Art, the only true and valid rule. From his own extremely personal poet-painter-musical endowment he abstracts for himself a new theory of opera which has led him to peculiar, brilliant achievements, to compositions which bear their title deed in their soulful subjectivity, and are effective because they are Wagnerish. Yet Wagner does not content himself with that, but rejects every other opera style as a "colossal error," not perceiving that his own opera style in the hands of anybody else will be merely caricature. So soon as all the opera composers compose in the style of "Tristan and Isolde," we listeners infallibly will all go the madhouse; and if Wagner's "tempo modifications" acquire unlimited control in our orchestras, the Kapellmeisters, violinists and wind instrument players will soon follow us there

The second part of the Concert gave us the *Vorspiel* to "Tristan and Isolde," the "Fire charm" from the *Walküre*, and the new Introduction to *Tannhauser* (composed for the performance in Paris). The two first named pieces were well known here through Wagner's earlier concerts; the third is at least partly new. In its first half it is identical with the well known *Tannhauser* Overture: a slow introduction (Pilgrim March) and Allegro; only the latter leads immediately into the Venus-Berg Bacchanalia (expanded into great dimensions) on the stage, whereas the older overture returns to the Pilgrim March with richer figuration. The new prelude shows in the most interesting manner the uncommon progress which the composer has made, since the *Tannhauser*, in the thematic elaboration, in the extremest use and using up of the minutest motives: the whole great newly-added piece is woven entirely out of the old motives. In it the bacchantic passion is urged on to complete insanity, to a very *Walpurgisnacht* of instrumentation, in stunning noise unparalleled in Wagner's scores. In the theatre, characteristically interpreted, by a voluptuous ballet and a dazzling *mise en scène*, the effect of this music must be incomparably better than in the concert room; at any rate we prefer this new "*Vorspiel*," opening immediately and very happily into the Opera, to the old *Tannhauser* Overture, whose conclusion, in its striving for *effect*, is, after all, only an ear-torturing transfer to the orchestra of Thalberg's "playings around" (*Umspielungen*) on the pianoforte.

ED. HANSLICK.

---

## Speech by Wagner.

On the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Nibelungen Theatre at Bayreuth, Herr Wagner delivered an address, in which he described the aims and hopes he entertained in regard to his new Fest-Theatre. It ran thus:

My Friends and Valued Patrons—Through you I am placed in a position such as was never before occupied by a composer. You believe my promise to establish for the Germans a theatre of their own, and give me the means to erect this theatre. First of all a temporary edifice will serve, of which we lay the foundation-stone to-day. When we see each other again at this spot you will be greeted by this edifice, in whose characteristics you will immediately read the history of the thought incorporated in it. You will find merely an external shell, built with the most scanty material, which at most will call to your mind those hastily-erected festal halls that at times are erected in German cities, for the meetings of singing and other societies, and are immediately pulled down after the festal days are over. But that which in this edifice is calculated for a lasting existence will be evident to you on entering. Here, too, you will be met by an almost perfect lack of decoration; you will, perhaps, be surprised at not finding the ornamentation with which our ordinary festal halls are made pleasing. But, on the other hand, you will find expressed in the formation and arrangement of the stage, and the space for the audience, a thought through the comprehension of which you will be at once placed in a relation to the expected festal play, new and totally different from that which you have hitherto experienced on entering our theatres. If this effect be pure and complete, then further the mysterious sound of the music will prepare you for the revelation of scenic pictures, which will appear to you as from an ideal dream world, and announce to you the whole reality of the most entrancing illusion that art is capable of. Here nothing may speak to you in mere outline, or temporarily. So far as the artistic means extend, you shall have the completest offered to you, in scenic as well as in dramatic play.

Such are my plans. If I entertain confidence in the full success of this undertaking, I gather courage from the hope which has sprung up in me out of despair itself. I confide in the German spirit, and hope for its revelations, even in those spheres of our life in which, as in the life of our public art, it languishes only in the most lamentable misrepresentation. I confide before all in the spirit of German music, because I know how willingly and clear it lights up in our musicians so soon as the German *Meister* invokes it to life. I confide in the dramatic players and singers, because I know that they can be elevated to a new life so soon as the German *Meister* leads them from the vanity of a degrading play for the mere purpose of pleasing, back to the true preservation of their high mission. I confide in our musicians, and dare to say this aloud to day, when I see such a select company from various parts of our fatherland assembled about me, in response to my simple invitation. When these, in self-forgetting joy, send to you as festal greeting our great Beethoven's "Wunder-Symphonie," we can, indeed, well say to each other that the work which we are founding to-day will be no illusive castle in the air, though we musicians can only vouch to you for the truth of the idea to be embodied therein.

Our undertaking has been often characterized as the founding of the "National Theatre in Bayreuth." I am not justified in acknowledging this designation as valid. Where is the "nation" that erects this theatre? As recently the question of State support to the great Paris theatres was discussed in the National Assembly, the deputies spoke warmly for the further granting and even increase of the subvention, since the care of this theatre was a matter essential not only to France, but to Europe, which was accustomed to receive therefrom the law of its intellectual culture. Can we imagine, for a moment, the embarrassment and confusion that would arise in a German Parliament if a similar question were therein discussed? At best our theatre would be treated as a few years ago was our German Empire in our various landtags, namely, as a chimera.

Built up before my soul the design of the true "German Theatre," so must I at once perceive that I should remain neglected, from within and without, if I would come with this design before the nation. Many think, perhaps, that what from one cannot be believed would be believed of many. It might finally succeed in bringing together an immense joint stock company, which should commission an architect to erect, somewhere or other, a magnificent theatre, to which could be boldly given the name of a "German National Theatre," in the idea that within it a German national theatrical art would soon develop. . . . You can, indeed, permit me, to whom you give such honor to-day, to express my great joy that the peculiar touch of a single individual could be understood and promoted, even during his lifetime, by so many friends as your assembling here proves to be. . . . In my almost personal relation to you, patrons and friends, I can acknowledge the ground upon which will lie the foundation-stone that is to bear the whole edifice of our highest German hopes. If this edifice be at first only temporary, it will be so in the same sense in which for centuries the external form of the German nature was a temporary one. But it is the nature of the German spirit that it builds from within. The eternal God lives assuredly within it before it builds the temple to his honor. And this temple shows externally the spirit that built it. I will call this stone a stone of enchantment, whose power shall release to you the sealed secret of that spirit. It will

Digitized by Google

bear for the present only the merest external, whose aid we need for that illusion, through which you will see into the truest reflex of life. But it is already firmly joined, and strong enough in future to bear the proudest edifice, whenever the German people demand, to their own honor, to enter into possession with you. Let it be consecrated, by your love, by your blessing, by the deep thanks I feel toward you—to you all who wished for me, granted, gave, and helped. Let it be consecrated by the spirit that induced you to follow my invitation; which fills you with the courage to defy every scorn, and to confide in me.

## Sir Sterndale Bennett.

(From Punch.)

It is but partly true that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The world knows something of Sterndale Bennett, Knight, so deservedly created for being a composer of very considerable magnitude. No doubt the Queen, who understands music, created that Knight with a will. A testimonial on the strength of the honor thus conferred on him has been presented to Sir Bennett, as our neighbors will call him, in St. James's Hall. This testimonial was a scroll containing a record of subscriptions for a Sterndale Bennett Scholarship, and a Sterndale Bennett Prize, in the Royal Academy of Music.

Everybody in the world also who knows anything, knows that Sterndale Bennett is a composer of the higher kind of music. There is music and music; there are composers and composers. Some music is inarticulate poetry. Other music is inarticulate small talk and chatter. Much music, very popular for a time, is of a sort that would gratify a monkey having a musical ear. Other music, less popular with the million, but popular for all time, delights hearers whose mind and affections differentiate them from monkeys, and ally them with higher intelligences. In the matter of music, Sir Sterndale Bennett, like Mr. Disraeli in another way, is on the side, not of the Ape, but of the Angel. His music is such as the Divine Williams, and the Divine Johns (see *Paradise Lost*) mean by music when they extol it. It is akin to the music which Herr Breitmann wanted when he said:

"Denn vos a Miserere
Vot don, be-ghostet, spiel
Und vake be-raised yearnin,
Also a holy feel——"

Whereupon—

"De blay crates dings from Mozart,
Beethoven and Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Soopllme and peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feels like holy saints,
De tears run down his face;
Und he supped nat——."

The Breitmann sobbed out in very strong High Dutch his sense of true Art-enjoyment. But beside those "crate dings" which Breitmann mentions, he would certainly rank the works of Sterndale Bennet. Let those who have ears to hear, and souls to feel, but not, perhaps, schooling to understand scientifically, that nobler music, hear the Attorney General. In his discourse on presenting the Testimonial to its recipient, Sir John Coleridge said:—

"Most of those who were listening to him were cultivated, intelligent, and critical musicians, who could appreciate the value of Sir Sterndale Bennett's compositions; but, not being a musician himself, he could only listen to them, feeling something of their grace and beauty of order—fancying, indeed, in some dim and distant way, that he could distinguish something of their scholarly character and finished structure; but, nevertheless, feeling rather as a child towards them than as being possessed of that full and intelligent knowledge which belonged to those whom he was addressing."

Still, they that occupy the room of the unlearned in music are in no worse position to be delighted with it, if they have music in their souls, than the analogous majority of the spectators who are now crowding the Exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy are to derive pleasure from pictures. If these can open their eyes, those can open their ears; and the technically unlearned, for the matter of that, are as much, and as little at a disadvantage with Sir Sterndale Bennett as they are with Sir Joshua Reynolds. An unlettered swain or bumpkin of natural parts, unable to read Shakspeare, may, nevertheless, seeing Shakspeare acted, be able to understand a considerable some of him, as they say in New England. And now Shakspeare has again been mentioned, it is observable that his name was introduced by the Attorney General into his address on presenting the Bennett testimonial:—

"Until very lately, music in this country had not taken its proper place in the world of intellect. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Bacon, Newton, Flaxman and Chantrey, were amongst the greatest men of all countries, and their fame was known to all the world. But the names of Purcell, Horne, and Bishop, of Boyce and Croft, and of Field and Onslow, in their respective schools of composition, were but little known or appreciated beyond the limits of the English empire, and beyond the limits of English-speaking people. It had been the good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett to break through that kind of provincialism."

So that now, Sir John, albeit no scientific musician, perceives that English music has at last taken its proper place in the world of intellect, and taken it on a level with the works of the greatest men of all countries, whose fame is known to all the world. One of those men is Shakspeare, and music has taken its place along with Shakspeare's works by the good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett.

## Handel's Organ Concerto.

(From the London Orchestra.)

Among the comparatively ancient musical instruments, not one is of greater interest than the real Handel organ—the organ upon which the great composer exhibited with felicitous execution the ingenious plan and melodious flow of his far famed organ concerto. This singular composition is naturally of solicitude to the organ player, and of much curiosity with the amateur and the virtuoso, when it is remembered that Handel twice reduced himself to bankruptcy by his operatic speculations, and yet recovered himself by his organ concerto. For the last eight years of his life, the son of his copyist was the conductor of his oratorios, whilst Handel sat by him every now and then performing his concerto, more than half extemporaneous, upon the organ; and from the public interest excited by these performances, he annually stored up sums of money which at his death proved to amount to more than £20 000. The opera made Handel a poor man, the oratorio made him, if possible, still poorer, but the organ concerto turned the tide; it was the stream of Pactolus to the septuagenarian, gave him, for an organist, a sort of oceanic wealth, and annually contributed to the rosy emblazonry of his long familiar name. He was indisputably pre-eminent in concerto playing on his favorite instrument, and it forms an inquiry of much interest to ascertain what was his concerto organ, and what his mode of playing. There is an concerto organ of Handel's in the South Kensington Exhibition. There are the curious wind instruments that we meet with in the scores of his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, but no Covent Garden, or Lincoln's Inn organ. And indeed it is not easy to unearth a curiosity of this kind. There was one—a perfect specimen—in the school-room of the well known Raine Charity at St. George's, Ratcliffe Highway; and also a small one in the Palace at Hampton Court. Both instruments have suffered from the hands of the renovators, and their peculiarities are no more. The peculiarly sharp, yet delicate, tone of the metal stop diapason has faded away, and the mounted cornet has no other echo than the charming stop invented by Dr. Gauntlett, for the great organ in St. Peter's, Cornhill, from an *effect*, not a register, heard in the organ in the Cathedral at Cologne. The small metal open diapason called the *dulciana* was not known in Handel's time, but there was a second sized open *diapason* and an octave (*principal*) to match it; but both these registers have given way to fanciful imitations of their Teutonic representatives. Whether in the halls of our nobility there may yet remain a Handel organ may be a question. Possibly something of the kind may be yet extant in some Chapel of one of the old Catholic families.

Whatever may have been this instrument as a fact, it fully satisfied the composer, and enabled him to realize his intention. Handel in his concerto never engaged to spiritualize the organ after the manner of Sebastian Bach, in the large forms of his church preludes and fugues. Handel could not play that way, even had he directed his thoughts that way. The Bach organ was a pedal organ, that of Handel a manual organ, and possibly of only one manual. On the great organ in St. Paul's Cathedral Handel unquestionably was in the habit of surprising his auditors by the breadth and solemnity of his dia pa on preludes—an exercise in sympathy with his early feelings, and which he left as a precious legacy to the metropolitan organists. No doubt Worgan and Battishill each formed their school from reminiscences of Handel's larger method on the cathedral organ. In the theatre and concert room, Handel aimed to make himself sympathetic with the amateur and the virtuoso, to reproduce the phrases and ideas of the orchestral concerto—the favorite passages of Corelli and the Italian organists, invented for the display of the oboe and the violin. Handel avoided any impulse from the Church—any train of thought suggestive directly of worship. What he sought for was artistic effect to please the fashionable audience. That which he did was neither poor nor monotonous, heavy nor long; but it had clear and definite form—bright and graceful, with a spirit all rosy and light. No old chant, no stiff, square antique choral—no Mixolydian or Phrygian Cantilena—no chain of consonant chords imitative of the doings of the first masters on the organ, are to be met with in his concertos. He condescended to play for the ladies, and the old church manipulator succumbed to the supple courtier. He was content to please, for in this way he replenished his exhausted exchequer, and drew his full house. True it is, his concerto is modelled on the favorite existing forms of the time; but, while imitating the school, he far transcends all his competitors. With all its elegance and charm, there is grandeur and dignity, and the all of fire and energy which the school would admit, he most liberally used up. The pathetic points, the massive, solemn illustrations so finely conceived and developed by Sebastian Bach, he could not touch upon, both instrument and place forbade their introduction. He, Handel, neither wastes nor misapplies his strength; the "concatenated" harmonies, and the chromatic surprises he reserved for the auditors under the great dome of St. Paul's. The marvel is that with such slight means he maintained such commanding superiority, such unfailing admiration, such universal sympathy. For a very long period after his demise, these compositions held their great popularity, and made their players celebrated. And the spirit of his day in these concertos is yet a living fact; the concerto of Handel has not passed into the catalogue of antique curiosities, nor into the lumber room of over-learned and scholastic subtleties. It is not a question of "enduring" the Handel concerto, but simply one of what is the best way of producing it? Shall it be in the heavy way of our modern heavy organs, in the sensational way of the Paris organ school, in the light and airy way of Handel's own time, or in some (at present hidden) manner which shall be a faithful interpreter of the venerated giant, noble yet gentle, full of all comfort and much joyfulness? Nothing short of a keen sense of the freedom and playfulness of the composition will give its real truth and beauty; it is not so much the music of the soul as the cunning of melody and modulation, largely and fully developed for the gratification of the external taste for music. And it can only be truthfully given with this intention. It is not mystic, spiritualistic, nationalistic, dramatic, nor does it attempt delineation of character or situation. But it is a close train of thought and conception, and a long way ahead of mere mechanism, or a sensuous exhibition of so many organ stops. Its spirit demands an artist to interpret, and none but an artist can enter into its sphere, and translate the composition in all its integrity. Its artistic excellence is as certain and undeniable as in the days of Handel himself, for no new road has been opened to the organ concerto. No other pattern has been so long cherished. The inclination to be delighted with it is as strong as ever; the only questions are, can it be played again with interest in its original light manner, or can any other way be devised which may afford a higher perception of its charm and beauty? It is a great speciality, a criterion of a singular period, a remarkable relic of popular feeling, a carefully wrought-up exercise of a marvellous organ player in what we may term the school of agility in his time. It would be highly interesting to give it as Handel played it, and on some such organ as Handel himself performed on. We incline to imagine any modern substitute would prove inefficient, and that its true intrinsic power and character will be best realized on the instrument of his day, could such organ be discovered. If in existence, it should now be in the International Exhibition, and some one found to interpret the old Handel concerto in its real old form and fashion.

## Gilmore's Guns, and Handel's Fireworks Music.

In *Watson's Art Journal* (New York) we find the following attempt to shelter a piece of modern Irish-American clap-trap under the high authority of Handel:

Mr. Gilmore was not the first to make use of artillery in musical performances, as may be seen by the following extract from the Rev. H. R. Haweis's work (pages 181-183), "Music and Morals," recently published from the English addition, by the Harpers:

Digitized by Google

"Between the 11th of July and the 24th of August, toward the close of the same year, he prepared the firework music, which was played at eight before the King's palace in the Green Park. Let us hope that his love of noise was for once fully gratified. The music ended with the explosion of a hundred and one brass cannons, seventy-one six pounders, twenty twelve pounders, and ten twenty-four pounders. There was no lack of hunting horns, hautboys, bassoons, kettle drums, and side drums, besides bass-viols innumerable. Every one seemed to have been delighted; and when the magnificent Doric temple, under the superintendence of that great pyrotechnist, the Chevalier Servardoni, went off with a terrific bang, it was thought success could go no farther, and the king's library was nearly burnt down."

And who was the "he" who set all this hubbub agoing? It was no less a personage than Mr. G. F. Handel, who has acquired some reputation as a composer of oratorios. We commend the above extract to those who have only seen matter for ridicule in Mr. Gilmore's notion of making the rude throats of cannon join in singing the praises of peace with emphasis equal to that displayed in the service of their maker and master, war.

But what ground is there for supposing that the guns were fired at the opening of King George's fireworks at the instigation of "Mr. Handel," or that they formed any part of Handel's *Fireworks Music*? There were fireworks; and there were cannons fired as signal for their commencement; and there was music composed by Handel, consisting of an Overture, preceding, and other pieces accompanying the pyrotechnical display. But what had the cannons to do with the music? Here is the history of the affair as given by Schoelcher in his Life of Handel:

But it seems as if the fatigues of old age were unknown to him. While he directed his performances during the Lent of 1748, during which he played every evening (as his custom was) one or two concertos upon the organ, he wrote the music for the royal fireworks, which were exhibited on Thursday, the 27th of April, 1749. "The machine," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, "was situated in the Green Park, 500 feet from his majesty's library, and represented a magnificent Doric temple, from which extended two wings, terminated by pavilions, 114 feet in height to the top of his majesty's arms; 410 feet long. Invented and designed by the Chevalier Servandoni. Disposition of the firework: *after a grand overture of warlike instruments, composed by Mr. Handel, a signal was given for the commencement of the firework, which opened by a royal salute of* 101 *brass ordnance*, viz., 71 six pounders, 20 twelve pounders, and 10 twenty-four pounders."

The construction caught fire, and his majesty's library narrowly escaped being burned. This display of fireworks was to celebrate the peace of Aix-la Chapelle, which was concluded on the 7th of October, 1748, and which put an end to a long war, by insuring to the throne of England the inheritance of the Hanoverian crown.

In addition to the overture, which was played by fifty six instruments, this music is divided into five movements—two Allegro, one Bourée, one Siciliana, and two Minuets, in which are violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses. Below the Siciliana the MS. bears the words "La paix," and below the second Allegro, "La rejouissance." Doubtless this accompanied a transparency symbolical of Pleasures, and the Siciliana one bearing an allegorical representation of Peace. Handel always varied the effects of sonority with extreme care. The Allegro of "La rejouissance" has this direction: — "The first time with trumpets, 2nd time with French horns, the 3rd time all together." At the first minuet, originally set for "trombe, tympani, hautbois, viola, bassoons," (trumpets, kettle-drums, hautboys, viols, and bassoons), it is written—"la seconda volta colli corni di caccia, hautbois, bassons e tympani; la terza volta tutti insieme and the side drums" (the second time with hunting horns, hautboys, bassoons, and kettle-drums; the third time all together, and the side drums).

People had doubtless been talking about the fifty-six wind instruments which were to lead this musical broadside. Curiosity was excited to the highest point. The *General Advertiser* of the 22nd of April, 1749, says:—"Yesterday there was the brightest and most numerous assembly ever known at the Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, on occasion of the rehearsal of Mr. Handel's music for the royal fireworks." The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1749, says:—"Friday 21, was performed, at Vauxhall Gardens, the rehearsal of the music for the fireworks, by a band of 100 musicians, to an audience of above 12,000 persons (tickets 9s. 6d). So great a resort occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge, that no carriage could pass for three hours. The footmen were so numerous as to obstruct the passage, so that a scuffle ensued, in which some gentlemen were wounded." Twelve thousand persons at 9s. 6d per ticket would give £5,700. Such a receipt appears incredible. Surely there is a printer's error here. The *General Advertiser* puts the tickets at 2s. 6d., which is far more reconcilable with an audience of 12,000 persons. Even that would bring £1,500; which is, after all, a good round sum.

*Fireworks Music* figured for a long time afterward in the programme of almost every concert; but it is not to be supposed that it was performed with all the horns and trumpets of the Green Park.

Musicians have not so high an opinion of *Fireworks Music* as of *Water Music*. Walsh published the two works for eight instruments, and for the harpsichord. Messrs. Lonsdale & Co. have lately put forward an edition of the first one for the piano, upon the occasion of the peace with Russia. Very often, on both sides of the quarrel, wars are finished with a display of fireworks. Sad mockery!

Handel himself caused *Fireworks Music* to be performed at the Foundling Hospital, a few days after the public rejoicings of the 27th of April. "On the 4th of May, 1749," says Mr. Brownlow,* "he attended the committee at the hospital, and offered a performance of vocal and instrumental music; the money arising therefrom to be applied toward the finishing of the chapel." This performance is thus alluded to in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that month: "Saturday, 27th.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with a great number of persons of quality and distinction, were at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital to hear several pieces of vocal and instrumental music, composed by George Frederic Handel, Esq., for the benefit of the foundation. 1°. The music for the late fireworks, and the anthem on the peace; 2°. Select pieces from the oratorio of *Solomon*, relating to the dedication of the Temple; and 3°. Several pieces composed for the occasion, the words taken from Scripture, and applicable to the charity and its benefactors.

* Memoranda of the Foundling Hospital, 8vo, 1847.

## The Stepchild among Mozart's Operas.

No other of Mozart's masterpieces, not even *Cosi fan Tutte*, despite its uninteresting libretto, is performed so seldom as *Idomeneus*. Were we to reckon up the number of times it has been represented in Germany, since its first production down to the present moment, we should be astounded at the lowness of the figures forming the gross total. It was, therefore, most satisfactory to learn that a royal order had been issued at Munich, directing the revival of the old opera in a manner worthy its composer. It is peculiarly appropriate in Munich, where it was first produced in 1781, and then disappeared for sixty four long years. Its second production there, in January, 1845 appealed to an entirely new generation, and the present generation, also, is a completely new one. It was in compliance with a request from the Elector Karl Theodor, that Mozart composed *Idomeneo* for the Italian operatic company at Munich. The opera was produced by them, without any great success, on the 21st January, 1781.

Mozart was then twenty four years old, with his soul full of art, love, and enthusiasm, and his ambition fixed upon fame and immortality—he was at that golden season of human life which never returns, and which makes even a prosaic youth a poet, if only for a few moments. Still it is only out of respect for a great master that writers have spoken of the work he then wrote, and their allusions to it teem with remarks upon the undramatic story, the accumulation of recitatives and airs, and wind up with the assertion that despite many beauties contained in it, this youthful effort is not sufficiently matured, and for that reason, could never keep possession of the boards, &c. Now let us consider the subject of the drama. Idomeneus is the sovereign of many cities in Crete, and is celebrated by Homer for his manliness and valor. As he is returning home from Troy, he is overtaken by a storm at sea, and is in danger of perishing. He makes a vow that if the gods will rescue him and his companions, he will offer up to them, as an expiatory sacrifice, the first being he meets. He is saved, and the first person on whom his glance falls, as he lands, is—his own son. What a grandly tragic subject! It is hardly inferior to that of Iphigenia in Aulis. And what a tonal edifice has the master raised upon the highly tragic foundation! His work is characterised by a degree of inspiration, earnestness, and sublime melody, reminding one of Handel and Gluck, and of instrumental animation towering high above both, and even surpassing Jos. Haydn. Such instrumental language, glowing with all the ardor of a youthful and happy heart, and characterised by such original ingenuity, that, among all his subsequent works, only *Don Juan* can be placed on a level with it—such language, as a matter of course, was above the comprehension of a period when, for instance, a Prati was the idol of the Italian and German musical public. Even Mozart's elder rival, the Abbé Vogler, owed the success of his grand opera, *Castor and Pollux*, solely to the fact that, being well acquainted with the orchestra, which was then the most celebrated in Germany, he adapted himself to its slightest caprices, and really, and truly, wrote for persons who understood him as little as they understood the immortal Mozart. Thus the great composer's first dramatic work disappeared, unappreciated, and to be speedily forgotten, from all the theatres of Germany. Mozart endured the pain of beholding a creation, which to the last moment of his life, he treasured up as his special favorite in his heart, past by unheeded by his own generation. But in the case of this work it seems as though Fate would realise the old and significant German legend, which represents the great Emperor, armed in mail, and buried in obscurity and sleep, reposing in the subterranean and crystal vaults of the mountains, until the time arrives, when once more aroused and summoned to the light of day, he shall come forward as the savior and deliverer of his people. In the interests of art it is to be hoped that the example set by the Theatre Royal, Munich, with respect to an opera so undeservedly neglected, will be followed by other leading theatres in Germany. When we do possess anything good, we ought not to consign it to unmerited oblivion.—*German Paper.*

## What is becoming of our Tenors?

It has been said that modern scores ruin the voice, and are possibilities only for persons of a robust constitution. This is an irrefutable truth. Let any-one glance at the part of Robert the Devil, in the piece of that name, or at that of Raoul, in *Les Huguenots*; the first question that suggests itself to his mind cannot fail to be, whether a man can have the temerity to attempt such a part in public. It is written for a Roman of the palmiest days of Rome, and not for the weak citizen of a nation which experiences great difficulty in raising a handful of soldiers every year. Each bar appears to be written for an instrument. There are skips of fifths, sixths, octaves, and occasionally tenths; feats of vaulting from the bottom to the top of the scale, as on a violin; examples of impregnable intonation, rendered still more difficult by the unexpected character of the harmony; modulations calculated to turn any one's head, as in the phrase "Conquis par ma valeur" (third act of *Robert le Diable*); bits radically unsingable like the duet between Bertram and Robert (third act of *Robert le Diable*), phrases bearing the stamp of madness, like the phrase of the tenor in the admirable sextet of *Les Huguenots*, "Et bonne épée;" "lengths" fit to drive a man to despair; fearful break neck obstacles; "par moi conquis; par moi conquis" . . . (third act of *Robert*), anathemas like that in the second act of *La Juive*; A's and B's flat, to be taken brutally on the vowel i, as in the phrases in *La Reine de Chypre*, "Sur le bord de l'abime." What, too, shall we say of the couplets to France, sung by the Dauphin in *Charles VI*? We are compelled to stop before the many insurmountable or perilous places conjured up by our memory. The extravagance of modern scores is an established fact. To master them would require an amount of musical knowledge which singers do not possess, an amount of skill and of tact, which can be attained only by a long and intelligent study of the vocal art. Even when all this has been accomplished, there still remains a problem to be solved, the problem, namely, of physical strength. There is no means of shuffling with that. Where physical strength is wanting, abstract knowledge avails but little; consequently, dramatic singing is in an inextricable difficulty, and modern opera is the worker of its approaching ruin.

It will be objected that the operas of Gluck, Grétry, and of Méhul were not more easy to sing, and that our tenors are not found to be marvels when they sing in an old score. It is perfectly certain they are not. We even feel inclined to maintain, that an air like that in *Zémire et Azor* ("Du moment qu'on aime") requires higher talent than many a number in *La Reine de Chypre*. But this is not exactly the question. A character is difficult according to the qualities of style, sentiment, and mimetic power which must be devoted to it. At any rate, in old operas, no artist is not stopped by any material impossibility, against which all human genius is utterly

Digitized by Google

powerless. Serious study, great perseverance, and good sound taste, strengthened by the counsels of criticism, are sufficient to enable an artist to acquit himself honorably in a well-written part. But no study avails aught, if physical strength be wanting. No one in the world can endow a tenor with lungs if he has none; no human power can save him from the state of exhaustion into which he falls, after he has been only two hours vociferating, exerting himself, and tearing his larynx, as well as every other vocal organ.

The history of the modern stage is distinguished by a fact that has escaped no one's notice: nearly all composers *work* with a view to bring out the peculiar gifts of a certain singer, who, in his turn, makes the piece. But this is not all. They endeavor to turn to account, not only his good qualities, but also his defects and natural imperfections. The result is, that the poem and the music are really the very humble servants of any singer enjoying a certain reputation. We saw this sufficiently during the entire career of Meyerbeer. The care that great man displayed about his singers was something which defies description. He died without having found, for his *Africaine*, the rare bird he had been seeking with such desperate tenacity. The papers laughed enough at the distances he travelled, the treasures he found, and the disappointments he underwent. No one took more pains than he did to pave the way for the success of a work. He relied upon a singer as upon Providence. He forgot that a work of merit ought, above all things, to be strong in itself, and to triumph independently of machinery, scenery, tricks, and attacks of hoarseness.

This example of the great master proves only too plainly that singers substitute their individuality for the genius of the musician. The latter acts too liberally to them in his work. He reckons too much upon an exceptional voice. It is the story of the English authors writing for the comedian Foote—who had a wooden leg—pieces that could not be acted by those who were unlucky enough to be quite whole. In Italy, again, actors have been engaged expressly to play the parts of one-eyed or lame men. Our readers may brand our assertion as absurd, but we beg to tell them that people do not act otherwise in France.

When anyone says to a singer: "You will sing such and such a part, which goes up to C sharp, and you will make that C sharp vibrate through the house, because Tamberlick did so before you," he is certainly imposing on the artist an anomaly analogous to that of the wooden leg. Nay, more; the artist would be better able to undergo the amputation of a limb than to find in his larynx a C sharp that does not exist there.—*Le Guide Musical.*

## What the Chorus thinks of itself.

[As divulged by the Reporter of the Advertiser, June 21].

Just before the festival a well-known Boston organist remarked that this festival would be either the last attempt of the kind, or a beginning of a long series of great musical gatherings. On the stage of the Coliseum the opinion seems to prevail that this festival is not by any means the last of its race. Musical gatherings of every style and size are likely to be given through the country from time to time. If no one else starts them the choir will get them up for their own gratification and amusement. To sit with the harmonious throng, to see thousands of cultivated men and women around one rise and sing with enthusiasm and careful attention, is an experience as peculiar as it is delightful. A seat among the tenors and near the sopranos, where both sexes can be seen, gives some new aspects of American life. Nor is this all. A seat on the stage gives an inside view of the performance and explains many things not understood by the audience. The chorus even thinks that it has discovered some things which have escaped the attention of some of the most astute critics, and that these points are of great practical value. Whether or not these discoveries are of so much importance as the chorus thinks, we shall leave it for our readers to decide, having given the great chorus all the space it asks for in which to express its views. That they are entertaining we are sure; that we or any other critical journal should entirely coincide in its opinions we think the chorus too good-natured and reasonable to ask. If our estimate of it were not so high, we should certainly decline its request to be heard at such length.

First of the choir. Frankly, the chorus says, we think there are too many of us. This is not a new idea, but we wish it understood that the chorus know it only too well. We think the next Festival choir should not exceed ten thousand.* As we number twenty thousand we wish to come on separate days. One half on one day, the rest another time. We all intend to come, but we know our own weakness, and we will submit to any arrangement that will enable us to do ourselves justice. Twenty thousand can sing a slow psalm together, but one half of our seats are exceedingly poor, and so far from the conductor that in concerted music the parts are confused and we spoil our own efforts. To sit among the red-booked multitude and see their earnestness, pride and sweet-tempered good nature under trial, is as entertaining as it is instructive. Breezes of indignation, gusts of mild petulancy, ripples of merriment and solemn calms of seriousness sweep over the excitable company quickly. A spirit of unrest sometimes appears, and at other moments the sopranos are almost tearful, and the tenors grim and dejected. It has never been our experience to witness so much emotion among so many people. They rise to heights of aspiring resolve and duty, and are provoked at trifles. Taken as a whole they seem what they are—a refined, serious, cultivated and enthusiastic set of people—a worthy assembly of representative Americans. It is plain they seem a trifle proud, and a little dissatisfied. Proud that they have done so well under their many discouragements, and vexed at the mismanagement of some of the leaders. They seem a trifle hurt at their treatment, and supremely happy that they have done so well at times. They know they have failed, and they know how and why it happened. With the most loyal feelings towards the projectors of the festival, and thankful to them for affording them so much pleasure, they still venture to hold a few opinions of their own on the matter.

* Say *three* thousand.—Ed.

To warn future festivals of the rocks and shoals we have stranded upon, we point out:—

First, the organ. We do not like it. It seldom helps us. It is too loud and distracting. We like its ponderous bass (wood, not reeds), as it gives us confidence. Beyond this we do not care for it. Its tone is too reedy and "mixture" like. Then, the organist has not always helped us. The organ does not give us our parts in every place as they are written, nor does it follow the light and shade as quickly or carefully as do the singers, and we are rapidly losing confidence in it. This is plainly shown in the ease with which the unaccompanied four-part song was performed. Once or twice, as in "Yet doth the Lord," the organ, instead of trying to assert itself, becomingly took its proper position of mere accompaniment, and at the close there was a sense of gratified satisfaction at the performance. On some occasions the choir have sat down in a most unhappy state of mortification and disgust, for which the organ has been often to blame.

Next, the rehearsals. Here the choir is no doubt at fault. We cannot help it, and respectfully urge that we have our daily bread to win, and cannot give our whole day to the festival. We have paid our own way, and rehearsed night after night for months, and we think if we are rightly handled we can do fairly well without the morning rehearsal.

This leads to another important matter. The performance of "God save the Queen" was a mortifying failure. We know it, and we know why and how it happened. Never was there a choir more dead in earnest to do its best than assembled that day. Each had a book containing printed directions for the performance of each line. The conductor rises and at once violates the rules. The printed rules say the organ is to give the signal to rise. Our leader beckons us, and we scramble up in mortified confusion, and the prelude starts. At the marked place the choir and organ come in with precision. At once we are treated like children, and bid be silent, and the New York critics laugh and sneer at the failure. Now we are utterly at sea, and the rest of the performance goes into history a wretched fiasco. Who's fault is it? Not ours, certainly. It may be urged that we should have attended the morning rehearsal. Perhaps so, but if every one from gray-haired basso to youngest alto had been in the rehearsal seats, it would have been a failure if the conductor had violated the printed directions in the books. If this had happened once we would say nothing. It happened several times, and each time the twenty thousand ladies and gentlemen were compelled to bear the blame of failures they did not bring about. In a choir of twenty hundred it is possible to change the style of performance; among twenty thousand, impossible.

Next we think it a great mistake to change the leader. Give us one conductor through every choral number. We learn to know his every sign, and learn to rely on him. Few people in the audience can understand the sense of uncertainty and positive alarm that spreads over the choir at sight of a new leader. We admire Mr. Paine, and we have rehearsed his splendid music with care and pleasure, yet hundreds of sopranos were ready to cry with vexation at their failure to attack the first line. They had been taught to watch for a certain sign to sing. The strange conductor was not understood, and the piece fell dead. Under Zerrahn it would have been a triumph for us and the talented composer. Mr. Tourjee, Mr. Keller, and Franz Abt command our respect and affection everywhere, except when on one six feet of boarding, and that is the conductor's platform. Great composers, fine musicians, no doubt, but they were new to us. Two of them we had never seen before. They did not know our ways, and we understood not theirs, and the result was very sad.

Finally, we think the incessant performance of the "Anvil Chorus" a blunder. The best of music becomes tiresome, and if it is poor—Heaven help us! The opera music we object to altogether. It may be very fine to have the chorus read it at sight, but we don't care to do it often. As for the bells, cannon, and big drum, we like them not. One of these fine musical days the long-suffering choir will rise in good-natured rebellion and put the dreadful things out of joint. Lastly, let us never be asked again to sing *songs* in mass. Choral and concerted sacred music is our only forte. In it we can succeed—in anything else we are very unhappy, and we know it. As for the hymn at the close of each day's performance, we do not care for it. We are too tired and anxious to get home to spend another moment in our huge, hot, and noisy hall.

This is not the last festival. We are coming again in smaller numbers, and we want to see these gatherings made a permanent success. Give the choir a chance, treat them with respect, print the music months beforehand, and make no changes or additions, and give us one leader,—and if Mr. Gilmore, or any one else, wants to gather a choir of fifty thousand he can easily do so.

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, June 22. Theodore Thomas gave his benefit concert at the Central Park Garden, on Thursday evening, June 20th. For the edification of your Boston readers I will state that he did *not* have a grand orchestra of "1,000 accomplished musicians," nor was he assisted by a trained chorus of 17,000 picked voices—neither was there any ten-acre shed specially constructed for the occasion: though I have no doubt that such a proceeding would have been eminently sensible and proper. He *did* have, however, an excellent orchestra of 60 performers, and the following programme:

March. Tannhäuser ........................ Wagner.
Overture. Night in Granada ................ Kreutzer.
Waltz. Rudolfs-Klaenge .................... Strauss.
Fantasie, for Clarinet .................... Spadina.
Mr. L. Schneider
Selections from "The Flying Dutchman," First time, Wagner.
Overture. Coriolanus. Op. 62 .............. Beethoven.
Concerto No. 1. E flat, Adagio and Rondo .... Paganini.
Mr. Bernhard Listemann.
Symphonic Poem. Orpheus. First time ........ Liszt.
Selections from "William Tell" First time ... Rossini.
Quadrille. Nuss-Knacker. First time ........ Kücken.
Waltz. Wiener Fresken ..................... Strauss.
Galop. Japanese. New ...................... A. E. Pease.

Had Mr. Thomas held direct communication with the clerk of the weather he could not have selected a better evening—for, as the long scorching afternoon drew to a close, and a welcome breeze blew up from the bay, people seemed to gravitate naturally to the cool and pleasant gardens. The only difficulty seemed to be—to prevent the crowd from being too great—for Mr. Thomas's personal popularity is such that doubling the usual price of admission seemed to increase, rather than diminish, the attendance.

At 8.30 every table in the *salle des concerts* and in the garden outside was taken and every place occupied. Those who came later had to be content with a promenade in the garden path until some restless sitter left his chair—an event of almost constant occurrence, for here every one wanders at his own sweet will—or, what is the same of course, the will of a lady whom he escorts; for, do not imagine, O men of Athens, that this is merely a beer drinking place, frequented mainly by the sterner sex: at least half the audience was composed of ladies.

The conductor was evidently in the best of mood. In front of his desk hung a beautiful garland of lilies; above him the crystal chandeliers chimed gaily, swayed by the river breeze. From his cheerful demeanor one would not have guessed that three sonnets had recently been written to him; yet there they were, printed on the second leaf of the programme, for every one to read. He seems, somehow, to be *en rapport* with bearers, as well as with orchestra. Even when his audience relapses into barbarism on the subject of encores, he quickly but firmly controls them. I have seen him—under circumstances almost as trying as the famous *charivari* at the Cirque Napoleon, when Paudeloup nearly broke his baton in frantic rage—leave the stand and quietly take a seat in a corner of the orchestra, remaining there until he had carried his point.

The music was fine in every respect; each selection was perfectly rendered by the orchestra; and during the intermissions a military band stationed in the garden played some very good music:—an arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," (*Lieder ohne Worte*), among other pieces. Mr. Listemann received an encore for his fine rendering of Paganini's difficult concerto.

The popularity of these garden concerts continues undiminished, and a season of somewhat similar entertainments has begun at Terrace Garden, with Ad. Neuendorff as conductor.

I notice an editorial query in your columns as to whether the "playing upon" the swells by the firemen at the Jubilee is to be done "through hose-pipe." In that case I recommend that the swells first be made red hot: the result would be an appropriate comment on the entire Jubilee. A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1872.

## The Lesson of the Former Jubilee.

We do not propose to enter upon any criticisms in detail of the presents, the "World's Peace" Gilmore Jubilee, until it is all over. Of course there have been some very pleasant features about it. The "Coliseum" in itself is almost a miracle of skill and energy and beauty; the animated spectacle of nearly 20,000 performers at one end, and sometimes almost as many auditors or spectators facing them—though frequently the number has been hardly half that; the splendid playing of the French, the Prussian, and the Austrian Bands, with interchange of international courtesies in the shape of "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," "God Save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," &c., day after day, amid wild enthusiasm and waving of white handkerchiefs,—for this is open air music and *could be heard*, so nothing else could half as well; the grand or beautiful effects of some of the chorus singing, mostly limited to the plain Chorals in long, even notes, (and even this would have been better by a fifth part of the number, in a hall not seating more than 5,000 listeners); the telling power and sweetness, richness of Mme. Peschka Leutner's voice, and more of same. Rudersdorff's (though both would have a lot to more advantage in a common hall:—best of all, since it was infinitely the best programme and by far the best performed of all the vocal work, the production of "Israel and Egypt" by the selecter choir of from twelve to fourteen hundred voices—although this was only for the few appreciative ones who were well seated; upon five sixths of the audience it was thrown away, the noise of restless feet all over the great board palace sadly interfering with any calm and fruitful attention on the part of the rest: these and some other features, not to speak of the beauty of the weather, the admirable ventilation of the great building, and the contagious exhilaration of a whole community on pleasure bent, made it worth one's while, since the Jubilee was in the midst of us, to put oneself within its influence once or twice, if not oftener.

Nor have we ever denied that some considerable good may incidentally result from it, vain glorious, uncalled for, forced upon us, and fallacious as the project in itself has always seemed and does still seem to us. An all-wise Providence, making us "build better than we knew," takes care that there shall be no great air without some good resulting from it: due not the world owe something to the two Napoleons? Our readers will remember that we reviewed the Jubilee of 1869 in as generous and candid a spirit as was possible to one frankly an unbeliever from the first,—and to *the last*. We took all pains to note and give full credit for each trait, each instance of grand or beautiful effect, of excellence in musical selection or in rendering, for the inspiring influence of the scene and the vast presence of sympathetic numbers, for the wonderful example of good order, for organizing skill and energy, for the the false impetus to the formation of choral societies throughout the country, and for the putting of such marked emphasis upon Music, the printing it as it were in such big characters, that thousands, most indifferent to the art before, began to feel a marvellous respect for it. But after the wonderful folly (we too glowingly) making all these admissions, we none the less took care never to confess ourselves converted to the essential worthiness of the huge scheme in itself, or of the scene, the spirit whence it sprung. We took care, *after* as before, to give it as our honest and deliberate conviction that the Jubilee was not a fit thing to be done,—at all events not a fit thing to repeat. And now, if we read the signs aright, now that this second Jubilee is half through (pronounced in its advertisements and by all the Press "the grandest series of musical entertainments which the world has ever known,"—for this is the heyday of exaggeration), now we make bold to predict, that the practical comment furnished by this second Jubilee upon the first, will prove that first conviction to have been melady right. A short time will determine. Not a few days or weeks perhaps, but a few months or a season; we must allow some time for the intoxication to sleep itself off (when we shall find how largely it has been produced by noxious artificial stimulants, such as unscrupulous advertisement puffery, appeals to vanity or interest, &c.). Then the community will come to its senses, and survey the whole field calmly; then the real sober comments of the wise and thoughtful, unheard publicly amid so much newspaper clamor, but heard every hour and everywhere in private both before and during the whole festival, will have caught up with the lightning speed of the newspaper which gives its utterances power for the time being, and the great monster will be weighed in scales good for all time. It is impossible to judge the doings of the Coliseum *in the Coliseum*; who thinks of music under the Fourth of July excitement of "Hail Columbia" and the Marseillaise and hospitable enthusiasms towards Bands from England, Germany and France? A stronger love, for the time being, than the love of music, is the inspiring genius there. Reports made up in the Coliseum, and flashed over a thousand telegraphic wires from that central "Press Room," may make impressions for a day throughout the land; but they cannot create *opinion*, which is a plant of slower growth. Nay, we have got to wait for all this factitious excitement to subside—much of it ignorant and honest—before we can get at a true account of facts, on which to base opinions.

But we are wandering beyond our purpose, which was only, for the present, a brief apology for reproducing here, before we undertake to weigh the present jubilee, the actual last result and summing up of the criticism we published after the jubilee of 1869. This portion of our remarks seems to have been overlooked by many, who have not been slow to charge us with inconsistency, in that, having (as it seemed to them) been so much carried away and almost "converted" by the first jubilee, in spite of all our fears about it, we now revive the old fears and objections to the present repetition of it "with improvements." Mr. Gilmore, especially, in that wonderful "Hymn" of his,—the huge book in which he abuses us and every one who did not sympathize with his strange project, and in which he complains to St. Cecilia of the great wrong done to *her* by anybody's not accepting him as her prime minister on earth, publishes his own sweet prayer verbatim (!!), rhapsodizes about "O Longfellow! Longfellow!", and indulges in more pages of personality, of maudlin, rancid sentimental rhetoric then his best admirer could hardly have the stomach to wade through,—Mr. Gilmore, in that phenomenal Book, which never flashed on our benighted eyes till yesterday, cites the sentences in which we dwelt upon the good side of the Jubilee as a complete recantation of our original objections to it, while he most disingenuously neglects to append what followed, and here follows:

The success of the Jubilee was not quite yet it remain unique, exceptional. It was a fashion, a sensation, that would attempt to reproduce it. To regard it as the initiation of a new order of things in music, to look henceforth to bring each year exceptional conditions into the regular order of the seasons with "the sweet return," &c., were a rash way to read the lesson of this singular experience. The truth is, the Peace Jubilee was entirely an accidental occasion, ambiguous in its character and motive: not strictly musical, not strictly national and patriotic. Its success was as an occasion of an unexampled kind. The fact that it had been engineered and managed so as to interest so many in it, that such vast amount of energy had got employed in it,—that of itself made it inspiring. As for Music, the wonder was it went so well; but we really musical person undertaken to compare it as a musical experience, either for beauty or for grandeur, or for quickening appeal to heart and soul, with many a Festival or Concert on a smaller scale. Music, as such, is not helped by such mere multiplication of means and numbers. We know this now if we did not before. Exquisite, beautiful, peculiar effects noticed now and then, only prove the rule. The success of the Festival was something *sui generis*; it was the realization of a remarkable and memorable event, in which music played a part, but hardly the chief part. Nor, if we dwell so much of the music just heard, that it might almost be left out of the account in trying to define the marvellous experience. Probably it will be some time before any one will arrive at a clear definition of the gigantic, brilliant, singular phenomenon.

We say this, because our attempt to do full justice to the Festival has been by many quite misconstrued; our generous allowance for all the good we could discover had in it, musically, and for the impulse which it gave to music as a popular pursuit and interest, has been held up in taunt and triumph as a confession of error, a reluctant conversion to the policy of musical performances upon a "monster" scale of our own here. We beg to say, that we are not at all converted to that notion; that the Jubilee has not at all reconciled us to the idea that musical effects, musical edification or enjoyment, may be enhanced by the assembling of a whole *Nation* of performers and listeners under one roof. (For, to carry out the ambitious aim constituent, it will not do to stop at 50,000; *millions* must come in, must meet and sing, and hear and shout, all in one place, as one.) A "National" musical Jubilee, to our mind, would be one that should extend throughout the Nation, and have its seat, here, there, everywhere, in all the towns and cities, in all the halls and temples. It is a small representation of thirty millions of people that can be concentrated in one "Coliseum," were it thrice as big as Mr. Gilmore's. Then again, musically, we are still convinced (and so we believe every musical person, or musical person, that twenty festivals in twenty places, each with 50,000 performers, would be a finer thing and give twenty times more pleasure than the congregation of 50,000 in one spot trying to listen to it. 50,000.

Cheerfully admitting, then, that the Festival socially was an experience worth living for; that musically, even, the result was better than the plan intrinsically; and that it did much technical good (as all great movements do in some way) by awakening enthusiasm among singers, calling new choral societies into being, and filling thousands of people with a new respect for music,—still we must maintain, the real lesson of it is: its not ambitious to achieve the biggest thing in music: be content with doing well that which is more easily practica-

Digitized by Google

ble; quality before quantity, and of the latter only so much as is sufficient for the former, a limit felt for and discovered long ago. We read of threatened rival imitations, of plans in other cities to get up Jubilees on a still bigger scale, eclipsing Boston. But we presume these do not hail from serious sources. We should deprecate the fashion. Nor do we think it probable, with all the triumph, that the same thing will be tried again in the same way. Rather will it prompt to more moderate and rational experiments, to *bona fide* Musical Festivals, in which whole works, as Oratorios, can be performed, and no power wasted in attempts to magnify beyond the laws of nature, physical and human. The Philharmonic Society in New York, we hear, propose to have a festival. That is the right sort of body for a musical festival to proceed from; and the object which it is to serve is also musical, within the sphere of Art, namely, to build a music hall. We trust they will forego, as unworthy of a society of artists, all childish ambition to eclipse Mr. Gilmore's Jubilee; that they will enter into competition, if at all, with our last Handel and Haydn Festival, or even with the festivals of Birmingham and Düsseldorf and Frankfort; artistic emulation, rather than sensational. We quite concur with our contemporary the N. Y. *Weekly Review*, in the hope that what they do will be "in strict accordance with the dictates of true musical art and modern civilization, which, in musical matters, are, not to expand, but to concentrate. Let us have an orchestra of about 200 picked men; a chorus of 750 members; only the best music, and plenty of rehearsals. This will do far more for the advancement of musical culture than large masses, insufficient rehearsals, and poor music."

## The Musical Festival.

Here is *one* view of the Jubilee, evidently an honest one, and very natural for any unprejudiced and not particularly musical outsider. And from its standpoint,—happily not that of one so placed that he must, *nolens volens*, know *too much* of the great scheme and its author and of the means by which it has been worked up,—we must admit it is a reasonable view. We wish it all the acceptance of which it is worthy, and therefore we make the following extracts from the Worcester *Palladium* of this week:

It is perfectly immaterial whether the Jubilee originated in the brain of Gilmore, was a scheme developed by ——, —— and others for mercenary purposes, or was an unselfish demonstration of the people jubilant over universal peace. It is sufficient if the great musical festival has been and now is developing a love for the sweetest of the sciences in the breast of every man, woman and child in our old New England homes, is teaching our musical people their defects by enabling them to witness the accomplishments of older and better artists than they are, and above all by inspiring us all with that brotherly love for all the nations of the earth and enabling us to exhibit to their representatives our kindest feelings and sympathy. Men never cast aside hostilities so quickly as when they sing together. Music is the companion of love and not of enmity. If the Jubilee has accomplished in any measure these results, it has done more than the diplomatists of our day have done, and has added a new bond of union to the sisterhood of the nations. The more common interests we have, the nearer do we come to each other; and so is it with nationalities. Frenchmen forget neither friends nor enemies. When the French band came forward through the great chorus to the platform, and cheer upon cheer told its members of its welcome, there was re-kindled in their breasts the fire which burned in the most glorious days of their native land, and as the great Marseillaise was sung the enthusiasm of both singers and audience rose to such a tumult of expression as has seldom if ever been witnessed on any occasion of our history. Every note of that hymn was wafted over the ocean to the land so lately covered with carnage and drenched with blood, telling our sympathy and cheering the down-hearted. England might have looked with more favor on our claims for damages had she first witnessed the joyous welcome of her representatives at the great Jubilee; and Prussia will learn and remember the welcome she has received with pleasure. It is the token of our desire for peace with all the world. Long after the Jubilee has ceased will the music there sung be echoed and re-echoed all over our land, and it will inspire a musical taste of a higher order than has been our wont to cultivate. Nearly every little village in New England has its band, which will be improved by the example of its superiors. Our brass bands are all brass, and productive of much noise and little music. The causes of this are the signal want of reed instruments in their make up, and the lack of skill to play satisfactorily. Our promenade concerts in the parks will be made better by the examples recently furnished us, and our music will be everywhere greatly improved.

—

The great chorus, for the most part, has proved a failure; though it has sung some things splendidly and with spirit; but it has generally been weak, uneven, fitful, and at times sadly astray. Many of the chorus-singers make the organ responsible for their failings; and, annoying as the instrument with its brazen, blatant voice and falsity of tone has been to the audience, the apology can be easily accepted. Then the change of conductors has been a source of annoyance to them. With not sufficient rehearsal to make them acquainted with the peculiarities of each, and the immense distance, which deprives the majority of a close following of the *baton*, the wonder is that they are ever successful. The unevenness of the chorus has been attributed to the fact that many of the singers have given their tickets for a day's entrance, to friends who were unable to sing a note. The whole thing is too gigantic and unwieldly for good effects, and seem only calculated for band performances and patriotic selections. The sound is lost in the vastness of the building, and the combined force produces much less volume than was anticipated.

Musically the Jubilee is not an entire success, as could hardly have been expected; but the idea of drawing so many of the world's best musicians together for friendly and harmonious intercourse, is a grand one, and must work happy results in the organization of musical societies over the country, for the study of the best works. Then the idea that music is, for the time being, the uppermost [?] thought of both worlds, is a progressive one, and the broad, generous feeling towards all mankind which it inspires, is well worth kindling.

The concerts have thus far introduced the English, French, and German Bands, all of which sustained the splendid reputation they have always enjoyed; and each has received a perfect ovation on their appearance, the audience and chorus evincing the wildest enthusiasm. Strauss has fascinated every one with his admirable waltzes, and his own peculiar lead of the orchestra, and their music has been one of the most satisfactory performances of the Jubilee. Mme Leutner is one of the world's great singers, and unbounded enthusiasm has greeted her at every appearance. Her voice is a glorious one; clear, telling and resonant; wonderfully flute-like in its character, and of the purest quality; she reached *G in alt* with perfect ease, and sustains it with clearness. Her voice reaches with fullness, the remotest corner of the Coliseum, even in its softest tones; her execution is wonderful, and she sings with perfect freedom and ease. Great efforts ought to be made to secure her for performance in the Music Hall, before her return to Europe; as well as the pianists, who are otherwise going back to Europe, with their rare abilities comparatively unknown; for piano solos in the Coliseum are absurdities; and a pianist's efforts unappreciated. The ambitious desire to advertise a certain piano-forte should not compromise the reputation of such great artists, who could not with their limited knowledge of the extent of the Coliseum foresee the disadvantageous results.

---

THOSE NAMES! In the London *Orchestra*, of June 7, we find the following:

It may not be amiss to recapitulate the chief features of the Boston Musical Festival, which opens on the 17th inst., and continues until the 4th July. Amongst the members of the acting committee are Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Covell [!] and the chairman is William B. Washburn, Governor of Massachusetts. The orchestra and band will number 40,000 vocal and instrumental performers.

We beg leave to assure our London contemporary that the "Active Committee" of the Jubilee is composed of a very different sort of men from Emerson and Longfellow, and that these and many more distinguished gentlemen, whose names have been officially announced as "General Committee" of this huge affair, are innocent of all participation in it. Why was it not announced that Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, &c., would sing solos at the Festival, or play on the trombone? It would be quite as foreign to their nature, as to engage in the management of a musical occasion, especially a Gilmore Jubilee. The announcement of that Committee, comprising a couple of hundred of the most distinguished names in this community, of poets, statesmen, men of letters, &c., was a snare and a delusion. At least twenty of these gentlemen have personally assured us that their names were used in this way without their own knowledge or consent. On the "Musical Committee," also, figure the names of several of the leading musical characters of Boston, who from the first have had no feelings but of strong antipathy to the whole project. This publishing of long lists of Committees, without leave, is one of the shrewd advertising dodges in which the average jubilee brain is wonderfully fertile.

## Swallows Homeward Flying.

Mme. CAMILLA URSO, our admirable virtuosa of the violin, who has been making a decided mark in the best London concerts, writes us that she proposes to return to the United States in August. It is her intention to give a few classical concerts, in Boston, which our readers will look forward to with real interest.

The month of August will bring back also to the Eastern States the favorite pianist, ANNA MEHLIG, who has been having a most successful concert season in California and Oregon.

Still earlier (in July) our grand basso, Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, who has risen to a place among the foremost Oratorio and Concert singers in England, will revisit those scenes, where he has been too long missed.

---

GEORGE L. OSGOOD. The *Evening Post* prints the following extract from a private letter from Berlin:

I went yesterday evening to Osgood's concert in the Sing-Akademie, and a very beautiful one it was. The applause was enthusiastic, and I must say that I think his singing is perfect. It is true his voice is not very powerful—but then I understand that neither was Mario's, nor is Sims Reeves's—and the tone of it so delicious, and his management of it is so beautiful, that the very delivery of it is an additional charm. His method is purity itself. Then he is all soul! What more can one ask? It is a most peculiar voice, and such a one as I never heard. There is a pathos and at the same time an unconscious innocence that goes right to the heart. Then there is such a touch of nature in it. He sings with the same spontaneity as the nightingales do that I hear in the dead of night in Prince Albrecht's garden over the way. He is full of poetry and passion. Every song was a pearl, and I hardly knew which I preferred, as they were all new to me. Osgood is going home for the summer, with his flower-like wife and little child, and will return in the autumn to fill his engagement in Germany. [ant so]. If he sings in America I shall be very anxious to know what will be thought of him. I almost fear he will not be generally appreciated, on account of the very exquisiteness of his art. He is a matchless ballad-singer, and I trust that among his selections will be some with which our people are familiar, otherwise his audience will not be able to compare him with others, and to judge him fairly. Here, he is very apt to make up his programmes entirely from Glock, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, Franz Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, &c., composers some of whom are a little recondite even for Germany, and in America half of his audience are not likely to be artists! I only wish people could hear him with my ears (which you know of old I would back against anybody's), for if the whole world said the contrary, I would still maintain that Osgood's voice is the best tenor I ever heard.

## Strauss Interviewed.

The correspondent of the New York *World*, in the course of a letter from Boston, says:

Johann Strauss, the waltz king, personally, is evidently a good fellow. He talks only German, but he smiles in all languages. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to him to say that he only talks German, for he avers that he has been for eleven years trying to speak French. Still, however, he admits that he speaks it badly. Languages are not his forte. He is small, wiry and intensely nervous. One ignorant of both French and German would imagine from the rapidity of his speech and the superabundance of gestures that he was talking the former—indeed, that he was a Frenchman. He is full of courtesy, and a brief acquaintance with him will satisfy any one that his extravagance of gesture when conducting the performance is simply natural and quite inseparable from his personality.

Last night he attended a sort of informal reception given to himself, Bendel, and Abt, at the rooms of the Orpheus Club. During the evening he presided at the piano, while the club joined in chorus in singing his "Blue Danube Waltz." They sang superbly, and no one present where all were enthusiastic was seemingly more excited than he himself. His complexion is quite dark. His eyes and hair are as black as possible. It is related of him that when he was in St. Petersburg the fair Russian belles made a frightful series of demands upon him for locks of his hair. Strauss viewed the prospect with alarm. All

Digitized by Google

these souvenirs would leave him bald. Then he had a brilliant idea.

His dog was a huge black Newfoundland. Its shaggy coat was of precisely the texture of his hair, and to-day many a Russian album is enriched by the possession of a cherished lock of hair from Strauss's dog. When he was coming to this country he could with difficulty be restrained, it is said, from bringing along the dog as a precautionary measure for a similar emergency.

In conversation Strauss is constantly smiling, showing his pearly teeth, pantomiming with hands, head and body, and is altogether as full of action as when upon the stage. When speaking upon the subject of his impressions of American energy and the Jubilee as an exemplification of it, he becomes almost wild with excitement.

They would not believe it in Germany, he says; they could not deem it possible that so enormous a chorus and orchestra of intelligent musicians could be gathered together and held for so long a time to perform such great works as are rendered at this Jubilee. In Germany, he explained to the writer, the people are more economical and infinitely less venturesome than the Americans. There a thousand dollars is a large sum, and the mere idea of a musical festival which would cost three quarters of a million would take away the breath of Deutschland. They might get up a crude gathering of musical societies from many different places, and for a single day have a gigantic festival, but even then it would not approximate this one.

Another thing which astonishes Strauss even more than the enterprise which has originated and rendered successful this peace jubilee, and the liberality of the public in sustaining it, is the fact that in America, where he has been led to believe there was little taste for or knowledge of music, so great a chorus should have been found of people capable of reading and correctly executing such compositions as have made up the vocal portion of the programmes. Thus far he is also full of compliment to the orchestra. In Germany, he says, before he would venture to perform one of his waltzes in public, even with a small orchestra, he would have nine or ten rehearsals; but here, even for a piece which must be strange to most if not all of the performers, a single rehearsal is made to suffice, and then it is brought out and not only merely done, but done well.

Without doubt more rehearsals might secure a greater degree of delicacy of expression, and approach more closely to absolute perfection. But in so vast a volume of sound as is here evoked, minor effects are lost sight of and the general effect seems all which can be desired. Before he left Germany, even when he had made his contract to come over, Strauss was more than half inclined, he admits, to believe the Jubilee a Yankee swindle.

This was the general belief in that country, and he says that it will need all the credit he and the other German artists now here possess in fatherland, and all the power of language at their command, to give any conception to their countrymen of what they have seen in this country. He will not wait until his return to make his representation, but will write from here a letter over his name to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the leading paper of Vienna, variously setting forth, as far as he can, the impression which America has made upon him.

## Franz Abt.

Franz Abt, the favorite lyrical composer, is a native of the little factory town of Eilenburg, in the Prussian province of Saxony, where his father, himself a distinguished musician, resided as a minister of the Lutheran Church, and the future composer was born there on the 21st of September, 1819. The young Francis, who showed great musical talent at an early age, received his education at the celebrated Thomas School, in Leipsic, and was at first destined for the legal profession, and, in fact, studied law for about a year, but becoming tired of the legal drudgery, devoted himself in his nineteenth year entirely to his favorite study, music.

But on this field he was destined to meet at first with many disappointments, and long and weary was his search for publishers who would take his virgin compositions, mostly waltzes and other dances, in hand. At length, however, he found a man, who published some of them, and on the 14th of April, 1838, the publisher, Kuenzel, in Leipsic, advertised six new dances, by Franz Abt, the first work in which the young composer appeared before the public.

These were very favorably received, and the success he met with encouraged him to further efforts. He tried his strength in lyrical compositions, and there met with still greater applause, so that he soon decided on this particular field as the one adapted to his talents. Studying his art, and composing, meanwhile a great number of pretty pieces, which yielded him an economical income, Abt resided in Leipsic until the fall of 1841, when he got married, and obtained the position of a leader of the orchestra of the Zurich Theatre. The theatre, however, was closed in May, 1842, and Abt was in somewhat straitened circumstances, when he had the good fortune to meet an Englishman, at that time residing at Zurich, who engaged him as his music teacher at a salary which at once freed Abt from all pecuniary embarrassments. This position also gave him the time to devote himself to his compositions, and the sojourn of the lyrical composer, Kücken, in Zurich, acted as a spur to animate him in his efforts. Early in the morning he sat down to his work, and thus created seven new songs, the text of which was mostly taken from Herlossohn's *Buch der Liebe* (Book of Love), and one of these, which bore the simple name of "Agathe," was destined to carry his name to almost every household of the civilized world. This simple poem was destined to make the journey around the world under another name, which since then has become familiar to almost everybody: "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." But this great success was not attained right away. On the contrary, the song was rejected by one publisher after another, and "the swallows flew homeward" for many years, till at last they were included in the collection of songs published under the name of "Orphion," by Goepel, in Stuttgart. But even now the song was not noticed, and it took more than three years before it became generally known. Then, however, it made the triumphant tour around the world, and soon raised the author to fame. He received at once any amount of orders from musical publishers, and not long after obtained the position of Musical Director of the Court of Brunswick. His later compositions are all well-known, and his "Wanderer," "On the Neckar, on the Rhine," "From the eyes beams the heart," "Sleep well, my darling angel," "The silent water rose," and "Good-night, my lovely child," have become favorites in every house where music is cultivated. Particularly the latter has, of late, been brought into particular notice by Wachtel singing it in the "Postillion;" and is admired almost as much as the "swallow song." Wachtel has sung this song more than seven hundred times publicly.

## The French Band.

The representatives of France who did their country so much honor by their performances yesterday were the first of the foreign bands to arrive upon our shores, having been compelled to hasten their departure from France, because of the difficulty of securing passage at this season of the year. The Garde Republicaine band numbers fifty-three men, under the leadership of M. George Paulus and M. Emil Maury. The organization dates from 1854, when the band was formed under its present chiefs. Every member must be able to read and write, and no one can be enlisted in the band without having served in one of the regiments of the army at least two years. The band was attached when first organized to the regiment entitled "La Garde de Paris," which consists of 2,000 infantry and about 600 cavalry. This organization is somewhat similar to the "Household Brigade," in that it never leaves Paris. When the empire fell, the regiment's name was changed to "La Garde Republicaine." The band was always composed of cultured musicians, and its concerts at the capital during Napoleon's reign gave it a very enviable reputation. It was at its best in 1867, when, at the grand international contest of military bands, it divided the honors with the illustrious Viennese, who boasted that they could vanquish the world. During the late war many of its members underwent the vicissitudes imposed upon the French, and some were prisoners in Germany for many months. Its concerts in London, while the commune was raging in Paris, gave it a very hearty introduction to the generosity of the English, who lavished praises and money upon it in boundless profusion. M. Paulus, the leader visited this country many years ago, with the Prince de Joinville. M. Paulus is an Alsatian, but needless to say, is devoted to France. M. Maury is a very skilful leader, and directed the London concerts. The band wears while off duty a fatigue uniform similar to that of the French gendarmerie, but yesterday donned its regular uniform accorded by the city of Paris, and decorated with the city's coat of arms—a galley on the waves, with the motto, *Fluctuat nec mergetur*, beneath it. The band has made many friends during its stay in Boston, by the quiet and gentlemanly conduct of its members, and the concert yesterday showed the musical talent and genius of its directors to be of the highest order.—*Advertiser.*


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

A Dream. 4. E♭ to f. *Claro Gottschalk.* 40

"All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun."

Romantic, original, and when well sung, quite effective.

Somebody's Darling. 4. C to e. *Gabriel.* 50

"Wounded by bayonets, shell and balls,
Somebody's Darling ——"

One of the sad, sweet songs called forth by the incidents of war.

Lead Thou me on. For 4 voices. 4. E♭ to f. *G. S. G.* 40

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' incircling gloom."

Composed for the church of the Nativity, Huntsville, Ala.

Cherished Hopes. 3. E♭ to e. *Barker.* 30

"But we have a hope immortal,
One that will not, cannot die."

One of the Barkers' popular concert songs.

Waiting for my Ships. Song and Chorus. 3. B to f. *Morris.* 30

"Here on the shore I wander lonely,
They'll come to me again, I know."

Words by Geo. Cooper. A good ballad.

The Rose of Spain, (La Rosa Espanola). Lithograph Title. 4. B♭ to f. *Yradier.* 50

"Sweetly smiling, hearts beguiling,
How thou charmest, Rosalie!"

One of the songs of the Prima Donna, Rosa d'Erina. Has French and English words, and a neat piquant quality.

Rest thee on this Mossy Pillow. Trio for Ladies' voices. 4. F to *g*. *Smart.* 40

"Every mortal grief forsake thee,
As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee."

Fine trio for Ladies' classes.

Courting's very Charming. Lithograph Title. 3. D to d. *Lady Dufferin.* 50

"Lovers round me press
Numbers quite alarming."

A very neat and pleasing comic song, as sung by Rosa d'Erina.

Birdie's Reply. Lithograph Title. 4. C to *g*. *Webster.* 40

"We cannot keep the secret in."

Charming. For once the "reply" is better than the song it replies to, although that was good. Birdie can hardly speak for twittering and warbling.

Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire. 2. G to d. *Wellman.* 30

"But such a temper had darling Maria
'Twas out of the frying pan into the fire."

Very good comic song.

National Hymn. To thee, O Country. For male voices. 3. A to f. *Eichberg.* 35

"Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay our burthen down!"

This had a magnificent success when sung by the 1200 voices of the young singers at the Boston School Music Festival, and will have a national reputation. Nothing is better for a 4th of July festival.

God shall charge his Angel Legions. 4. B♭ to a. *Lucantoni.* 50

"Tho' thou walk thro' hostile regions,
Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep."

The fine words added to the good music render this a very desirable Duet and Quartet for singers of Sacred Music. The familiar hymns, however good, sometimes create a desire for a new one for a change.

**Instrumental.**

Wanderer's Rest. Op. 100. 3. E. *Spindler.* 30

Quite easy and exceedingly graceful.

Do not Stop. Polka. 3. F. *Záhonyi.* 30

Do not stop to pronounce the name, as you might fall, but pass on to the Polka, which is a very spirited, original, pleasing affair.

Cackle, Cackle, Galop. 3. E♭. *Pratt.* 30

A slight barn-yard imitation in the music, which is full of life.

La Plus Belle. (Impromptu Mazurka). 4. F. *Egghard.* 75

Very graceful, and has a smoothness and neat brilliancy which carries it somewhat away from the usual sentimentality of the common Mazurka.

L'Adieu Nocturne. 5. A♭. *Favarger.* 40

In 12-8 time, and is an elegant piece for the parlor.

Leichtes Blut Polka. 3. F. *Strauss.* 40

Now that we see Strauss, we understand him better. Now is the time to practice Strauss music, and this is a good piece for the next one.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC

Vol. 32 lacks

no.8,p.265-272; July 13, 1872.

For missing number see Drexel copy.

DREXEL 274.1

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

## A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 817 BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 9.



**DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.**
**Published every other Saturday,**
**BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.**
**277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass**

**JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.**

☞ **TERMS.**—If mailed or called for, $2.00, per annum delivered by carrier, $2.50. Payment in advance.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:
One insertion per line 30 cents.
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 20 cents.
Cards, six lines, conspicuously, per annum, $20.00.
do fourlines, do do $15.00.

J. S. SPOONER, PRINTER, 21 FRANKLIN STREET.


## Advertisements.


**20,000 COPIES ORDERED**
IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION, of the Splendid New Church Music Book called

**THE STANDARD!!**

Thus giving the brightest prospect that it will be

**THE BANNER BOOK OF THE SEASON!**

**THE STANDARD**

Has 400 pages filled with new and fresh music. It includes an Elementary Course of the best character, with interesting exercises, tunes and easy pieces for practice; a fine collection of Metrical Tunes, and an extra choice list of Sentences, Motetts and Anthems for Choice Practice.

**The Standard Bearers,**
Or, in other words, the authors, whose brilliant reputation as Church Music Composers will bear it on to triumphant success, are

Mr. L. O. EMERSON, of Boston, and
" H. R. PALMER, of Chicago.

Men universally known among lovers of Sacred Music.

**THE STANDARD**

Is Ready! Send on your orders!
Price $1.50 Per doz., $12.50. Specimens sent, for the present, post free, for $1.25. Specimen pages free on application.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

**"BEETHOVEN:"**
By Richard Wagner.

*Authorized Translation from the German, by*
Albert R. Parsons,

Elegantly bound in cloth, beveled boards, printed on handsome tinted paper. Price, $1.50, gilt, $1.75

BENHAM BROS.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

The English translation of this book renders the wealth of thought contained in it accessible to such thinking musicians and lovers of music as are unable to study the work in the original. As to the work itself it is not a biography; but the musician to whom genius WAGNER offers this tribute of admiration is treated as a typical man for his art, age and nation.

If not to be obtained at your nearest book or music store, address the publishers. 815—3t

**CLARKE'S NEW METHOD**
FOR
**Reed Organs,**
Price, $2.50,

Is so universally regarded as a Standard Method that an advertisement is only needed as a reminder. The music is so attractive that the student will retain it as a book of Organ Pieces, after finishing the instructive course.

For the best of

**SUMMER READING**

Get the Lives of the Great Music Masters;

Of Beethoven, ($2.00); of Handel, ($2.00); of Mozart, ($2.25); of Mendelssohn, ($1.75); of Rossini, ($1.75); of Chopin, ($1.50); or of Schumann, ($1.75).

*These are no heavy Biographies,*

but are charmingly written and very entertaining books, as are

Memoirs Letters (2 vols. each, $1.75);
Beethoven's Letters, ($2.00);
Mendelssohn's Letters (2 vols., each, $1.75); and
Reminiscences of Mendelssohn, ($1.75).

To have a Jubilee at home, send for

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE CHORUS BOOK - .75

For a good work on Composition, buy

BAKER'S THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL HARMONY. $2.00

To make Sabbath School children's eyes sparkle, get that flow of the Season, the New Sabbath School Song Book, entitled:

SPARKLING RUBIES! By Asa Hull and Harry Sanders, Esq. .35

"Never Tarnish Precious as Rubies Tarnish Not."
Is the title of a Sweetly Song by Hull' sons, 35 cts.

**THE PILGRIM'S HARP.**

Is the venue of a compact book of 220 pages, which can be carried in the pocket, and yet contains a very large proportion of the most popular psalm tunes, metrical songs, &c., &c. It would be difficult to compile a more convenient book for The Vestry, The Prayer Meeting, or Social Singing Meetings

By ASA HULL. Price 60 Cents.

**THE MUSICAL TREASURE**

Continues to be a "Great Success." Great variety of the best Vocal and Instrumental Music

Price in Bds $2.50; Cls $3.00; Gilt $4.00.

**The Hour of Singing.**

By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

Has been adopted promptly, on examination, by a large number of teachers of

HIGH SCHOOLS.

for which its happy arrangement of Theory, Exercises, and 1, 2, 3 and 4 part Songs, admirably adapt it. *Price*, $1.00

**EATON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE CORNET,**
Price, $1.50.

Is now in Season. All who wish to make a solo in the world, may easily accomplish it by taking up the practice of this fascinating instrument, with the aid of this excellent Method.

The above Books sent, post free, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

**The Mendelssohn Quintette Club.**

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club respectfully announce that they will establish a "College of Music," in which the youth of America may obtain a thorough musical education; fitting them for the office of teachers in all branches of the art. Special advantages of a practical nature will be offered, superior to any to be found elsewhere.

All pupils, sufficiently advanced in their branches of study, will have frequent opportunities of singing or playing to accompaniment furnished by the Quintette Club. The College will open September 16th, 1872, (at the Tremont Temple), with a corps of teachers selected from the best FOREIGN AND RESIDENT ARTISTS.

For full particulars of time, terms, &c., send for circular to

THOMAS RYAN,
Director of National College of Music,
Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

814

**New Music for August.**

VOCAL.

A Moonlight Sonnet.....*Ah.* 35
A Rose in Heaven.....*Ah.* 35
Strolling on the Sands.....*Wellman.* 30
Thirty Years Ago.....*Barker.* 30
When the World is hushed in Sleep. Serenade.
*Pratt.* 30
Sweet Thoughts of Thee. Adapted by *Rossini.* 30
Dreaming and Thinking of Home. Song and Chorus.....*Pratt.* 30
It was a Lover and his Lass.....*Pratt.* 30
Thy Throne, O God. Sacred Trio.....*Verdi.* 35
Christmas comes but once a Year.....*Pratt.* 30
Love's Glance never Dies. Song and Chorus.
*Price.* 30
Down in a Coal Mine. Song & Cho., *Geoghegan.* 30
Dolly Varden. Song. Plain Title, *Brockway.* 40
" " Colored " 50
Male voices.....*Eichberg.* 35
God shall charge his Angel Legions. *Lucantoni.* 50
O tell me if you Love me, (Saper vorrei sa m'ami). Duet.....*Haydn.* 65
Greeting to Spring. 4 part song for Ladies' voices. Arranged from the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes, by Strauss.....*Wilson.* 75
The Rose of Spain, (La Rosa Espanola) *Trudier.* 50
Rest thee on this Mossy Pillow. Trio for Ladies' voices.....*Smart.* 40
Courting's very Charming.....*Lady Dufferin.* 50

INSTRUMENTAL.

Shadow Thoughts. Impromptus Gracieux.
*Pratt.* ea. 30
No. 1. Hidden Whisper.
No. 2. Mazurka.
No. 3. Silent Complaint.
Oak Bluffs Galop.....*Etta Godfrey.* 40
Bird as a Prophet. (Vogel als Prophet.)
*Schumann.* 50
Heart's Desire Mazurka.....*Zikoff.* 30
Mazurka Caprice.....*Pratt.* 40
Hungarian (or Sedlawsky) Polka.....*Petrak.* 30
La Tourbillon. Impromptu.....*Ritter.* 75
Rossini's Dream Varied.....*Cramer.* 50
April Showers. Polka Brillante.....*Mrs. Dunn.* 35
La Dolcez. Mazurka Sentimentale.....*Pratt.* 40
Les Trois Grâces. Mazurkas Elegantes. Op. 77. Aplein.....*Killing.* 50
Overture to Poet and Peasant. Duet, Violin and Piano.....*Wickel.* 1.00
Knickerbocker Galop Brillante.....*Quigg.* 30
Faust. Fantasie Brillante.....*S. Smith.* 1.00
Thirty Sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti. Edited by *C. Tausig.* No. 3.....35
Chiri Pisi Nini. (Cuban Dance).....*Hoffman.* 75
The Little Wanderer.....*Wilson* 50
Dolly Varden. Galop.....*Brockway.* 40 & 50
" " Schottische.....40 & 50
" " Waltz.....40 & 50
Little Golden Hair Quadrilles. Four Hands.
*Adam Arctic.* 75
La Plus Belle (Impromptu Mazurka).....*Eyghard.* 75
Pluie de Corail. Op. 38.....*Grau.* 75

BOOKS.

THE STANDARD. A Collection of Church Music, by L. O. Emerson, of Boston, and H. R. Palmer, of Chicago. Price, $1.50; $13.50 per dozen.

MODE OF MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the convenience a set-off of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.


Digitized by Google

MRS. JENNY KEMPTON,

**Vocalist & Teacher of Singing.**

Address, care of OLIVER DITSON & CO. 798-

---

DUDLEY BUCK, (late of Chicago), Organist of St. Paul's Church, Boston, gives instruction on the Piano and Organ, also in Harmony, Composition and Orchestral Writing. Address, Care of Oliver Ditson & Co. 799—3 mos.

---

E. J. BUTLER, private pupil of Carl Reinecke and Dr. Papperitz, will receive pupils in Piano Playing at 158 Tremont St., Room 3. 800—3mos.

---

SINGING AND PIANO.

MRS. FANNIE F. FOSTER,

No. 6 Boylston Place. 790—

---

MRS. C. A. BARRY, Vocalist and Teacher of Vocal Music. 124 Chandler St., near Columbus Avenue. 782—1y

---

**PROF. & MRS. EDGAR A. ROBBINS,**

Academy of Music.

7lb -tf 6 Bedford Street, Boston.

---

S. P. PRENTISS,

**Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony,**

Address, care Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

---

L. O. EMERSON offers his Services as Conductor of Musical Associations or Conventions during the coming season. Address, care of O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

---

G. E. WHITING

Gives Instruction on the Pianoforte, Organ, and in Harmony.

Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 692

---

**Mendelssohn Musical Institute**

Was established in April, 1866. Its claim to the first rank as an educator in every department of Music, is sanctioned by a constantly increasing patronage from all parts of our country. Schools and communities are provided with skilful and earnest teachers, on application to the Institute. Address EDWARD B. OLIVER,

5 Columbus Sq. Principal, Boston, Mass.

---

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gives Instruction on the Pianoforte.

444 53 Hancock Street.

---

MR. W. O. PERKINS will make engagements to conduct Musical Conventions the coming season.

Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston [657-tf

---

**Junius W. Hill,**

Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.

Address at O. Ditson & Co's, or 154 Tremont Street.

---

L. W. WHEELER,

FORMATION OF THE VOICE,

ENGLISH AND ITALIAN SINGING.

Address at the New Building, 645 Washington Street.

---

ELLIOTT W. PRATT,

GIVES INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANOFORTE,

Address at Oliver Ditson & Co's.

---

G. ANDRE & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

1104 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.

A large assortment of AMERICAN MUSIC constantly on hand.

---

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, Teacher of the PIANOFORTE, SINGING and MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Residence, Coolidge House. Communications may be left at Ditson & Co's Music Store. 717—tf.

---

WINSLOW L. HAYDEN,

TEACHER OF GUITAR,

No. 120 Tremont Street, Boston. 681—6m.

---

E. AUGUST SCHULTZE, TEACHER OF VIOLIN, is prepared to receive pupils, and offers his services as accompanist for classical compositions for Piano and Violin. Address, Oliver Ditson & Co., or Koppitz, Praefer & Co., 30 West St. 796—3m

---

F. H. TORRINGTON,

(Organist and Director of Music at Kings Chapel,)

TEACHER OF ORGAN, PIANO AND VIOLIN, AND CONDUCTOR OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., New England Conservatory of Music, Music Hall, or Midland Street, Savin Hill, Dorchester. 794-3m

---

MR. GEO. B. SHUTE, having completed his studies abroad, under the instruction of some of the first Artists of modern times, will now receive pupils in Piano and Organ Playing, also in Theory of Music. Address Oliver Ditson & Co. 794-6m

---

We are now prepared to fill orders for our new *low-priced* double-reed Organ, "No. 55."

The case is solid walnut paneled, molded and carved brackets; is finished with two carpeted pedal boards, and Knee Swell, and is more beautiful in design and finish than any now made in the world *for the price*, and we *guarantee* that the quality and power of tone will be superior to any we have seen of other makers. The instrument has two full Five-Octave sets of reeds, and contains *six stops*, viz.:

PRINCIPAL BASS,
DIAPASON BASS,
TREMOLO or VOX HUMANA,
PRINCIPAL TREBLE,
DIAPASON TREBLE,
DIVIDED SWELL.

Our Patent Graduated Swell is furnished in this, the same as in our higher-priced instruments. The price is fixed at the very moderate sum of $125, and there can be no deviation from these figures.

Orders will be recorded in regular succession, and filled each in its turn.

GEO. A PRINCE & CO.

Agent in New York....................S. T. Gordon.

Agent in Philadelphia................James Bellak.

Also the principal Music Dealer in each City and Town in the United States and British Provinces. 748—

---

G. W. DUDLEY,

Concert Vocalist and Teacher of Singing and Voice Building.

(Dr. H. R. Streeter's Method) Room No. 3, Mason and Hamlin's Building, 154 Tremont St. 797

---

MR. G. H. HOWARD,

PUPIL of the Leipzig Conservatory, also of J. W. Tufts, J. C. Lobe, August Haupt, and Theodor Kullak, will receive pupils in Piano Playing and Theory after Sept. 1st., 1871. Address at 22 Eliot St., or care of Oliver Ditson & Co. 792—3m

---

**CHURCH ORGANS,**

Manufactured by E. L. HOLBROOK East Medway, Mass. Purchasers are invited to apply for a circular containing testimonials

---

**LYON & HEALY,**

**MUSIC PUBLISHERS,**

CHICAGO, ILL.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Our stock of Sheet Music, Music Books, Musical Instruments, etc., is the largest and most complete in the No. West. Our connection with Messrs O. DITSON & CO., enables us to furnish their publications to Western Dealers, at ne Boston Prices.

☞ In addition to the publications of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., we keep on hand and furnish all Music and Music Books published in America, together with a choice stock of Foreign Music. 619-tf

---

MADAME CHARLES LEWIS, of London, for several years a pupil of the celebrated Signor Garcia, will be happy to give Lessons in Singing, and to accept engagements for Oratorios and Concerts.

Communications to be addressed to the care of Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street. 794—3m

---

J. A. HILLS,

*Pupil of the late Carl Tausig,*

TEACHER OF

Piano, Organ, and the Theory of Music.

Address at Chickering & Sons', or 149 (a) Tremont Street, Suite 44. 806

---

EDW. SCHUBERTH,

**Foreign & American Music Depot,**

No. 810 ARCH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA. 796—

---

**Warranted the best Instruments of their Class in the World,**

And evidence to that effect furnished from a majority of the most eminent musicians in America, and many in other countries.

**MASON & HAMLIN**

# CABINET ORGANS.

"Musicians generally regard the Mason & Hamlin Organs as unequalled by any others."—*Theodore Thomas.* "The best now in use."—*Christine Nilsson, Annie Louise Cary, Marie Leon Duval, Victor Capoul, P. Brignoli,* and others. "Excel all instruments of the class I have ever seen."—*Ole Bull.* "The best instruments of the class made."—*Anna Mehlig.* "In all those qualities which constitute excellence, unrivalled."—*S. B. Mills.* "Far superior to everything of its class I have seen."—*L. M. Gottschalk.* "Wonderfully beautiful."—*P. S. Gilmore.* "Superior in all respects to any I have ever seen."—*Eugene Thayer.* "Excelling in quality of tone, general excellence, and durability and valuable improvements not found in others."—*Carl Zerrahn.* "The more critically they are tested, and the more competent the judge, the more certain and high will be the meed of superiority accorded them."—*Julius Eichberg.* "I entertain the highest opinion of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs. . . . Destined to be very popular in this country."—*Sir Julius Benedict,* London. "Remarkably sweet and even-toned throughout. . . . I can very strongly recommend these instruments."—*William Spark, Mus. D., Leeds, England.* "Quality of tone is extremely rich and sympathetic. . . . Remarkable for purity of tone."—*Edw. F. Rimbault,* London. "Full, powerful, and of agreeable quality. . . . The best substitute for a pipe organ."—*Brinley Richards* and *Richard Redhead,* London.

See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR with opinions of more than 1,000 MUSICIANS, which with ILLUSTRATIVE CATALOGUE containing lowest prices, will be sent free. Prices not *higher* than those of inferior organs.

**Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.**

154 Tremont St., Boston, 596 B'dway, N. Y.

---

Dr. HENRI SUTTER'S

**New Grand Conservatory**

and College of Music,

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Dr. HENRI SUTTER, Director.

ALL Branches taught according to the Classical German Principles of Leipzig, Stuttgart, etc., by European Professors. A perfect organized Music School having graded Courses of study comprising Theory, Practice and Aesthetique. The summer term begins April 15, 1872. The pupils have FIVE lessons per week in EACH branch they study. 190 students in attendance. Terms moderate. Send for full catalogues, etc., to

807-3m Dr. HENRI SUTTER.

---

# The Choral Tribute

BY L. O. EMERSON,

the most satisfactory of all the modern Choir and Singing School Books.

Price $1.50; $13.50 per dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

---

J. SCHUBERTH & CO. Publishers and Dealers in Foreign and American Music, 820 Broadway near 12th Street, N.Y. 867

---

**The Attention of Musicians**

IS CALLED TO OUR

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

OF

**BRASS INSTRUMENTS,**

OF THE MOST APPROVED MANUFACTURE.

Embracing one of the Largest Stocks in the United States, at low prices.

VIOLINS—The Best, from $2 to $50 each.

Flutes of every variety of Quality and Price, Including very Choice Instruments.

MARTIN'S CELEBRATED GUITARS.

FLUTINAS AND ACCORDEONS.

CLARINETS, FLAGEOLETS, FIFES,

And all other descriptions of Musical Instruments. Together with

EVERY VARIETY OF STRINGS

For Violin, Guitar, Violoncello and Double Bass.

**PIANOS AND MELODEONS**

FOR SALE AND TO LET.

Our facilities are such as enable us to furnish the above; also, MUSIC BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC, AND CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS, AND ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, at prices and terms, that cannot fail to prove satisfactory to purchasers.

JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 COURT STREET, (Opposite the Court House)

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 817. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872. VOL. XXXII. NO. 9.


## The Music of the Future.

BY A MODERN.

Hence, loathèd Melody!
Thou apish semblance of articulate sound,
The world hath done with thee;
No more shall fingers weave thy voluble round,
Jigging Sebastian; hence, ye shadowy forms,
Ye dilettante swarms,
Handel or Haydn, powerful erst,
In man's fond infancy,
Now on the trancèd elements hath burst
The music of the true, the undefiled;
Ye snare no more men's hearts by sugared art beguiled.
Hence, ye cobweb spinners, hence;
Fancy yields to conquering sense:—
See! the great Tannhäuser comes,
Cymbals clash, sound kettle drums,
Now the pipe, the clarion brays,
Vocal in Tannhäuser's praise.
Scion he of giant brood,
Nursling of the savage wood,
Playmate of the shaggy bear,
Nature's sole interpreter.
Ears he hath for the hidden cry
Of the wild wind sweeping by,
Skill to phrase in rugged tones
What old Ocean hoarsely moans.

Yield, ye sour-lipped critics, yield,
See, Tannhäuser storms the field;
Cease, ah! cease your droning hum,
Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.
With your routed legions flee,
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.
Fly, Mozart, Beethoven, fly,
Vain your linkèd panoply,—
The sweet web of golden mail,
Crushed beneath the hero's flail.
Music, heavenly maid, is born,
Not that false siren, who hath shorn
The locks from many a champion's head.
On her lap of dalliance spread,
Which such fell enchantment wrought
That their manhood they forgot,
Babbled weak and soulless trash,
Sentimental balderdash,
Lisped in pretty mincing measures
Gilded pinchbeck, tinsel treasures,
And the rapturous world was tickled
By the dulcet tones that trickled
From a lorn lute amorously;
Or paled, as tuned to loftiest key,
In measured march of awful sound,
Thunder music shook the ground.

Slavish fiddlers of old time
Toiling at a painful rhyme,
Fain to cozen the nice ear
With a puling tune, and tear
Sense from sentiment apart,
So you could but touch the heart.
Pshaw! mere study of effect,
That ne'er could reach the intellect.
We can bid each passion thrill
On a note, and pass at will
From grave to gay, from hot to cold,
In convolutions manifold.
Rhythmical our movement flows,
Slow the varied fabric grows,
Of fantastic shape and style,
Mossy as a Gothic pile,
With pepper boxes here and there,
And crawlings of a random stair.
No dull classic Parthenon,
With formal pillars of cold stone.

Not such a temple will we build
To honor him, whose song hath filled
Our rapt spirit with new delight;
Hail, Baireuth! the favored site
Of our palace, whence shall flow
Streams of rhythmic sense that glow
With clear metallic lava heat,
And shrivel the flaunting vines that meet
Its solid force with wantoning
Of tendrils in the buxom spring.

Earth shall soon forget her youth,
And the dreams she dreamed were truth
Fade before the critic's glass.
Our poor fathers! let them pass
With a mild and patient smile;
Their day is o'er;—their whims beguile
Our trainèd intellect no more.
Burn, moderns, burn the hivèd store
Of old experience, musty grown,
Doddered eld with eyes of stone,
Bid Fancy loose each drivelling thrall
And common sense be all in all.

*London Spectator.*

## Wagner on Beethoven.

[Extracts from his Essay written as a contribution to the Hundredth Anniversary of the Composer's Birth.]*

We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, (i. e. not like Haydn and Mozart), facing the world from the outset with that defiant temperament, which kept him in almost wild independence of it throughout his entire life; his enormous self consciousness, supported by haughtiest courage, shielded him, at all times, from the frivolous demands upon music of the pleasure seeking world. He had a treasure of inestimable wealth to preserve in the face of the importunities of effeminate taste. It was his mission to announce the divination of the inmost contemplation of the world of tones, in the same forms in which music was to display itself merely as a diverting art. He therefore resembled, at all times, one truly possessed; for, what Schopenhauer says of musicians in general, held good with regard to him:—"They speak the highest wisdom, in a language which their reason does not understand."

The element of "reason," in his art, he encountered in that spirit which had furthered the formal erection of its external scaffolding. When he perceived how often the great masters of his youth had moved in that architectural scaffolding of periods, with trite repetitions of phrases and floscules, with exactly divided antitheses of loud and soft, with introductions consisting of so and so many measures, the gravity of which was determined according to prescribed recipes, and through the indispensable portals of so and so many half-cadences, to the beatification of the noisy final cadence,—the element of reason which here addressed him, seemed a very scanty one. It was such reason which had constructed the operatic aria, had dictated the mode of stringing together the operatic pieces, and by which Haydn had been led to fetter his genius to the counting of pearls on his rosary. For with Palestrina's music religion had vanished from the [Roman] Church, while, on the other hand, the artificial formalism of Jesuitical practice counterformed religion and at the same time music. So, to the thoughtful beholder, does the architectural style (also Jesuitical) of the last two centuries cover venerable, noble Rome; so did the glorious Italian painting become effeminate and dulcified; so originated, under the same guidance, the "classical" French poetry, in the spirit killing laws of which we may find a very speaking analogy to the laws of construction of the operatic aria, and the sonata.

We know that it was that "German spirit," so much feared and hated in "Ultramontane" regions, which everywhere, and in the sphere of art as well, savingly opposed this artfully-conducted corruption of the spirit of European peoples. If, then, we have honored our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and others, as having, in other spheres, rescued us from perishing in that corruption, it becomes us to-day to point out with reference to the musician Beethoven, that through him, inasmuch as he spoke the purest language of all peoples, German spirit redeemed the spirit of humanity from deep ignominy. For inasmuch as he elevated music (which had been degraded, as regards its proper nature, to the rank of a merely diverting art), to the height of its sublime calling, he has opened to us the understanding of that art in which the world explains itself as definitely to every consciousness, as the most profound philosophy could possibly explain it to that thinker who is well versed in its most abstract conceptions. *And the relation of the great Beethoven to the German nation, is based upon this alone*, which we shall now endeavor to illustrate by those special features of his life and productivity, which lie within our knowledge.

Nothing can give us a more instructive disclosure of the relation of the artistic method of proceeding, to manufacturing in accordance with those conceptions of reason, than an exact apprehension of the course followed by Beethoven in the development of his musical genius. Had he consciously transformed the external musical forms which he found extant, or even overthrown them, that would have been acting from his reason; but we nowhere find a trace of this. There certainly has never been an artist who speculated less on his art than did Beethoven. But, on the other hand, the already mentioned rough vehemence of his human nature shows us how he felt the interdict that was laid upon his genius by those forms, almost as immediately in the sense of a personal suffering as he did every other constraint of conventionality. Still, his reaction in this matter consisted solely in a haughty, free development of his inner genius, which could not be hindered by anything, not even by those forms. He never altered from principle an already invented form of instrumental music; the same structure can unmistakably be pointed out in his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies, &c., as in his first ones. But let us compare these works with each other; let us, for instance, place the Eighth symphony, in F major, by the side of the Second, in D major, and wonder at the entirely new world which meets us there, almost in precisely the same form!

Here again appears the peculiarity of the German nature, which inwardly is so richly and deeply endowed that it is able to leave the impress of its being upon every form, since it re-models the form from within, and is thus relieved from the necessity of externally overthrowing it. Germans, consequently, are not revolutionary, but reformatory; and, in fine, they thus come to possess a wealth of forms for the manifestation of their inner nature such as is possessed by no other nation. This deep inner fountain appears exhausted among the French, so that disquieted by the external form of their affairs, both in art and in the state, they believe themselves forced to have recourse to the total overthrow of that form, in the persuasion to a certain extent, that the new and more agreeable form must then come entirely of itself. So their rebellion, strangely enough, is always against their own nature, which, after all, does not appear to be deeper than is expressed by that form which so disquiets them. On the other hand, that our poetical literature in the Middle Ages was nourished by the translation of chivalric poems from the French, did not injure the development of German spirit: the inner depth of a Wolfram von Eschenbach formed enduring poetic models from material, which, in the prototype, is preserved merely as a curiosity. In like manner we adopted

* "BEETHOVEN": by RICHARD WAGNER. Translated, with the Author's express Permission and Approbation, by ALBERT R. PARSONS. Indianapolis: Benham Brothers. 1872.

Digitized by Google

he classic forms of Roman and Greek civilization, imitated their language and versification, and contrived to appropriate to ourselves antique intuitions, but only while enunciating in them our own inmost spirit. We thus received from the Italians music, with all its forms; and what we conceived in them lies before us in the incomprehensible works of Beethoven's genius.

To attempt even to explain those works would be a foolish undertaking. When we review them in their proper order we must perceive with ever-increasing distinctness the permeation of the musical form by the genius of music. In the works of his predecessors it is as though we saw a painted transparency by daylight, and thus had before us a pseudo work of art, obviously not at all to be compared, in drawing or coloring, with the work of the genuine painter; a work belonging to an altogether lower style of art, and therefore looked down upon by just connoisseurs: this transparency was displayed to adorn festivals—at princely tables—and for the entertainment of luxurious companies, &c., and the virtuoso placed his artistic dexterity, as the light appointed for the illumination of the picture, before, instead of behind it. But Beethoven places that transparency in the silence of night, between the phenomenal world and the deep inner world of the essential nature of all things, out from which he then throws the light of the clairvoyant against the back of the picture: and now it revives in a wonderful manner, and another world stands before us, of which the greatest masterpiece of a Raphael could give us no intimation.

The power of the musician here is not to be apprehended otherwise than through the idea of magic. It is certainly an enchanted state into which we fall while listening to a genuine Beethoven composition, when we perceive in all its parts, instead of that kind of technical conformity to the end in view, which might appear to us upon jejune meditation,—a spiritual animation, an activity now delicate, and then appalling, a pulsating elevation, joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ravishment, all of which, again, appears to originate only from within the profoundest depths of our own soul. For the feature of Beethoven's musical creations, which is so important for the history of art, is this; that here every technical accident of art, by means of which the artist, for the sake of intelligibility, places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is elevated to the highest importance as a spontaneous effluence. As I have already elsewhere expressed it; "there are no 'accessories' here, there is no framing of the melody, but every voice in the accompaniment, every rhythmical note, indeed, every rest itself becomes melody."

Let us now examine whence Beethoven obtained his power, or rather, as the mystery of natural endowment must remain veiled to us, and we have only to accept, without further question, the existence of that power, from its effects, let us endeavor to make clear to ourselves through what peculiarity, what moral impulse of personal character, the great Musician was able to concentrate that power upon the one enormous effect which constituted his artistic deed. We have seen that we must exclude all assumption that the development of his artistic instinct was led by anything like a cognition of reason. On the contrary, we shall have to keep solely in view the manly strength of his character, to the influence of which, upon the development of the Master's inner genius, we have already had occasion to allude.

We there brought Mozart and Haydn at once into comparison with Beethoven. If we consider the lives of the two former, and contrast them with one another, a transition becomes apparent in respect to the external appointments of life, from Haydn, through Mozart, to Beethoven. Haydn was and remained a prince's attendant, and had, as a musician, to provide for the entertainment of his pomp-loving lord: temporary interruptions, such as his visits to London, altered the practice of his art but little in its character; for there, too, he was never more than a musician recommended to and paid by men of rank. Submissive and devout, the peace of a benevolent, cheerful disposition remained his to a good old age: only, the eye which looks at us from his portrait is filled with a soft melancholy. —Mozart's life, on the contrary, was an unbroken struggle for a peaceful, secure existence, while his existence was really destined to remain peculiarly full of hardships. Caressed, when a child, by half Europe, he found, as a youth, every gratification of his vivaciously aroused inclinations rendered difficult even to most oppressive hardship, only, from his entrance upon the age of manhood onwards, to sicken in misery toward an early death. Musical attendance upon a princely master at once became unendurable to him; he sought to support himself from the applause of the great public,—gave concerts and "Academies;" his fugitive earnings were sacrificed for the enjoyments of life. If Haydn's *prince* continually demanded new entertainment, Mozart was none the less compelled to provide something new, day by day, to attract the *public*; fugitiveness in conception, and in execution according to acquired routine, becomes a chief basis for the explanation of the character of their works. Haydn wrote his truly noble masterpieces only after he had become an old man and was in the enjoyment of comforts secured to him by home and foreign reputation. But Mozart never attained that: his finest works were sketched between the arrogance of the moment and the anxiety of the coming hour. So a remunerative attendance on a prince presented itself before his soul as, after all, the longed-for means of procuring a life more favorable to artistic productivity. What his Emperor withheld from him, a King of Prussia offered: he "remained true to his Emperor," —and perished miserably for it.

Had Beethoven made his choice of manner of life in accordance with cold considerations of reason, that could not have guided him with greater certainty, in view of the history of his two great predecessors, than he was in fact guided by the naïve expression of his inborn character. It is astonishing to see how everything here was decided by the powerful instinct of nature. That instinct speaks quite plainly to us in Beethoven's abhorrence for a life tendency like Haydn's. A glance at young Beethoven probably sufficed, also, to put any prince out of the notion of making him his chapel master. But the complexion of his peculiarities of character appears more remarkable in those of its features which preserved him from a fate such as Mozart's. Like him, placed entirely without means in a world where only the useful pays, while the beautiful is rewarded only when it flatters the senses, and the sublime must remain without any return whatever, Beethoven, in the first place, found himself debarred from inclining the world to himself by the beautiful. His physiognomical constitution expressed with overpowering pregnance, that with him, beauty and softness must pass for identical. The phenomenal world had limited access to him. His eye, almost uncomfortably piercing, perceived in the external world nothing else than vexatious disturbances of his inner world, and warding them off constituted almost his sole *rapport* with that external world. So the spasm became the expression of his countenance: the spasm of defiance kept his nose, his mouth in that tension which could never relax into smiles, but only into unnatural laughter. If it is held to be an axiom of physiology for high intellectual endowments that a great brain must be enclosed in a thin, delicate skull, as if to facilitate the immediate cognition of external things, we saw, nevertheless, upon the inspection of his remains a few years ago, in conformity with the entire skeleton a skull of unusual thickness and firmness. So did nature guard in him a brain of extreme tenderness, in order that it might look towards the interior only, and carry on in undisturbed repose the world contemplation of a great heart. What that exceedingly robust strength enclosed and preserved was an inner world of such conspicuous delicacy, that, left defenceless to the rough touch of the external world, it would have gently dissolved and evaporated,—as did Mozart's genius of light and love!

Now let us say to ourselves how such a being must have looked at the world from within such a massive frame!—Certainly the inner impulses of that man's will could never, or but indistinctly, determine his apprehension of the external world; they were too violent, and, at the same time, too gentle, to be able to cling to one of the phenomena upon which his glance fell only in timorous haste, or in that mistrust felt by one constantly unsatisfied. Nothing here involved him even in that transient illusion which was able to entice Mozart forth from his inner world, in the mania for external enjoyment. A childish gratification in the dissipations of a great and voluptuous city could scarcely touch Beethoven at all, for the impulses of his will were much too strong to permit him to find the slightest satisfaction in such superficial, motley pursuits. If his inclination to solitude, especially, was nourished by this, that inclination, again, coincided with his destined independence. A wonderfully sure instinct guided him in this respect, and became the main incentive to the manifestations of his character. No cognition of reason could have directed him more plainly than did this irresistable bent of instinct. What led Spinoza to support himself by glass-cutting—what filled our Schopenhauer with that anxiety to preserve his little inheritance unimpaired, which determined his whole outer life, and, indeed, inexplicable traits of his character,—*i. e.*, the discernment that the veracity of philosophical investigations is seriously endangered by dependence upon the necessity of earning money by scientific labor, *that* fixed Beethoven in his defiance towards the world, as well as in the almost coarse inclinations manifested in his choice of manner of life.

Beethoven was really forced to support himself from the proceeds of his musical labors. But as nothing enticed him to secure for himself a cheerful, agreeable manner of life, he had less necessity for rapid, superficial labor, or for concessions to a kind of taste which is only to be reached through the pleasing. The more he thus lost connection with the outer world, so much the more clairvoyant was his glance into the inner world. The more confident he became in the employment of his inner wealth, as much the more confidently did he make his demands outward, and he actually required from his benefactors, that they should no longer pay him for his compositions, but so provide for him that he might work altogether for himself, unconcerned as to the rest of the world. And it really happened,—a thing unprecedented in the lives of musicians,—that a few benevolent men of rank pledged themselves to keep Beethoven independent in the sense demanded. Arrived at a similar turning-point in his life, Mozart sank prematurely exhausted. The greatness of the benefit conferred upon Beethoven, although he did not long enjoy it uninterruptedly or without diminution, founded, nevertheless, that peculiar harmony which, from that time on, was manifested in the Master's life howsoever strangely constituted. He felt himself a victor, and knew that he belonged to the world as a free man only. The world was obliged to accept him as he was. He acted like a despot towards his benefactors, who were noblemen of high rank, and nothing was to be had from him, save what, and when, he pleased.

But he never felt a desire for anything save what now alone, and continually occupied him, the magician's play with the shapes of his inner world. For the outer world now became extinct to him,—not because blindness robbed him of the power of seeing it, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear was the only organ through which the external world could still crowd in upon him and disturb him: it had long since died away to his eye. What did the enraptured dreamer *see*, when, staring fixedly before him with open eyes, and animated alone by the waking state of his inner world of tones, he wandered through the motley crowded streets of Vienna? The beginning and increase of his infirmity pained him greatly, and disposed him to profound melancholy: after complete deafness had set in, no serious complaints were heard from him, even over the loss of the capability of hearing musical performances; only, the intercourse of life, which, in itself, had no charms for him, was rendered difficult, and he now avoided it more and more decidedly.

A musician without hearing!—Is a blind painter to be imagined?

But we have heard of a blind *Seer*. The deaf Musician, who, undisturbed by the hustle of life, only heard the harmonies of his soul, and spoke from its depths to that world which to him had nothing more to say, now resembled Tiresias, from whom the phenomenal world was withdrawn, and who, in its stead, discovered the basis of all phenomenality. So does genius, when emancipated from everything external to itself, exist wholly in and for itself. What wonders must have been disclosed to one who was, at one time, able to see Beethoven, with the vision of Tiresias: a world wandering among men,—the abstract-self of the world, as a wandering man!

And now the musician's eye became enlightened from within; he now cast his glance upon phenomena also, which, illuminated by his inner light, were re-imparted in wonderful reflex to his soul. Now again the essential nature of things alone spoke to him, displaying them to him in the calm light of beauty. He now understood the forest, the brook, the meadow, the blue æther, the merry throng, the pair of lovers, the song of birds, the flight of clouds, the roaring of the storm, the bliss of beatifically emoved repose. All his seeing and shaping now became permeated with that wondrous serenity which was first imparted to music through him. Even the lament, which is so inwardly original to all tone, hushes itself into smiles: the world regains its childish innocence. "To day art thou with me in Paradise"—who does not hear the Redeemer's words call to him, as he listens to the "Pastoral Symphony!"

That power of shaping the incomprehensible, the never-seen, the never-experienced, which, however, through it become most immediate experience of most evident comprehensibility,—now grows with him. The joy in exercising this power becomes humor: all the pain of existence is wrecked upon the immense pleasure derived from the play with

it; the creator of worlds, Brahma, laughs to himself as he perceives the illusion with reference to himself: regained innocence plays jestingly with the thorns of unexpiated guilt, the emancipated conscience banters itself with the torments it has undergone.

Never has an earthly art created anything so serene as the symphonies in A, and F major, with all of those works of the Master, so intimately related to them, which date from that divine period of his complete deafness. Their effect upon the listener is precisely that of emancipation from all guilt, just as the effect of our return to the phenomenal world is precisely that of a squandered paradise. So do those wonderful works preach repentance and amendment of life, in the deepest sense of a divine revelation.

## The Jubilee—A Retrospect.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

II.

Speaking of the musical aspect of the Jubilee, we have thus far dealt exclusively with points on which there is a practical unanimity of opinion. To our list of successful features of the affair we must add the appearance of Herr Johann Strauss and the instruction and enjoyment derived from his unique method of conducting. It is not likely that Mr. Zerrahn or Mr. Theodore Thomas, or any other eminent American conductor, will desire or attempt to imitate the peculiarities of the Viennese method; but it is equally certain that these and other intelligent musicians, who have the opportunity of studying Herr Strauss's style, will gain many new and valuable ideas to be used in eliciting the melodious harmonies of the fascinating concert waltz. Of the select orchestra itself and its work very little can be said that is not common-place and that was not plainly foreseen. Made up almost wholly of professional musicians, ready, skilful and "subservient to command," it was scarcely possible that it should make any serious failure; and, indeed, it is to be credited in its performance of dance music with a high degree of absolute success. But there were the ever-present obstacles of the size of the auditorium and the unwieldiness of its own numbers, which, steadily operating, either singly or together, made it impossible for such fine effects to be produced as have been frequently heard from Mr. Thomas's and Mr. Zerrahn's orchestras in the Music Hall. If any proof were needed of the truth of this, it would be found in the character of the selections presented. In this respect the Jubilee of 1872 was far behind that of 1869, not a single symphonic fragment even being performed on the latter occasion, and the instrumental *repertoire* of 1872 being narrowed down to a few operatic overtures, military marches, waltzes and polkas, which were given over and over again. Considering the difficulties with which it had to contend, the orchestra did finely; but, judged by the absolute success obtained on less pretentious occasions, its efforts were not especially impressive except in the one particular already noted.

In summing up the results of the choral work of the festival we desire above all things to do justice to the chorus itself and and to the spirit of conscientious fidelity which animated the great majority of its members. The mere assemblage of such a body, after months of careful preparation, was an impressive circumstance, and when we consider the amount of assiduous and self denying exertion which this preparation involved, the cheerful patience with which for more than a week the great company of singers bore the fatigues and hardships of their daily labors at the concerts, and the comparatively slender share in the popular acclamations with which they were rewarded, we congratulate the Commonwealth upon the possession of material so well adapted for the advancement of the divine art. The test of genuine devotion to art is ever the willingness to sacrifice one's self in its service, and the history of the jubilee chorus furnishes the best possible proof of the gain which our community has made in this direction. Nor do we deny that a surprising degree of precision and skill was obtained, considering the obstacles presented—as in the case of the orchestra—by the size of the building and the number of the performers. And we take this occasion to express our high admiration and appreciation of the great ability and patience which distinguished the efforts of the gentlemen who trained the chorus and to whom the measure of success attained is largely due; the combination of mental and moral endowments—to say nothing of professional—exhibited by Mr. Zerrahn, for example, in the accomplishment of his work was nothing short of remarkable. But, after everything has been granted that can be granted, the truth remains that the chorus obtained nothing more than a *succès d'estime*. In the way of the finer effects of vocal shading and coloring nothing could be accomplished which was worthy of direct comparison with the efforts of smaller bodies. Even a good degree of precision could not be obtained from the entire body of twenty thousand singers except in the performance of smooth, broad chorals with a steady and rather slow movement. For anything else the chorus was too large—twice too large, or more than that—and to this fact we have the earnest testimony of many of the most active and intelligent members of the chorus, a résumé of which was printed in this paper some two weeks ago.

Touching the power and impressiveness of the volume of tone emitted by the chorus, we prophesied in our leader of May 31 that it would be disappointingly out of proportion to the number of singers. If there is one person of any critical knowledge and of the slightest experience in listening to choral societies who now disputes this proposition, we should be glad to know it. And in the simple assertion of this fact we disclose the ignorance and silliness of the blatherskite in which the principal New York papers—with the worthy exceptions of the Tribune and the Evening Post—have indulged themselves. Besides the "Anvil Chorus," of which almost everybody became heartily sick, and the Star Spangled Banner with its cannon accompaniment, there was not a noisy piece in the entire list of programmes. And during the choral performances the auditor, though stationed in the most favorable position, was inexpressibly teased and disturbed by the *lack* of power in the passages marked *forte* and *fortissimo*. Some persons, in discussing this subject, have said that the weakness of effect was chargeable upon the size of the building and not upon the inefficiency of the chorus, but even if this were true, it must be remembered that the number of the chorus and the size of the building are inseparably connected. As a writer in the Cincinnati Gazette has well observed, "it is unavoidable that the great chorus and the great audience must occupy space in proportion to their magnitude, and as the sound of many voices reaches no farther than the sound of one, this space must inevitably diminish the effect." To every listener, therefore, whose position in the "Coliseum" was remote from the stage, the effect was necessarily very weak, when the numbers of the singers and the effects produced by a Music Hall chorus were considered; but even at a moderate or trifling distance from the platform no such tremendously grand and overpowering results were obtained as have been constantly experienced at the oratorios produced by the Handel and Haydn Society—the explanation being partially found, no doubt, in the law that imperfectly harmonized sounds destroy each other. During the performance also of every choral number in quick time, a perfect jumble of sounds reached the ears of those whose seats were close to the stage,—the difference in the distance of the listeners from the nearer and from the more remote singers being sufficiently great to blend together the sounds of successive notes. It is useless to fly in the face of the laws of acoustics—especially when they have been demonstrated to be true in experience as well as in theory; and the lessons of the Jubilee will be but poorly learned if it has not taught us that the artistic results from the performances of choruses twenty regiments strong are sure to be unsatisfactory and unworthy of their numbers and their preparation.

Looking at the festival as a whole, there can be little doubt that the good decidedly preponderated in its concerts over the bad. It brought together a company of foreign artists which could never have been gathered in this country upon any other occasion; and it stimulated the love of music throughout the country. It had obvious imperfections and limitations, especially in the scope, freshness and variety of the compositions presented; but it has given a new and mighty impetus to the wave of art enthusiasm which is soon, as we hope and believe, to spread itself over the length and breadth of the land.

## The First Day of the Jubilee.

(From the Providence Journal.)

BOSTON, June 17th, 1872.

While the ponderous tone masses of the grand jubilee opening are still ringing in my ears, I propose to give you a few impressions of its effect upon me. While I admire the courage and perseverance that can conceive and carry out, even with limited success, the immense undertaking of bringing together the heretofore unheard of numbers of vocal and instrumental performers, and so marshaling and training them in their various and wide apart localities, that in the first day of their coming together they produce musical effects but little short of the sublime, I cannot gush over the performance as a whole, with the enthusiasm of many who seem to feel that any fault-finding is hypercritical and uncalled for. I shall, however, speak of the performance as I found it, and praise or condemn as my judgment may dictate, and my taste discriminate.

The building itself is a marvel, of more tasteful design than the former Coliseum, and the decorations are in excellent taste throughout. It would be difficult to give you an idea of the immensity of the building, but when you realize the fact that it is large enough to seat comfortably the whole population of Providence, you will have some impression of its extent and capacity. So far as possible, too, everything has been carried out on the most liberal scale, in regard to the needs and comforts of the performers and the public. Of course it should be expected that on the opening day there would be some shortcomings and annoyances; but these will soon be regulated, and there will be no cause of complaint of anything that admits of remedy. The series of concerts was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, and though his voice is powerful beyond the ordinary, yet it scarcely could be heard beyond a very limited circle of earthly listeners. Next came an address of welcome by William Gaston, Mayor of Boston, which reached the ears of but a small number of the audience. After him followed General Banks, with an inaugural oration, which was doubtless excellent in its way, but being rather long for the occasion, the audience became impatient and applauded him down. The concert opened with the grand choral *Old Hundred*. The melody was first given out by the powerful organ, after which the combined forces of the "twenty thousand" singers, the "two thousand" instrumentalists and the organ took up the theme with a steadiness of movement and breadth of tone that was really sublime, filling every corner of the vast building with a richness of melody and harmony quite indescribable. If the following numbers of the programme had kept pace with that first effort, I should have nothing but praise to report to you. But it was after all the great thing of the entertainment, and I never expect to hear the like again. Mr. Gilmore conducted it, but so nervously and unsteadily that I wondered how the great mass should march so steadily onward in spite of him. The second piece was by the grand orchestra, most admirably led by Zerrahn,—the overture to Rienzi by Wagner. The work is not a favorite with me, the ideas being crude, and the effect noisy, without breadth or originality. The performance, in spite of good leadership, was very indifferent, and, toward the close, just escaped a break-down. No. 3, a chorus from Costa's oratorio of "*Naaman*," was also indifferently rendered—to my great disappointment; for I thought its steady martial movement would carry it through safely, beyond a peradventure; but it dragged heavily towards the close, and the voices failed to take up the theme with the promptness required to give it the proper effect.

No. 4, a piano solo from the Prophéte, by Herr Franz Bendel, was almost an absurdity, the tone of the instrument, in the vast space, sounding like a *clavecin* of Mozart's time. It was doubtless a clever performance, and the Herr seemed to work very hard to make it so, but it was a *fiasco*, nevertheless. No. 5, 'Farewell to the Forest'—a four part song by Mendelssohn, was fairly rendered, but it was far better done on a former occasion by the Handel and Haydn Society. No. 6, the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's Stabat Mater, had very fair treatment from Madame Rudersdorff, chorus and orchestra. The solo was somewhat hard and strained in the effort to fill the house, but the delicious music sang itself into the hearts of the listeners so deeply as to silence criticism. No. 7, concluding the first part, was only a partial success. Written for solo voices, with a filling up for the chorus, it cannot be rendered by even a "Bouquet of one hundred and fifty artists" without destroying the effect intended by the composer. The voices were not always in tune, and it lacked the promptness of movement that is required for its due effect. It was encored and repeated, however, more I think on account of the beauty of the music than for its execution. We have not time or space to enumerate the pieces of the second part; on the whole, they were no better—no worse than those of the first, and the prolonged entertainment was getting a little tiresome. The United States Marine Band played a selection of American, English and French airs, with good effect, which was much applauded and encored. Instead of repeating a portion of it, they played a long, uninteresting overture, which sadly exhausted both time and patience. The "Star Spangled Banner" was given admirably in the first verse, but the second dragged fearfully, giving further evidence that Mr. Gilmore is not a good conductor of voices, however skilful he may be as a band leader. The third verse was wretchedly done, a solo given by Mrs. Houston West being taken up a quarter of a tone

Digitized by Google

sharp, the effect of which was simply excruciating. Strauss and his Danube Waltz were capital. The Anvil Chorus was no better and no worse than in the former time, but always effective. The audience was neither large nor very enthusiastic. I should judge there were about nine thousand persons present. This immense space made to accommodate forty [?] thousand, looked rather shy.

But the crowd from a distance has not begun to gather yet—the second, third and following concerts will doubtless make a very different show.

I would advise every one who can to hear at least one concert of the series, for the sight alone of the vast building and the mass of people under its roof will well repay one for the cost and trouble. I have but little faith in the good musical effect upon the public of such monster gatherings—it seems to me unwholesome food that will produce unhealthy growth in the divine art, if any at all; but there are many who think otherwise, and I will not at present discuss the matter, but let time decide.

## The True Waltz Tempo—Strauss in New York.

[From the Weekly Review, July 13.]

Let us confess that we have learned something from Herr Johann Strauss. Let us admit that we were wrong and that he has set us right. It has been our practice to play waltzes too fast; at a *tempo*, indeed, that left light and shade out of the question. We have often adverted to this dizzy pace, and condemned it for its expressionless impetuosity. A waltz should picture a gliding grace, and not a dizzy, whirling madman.

Hear a waltz played by Thomas's orchestra and the same by Strauss's band and you hardly recognise it as the identical piece. Not only does the former take the *tempo* altogether too quick, but fails, consequently, to give it that variety of expression without which the performance is mere mechanism. This quality is required in waltzes as well as in symphonies and overtures. Strauss's waltzes are splendid compositions, and are acknowledged by all our first class musicians to be the best we have. Their very excellence implies that they ought to be played with genuine significance.

It is really wonderful how a *pianissimo* or a *forte*, a *retardando* or a *crescendo*, an emphatic accent or other mark of expression animates, improves and heightens the effect of a piece. It gives it life and color at once, and this has been observed and will never be forgotten by all who have heard Strauss' waltzes performed under Strauss direction. He is, beyond question, a splendid and masterly conductor, and deserves all the applause he has received in Boston and New York. He has opened the eyes of the American people to the proper waltz *tempo*, and we cannot help thinking that a great reform will take place with us in the performance of his pieces. We have had an opportunity of hearing how he designed and wants them to be played, and let us profit by the instruction.

The three grand orchestral concerts at the Academy of music, over which Strauss has presided, were brilliant triumphs of instrumentation. The first, on Monday evening, opened with the overture to "William Tell" (Rossini), with the orchestra under the baton of Mr Carl Bergmann. Under the same direction the orchestra, composed of sixty-two select instrumentalists, performed Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux," the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" (Wagner), and the overture to "Rienzi" (Wagner). We all know how Bergmann can conduct. His forces proved most efficient, kept admirably together, and did themselves and their director great credit, especially in rendering Wagner's two pieces, which were done in a manner that convinced the most prejudiced and sceptical present that Wagner has a delicious vein of true melody as well as higher claims to our admiration. With such interpreters the public cannot fail to learn and appreciate Wagner's greatness.

Mr. Johann Bonawitz, in the first part, played the "Tannhäuser" March, arranged as a pianoforte solo by Liszt, and in the second another pianoforte solo founded on Luther's Hymn, arranged by Bonawitz himself. These pieces were finely performed, but in playing the former the octaves for the left hand were, on account of the excessive heat, anything but clear in their delivery. The latter piece is not very effective, except in the *finale*.

Strauss, as may be gathered from what we have premised, gave his waltz, "Künstler Leben" (Artist Life), in slower time than that in which it is taken by Thomas, but the effect was so delightful that an encore was a foregone conclusion; it took the shape of one of his beautiful polkas. The "Circassian March" is a very original and characteristic composition, by Strauss, and was played in brilliant style. We could take no exception to its performance, unless to the introduction of singing by the orchestra, which reminds us too palpably of our negro minstrels. His famous, favorite waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," was given with even more than its usual *éclat*. A double encore was imperatively demanded, and on the second response assumed the form of his "Tritsch Tratsch Polka." His "Pizzicato Polka" proved a bright and marvellous piece of execution. The *pianissimos* and *crescendos* were perfect. Thrice in succession was this charming gem presented, to satisfy the delighted and almost insatiable craving of the public, that seemed to grow by what it fed on.

Wednesday evening's concert was thronged and brilliant. The overture "Jubel" (Weber) was magnificently played by the orchestra, under Mr. Bergmann's direction—we cannot remember when we have heard it better done—and the second *finale* of "Macbeth" (Verdi), the overture to Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" and the March from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" were given, each in appropriate style, equally admirable. Mr. J. A. Bonawitz's pianoforte solo, "Schlummer Lied" (Schumann), and "Scherzo" (Chopin), was most scientifically performed, and, though well received, deserved far more applause than it won. The first half of his solo in second part, "Album Leaf," an *impromptu* composed by the performer, is very pretty, resembling in character some of Mendelssohn's songs without words. It had a pleasing effect, but the other half, Liszt's "Chromatic Galop," was started at too rapid a *tempo*, and as it coursed on lost clearness of articulation. Pianists should beware of such hasty onsets, lest the growing pace and excitement carry them beyond their executive capacity. The flow of melody through the Strauss portion of the programme was clear and brilliant as that of a mountain brook. The waltz 'Tausend und eine Nacht,' the polka "Tritsch Tratsch," the waltz "Morgenblätter" (Morning Papers), and the polka "Annen" were given in all their bright and charming color, and "painted" in perfection, winning double encores, and thus introducing other sparkling favorites. The orchestra was superb, and whatever envy or ill-nature may say to the contrary, kept together like the Macedonian phalanx, and marched to harmonious victory with the certainty of the Roman legion.

## A Talk with Mr. Strauss.

(From the New York Sun, July 13.)

A *Sun* reporter had an interview with Johann Strauss, the famous Austrian composer, yesterday. Mr. Strauss has a magnificent suite of rooms in the Clarendon Hotel. The entrance is guarded by a footman who receives innumerable cards, letters and notes, and who is occasionally relieved by a pretty servant girl, whom Mrs Strauss has brought with her from Vienna. Mrs. Strauss has another maid, so that there are three servants to take care of the composer and his wife. The latter has noble blood in her veins, having been born a countess; and two maids for a travelling countess is surely not too much.

Johann Strauss was standing in the centre of his room when the reporter entered. He is 45 years old, tall, good looking, has a black moustache, long, flowing black whiskers, a fine forehead, black hair which is brushed back, a quick, expressive eye, and an honest, genial expression of countenance. He was elegantly dressed after the latest Viennese fashion. Any one seeing him walk down Broadway would take him to be some swell from Murray Hill. Johann Strauss is evidently a ladies' man. He is neat rather handsome, and has very agreeable manners. He talks very naively, as if he was speaking entirely without reserve or constraint.

HOW STRAUSS LIKES AMERICA.

The *Sun* reporter asked the famed composer how he liked America.

Johann Strauss (in German—he does not speak any English)—Oh! this country is superb, magnificent. I never had an idea of the grandeur of this country, and I never would have thought that there is so much appreciation of good music here.

Here a card was sent in: "Das geht so den ganzen lieben Tag," he said.

Reporter—How do you like Boston?

Johann Strauss—I did not like it. Boston is Puritanical, stupid, dull. There is no life in the street. There is no display of elegance or luxury. The women are homely, and do not dress nicely. I do not like Boston. But with New York I am perfectly charmed (mit New York bin ich ganz entzückt).

MRS. STRAUSS.

Here Frau Strauss entered. She is a brunette, has a very pleasant face, and is very ladylike. She was dressed with exquisite taste after the latest Viennese fashion. She greeted the reporter cordially, and addressed him in very good English, but when she found that the reporter spoke German, she said, very good naturedly, "Ach, das ist ja prächtig; da koennen wir ja Deutsch sprechen." (Why, this is perfectly splendid; then we can speak German).

Frau Strauss—I think we should stay longer if it were not for this terrible heat. You know it's very hot in Vienna, but this heat is perfectly monstrous. Last night we could not sleep a wink; we did not sleep five minutes in the whole night, and still the clerk says he has given us the coolest rooms in the house.

WOULDN'T LEAVE VIENNA FOR THE WORLD.

Reporter—Could you not make up your mind to stay in this country?

Frau Strauss (laughing and showing her teeth, which are very pretty)—Oh, dear, dear no, not for the whole world. We would not leave Vienna for the world. We have everything so charming there; there are a thousand ties that bind us to Vienna. We live in Hietzing, right out of the city, in our own house, which we occupy all by ourselves. We live in English style, have our horses and carriages, ride and drive where we want to, and have everything our hearts can wish for. This hotel is much better than the St. James Hotel; but still, you know, hotel life is not what home life is.

Here Herr Strauss came back from the other room, whither he had withdrawn, to talk with a visitor. Three cards were sent in. "Engaged," was the answer in every instance.

STRAUSS'S LOVE FOR MUSIC.

Reporter—Were you very fond of music when a child?

Herr Strauss—Oh, yes, very fond. I was trained for the opera originally, but when I had composed my first waltz my career was decided.

Reporter—How old were you then?

Herr Strauss—I was seven then. I will send you this waltz; it has never been published. I am now collecting the best American compositions, in order to publish them in Germany.

Reporter—When do you compose, in the daytime or at night?

Herr Strauss—Altogether at night. I don't know of a single waltz that I composed in the daytime. *Du lieber Herrgott!* (Thou dear Lord!) Do you know how much I pay here for a shave? Fifty cents! fifty cents! a whole gulden! *Ist das nicht schanderhaft.* There is one thing that is very poor here, the beer. Oh! in that respect this country is very deficient, very.

DOESN'T LIKE AMERICAN LAGER.

Reporter—I thought the beer here was better than in Germany.

Herr Strauss—Oh! dear, dear, no! No comparison. It's awfully bad here, and I am actually sick for want of our delightful Vienna beer.

Frau Strauss—The beer is thick and heavy here. Oh! its very poor.

Herr Strauss (smacking his lips and throwing himself back in his chair, in an attitude of rapture)—The beer in Vienna is divine, divine (*goettlich*). Go to Vienna, drink beer, and die. *Goettlich, goettlich!* But in every other respect New York is charming. Life here must be very pleasant. New York is much more gay than London. What a bustle, what an uproar there is here all the time.

MRS. STRAUSS ON BROADWAY.

Frau Strauss—Oh! Broadway is so magnificent. What a throng of vehicles all the time. Why, the Ring (the finest street of Vienna) is nothing compared to Broadway as far as life and bustle are concerned. The horses are here much finer than in Vienna. I have been in the Central Park. It's superb; much finer than our Prater. I have seen all the celebrated parks in Europe, but I never saw one that surpassed the Central Park in grandeur and beauty.

Here Herr Strauss was called away. Frau Strauss spoke of the Grand Duke Alexis. She said he and his two brothers used to come to her husband's house in St. Petersburg and blow on the cornet-a-piston. When her husband meets the Emperor Francis Joseph in the Imperial Gardens in Schoenbrunn, to which he is invariably admitted, the Emperor says, "Gruss sie Gott, wie gehts?" (God greet you, how are you?) Her husband had a standing invitation to all the court festivities, being Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph. She said her husband had resigned all his positions, and did nothing now except working in his night-gown at home and composing operas, "which pays him infinitely." His last opera was produced sixty times in Vienna. For his services in Boston he had received $25,000 (£5,000).

Digitized by Google

**No. 58. ARIA. CORO I.**

*Andante espressivo.* (♪ = 104.)

Piano-forte.

FLUTE SOLO.

*staccato.*

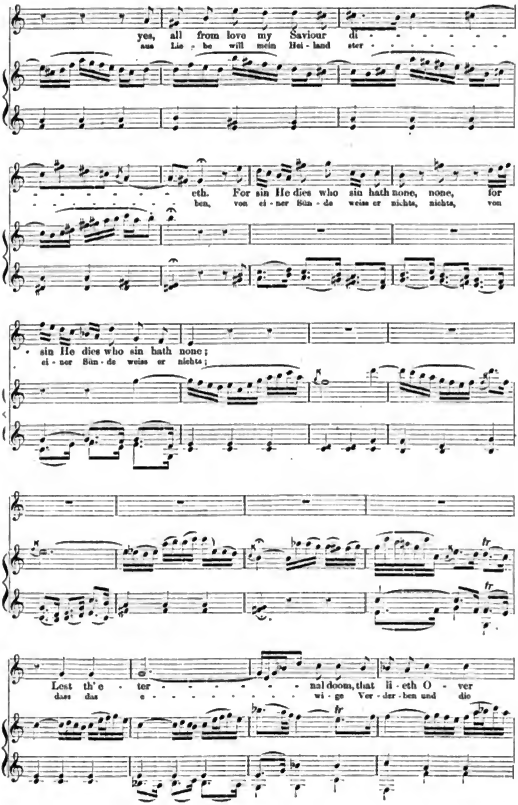
Soprano.

From love, .....
Aus Lie - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

*Fine.* *p*

..... from love un - boun - ded, yes, all from love my Saviour di - eth,
- - - - - - be, aus Lie - be, aus Lie - be will mein Heiland ster - ben,

Digitized by Google




Digitized by Google

all ..... beneath the sun, Be a - -
Strafe des Ge - richts, nicht auf

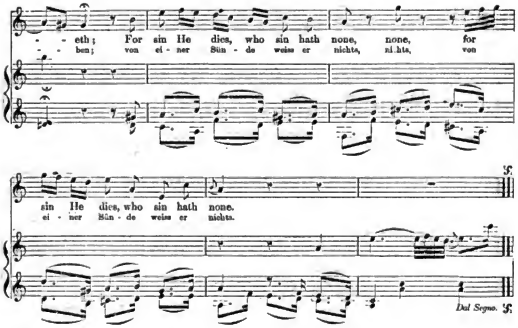
gainst ..... my soul ac - - coun - ted. From love, .....
mei - - - - - ner See - le blie - be. Aus Lie - - - - -

..... yes, all ..... from love my Sa - viour di - - -
- - be, aus Lie - - - - - - be will mein Hei - land ster - -

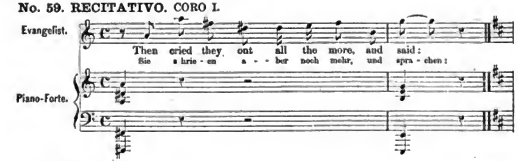
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - eth, yes,
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ben, aus

all from love my Sa - viour di - - - - - - - - - - - -
Lie - be will mein Hei - land ster - - - - - - - - - - - -

Digitized by Google

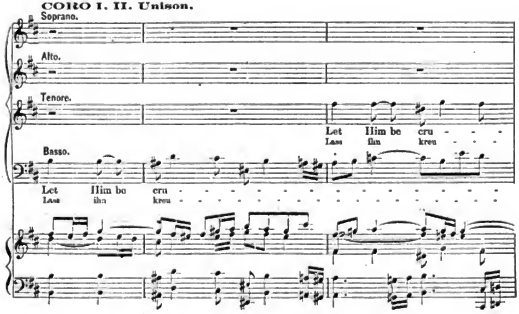



**No. 59. RECITATIVO.** CORO I.




(♩ = 88.)

**CORO I. II. Unison.**




Digitized by Google

STRAUSS ON AMERICAN RAILROADS.

Herr Strauss (coming back)—I want to mention something else to you that is perfectly awful, monstrous. There are no fahnwaechter (flagmen) on the railroads here. Why, it's perfectly monstrous.

Frau Strauss—My husband says he'd rather be killed at once, and be done with it, than to take another trip on an American railroad. He knows he'd be a dead man, anyhow.

Herr Strauss received here three or four more cards. "It goes like this all day," he said. "In Boston I was bored out of existence by people asking for autographs, and then I have about fifty callers a day who beg for money. They are in every instance Germans. Not one American has begged of me."

The reporter took his leave, thanking Herr Strauss for his kindness. Herr Strauss gave the reporter a cigar, which he said was as good as any in Vienna, and his photograph. Then he said: "I am glad to have seen you. You are a nice, amiable fellow."

The reporter blushed, and bade the famous composer good day.

## The Garde Republicaine Band.

The famous band of the Garde Republicaine of France has won such a reputation in this country, that a brief description of its organization and the instruments used by its members, may be found interesting. The band was organized by M. Paulus in 1834. It was composed of fifty-four members, enlisted men who are entitled to a life pension after serving a term of twenty-five years. M. Paulus associated M. Maury with himself as *sous chef*. This band has always a long list of applicants ready to fill any vacancies that may occur. Each one must have served in another band of the line for at least two years, and must be able to read and write. The *Garde de Paris*, to which the band is attached, and which two years ago became the Garde Republicaine, is a regiment of 2600 men—2000 infantry and 600 cavalry. Like the Household Brigade in the English army, this regiment always remains at the capital. To be a member of the band necessitates a comparatively small amount of service, and each man can live wherever he pleases in Paris, wear citizen's clothes when off duty, and accept engagements wherever offered. Thus it is that nearly every member receives double pay. M. Maury is solo cornet at the Grand Opera. Three of the band are professors in the Paris Conservatory of Music. M. Silvestre, whom competent directors pronounced the smartest cornet player they had ever heard, is only 22 years old, but has played the cornet for twelve years. Well might Dan Godfrey say that he could not expect to beat a band of picked professional musicians. The band is organized on the model of Adolphe Sax, which has been adopted for the military bands of the French army. The organization consists in reproducing in military music all the dispositions of ordinary music, increased considerably in sonority, inasmuch as military music is so often called upon to be played in the open air, and as its warlike qualities are its first requisite. The instruments used by the band are the following: Two *grandes flutes* in c, two *petites flutes* in d flat, two hautbois in c, two *petites clarionettes* in e-flat, eight *grandes clarionettes* in g flat, one soprano saxhorn in e flat, three contralto sopranos (?) in g flat, three cornets a piston, six saxophones, four trombones (with six pistons), three trumpets, two horns, three alto saxhorns, in e flat, two baritones in g-flat, four basses (with four cylinders) in g-flat, two contra-basses in g-flat, one contra-bass in a flat, bass drum, two kettle drums and cymbals. M. Sax explains the organization as follows:—

"I have created for the bass, corresponding to the quartet of strings, the numerous family of saxhorns, around which are grouped, in families as complete as possible, all the episodic instruments destined to form a sonorous *palette*, and to bring forth a variety of tones. I have, guided always by the principle of forming complete groups, augmented or diminished the number of certain instruments, such as the clarionets, for example, augmenting the number of small ones in order to maintain the sharp register, (*le registre aigu*), always badly kept up by large clarionets. It will be remarked, in the music of the Paris Garde Republicaine, that there are many families of instruments with six pistons—trumpets, trombones, bass saxhorns, and contra bass in e-flat and b flat. These instruments constitute one of my latest and most important inventions. By the reunion of seven independent tubes they give the chromatic series of the notes of the gamut in first harmonic sounds; that is to say, not resulting from any combination of different tubes, the sounds are consequently produced with a purity and mathematical precision, something which was impracticable, as every one knows, by means of the old three piston instruments. As the differences of tone in the various instruments are not created by the matter which composes them, nor by the system of the mechanism, but rather arise from the proportion of the tubes, the process of the six pistons and seven independent tubes was applicable to all instruments with mouth pieces, and I have applied it."

For the sake of comparison, we append a list of the instruments of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Garde Band: Flute, piccolo, two oboes, two bassoons, two e-flat clarionettes, ten b flat clarionettes, four French horns, two tenor horns, two baritones, four trumpets, three cornets, four tubas, two contra bassoons, four trombones, two snare drums, bass drum, cymbals and *glockenspiel*.—*Courier*.

---

The New York *Weekly Review* gives the following table showing the respective constituents of the three bands:

| | *French Band.* | *German.* | *English.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clarionets | 9 | 14 | 16 |
| Flutes | 2 | 2 | 4 |
| Oboes | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| Saxophones | 6 | – | – |
| Pistons | 2 | – | – |
| Bugles | 3 | – | – |
| Trumpets | 3 | 4 | 2 |
| Horns | 2 | 4 | 4 |
| Baritones | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Bass | 4 | 3 | 6 |
| Contra Bass | 3 | – | – |
| Alto | 4 | 2 | 4 |
| Trombones | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Petit Bugle | 1 | – | – |
| Cymbals | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Drums | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Bass Drums | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Cornets | – | 3 | 6 |
| Fagotti | – | 2 | 5 |
| Contra | – | 2 | – |
| Total | 53 | 48 | 58 |

## "National Music Meetings" at the Crystal Palace.—Competitive Singing.

A London Correspondent of the *Boston Courier* writes:

While you Bostonians have been enjoying your monster Musical Jubilee we Londoners have been treated to something quite new in the musical way, namely: a competitive examination or trial of well-known vocalists. This idea originated with Mr. Willert Beale, a well-known musician and journalist, and the scene of this novel performance was the Crystal Palace. It is difficult for English talent to get a hearing—harder for it to get a prize; but the Crystal Palace Company come forward, and are ready to decline no reasonable offer, and to present a *bona fide* prize to the candidates who win a fair field and no favor. Is it necessary to say that the winners leave the seat of contest with a reputation, to a great extent, made? One successful competition probably saves the singer some years of tedious and disheartening struggle to get before the public, and persons of real talent are thus able to start at *once* on their career. Meanwhile it must be confessed that a good many of the competitors are grotesquely and amusingly bad. On Thursday, June 27, the contest began. Those who had been selected to compete appeared, one by one, on the Handel Orchestra, and on a raised platform in front of them sat Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, and Signor Arditi. Six ladies appeared in succession. Some seemed confident, others timid, all more or less awkward, but there was little doubt about the winner, who came last, Miss Williams, who ought to succeed well; she has a good voice, good presence of mind, and nice taste. She is a pupil of Mr. Welch's. When her number (19) was hoisted up as the winner it was greeted with unanimous applause. She has evidently not yet formed her concert-room deportment. She bows to the enthusiastic audience as though she were vastly offended with them, and desired to be out of sight and hearing; but a slight stiffness of manner is after all, preferable to the opposite extreme, and is of only the smallest importance when the singing is good. The gentlemen tenors were entertaining enough. One stepped forward with the utmost confidence, evidently believing intensely in his easy superiority, but he had not a chance—we were going to say, a voice. Another could not sing any of his runs and flourishes, but seemed quite unconscious of his defect; another sang flat, with the most winning smile, and we need not say the least winning voice. The winner again came last. Mr. Dudley Thomas was beyond comparison the best. He is a light, agreeable, and rather finished tenor, wanting in power but not in sweetness, with good taste and an easy, unaffected style. At half past four o'clock a concert took place, at which Miss Williams and Mr. Dudley Thomas confirmed the good opinion which the judges and the public had already conceived. The following Saturday the contraltos, baritones, and basses competed, Signor Arditi, Mr. Barnby, and Dr. Wylde being judges. Miss Hancock, who has an agreeable and a good method, was the fortunate candidate. She will doubtless, please even more when she loses a little of the self-consciousness which is, perhaps, inseparable from the novelty of her situation. A sharp contest took place between the basses, Mr. Pope and Mr. Wadmore, both of them pupils of Signor Randegger. Mr. Wadmore—not at all a fierce bass, or a bass looking gentleman at all—won. He is young and amiable in appearance—and if he aspires to do the dark villain on the stage, he will take a deal of dressing, or, as the Americans say, fixing up—but he seems to have pluck enough for anything. At the afternoon concert the winners—ladies and gentlemen—appeared and sang songs chosen for them almost at the last moment, thus displaying a great knowledge of music as well as readiness. It is true that *When Other Lips* and *Non piu andrai* are not very unknown songs; but still to sing, especially the latter, at a moment's notice, on such an occasion, requires nerve, which Mr. Wadmore certainly possesses. The concert was filled in by the admirable band of the Crystal Palace, under Mr. Manns, and the Crystal Palace choir. The other soloists were Miss Edith Wynne, who sang charmingly, Madame Patey, who was encored in Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Days*, and Mr. Santley. The Crystal Palace choir has wonderfully improved. During the week choral societies and bands of different sorts will compete, and on Saturday the distribution will take place, followed by a grand vocal and instrumental concert. The prizes range from £1000 to £30.


# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 27, 1872.


## The Second Gilmore Jubilee.

### II.

We have thus far spoken of the plan itself, and seen from what mixed motives it sprang, and what an ambiguous aspect it presented. Yet in the main it claimed to be a *musical* festival, "the *greatest* series of Concerts ever given in the world!"

Leaving aside therefore, for the present, "Peace, and Patriotism, and the "glory of Boston," and the assumed "international" importance of the affair, simply looked upon as *Music*, what did it amount to? What was realized in Art, for Art, for musical taste and culture in a true and profitable sense? Admitting fully all that may be claimed as to the beauty and commodiousness of the great Coliseum,—that magical creation of a night almost,—literally the work of six weeks, a fair and stately structure large enough to hold the population of a small city, cheaply but tastefully decorated, charming the eye with a fine harmony of lines and colors, and that free wavy play of flags and streamers which is so like the form of music, its admirable ventilation and its cheerful aspect; admitting the inspiration of the scene, the living presence of two vast multitudes there face to face, the singers and the sympathizers (if one could only count under the latter head the restless crowds who, whether because they could not hear, or because a vague curiosity rather than music brought them, wandered about in ceaseless tramp through the surrounding corridors!); admitting too, not without pride, the perfect right of our good City to admire herself there in so large a mirror of her most exemplary good order, peace and cheerful courtesy, and the good impression that it evidently made on strangers (though why would so many people talk aloud and move about when much of the music was so soft?); cheerfully conceding all praise to the executive energy and the organizing skill which made so many forces work together to one end; and never doubting that there was a great deal of pure enjoyment and even quickening experience of life in those great crowds,

Digitized by Google

from day to day; granting all this in as full measure as you please, the real question, after all, is: What about the Music?

And the first point that claims attention is the programmes. Now the ambiguity which we have seen in the Jubilee project as a whole was sure to affect each and every programme. To a true programme, an artistic programme, the first essential is unity of motive. A good programme is like a good composition; it must all grow out of one good leading *motive*, to which all the other accompanying motives must stand in true relation of support or pleasing (never distracting, never unrelated, miscellaneous) contrast. Here, it must be confessed, the motives were terribly mixed. Read those opening programmes (and they were the best), which we have placed on our last page as specimens of passing follies of our age for curious readers in the future, should any chance to peep into our musty files. See what strange bedfellows are thus brought together. (And, by the way, we are told that the "Music Committee," a thing of names, and chiefly good for advertisement, was never called together or consulted,—so much the better for them.) The hobby of the great "Projector" we all know; he is nothing if not startling; his ruling passion is "to make a *noise* in the world;" "Anvil choruses, cannons, bells, and roaring, overwhelming sound waves are his element. It is true, most people who went there hoping or dreading a tremendous noise were disappointed, and the marvel that has made the most talk was, the gentleness, the softness of the sound of 20,000 voices even with all those auxiliaries. Nevertheless does anybody doubt that it *meant* noise? Kind Nature, with her wise acoustic laws and limitations, came to our relief. It was not Gilmore's fault that the artillery and bells disturbed the outside city more than they did the audience within, or that the hundred anvileers, instead of a hearty blacksmith ring, produced a toy-like jingling sound as of so many sleighbells, not answering at all in *loudness* to the scarlet shirts they wore. (How feeble compared to the three or four anvils on the operatic stage! But then an anvil is an industrial machine, and not a musical instrument, and perhaps in order to its true and hearty ring there must be something forged upon it, some useful metal interposed between the anvil and the hammer. Suppose Mr. G. should try it; hissing hot iron, sparks and blazing furnaces,—would not that make a rousing jubilee!). But of course this element had to go into the cauldron; no Gilmore Jubilee without guns and anvils, and all sorts of clap trap. And for the sake of this, to give it ample room and scope, popular national hymns and airs, "Hail Columbia" and "Star Spangled Banner," "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," &c., as well as the sentimental "songs that everybody knows," sometimes ridiculously sung by 5,000 altos, alternating with as many tenors or basses, in unison, held in the long run the lion's share in these most incoherent programmes. All well enough, if nothing else had been attempted, if the design had only limited itself to that. Then there would have been unity of purpose, and the thing as a whole would have had a character, such as it was; a much more respectable character than can result from any mingling of incongruous ingredients, from any bringing together of things which do not belong together, out of a foolish ignorant ambition of the less to (seem to) include the greater. Then it would have been an honest Fourth-of-July affair upon an unprecedented scale, vastly interesting, no doubt, and perhaps beneficial to a very large class of people, though *musical* people, as such, might take comparatively little interest in it. For the enthusiasm of such occasions, the electric thrill of sympathy, the bravos and the flutter of white handkerchiefs, are not to any great degree a musical experience, do not spring so much from the music as from some social or patriotic sentiment with which the old tune has become associated. Here the "Projector" is in his element, here he has large publicity, and here in God's name let him celebrate and jubilate to his heart's content with all the sympathizers he can find; no reasonable being can object to it, if it will only seek to pass for simply what it is.

But no! That would not satisfy this vague, unlimited ambition. It must be a great feast of Music, a great musical event, "the greatest" in all history; this Fourth-of-July element must cover the whole field of Music, and the Gilmore baton flourish over Symphony and Oratorio, as well as "Hail Columbia!" Bach and Beethoven must be invited upon the same platform with the people's idols. They, were they living, might decline the honor; for artists know and feel the difference of spheres, and if there is one law of life which music most persistently illustrates, it is that spheres are not to be confounded. Nevertheless bring them out and set them up there; having their music we have them; and as for living artists and composers, if the best be shy of such distinction as we offer, are there not always "available" ones, among artists as in all other classes, who, having fame such as it is, would like a little more and gold to boot? So raise the sign in blazing letters, which the world may read: The greatest music and the greatest artists all combined in our great musical World's Jubilee! So in this Yankee-doodle setting we have choruses from "Messiah" and "Creation" and "Elijah," even a whole Oratorio of Handel; Chorales by Bach naively set up (or down) in a row with homely old New England Psalm tunes (for these too were represented in the mixed motives and the managing Committee); classical Overtures (a few); Italian Opera Selections, for which a "Bouquet of Artists" are flatteringly enlisted as a sort of legion of honor; and whatever else was easily available under the head of classical or high Art, old or modern. And all for what? Not because such things belonged in this strange element; not that *they* might give tone and direction to a festival conceived in quite another spirit; not that "high Art," that Music in its highest sense should be exalted to a higher throne, surrounded with a ray more of divinity, than the most hackneyed stock in trade of street, or choir or ball room music. Not for its own sake was the higher music brought into the plan, but only for its good name, to make the plan respectable, conciliate refined taste, and secure the coöperation of really artistic leaders and musicians, without whom it could hardly boast itself to be a musical festival in any very worthy sense. In short the classical pieces were pretty sure to pass (with thousands of the unmusical and unreflecting) for very good endorsement of the claptrap; it must be a true bill, for it bears the names of Handel, Bach and Beethoven upon the back; good company where *they* are, is it not?—But what if they are ill at ease, and not at all at home there! And even so it proved; for it was soon found that these were not the things that went best, or were heard best, or which seemed to be much in the spirit of the place and the occasion, or to the liking of the larger crowd congenial with that spirit. So, after a few days, the classical element began to be pushed more into the background; the best thing by far of all, in an artistic point of view, the "Israel in Egypt," which gave such tempting scope to the best powers of our Handel and Haydn Society, securing them for nucleus of the great chorus, came near being dropped out entirely, as it would have been, had it been "postponed" a week in the interest of the more paying matter of the programmes; for if there was one reason for postponement at the time, there would have been twenty at the week's end; and, as it was, though well performed, it was thrown away upon the smallest and most inattentive audience of the whole three weeks. Of course the more serious and valuable members of the chorus began to drop away, as the choral functions became reduced to repetition of the same old national airs and psalm tunes. And egotistic vanity, not competency, too often dictated the conductorship in the performance of these same classical compositions, so that you would hear an Overture, perhaps, with a man making the motions in dumb show before an orchestra, who heeded not but, smiling in their sleeves, played on as they knew how.

Another mixed motive, resulting in another incongruity and positive fatuity, lay in the piano making interest which exercised a strong voice in the councils of the Jubilee. No one for a moment could be blind to the fact that solo performances on the Pianoforte must be thrown away upon the chief part of an audience in so vast a space. Yet in each programme such unheard, unheard of exhibitions had to figure, partly that the "Grand Orchestral Piano" might be advertised, and partly that the names and presence of some distinguished European virtuosos might advertise the Jubilee. Only less out of place there as a rule, with one conspicuous exception, were the vocal solos: and what could be more ludicrous (except the execution) than the bare announcement of a melody, say Abt's hackneyed "Swallow" song, for which 5,000 voices are massed into one! We hope the rubicund composer will survive the compliment,—and the song too.

Then, again, there was the "international" element, which entered as a motive, and more effectively, perhaps, than any other, being so well represented by those three noble European Bands; though how far anything international was really intended by the governments who sent them, or perhaps, more properly, permitted them to come, is more or less a matter of imagination. There was a graceful look of courtesy about it to be sure, and a sincere reciprocation of good feeling, to the credit and the satisfaction of all parties. At any rate it was a happy hit, and made the chief sensation of the Jubilee. But for the musical Art significance of European, or of any nations, one does not look first or mainly to the military Bands. If it were simply and ostensibly an international meeting or festival of Bands, competitive, or otherwise, that in itself would have a unity of character and might be a good thing; but that, though *every* country should be represented, and by its very best in that line, would by no means come up to the pretention of "the greatest musical event of the century;" because, musically considered, any Birmingham or Düsseldorf, or Boston Handel and Haydn Festival is really better. As a *sensational* device the Bands were capital; but it takes something besides Bands to make a musical Art festival; here, to be sure, there was something else,—thousands of instruments and voices, &c., &c.,—but from the first the Bands took precedence, while chorus, orchestra, and all things classical had to accept the less conspicuous rôles, serving as frame work or mere *remplissage*. Another sensation was the presence of the Vienna "Waltz king," Strauss, without his orchestra, but showing how he could electrify the orchestra he found before him. And there were the two famous foreign singers, the two famous pianists, and the German Emperor's Cornet Quartet (not a very significant contribution to the greatest of all Musical Festivals), the genial and hearty looking sentimental part-song composer, Abt; and a sprinkling of original compositions for the Jubilee by some half a dozen European composers, none of them of the highest rank, some of them unheard of here till now, while some of the most important of these contributions (a solo and chorus by Sir Julius Benedict, for instance, and the 150th Psalm by Randegger, both written by request, the solos to be sung by Mme. Rudersdorff) were promised only, but not given. But the point is: taking all together, Bands, composers, solo artists, was here enough to constitute a really representative, significant, substantial contribution of the musical Art of Europe to an international music meeting of the highest order and pretention? Any single week during the musical season in London, Berlin, Leipzig, Paris, or Vienna, offers more of interest to a true music lover, than the Coliseum in its whole "heated term." You could not hear 20,000 singers there; but 20,000 singers are "no good," as the boys say.

To help out the sensational illusion of the "international" idea, the Jubilee was made a "song of degrees" or "Days." There was first the American day, of course, for that came on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Then followed the English, the German, and the French day, which was very well so long as the three distinctive Bands held out. Then came the Austrian day, on which the only things Austrian were a "Kaiser" Overture on Austrian themes by Westmeyer, rather a graceful composition, and Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube waltz;" then the Russian day, without a Band or note of Russian music, but for a chief novelty a choir of colored singers, with "cannon accompaniments," *canonizing* John Brown's soul "marching on." There was also an "Italian day," with no Italian music on the bill except Rossini's German Overture to "Tell." And there was an "Irish day," of course—for was not this "our new St. Patrick's" festival?—with some sort of an Irish Band tramped up for one of the last and hottest days, when the enthusiasm was chiefly spent upon procession through the streets. And there was President Grant's Day, and a Horace Greeley day, and Gilmore's own day, when *all* the Bands played, and all the patriotic songs and guns and anvils were in fullest blast. But in all this was *Music* paramount, or something else? Did St. Cecilia preside? Was Art remembered? And did Bach and Beethoven still keep their places on the equal platform?

But now for the result, the actual performance and effect. And fortunately here we have only for the most part to repeat what everybody else is saying; for, from the moment it became clear that the Jubilee would not succeed financially, it was marvellous with

Digitized by Google

what a freedom and alacrity of criticism so many even of the newspapers began to point out all the errors and short-comings and absurdities of the whole thing, and admit that the "unprecedented and gigantic musical success" was after all a failure!

Some features were successful, some were not. The least successful (counting out the solos) was just that which formed the glory of the former Jubilee, and which alone could justify the colossal proportions of the undertaking,—the great Chorus. *The Chorus simply undid what it achieved three years ago.* And not by any fault of its own, or of its chief instructor and Conductor, CARL ZERRAHN. It was simply a struggle against Nature. Twenty thousand singers were not only twice, but four or five times too many for good musical effect. That was clearly enough proved at the first Jubilee, when a Chorus of half the number did produce effects, by no means so fine as smaller choruses in proper music halls, but often very grand and beautiful, and on the whole successful. It turned out better than any sane musical mind expected, but did not work conviction as to any real gain from such great numbers. The experience was set down as exceptional; and exceptional it should have remained; strange that the lesson was not learned beyond necessity of repetition! Only a defiant and insane ambition could have seriously conceived the heaven-storming idea of piling another Ossa upon Pelion. There was a double fate against the valiant twenty thousand, devoted, earnest, full of a zeal truly musical, and thoroughly prepared, as a very large proportion of them, we know, were. (We do not take account of violations of discipline, signs of disintegration or demoralization, in the latter weeks so obvious, for these we fancy only came in after failure was a foregone conclusion.) In the first place, spread over so wide and deep a space, seated so far apart, they could not know whether they sang together; in the next place, even if they did sing perfectly together, to most auditors the tones, traversing such various distances, could not reach the ear at once, so that practically, as one writer has happily said, "it *all* sounded like a fugue." In plain, slow choral strains, composed of long notes only, such as "Old Hundred" and "Luther's Hymn" and the two Bach Chorales, the volume of tone was rich and sweet and grand, by no means overpowering, and all parts of the harmony were clearly made out—perhaps not always. Here it does not matter so much that there should be perfect precision of attack or rhythm; the harmonies may drag, and yet the effect be fine and the intentions of the music fully realized; to the imagination this is the effect of a strain pouring in wave upon wave from a vast multitude; there is a kind of musical *perspective* in it, which will not do at all in any quickly moving, polyphonic, imitative, involved composition; here all must be struck at once and heard at once, or it is all confusion. And in this way most of the more elaborate choruses more or less suffered, though some few of them in the first week, before the days of dissolution, made on hearers favorably placed a pretty fair impression. The best success of any was perhaps the unaccompanied part-song by Mendelssohn.—Nor did the chorus exercise its powers on nearly so much sterling matter as it did before. As we have said, it was but a left-handed hospitality that was extended to the 'classical selections; they went through with the form of introduction and were soon quietly bowed out. Beyond a few Chorales, Handel's "Hallelujah" and "See the conquering hero," Haydn's "The Heavens are telling," Mendelssohn's "Thanks be to God," "He watching over Israel," "Yet doth the Lord see it not," and "Sleepers awake," Mozart's *Gloria*, Rossini's *Inflammatus*, a chorus each by Bennett and by Costa, a chorus from Mr. PAINE's new Oratorio "St. Peter," a scholarly and clever work, but sacrificed, and a Hymn: "Peace and Music," written with more view to popular effect by Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, the mighty Chorus was merely heard in common Psalm-tunes, or rose to call in endless repetitions of the National Airs, &c., with boom of cannon. To this complexion, almost wholly, did it come at last. As a piece of honest, earnest, well accomplished work, upon a task worthy to inspire the best devotion, the performance of "Israel in Egypt" by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for first chorus, and the Societies of Salem, Lynn and West Roxbury for second chorus,—in all from twelve to fourteen hundred voices—stands out as the one most honorable artistic deed in the whole festival,—and to it was least honor paid!

—But again our space is too contracted for doing justice to the other elements,—the great orchestra, the solo singers and pianists, the splendid foreign Bands, &c.,—as well as for some "improvements" of the lesson, as the old sermonizers used to say; for which we shall have to return to the unwieldly topic once more.

WHEATON SEMINARY. The following is the programme of a Soirée Musicale given at this Institution on Wednesday evening, July 3, under the direction of Messrs. G. H. HOWARD and W. W. DAVIS, who have been laboring there with the right sort of zeal to increase the knowledge and the love of good music.

| | |
|---|---|
| "Voga, Voga,".............................. | Campana. |
| Symphony in G minor.............................. | Mozart. |
| Recitative and Aria. "Ah! s'estinto,"...... | Mercadante. |
| Fantasia. "Fra Diavolo,".............................. | ——— |
| Song. "Solto e Ben,".............................. | Fiorantini. |
| Trio in E flat, for Violin and Violoncello........ | Haydn. |
| Duet. "Cheerfulness,".............................. | Gumbert. |
| "La Carita,".............................. | Rossini. |

NEW YORK, JULY 22. We all know where Orpheus wandered in search of his love; but such devotion falls before that which led some followers of the heavenly maid,—Music, to leave the cool breezes and refreshing shades of 95 for the Academy, where the thermometer is said to have ranged from 100 upwards. This remark is inspired by a statement of Mrs Grundy to the effect that the three Peschka-Leutner concerts which took place last week were well attended

For myself I do not know. One old man at the club said that he attended the first concert and that it was a great success. As he was known to have no ear for music, this assertion was received with suspicion not unmixed with scorn, until it transpired that he was from Moscow, and regarded the entertainment as a species of steam-bath, with modifications and improvements. The assertion that the Orchestra laid aside their coats is without foundation, other than the fact that they looked as though they would like to do so. Mme. Peschka-Leutner is said to have been in good voice, and that she met with a warm welcome we may well believe, She was assisted by the, so-called, Strauss Orchestra.

Johann Strauss gave three Orchestral Concerts in the Academy on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, July 8th, 10th, and 12th, and besides this there have been numberless concerts by the foreign bands.—All this would have been interesting but for the intense heat which made life a burden to us

We look forward, however, to a fall season full of interest; for during the autumn and winter we shall hear more good music in New York than ever before. The Rubinstein concerts are even now definitely announced to begin Sept. 23rd, at Steinway Hall. The great pianist will have the support of Mr. Henry Wieniawski (violinist), Mlle. Louise Liebhart (a soprano well known in England), and Mlle. Louise Ormeni. M. Rubinstein is best known to the public here through his great Ocean Symphony, of which parts have been frequently played by the Thomas Orchestra at the Central Park Garden.

The man who has no music in his soul sits in a front seat at the Garden Concerts. The other night, while the Orchestra was playing the allegretto of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, this pleasing youth took a notion to smoke, and thereupon scratched an explosion match, which produced much snapping and fizzing but no fire. Not to be discouraged, he tried another match, and still another,—always with the same result, and to the manifest annoyance of everyone within hearing, until, suddenly, the conductor's arm dropped to his side—the Orchestra paused, and amid perfect silence Thomas thus addressed this pleasing youth: "Go on, sir! I can wait until your match is lit." But the smoker, not to be outdone in politeness, would on no account go on, just at that time—and so the Orchestra was allowed to finish the Symphony. This is one out of many similar incidents which I have witnessed at the Garden during the summer. Perfect order is maintained there—but no rule can exclude ill breeding. In my next letter I will give a resumé of the programmes.

A, A. C.

## Taglioni.

THE QUEEN OF THE DANCE.

[From the London Echo.]

"I never refused jewels," said Mme. Taglioni, yesterday; "they were never offered me by private individuals, but I have received costly presents from royal personages." And well did this unconscious eulogium become the ex-Queen of the dance—the incomparable artist who earned a world-wide reputation for grace, flexibility and modesty. By this last and best ornament of womanhood she succeeded in elevating the dance to a position among the arts it had never previously attained, and to the laying aside of the "Taglioni" style must be attributed the decline of the modern ballet. For, in the main, people admire the beautiful, and soon discover that true beauty cannot exist without refinement and delicacy. It is not, perhaps, too much to hope that the return of Mme. Taglioni to London, when, so far as the stage is concerned, her dancing days are over, will promote a return to a style of dancing which pleases without demoralizing, and brings a smile instead of a blush to the face of beauty. In the five and twenty years which have passed since her retirement, stage dancing has fallen greatly. The competition is now one of indelicate display rather than of artistic grace. It is a reproach to our time to turn back the pages of *Punch*, and to refer to the years when that genial master of the ceremonies wrote of Mme. Taglioni's then active and glorious career upon the stage; and no less is the decorous costume in which *Mr. Punch* represents her, a reproof to the artists of to-day, who seem not more inferior to her in powers of performance than they are in personal conduct.

"Yours must be a curious history," I said; "you have known so many remarkable persons." "So Count d'Orsay used to say," she replied; "he said he would give 100,000 francs to be allowed to publish my papers; but I never desired that kind of notoriety. I loved dancing for its own sake, and began to learn at nine years old, my father, an Italian dancer, being my teacher. I practiced six hours a day, till I was fifteen, when I made my *début* in Vienna in a piece entitled 'La Réception d'une Nymphe au Temple de Terpsichore.' At first I was rapturously applauded, and at my third performance I was called forty-two times before the curtain, till, becoming exhausted, I was carried off the stage. I was extremely active and slender in those days, and people used to say I lived in the air, and never touched the earth. I did touch it, however, *mais bien rarement, pendant*," she added, laughing. "I scarcely thought of the audience. I knew my father was watching me. I both loved and feared him, and danced for him alone. He was a severe teacher, but when my success was assured, he said, 'Had I told you at first you had talent, your progress would have been stopped. Self-conceit would have prevented effort, therefore I blamed rather than flattered.'"

This strict but judicious master died last year, at the advanced age of ninety four. His daughter has always enjoyed excellent health, and as she says, "I would never know I was not young if I had not so much to remember." She insisted that "study is always required; no matter how well we know anything, we never know it well enough. Though I was considered the best dancer in the world, I continued to learn and practice two hours a day while I remained on the stage, and I always performed in the morning the dances intended for the evening. I constantly invented new steps and movements, and seemed to learn something every day; but when I left the theatre, I felt I had still much to learn." Like all those who have attained excellence in any art, she seems to believe less in genius than in diligent and unremitting labor, and her conversation is characterized by a singular modesty when we remember how, in her youth, she was *fêted* and caressed. She alluded gravely, but not sadly, to her loss of fortune during the late war, but is hopeful for the future; for, after her long retirement, she is able to teach dancing as well as in her youth, though her flying days are over. "But flying," as she observed, "is only wanted for the profession, and I no longer teach for the stage, but only for the drawing-room." Mme Taglioni is the widow of a French nobleman, the Comte Gilbert de Voisins, but she is best known by her maiden name of Marie Taglioni. She is very active, bright and charming in manner, is extremely *spirituelle*, and speaks several languages. In fact, she shows how attractive a lady of middle age can be, when she unites the ease and dignity of years with habitual grace and affability. Mme. Taglioni is now established in London, and occupies herself in giving to young ladies lessons in dancing and deportment.

## Specimens of the Jubilee Programmes!

1. OPENING ("AMERICAN") DAY, (June 17).

Grand Choral. "Old Hundred." Franc.
Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Overture. "Rienzi." Wagner.
Grand Orchestra, Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Chorus. "Damascus." Grand Triomphal March from Oratorio of "Naaman." Costa.
Full Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore Conductor.

*Piano Solo. Grand Fantasia. "The Skating Ballet" from Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophète." Liszt.
Performed by Herr Franz Bendel (his first appearance in America).

Four-Part Song. "Farewell to the Forest." Mendelssohn.
Full Chorus (unaccompanied); Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Inflammatus. "Stabat Mater." Rossini.
Solo by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff; accompanied by full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

*Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," "*Chi mi frena.*" Donizetti.

Digitized by Google

Sung by the Bouquet of Artists, with Orchestral accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Grand Selection of National airs of America, England, Austria, France, etc. Haydarech.
†Overture Triomphale. Gantes.
[The last two pieces performed by the United States Marine Band of Washington, Henry Fries Director.]
*National Air. "Star Spangled Banner." Key.
Full Chorus, with Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore Conductor; solo in third stanza sung by Mrs. Julia Houston-West.
*Grand Concert Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube." Johann Strauss.
By Grand Orchestra, conducted by the Composer, his first appearance in America.
Grand Scena from "Il Trovatore," Anvil Chorus. Verdi.
By Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Drum Corps, Anvil, Bell and Cannon accompaniments; P. S. Gilmore Conductor.
Chorus. "This is the witness of God," from Oratorio of "St. Peter," now in course of publication. J. K. Paine.
Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; conducted by the composer.
Hymn. (Bethany) "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Dr. Lowell Mason.
Chorus, Orchestra, &c.; Dr. E. Tourjee, conductor.

---

2. The "English" Day. (June 18.)

Choral. "Now may the will of God be done." Bach.
Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Overture. "Leonora," No. 3. Beethoven.
Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Festival Hymn. "Peace and Music." Words and Music by Dudley Buck.
Full Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
*Aria and Variations. Proch.
Madame Peschka-Leutner (her first appearance in America), with Orchestra conducted by Carl Zerrahn.
Finale to the 3d Act of "Ernani" Verdi.
Bouquet of Artists, Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Piano Solo. Fantasia on "Last Rose of Summer." Thalberg.
Madame Arabella Goddard (her first appearance in America).
Chorus from "Woman of Samaria:" "Abide with me." Bennett.
Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Overture. "Robin Hood." Macfarren
†Overture. "Der Freischütz." Weber.
†Solo for Cornet. "Levy-athan Polka (performed by Mr McGrath). Levy.
[The last three pieces performed by the Band of the Grenadier Guards of London; Dan Godfrey, leader.]
British National Anthem "God Save the Queen"
Solo in 3d verse by Madame Rudersdorff, with Full Chorus, Orchestra, Organ, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
"Star Spangled Banner."
Band of the Grenadier Guards.
Grand Concert Waltz. "Wine, Women and Song." Strauss.
Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.
Scena from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.
[Given as on previous day.]
Romanza from "L'Eclair." Halevy.
1st verse, Sopranos in unison; 2d verse, Sopranos and Tenors in unison; Flute, Oboe, and Violoncello Obligato, with full Orchestral accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Chorus from "Elijah." "He watching over Israel." Mendelssohn.
Full Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Missionary Hymn. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Mason.
Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Dr. E. Tourjee, Conductor.

3. The "German Day." (June 19.)

Choral. "A Strong Castle is our Lord." Luther.
Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Overture. "Tannhäuser." Wagner.
Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
†Aria a Varie. Proch.
Mme. Peschka Leutner with orchestral accompaniment; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Chorus from "Elijah." "Yet doth the Lord." Mendelssohn.
Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Four-Part Song. (unaccompanied) "Farewell to the Forest." Mendelssohn.
Chorus; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Grand Concert Waltz. "Morgenblätter." Strauss.
*Pizzicato Polka. Strauss.
[Last two pieces by the Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.]
Piano Solo. "Souvenir de Hongary" Bendel.
†Etude for the left hand. Bendel.
Fantasia on themes from Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophéte." Wieprecht.
†Overture to "Oberon" Weber.
†Selections from "L'Africaine." Meyerbeer.
[Last three performed by the Band of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment, of Germany; Herr Heinrich Saro, Leader.]
German Union Hymn. Dedicated to William I., Emperor of Germany. Keller.
Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, and Military Bands; M Keller, Conductor.
"Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle"
Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment Band.
Fest und Friedens Gruss. Moehring.
Scotch Song.
† "Die Kapelle," Mendelssohn.
[Last three performed by Emperor William's Cornet Quartet, Messrs. Koslelk, Phillipp, Sena and Diechun.]
Scena from "Les Huguenots." Benediction des Poignards. Meyerbeer.
Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
"When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Abt.
1st verse by Sopranos; Second verse by Sopranos and Tenors; 3rd verse by Full Chorus; Franz Abt, Conductor.
Scena from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.
[Given the same as at previous concerts.]
Hymn. "Kingdoms and Thrones." (Hamburg). Gregorian.
Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, and Cannon accompaniment; Dr. E. Tourjee, Conductor.

---

4. The "French" Day. (June 20.)

Gloria from Twelfth Mass Mozart.
Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Festival Overture. Leutner.
Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Aria. "Let the bright Seraphim" from "Samson." Handel.
Sung by Mme. Rudersdorff; Trumpet Obligato by Mr M. Arbuckle.
*Scena from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.
[Given as at previous concerts.]
Grand Concert Waltz. "One Thousand and One Nights." Strauss.
†Pizzicato Polka. Strauss.
Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.
Chorus. "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation." Haydn.
Bouquet of Artists, Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Piano Solo. Grand International Fantasia on "God Save the Queen" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Wehli.
Performed by James M. Wehli.
Overture to "William Tell." Rossini.
† "Marche aux Flambeaux" (Fackeltanz) No. 3, in B flat. Meyerbeer.
† "Anna Polka." (Cornet Solo by M. Sylvestre.) Legendre.
[Last three by the Band of the Garde Republicaine, of Paris, MM. Paolus and Maury, Leaders.]
*French National Hymn. "La Marseillaise."
Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Recitative and Aria from "Die Zauberflöte."
†Song. Abt.
Sung by Mme. Peschka-Leutner, with Orchestral accompaniment; Carl Zerrahn and Franz Abt, Conductors.
Scena from "Faust." Soldier's Chorus. Gounod.
Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Orchestra and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Solo and Chorus. "Nazareth" Gounod.
Bass Solo by members of the Bouquet of Artists; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Hymn. "Watchman, Tell us of the Night." Dr. Lowell Mason.
(With all the &c., &c., as before.)

*Repeated. †Encore piece.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

---

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dreaming and Thinking of Home. Song and Chorus. 3. G to *g*. *Pratt.* 30

Gone are the faces so loving and kind,
Gone are the hills and the valleys I know.

The familiar "home" sentiments are included in the poem, which is set to a good melody.

It was a Lover and his Lass. 3. F to f. 30

—And a hey non-ne, no ni no,
In spring time, in spring time,
The only pretty ring time.

This is from "A Selection of Old English Songs," which includes fifteen old favorites, all popular in their day. The above song was "printed" in the year 1600. Words by Shakespeare, and harmony carefully elaborated.

Thy Throne, O God. Sacred Trio. 5. C to *g*. *Verdi.* 35

An adaption of *Te sol quest anima*, in *Attila* to sacred words, and is, of course, a very brilliant Trio for the Soprano, Tenor, and Bass voices of a Quartet Choir.

Christmas comes but once a Year. 3. D minor to d. 30

The above very true statement constitutes the title of another rare old English song, dating "before 1580." when it seems they had

The pudding, mince pie, and plum porridge divine,
The stingo, the lambswool, the nuts, and the wine,
To make old Christmas merry.

The melody has very much of the jovial, bounding motion of "When Johnny comes marching home," and is merry, not minor, in sentiment.

Love's Glance never dies. Song and Chorus. 3. D to *f*. *Price.* 30

Let looks express what words cannot
My love be told in sighs

Very well put together, and a "taking" song and chorus.

### Instrumental.

Shadow Thoughts. Three Impromptus Gracieux. *Pratt.* ea. 30

No. 1. Hidden Whisper. 3. E♭.

The whispering idea is well carried out. A neat, well constructed "Song without words."

No. 2. Mazurka. 3. A♭.

No. 3. Silent Complaint. 3. E♭.

The Mazurka is a good one, and the Silent Complaint has a most original, and yet pleasing arrangement of time. It is a very encouraging thing that our younger composers can bring out, as impromptus, pieces of such decided merit.

Le Tourbilon. Impromptu. 5. E♭. *Ritter.* 75

The name indicates a "stormy" composition, and this is hurried, fierce, prompt, powerful;—those who like melodious noise will be sure to be pleased.

Rosseau's Dream. Varied. 4. F. *Cramer.* 50

One of the nicest and sweetest of pieces for pupils. The melody is charmingly varied, and the variations furnish excellent practice for the fingers.

Dolly Varden Waltz. 2. C. *Streabbog.* 40 & 50

It should be explained that there are five Dolly Varden pieces:—two Songs, a Galop, a Schottische, and a Waltz. Each piece is published with a colored title for 50 cents, and also with a plain title for 40 cents. The pictures are pretty, and worth preserving as mementos of the present graceful folly of fashion, and the music is also good.

April Showers. Polka Brillante. 3. G. *Mrs. Duer.* 35

Brilliant and original.

La Doleur. Mazurka Sentimentale. 4. D♭. *Pratt.* 40

For pieces of this grade, some few years since, we were entirely dependent on European composers. Now we have plenty of those of home production. A fine mazurka, "sad but sweet."

Les Trois Grâces. Mazurkas Elegantes. Op. 77. Aglaja. 3. *Kölling* 50

Very graceful. It is evident that the author has not mistaken his kol-ling.

---

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

## MINIATURE SPECIMEN PAGES OF "THE STANDARD,"

**A NEW BOOK FOR CHOIRS, SINGING SCHOOLS AND CONVENTIONS.**

By

**L. O. EMERSON, of Boston, and H. R. PALMER, of Chicago.**

**Price, $1.50 Single. $13.50 per Dozen. Specimen Copies sent, prepaid, for examination, on receipt of retail price.**

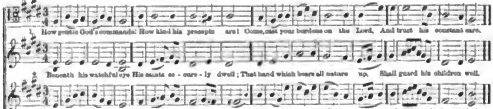
**It will contain 400 pages, 192 of which will be Glee and Scorier Music especially for Singing Schools. To be ready about July 1.**

**Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston. CHARLES H. DITSON & Co., New York.**

A. E. Elder's Music Typography.

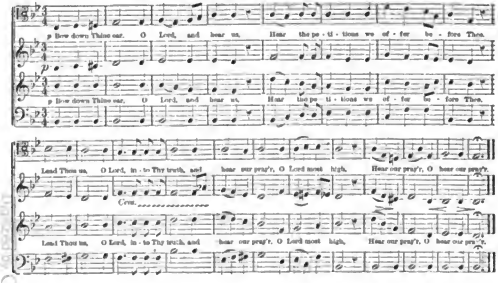
### LEDUCIA. S. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



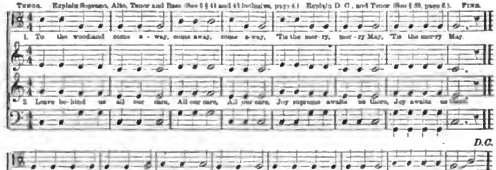

### SENTENCE. Bow down Thine ear.

L. O. EMERSON.

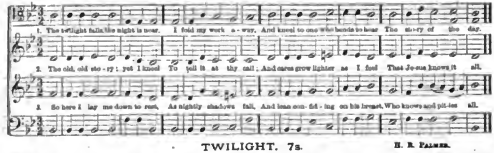



### COME TO THE WOODLAND.

TENOR. Explain Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass (See § § 41 and 42 in Instrs. page 4.) Repeat in D. C., and Tenor (See § 59, page 8.) FINE.

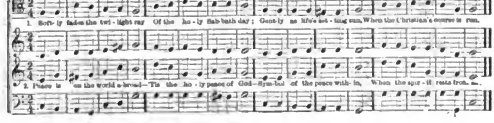



### DECLINING DAY. C. M.




### TWILIGHT. 7s.

H. R. PALMER.




Digitized by Google

# The Standard.

## Who are the Authors?

ONE IS

## Mr. L. O. EMERSON,

a gentleman who hardly needs an introduction. That was very thoroughly done for him by his first School Song-Book, the

**GOLDEN WREATH,**

of which a quarter of a million copies went into the hands of young singers; and for the older ones, his Sacred Music Books,

**THE HARP OF JUDAH, JUBILATE, and CHORAL TRIBUTE,**

have won the composer an enduring reputation, as one who has the nice tact to discern exactly what the musical public need, and, what is more, the talent to supply that need. This union of tact and talent is unusual, many excellent composers being utterly unable to understand precisely what is wanted.

Mr. Emerson's Sacred Music has a character of *propriety*. The melodies and arrangements are not trivial or commonplace. They are quite classical in form and method. They are not *mere* classical enough to be uninteresting.

This Sacred Music also is quite devotional in character. This quality is appreciated by clergymen and others who have examined it. The other author of THE STANDARD is

## Mr. H. R. PALMER,

*OF CHICAGO,*

whose various musical works have reached an aggregate sale of over *HALF A MILLION COPIES.*

The following very positive commendations from leading papers will be sufficient for introduction, which in this, as in the other case, seems to be quite superfluous, as both gentlemen are well known as composers and leaders to many thousands of musical people.

**New York Independent.**

"One of the best of teachers and writers of Sacred Music in the country is H. R. PALMER."

**The Interior, Chicago.**

"Mr. PALMER had a genius for his work."

**Chicago Post.**

"Few men of his age, in any profession, have ever achieved a more positive success than H. R. PALMER."

**Chicago Tribune.**

"Prof. PALMER is a man of large musical experience and generous culture."

**St. Paul Press.**

"Prof. PALMER seems to exchange the baton of the musical director for the wand of the magician, whose potent art could raise or lay the spirit of the will. His power over the voices of his large chorus was wonderful to see."

**Chicago Times.**

"Mr. PALMER is not only one of the most popular composers of Church Music of the day, but he has had a vast experience in organizing and conducting musical conventions and Normal Schools."

A SELECTION OF THE MOST FAVORITE

## Oratorio Choruses

*Reduced Price, 6 cts single; 60 cts. per doz.*

**MESSIAH.**
And the glory of the Lord.
And He shall purify.
All we, like sheep.
For unto us a child is born.
Glory to God.
His yoke is easy.
Oh, Thou that tellest. (Song and Chorus.)
Hallelujah.
Lift up your heads.
The Lord gave the word.
Their sound is gone out.
Worthy is the Lamb.

**JUDAS MACCABEUS.**
Mourn, ye afflicted children.
O Father, whose Almighty power.
We come in bright array.
Disdainful of danger.
Fallen is the foe.
Hear me, O Lord.
Tune your harps.
Hail, Judea's happy land.
We hear.
We never will bow down.
Hallelujah, Amen.

**ELIJAH.**
Thanks be to God.
He watching over Israel.
Angel trio.—Lift thine eyes.
Yet doth the Lord see it not.
Blessed are the men, &c.
Baal, we cry to thee. No. 11.
He that shall endure to the end.
Behold, God the Lord passed by.

**SAMSON.**
Awake the trumpet's lofty sound.
Oh, first created beam.
Then, round about the starry throne.
Fixed in His everlasting seat.
To fame immortal go.
Great Dagon has subdued our foe.
Let their celestial concerts, &c.

**ST. PAUL.**
Stone him to death.
Happy and blest are they.
How lovely are the messengers.
Sleepers, wake.
To God on high.
Oh, great is the depth.
Oh, be gracious.

**MOUNT OF OLIVES.**
Hallelujah Chorus.

**ISRAEL IN EGYPT.**
He gave them hailstones for rain.
But, as for his people.
But the waters overwhelmed, &c.
Thy right hand, O Lord.
Sing ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

**CREATION.**
Awake the harp.
Adored in the glorious work.
The marvellous work. (Song and Chorus.)
The heavens are telling.
The Lord is great.

**SEASONS.**
Come, gentle spring.

**WOMAN OF SAMARIA.**
Therefore with joy, &c.
Come, O Israel.
And blessed, blessed be the Lord.

**HLI.**
Let the people praise Thee.
No evil shall befall Thee.
Angels' Chorus. (Female voices.)

**NAAMAN.**
The curse of the Lord.
When famine over Israel.
With sheathed swords.
God, who cannot be unjust.

**JOSHUA.**
See, the conquering hero comes.
The great Jehovah.

**HYMN OF PRAISE.**
Let all men praise the Lord.
I waited for the Lord. (Duet and Chorus.)
All ye that cried unto the Lord.

**PASSION MUSIC.** (According to St. Matthew.)
Three Chorals. (Nos. 3, 53, 63.)
Around thy tomb here sit we weeping.

**MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS.**
Gloria.

**MOSES IN EGYPT.**
Night's sands no longer.
Prayer (O Thou, whose power).

**STABAT MATER.**
Infiammatus. (Song and Chorus.)

**AS THE HART PANTS.**
As the hart pants.

**MISCELLANEOUS** (Three Chorals on One Sheet).
Russian National Hymn.
Luther's Judgment-Hymn.
A strong castle is our Lord.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO.,**
*277 Washington Street . . . . Boston.*

# Jubilee Collection

OF

## STANDARD GLEES AND CHORUSES.

[NOTE.—The words and music of many of the pieces in this set are by American authors, and, having been copyrighted, cannot be used without permission of the publishers.]

| | | CTS. |
|---|---|---|
| Alpine Echo | *Emerson.* | 6 |
| As it fell upon a Day | *Mornington.* | 6 |
| Autumn Song | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| Awake, Æolean Lyre | *Danby.* | 6 |
| Come, let us be Merry and Gay | *Young.* | 6 |
| Come, Fairest Nymph | *Mornington.* | 6 |
| Curfew | *Anderton.* | 6 |
| Crabbed Age and Youth | *Stevens.* | 6 |
| Daughter of Error | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Ever be Happy | *"Enchantress."* | 6 |
| Far Away the Camp Fire | *"Guiramento."* | 6 |
| Fairest Daughter of the Year | *Danby.* | 6 |
| Farewell to the Forest | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| Freedom, God, and Right | *Barnby.* | 6 |
| Foresters | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Great Apollo, strike the Lyre | *Webbe.* | 6 |
| Gallant and Gayly | *Horsley.* | 6 |
| Gypsy Life | *Schumann.* | 12 |
| Good Night, Beloved | *Pinsuti.* | 6 |
| Hail! Smiling Morn | *Spofforth.* | 6 |
| Hail! Merry, Merry Christmas | *Young.* | 6 |
| Happy and Light | *"Bohemian Girl."* | 6 |
| Hark! Apollo strikes the Lyre | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Hark! each Spartan Hound | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Hark! the Lark | *Cooke.* | 6 |
| Here, in Cool Grot | *Mornington.* | 6 |
| Highlands | *"La Dame Blanche."* | 6 |
| In the Forest | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| May Song | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| Mighty Jehovah | *"I Martiri."* | 6 |
| Mountain Land | *Emerson.* | 6 |
| Morn unbars the Gates | *Hosmer.* | 6 |
| Moore's Celebrated Songs, for four voices. *The Last Rose of Summer, Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms, The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls,* | | 6 |
| Morning Prayer. } | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| New Year's Song. } | | |
| Now the Roll of the Drum | *"Fille du Regt."* | 6 |
| Old May Morning | *Novello.* | 6 |
| Once upon My Cheek | *Callcott.* | 6 |
| One Gentle Heart | *"Matilda."* | 6 |
| On this Day of Joy | *"Sicilian Vespers."* | 6 |
| Pilgrim Chorus | *"Lombardi."* | 16 |
| Presage of Spring Primrose | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| Raid, (The) | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Rest, Spirit, Rest | *Hooke.* | 6 |
| Shady Groves for Love | *Von Bree.* | 7 |
| Song of the Lark | *Mendelssohn.* | 6 |
| Star of Descending Night | *Emerson.* | 6 |
| See the Chariot at Hand | *Horsley.* | 6 |
| Soldier's Chorus | *"Faust."* | 16 |
| Sweet and Low | *Barnby.* | 6 |
| Swiss People's Song | *Kucken.* | 6 |
| To thee, O Country | *J. Eichberg.* | 15 |
| Tramp Chorus | *Bishop.* | 16 |
| Tyrolese Song of Freedom | *Lippitt.* | 6 |
| Victoria, Victoria | *"Fra Diavolo."* | 6 |
| Where the Bee Sucks | *Arne and Jackson.* | 6 |
| With Hawk and Hound | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| What Phrase, Sad and Soft | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| When Wearied Wretches | *Bishop.* | 6 |
| Youthful Pleasure | *Bishop.* | 6 |


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 818. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 10.


## Orchestral Players.

[From "Music and Morals," by HAWEIS.]

The orchestral player, if he knows his business, will deny himself the luxury of expressing too much of himself, yet is he not therefore a machine. Through the medium of the conductor, whose inspiration trickles to him by a kind of magnetism from that electric wand, he, too, realizes the music in its double capacity of expressing the composer's thought and the conductor's private reading or expression of that thought. But the Conductor is now in the place of the Soloist: his instrument is the orchestra, but that instrument is not a machine. You may imagine, if you please, a number of instruments worked by machinery; they may play a movement accurately with all its *p*'s and *f*'s, but that will not be an orchestral rendering of the work. It will be like the grinding of a barrel-organ, and that is all—no life, no emotion, no mind. Catgut, wooden tubes, hammering of calf-skins, and fatal explosion of brazen serpents, all this you shall accomplish with cunning mechanism, more than this you shall not. Therefore the mind, and the heart, and the skill of a man shall be required in every member of an orchestra. To the eye of an uninitiated spectator, that uniform drawing up and down of bows all in the same direction and all at once—that simultaneous blare of horns, trumpets, and flute-notes sounded instantly at the call of the magic wand, may seem like human mechanism, but it is not—it is Sympathy. The individuality of each player may indeed be merged in a larger and more comprehensive unity of thought and feeling, but it is a unity with which he is in electric accord, and to which he brings spontaneously the faculties of personal appreciation and individual skill.

Let no one say that orchestral work is beneath the dignity of a good artist. The very delays and vexations of rehearsal often unfold new turns and critical points in a great work which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The position and use of the other instruments is better realized by one who is playing in the orchestra than by any one else. The fact of the drums being close behind you will sometimes rivet your attention, unpleasantly, perhaps, upon the way in which but two notes are made to produce the illusive but beautiful effect of several repeating the leading subject, as in the opening movement of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. The tenor close beside you forces a phrase upon your ear, the ghost of which, or a fragment of which, may be just suggested again by a distant flute a line or two farther on. You cannot miss the author's intention. Of course it is not impossible, but it is not easy for any one who has not played a violin or some other prominent instrument in such works as Beethoven's C minor, or Pastoral Symphony, and played it often, to realize the reason why certain passages are given to the tenors rather than to the violoncellos; why some notes are re-inforced by the double-bass while some are left to the violoncellos; why the rhythmic beat of the drum is broken here or completed there. A great deal, no doubt, can be done by reading a full score without an orchestra. Some kind, and a very good kind, of appreciation may be formed of an orchestral work from a pianoforte score, especially if it be arranged for four hands. For perfect enjoyment again, let a person study his score at home, and then, taking his seat in a favorable position, not too near the orchestra, with his score marked for reference at certain points rather than for steady perusal, let him concentrate his mind upon the emotional development of the work with a full and foregone appreciation of its intellectual form. But still, if you really want to discover the technical mysteries of the orchestration, you must get inside and look more closely at the astonishing works; nay, you must become one of the works; you must take an instrument, and plod away in the orchestra yourself. When you have tried that, you will begin to understand why so few people succeed in writing well for an orchestra. How easy it is to mistake a tenor for a 'cello effect, or to give a phrase to the clarionet when the texture or consistency of the harmony would be best consulted by the thinner, sweeter, but equally incisive oboe.

There is, therefore, in the orchestra incessant work for the player's mind; and as he is also greatly privileged in constantly assisting in the production of master-pieces, what opportunities for the culture and discipline of the emotional regions of the soul are his! When he opens his part of the "Italian Symphony," or plunges into the "Fidelio," what a magnificent panorama of emotion opens out before him! But it is no unreal spectacle. Like Ulysses, who was a part of all he saw, he is a part of all he hears; shall not something of the spirit and power of the great composers, with whose works he is constantly identifying himself, pass into him as the reward of his enthusiasm, his docility, and his self-immolation?

It may be said that we are taking an ideal view of orchestral playing. No doubt we are dealing with the essence of the thing itself—not as it is, but as it should be. Practically as it is, the vocation of the orchestral player has many drawbacks. The weary repetition of what he knows for the sake of other players who do not know their parts, the constant thwarting of the gifted players by the stolid ones, and the tension of long and harrowing rehearsals under conductors who do not know their own minds, or who cannot impart what they do know to the players, or who are so irritable, cantankerous, and, at the same time, so vexatiously exacting as to destroy every particle of pleasure or sympathy with their work in the breasts of the executants at the very moment when these qualities are most indispensable to the execution of the music. Then there is the cheerless musical wear and tear of regular orchestral life. The pantomime music, not in moderation and once in a way, but every night all through a protracted season; for we are afraid to say how long the pantomime goes on after the departure of that inveterate bore, Old Father Christmas.

Then really excellent players are occasionally subjected to the demoniac influences of that rhythmic purgatory known as the Quadrille Band; or the humbler violinists are to be met with, accompanied by a sharp and cornet-à-piston, making what is commonly understood to be music for the dancers in "marble halls," or any where else, it matters little enough to them. Shall we blame them if they look upon such work as mere mechanical grind—as the omnibus-horse looks upon his journey to the city and home again—a performance inevitable, indeed, but highly objectionable, and not to be borne save for the sake of the food at the end? Then we must not forget the low salaries of many orchestral players, the small prospect of a slow rise, and the still smaller chance of ever becoming leaders in any orchestra worth leading. Or, again, the weariness and disgust of your efficient men at seeing themselves kept out of their right places by old, incompetent players.

On the Continent wise provisions are made, and retiring pensions provided by government, or there are special societies for superannuated musicians. Every man in the orchestra knows that he will have to retire when his hand begins to lose its cunning; in his old age he is honorably supported, and he deserves to be, and his place is filled up by an efficient substitute. Art does not suffer, the public does not suffer, the interests of music are not jobbed, and no one is the worse. But in England the government treats music with a supercilious smile, and with the most undisguised stinginess; as who should say, "A fig for your bands and Bear gardens!" And the prime minister would as soon think of granting pensions to superannuated musicians as of giving an annual banquet in Westminster Hall to the industrious fraternity of the metropolitan organ-grinders.

It is quite impossible to say at what age a man gets past his work, but the conductor of every orchestra knows very well who it is that mars the whole; and it is quite notorious that whatever inferiority there is in our leading orchestras in comparison with leading Continental orchestras is chiefly owing to the fact that a conductor in England cannot very easily get rid of men who have grown infirm in their places, and who would have retired long ago from any foreign orchestra as a matter of course.

It would be foolish to underrate the value of veteran experience and steadiness, but it must be remembered that the muscles will stiffen, and the ear and eye will grow dull, and that many a man whose brain is still active may become, through mere want of flexibility and feebleness of nerve, unfit for efficient work in the orchestra. We repeat emphatically, it is impossible, with so many still splendid old players before the public, to say when age means infirmity; and when we think of the prodigies of military valor, forensic ability, literary and artistic power which we have witnessed within the last few years; when we recollect that Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Palmerston have but lately passed away; that Thomas Carlyle is still with us; that M. Victor Hugo has lately published one of the most stirring and eloquent apostrophes to Liberty; that Sir E. Landseer continues to paint his best pictures; that M. Auber still composed operas in extreme old age; that General Garibaldi is still ready (1871) to draw the sword; that even the Pope feels equal to an Œcumenical Council; and that the aged monarch of Prussia, in company with the still more aged Von Moltke, has just been leading his troops to victory against what all Europe supposed to be the greatest military nation in the world—when we remember a few of such facts, it is not too much to say that the nineteenth century is emphatically the triumphant Era of Old Age.

## Letter from Naples.

A SHORT DISQUISITION ON MUSICAL CULTURE—ITALIAN SINGING TEACHERS IN AMERICA—ENGAGEMENT OF SIGNOR CIRILLO FOR BOSTON—HIS HISTORY AND REPUTATION.

(*Correspondence of the Daily Advertiser.*)

NAPLES, July 6, 1872.

I have been having a little jubilee of my own, but all on Boston account. Not because of Mr. Gilmore's combination, which has been talked about and made fun of even in Italy, where the unseasonable rains and almost the inundation of the Po have been attributed in *badinage* to the atmospheric disturbances produced by the thunderous racket he was causing to be made on the other continent. The reason of my great pleasure is a much simpler event, but one which I believe is to have the best effect upon vocal culture and the art of singing in Boston; and as one who has had in times past the opportunity of using these columns in behalf of good training and good performance, as well as in criticism of what was bad, in musical matters and manners, I feel impelled to write a few paragraphs about it.

In a letter about the Naples conservatory of music, which appeared in the *Advertiser* perhaps a twelvemonth ago, I took occasion to say that I considered Naples the best city for a student of vocalism. (Possibly I did not say, what it is but just to add, by way of parenthesis, that for a young vocalist, desiring to adopt public singing as a profession and to make his *débuts* in Italy, Milan would be the best place to *finish* in, because there and at Bologna are to be met the majority of the managers and the managers' agents.) I found my reasons in the influence of the conservatory, whose traditions and associations are better than those of Milan or Bologna in many respects, as also in the equability and healthfulness of the climate, and the *brio* of life there. For, of all people under the sun, the musician needs to be within reach of gay and distracting influences. His constitution and pursuits are generally such as to make him nervously sensitive, moody and morbid, and he ought at times to be almost driven away from himself to save him from depression, despondency and perhaps even the renunciation of his profession. The student or the artist should alike have his quiet place for work; but when he issues thence, he should find himself at once in the midst of a brilliant nature and a busy people. He must every now and then "come out of his shell."

San Carlo has no doubt fallen painfully low as a model of performance, or as a school of criticism, and during the last winter it has been the scene of the most disgraceful quarrels and disturbances. The petty limitations of the municipal committee, and their extraordinary demands; the whims and the obstinacy of a pecuniarily embarrassed manager; the contentions of the partisans of different authors; the intrigues of the music publishers, whose chief object in life seems to be the prevention of a knowledge of all musical works except the one opera they are engaged in compelling the public to accept; the scarcity of good singers, and the impossibility of engaging great ones; the necessity of expending enormous

Digitized by Google

sums for the ballet, and of paying back a large part of the municipal subvention to the hundreds of people employed about the theatre under municipal direction, and consequently not amenable to managerial discipline,—these things and others have combined to destroy the intrinsic excellence of the opera at San Carlo, and to render it valueless as a criterion. At the Fondo,—as at many minor theatres elsewhere, —one may hear an opera evenly rendered, and only perceive a lack of strength in the choral and orchestral masses.

Notwithstanding the deterioration apparent in public performance, the spirit of music still lives in Naples and exerts a power for good. Whatever the passing traveller, or the theorist prejudiced in favor of some oltramontane school, may say to the contrary, there is a plenty of serious work done within the walls and under the influence of the college of music, which is in its principles conservative enough, although, no doubt, a lazy lad can manage to slip through his course there with little study and insignificant acquirement; and whenever the public wants the best in music, it will be found that our city has musicians enough able and ready to supply it. Instrumental music and composition, in the oratorio form or upon the model of Bach, may best, of course, be studied in Germany, because there the study can be complemented with the exemplary performance, but the voice must be studied in Italy or according to the Italian systems.

A great fault of our day is the ignoring of what the human voice is and what it can do. The songs of Schumann, of Franz, and even of Schubert, constantly show that those authors did not understand the voice, or were unwilling to consider it. Schumann, especially, has many songs which are really rhapsodies for the piano-forte, with an *obligato* for the singer, who may get it in if he can. Instead of the instrument being there for the singer, it is the singer who is thrust in to eke out what the instrument cannot be made to do alone. There is an ingenious double composition, but no song. The Passion Music of Bach bristles with passages which are no more fit to be sung than is half Wagner's writing, or than are the great master's own fugues and counterpointed chorals. The human throat is treated as though it were no living organ, but a mere bit of dead mechanism, to be set in operation to produce those portions of an elaborated harmonic work for which no other instrument will exactly suit, because unable to enunciate syllables. Even Mendelssohn himself, as Emma Seiler proves in her wise little book, frequently violated in his settings the laws of nature in the voice. As an ideal translation of poetic into musical ideas, a composition may satisfy the reason and touch the feeling of the most critical, when as a practical bit of vocal music even the inexperienced may rightly set it down as a failure. The Italian authors only, as a class, have considered the limitations of the voice; they have the most singable language, almost entirely free from unfavorable elements; and their systems are the only ones which can make the most of the natural voice and prepare it to cope to the greatest advantage with the elementary difficulties of rougher tongues and the technical ones of severer schools.

It will be observed that I make an ample distinction between Italian music and Italian vocalism, and that I am limiting myself to the praise of the latter, and of the former as a vehicle for the same. And I am far from putting forward the notion that all Italian vocalists are good singers. I believe a first-rate Chickering pianoforte to be the best instrument of its kind in the world; but I have seen some pianos of that make which I would not have cared to hear more than once. But if a first rate vocalist of the real, old fashioned, sincere, laborious Italian school can be found, I take him to be the best of all vocalists. And I have always wished that in Boston there could be established a teacher who knew all about that school, and would bring up young singers patiently, conscientiously and *slowly* in it. There is such a deal of dreadful incompetency and assumption—sometimes imposture, too—among the teachers of Italian vocalism in the United States! I have inquired about the antecedents of more than one "Professor" who gets enormous prices from credulous American fathers for teaching Italian singing to their children, only to find that he was unknown among musicians here, or had at best left behind him but the reputation of a mediocre instrumentalist, untried in the nature and training of the voice, and among whose old companions the wonder was increasing that such a man should have been able to make place and fortune among a people so well educated and intelligent as the Americans. If any properly trained vocalist has gone from Italy to America purely as a teacher and not as a singer, it has been the exception in the first place, and not the rule. And I believe I do not err in my opinion that no such teacher has been latterly resident in Boston. Corelli was before me, and I have the impression that Mme. Arnoult's method was rather French than Italian; if among the others who have taught since their day there be one who is such as I describe—a teacher by profession from the beginning, educated at home to the knowledge and practice of what would be accepted here as the best schools, I never heard of him, and should be very glad to learn his name and look up his antecedents.

In the before mentioned letter upon the College of Music here, I named two men who I wished could have the training of some young Americans earnest in their desire to learn to sing and willing to devote the much time and labor which are absolutely necessary. And what has induced me to break out into this disquisition is the gratifying knowledge that one of those men is about to leave Naples and take up his residence in Boston. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, desirous to secure for their new musical college teachers representing the best of all countries and schools, sent out to Italy to know if "the right man" could be had for their Italian department. Whoever knows the Quintette Club will understand just how much is implied in those three short words. One letter led to another, advice was taken, the merits of different men were canvassed, and it was finally decided to make a proposition to Signor Cirillo. About the same time he received a pressing offer to remove to Genoa, and negotiations had likewise been opened with him for assuming the directorship of a Government institution in Athens. But the offer of the club was definite and liberal, and no country shines out to the young, the ambitious and the hopeful like America. After some deliberation the decision was reached and has been already notified, so that I cannot be divulging any secret of the club in announcing here the engagement which they have been so fortunate as to make, and which is to date from the beginning of their first term

As I understand it, Signor Cirillo is to assume the direction of the vocal studies of the college with relation to the development of the voice as an instrument, without prejudice to the application which the scholar may subsequently make of it in one or another class of music. Naturally if, when the organ has been made full, true, flexible and expressive, the singer chooses to devote himself to the Italian school, he will remain with his Italian instructor; but if he should prefer to cultivate German music, or English music, either of the secular or the sacred character, he will find in the college another master who will teach him to render such music with his perfected voice acquiring *apropos* the delivery and phrasing appropriate to the authors of his chosen school. This, it seems to me, is exactly as it should be.

I do not wish to run the risk of endangering Signor Cirillo's usefulness by such anticipatory commendation as shall seem to promise more than a mortal man can reasonably be expected to make good. But as I know much about him, I may venture to say a little, because I believe thoroughly in him as a man who is needed in Boston, and who is capable of doing a great deal of good there. It may be remembered that the *Advertiser* was perhaps the only paper in the country—certainly the only one in Boston—which from its own acquaintance promised a great singer in Mme. Parepa, and certainly it was never charged with having overstated her merits. A brief sketch, then, and I leave the subject. Signor Cirillo was educated at the Naples conservatory, at the expense of the government, having won his place by a successful contest with fourteen competitors. He studied singing, composition, the pianoforte and the organ, the former under Busti, who was the best master that Naples has had in half a century. During Busti's last year of failing health, Cirillo taught his special pupils, and after his graduation was continued on the staff of masters for five years, so that he became well acquainted with the system of class instruction. By that time his private lessons compelled him to renounce his connection with the conservatory, and he has had ever since perhaps more constant occupation than any other master in Naples. He is a close student as well as a painstaking teacher, and his system of training, which is quite his own, is sufficiently elastic to be adapted to the special wants of each particular pupil, instead of being applied arbitrarily to all alike. I have seen excellent results from it even when the pupils were not unusually gifted and were studying merely as amateurs, and I know it would effect great things for anybody who should go to work with a will under his direction.

## The London "Musical World" on Gilmore's Jubilee.

The World's Peace Jubilee is over; not only for our Transatlantic cousins, who are now fast forgetting it in the excitement of an eager life, but over, also, for us, who have watched it at the distance of four thousand miles. In other words, we know all there is to know about the affair, and can duly appraise its achievements and its significance. Occupying this vantage ground, a last word may not be out of place.

There are two sides to everything, and the big American Festival has its two sides; one, ludicrous, the other, serious. We fear that the amiable tendencies of human nature have prompted many persons to look chiefly upon the former. At any rate, journalistic human nature has regarded the ludicrous aspect almost exclusively, as being a cheap suggestive of "smart" writing, and a ready excuse for sneers. We admit the provocation to be great. Mr. Gilmore's huge barn on Boston Common—his fluctuating army of singers and players—his sensational admixture of hymn tunes, sacred choruses, colored minstrels, military bands, cannon, bells, and anvils, are irresistible as a recipe for inducing mirth. We cannot help laughing at them, especially when the agglomeration is invoked in the name of art; but he makes a great mistake who sees nothing in the entire affair but food for his humor. The very fact that such a gigantic speculation has been carried out to the end is, in itself, worth serious thought; the full understanding of it being, perhaps, possible only to those who understand the condition of American society in general, and of American music in particular. Our cousins, sensitive though they be, will hardly take offence at the remark, that life with them is chiefly influenced by material considerations. Their "go aheadism" means accumulating dollars, and winning a high place among the aristocracy of wealth; the work of doing this being business and pastime in one. A young and vigorous people is always so, things which are not productive of tangible profit having but a small share of their thoughts. Hence the comparatively small attention enjoyed by music in America, as a branch of culture and a means of intellectual delight. Generally speaking, the people have "no time for that sort of thing," and are satisfied to take what comes in a casual way without effort of their own. This sufficiently explains the elementary condition of music among our kinsmen. It accounts for the tolerance they show towards performances which, among an older people, would not be endured for an hour. It accounts, also, for the infantine state of native American art, and for the ease with which all sorts of pretenders to musical ability pick up a living across the water. We readily acknowledge that a love for music exists among the American people, and we as readily believe that in course of time they will occupy splendid rank as an artistic nation. But that time is not yet; and, meanwhile, the Boston Jubilee doings seem a natural outcome from the actual state of things. Cultivated Americans—and there are many of them—would scarcely allow this remark to pass unchallenged; but we say again that Mr. Gilmore's Festival illustrates the average of American taste. If not, why the support it has received, the attention it has excited, and the jubilation to which it has given rise among all classes of society? If not, it would simply have been an impossibility. In point of fact, this is its only *raison d'être*. The Festival has compelled attention to the existence and claims of music in a form adapted to attain that end by the quickest means and in the most general way. Anything higher would have missed its mark; anything less sensational would have attracted less notice. Is it nothing, moreover, that, stimulated by the desire to take part in such an affair, thousands of amateurs all over the States have worked hard to qualify themselves!—or that many more thousands have heard, however imperfectly, some masterpieces of art? For such a result we would condone the cannon, bells and anvils; and would pardon all the other sensations of the "big show." Shrewd managers of Sunday schools find cake and tea remarkable helps towards the instruction of the rising race. The Boston "sensations" were cakes and tea in their way; and enticed by them, the great American public received not a few useful lessons. In this light we would regard the Jubilee—a light far more pleasant than that which exhibits it as merely a butt for witticism.

We take the following weighty words of wisdom from the New York *Times*. The Boston Jubilee, by giving occasion for their utterance, was not altogether without good result:—

"The failure of the Boston Peace Jubilee teaches one lesson which we may well ponder, and that is, that a big thing is not always good and strong, or even successful in proportion to its bigness. The average citizen has been accused of measuring greatness altogether by material size, and we fear that there is some reason for the accusation. For him to say that such and such a thing was 'the biggest on this continent,' was to express eulogy in its highest conceivable form. The discipline of reverses took some of

that nonsense out of him during the war, and now here is another little lesson of the same sort, which he will surely listen to, because it is accompanied by a forfeiture in the form of dollars and cents. It is not comforting to us, whatever the journals of the 'Hub' may think, to reflect that some of our Boston friends will have a deficiency of $250,000 to make up anent this dismal failure. But if that loss, multiplied by a hundred, could be distributed over the country, it might be profitably paid, if the failure it atoned for and emphasized should teach us all the weakness of that material vastness we are apt to overrate, and the value of that discipline, thoroughness, and finish we are so inclined to undervalue."

## Our Grenadier Band at Boston.

(From the London Orchestra, July 19.)

The Americans have held their great sensational gathering, and music has been the peace maker. The choir consisted of some twenty thousand voices selected from the singers in the New England churches. There was the English band, the bands of France, Germany, and America, the English day, the French and German day, the American and the programme was made up of all schools, styles, characters, and descriptions. The three great events were the singing of the "Old Hundreth Psalm" at the opening of the Jubilee, and the playing of "God save the Queen" by our own Grenadier band, followed by this band's delivery of the American National Hymn: "The Star-spangled Banner." It must be noticed that the three Hymns stood pre-eminently foremost. Their old stereotyped expression of musical thought, known to every one—man, woman, and child—easy of understanding and easy to follow, carried all before them. They put the audience on one level, helped the people to do what they desired—to sing; and created a scene, something to be remembered from that time forth for evermore. The enthusiasm was tremendous, the glow and outburst terrific. These three songs were hymns—something beyond the creed of science, the mere impression on the senses—glimpses beyond the finite, the awakened echoes of the old Faith, the recognition of the one Sovereign Invisible Ruler and the but one race—his people. These hymns made a sympathising brotherhood of the many thousands present, and brought out in all its force that grand mystery—the relation of the art of sounds with the soul of man.

Second to the singing and playing of these Hymns, was their manner of delivery by our English bands. Confessedly it stands that the Americans never before heard our national hymn of "God save the Queen" played in the way our soldiers gave it. And further, it appears by general report, that never before did the Americans hear their own national hymn, "the Star-spangled Banner," given with such force and direction, such definite conception and feeling, such clear and unmistakable sympathy. The latter fact—if fact it be—is curious. With the echoes of olden days—the rendering of the John Bell anthem of Queen Elizabeth's time—imagination might have some share; and the slightest variation in time and circumstance would be received as the voice of inspiration—the teaching of the long-buried prophet in song—the solemn legacy of an apostle.

But with the comparatively modern hymn of "the Star-spangled Banner" there were not, and could not be, any such associations. Surely the Americans themselves best knew the truest and most faithful expression of their own national song. The Americans lack not instruments, nor voices, and must be credited with familiarity with every phase and trait of their national hymn; and notwithstanding all this our Grenadier Band gave them a new feeling, an unknown perception of the character of their tune which seemed something beyond the mere external. If "God save the Queen" was never before sung with such heart and voice, it is confessed that never before was "the Star-spangled Banner" played with such power and telling effect on the American continent as it was given by our red-coated instrumentalists on that memorable day in Boston. The deeds of our Grenadiers that morning were worth, it is said, the entire cost of the building of the Coliseum. With the national song we get accustomed to its manner and thought, and no one sets to work to dig for ideas to re-clothe or re-adjust it in any way. Probably the English band gave "The Star-spangled Banner" on this occasion with a new score—the work of their band-master; there might have been some little thing removed, and some other small point helped and brought out the more prominently, but we incline to imagine the effect was chiefly produced by the simple, earnest, manly, and unpretending mode of its delivery. Whatever of fresh manner appeared it met the popular hand and heart, and the fervor with which it was received arose from the prevailing idea that our soldiers could not go wrong, and that their way of melting up the national American hymn was the very best thing in the world. In listening to the London way the faculties of the audience were changed. It was not the accustomed way—there was rest from that. It was the Englishman thinking and acting for the American in real earnest, without mask or pretence, and this gave the performance a character both new and dignified.

The result of this extraordinary gathering for the performance of music at Boston, demonstrates that the Americans are, as regards musical compositions, thoroughly and altogether English. They have none of their own of any high and classical character, but they possess the power, as we do, of distinguishing the wheat from the straw and stubble. They are far too materialistic to turn out a real composer of music. Phenomenalism and sensationalism never yet made a Bach or Handel, a Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, and never will do so. Whilst they tolerate the stuff and rubbish of the modern pseudo-genius, they have too much good sense either to swear by it or imitate it. They stand forward, if not foremost, in their appreciation of good and classical music, and more especially in their keen perception of its proper and just delivery. It is sheer vanity and presumption for any second rate European artist to go to America and attempt to take the big rôle. No European artist is so quickly and truthfully measured as in America. And yet they have no music—those Americans—nor can they make either player or singer. The American player when he comes to Europe must sit himself down and learn how to play classical music. The American vocalist, must be transformed into the European, and that is a huge difficulty. The American vocalist, like the English vocalist, cannot uphold or advance the Italian opera and although we have shining and brilliant, and in some instances commanding, success on the American side with the Italian and French opera, we have no real, true Italian vocalisation, no Italian utterance, and in fact, now-a-days, no Italian opera at all. It has become cosmopolitan. The Swede, the Russian, the Pole, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the American—all assist in these days to make up what is called the Italian opera, and Meyerbeer is the chief apostle thereof. If the American vocalist cannot sing Italian opera in the old and veritable Italian way, certain it is, he or she cannot sing in the school of Handel. This is not singular, for neither can the French nor the German vocalist. It is not a case of tradition, it is sheer want of perception—want of take in—the power to receive and hold what the composer meant. These vocalists mistake the composer, confound his ideal, and grope round his score in more than Egyptian darkness. They may talk of Handel, but they do not believe in him, cannot see into his music, are never in earnest over him, and never truly work at him. They deny the truth of his expression, and as to the marvels of his dramatic life, it is all "total eclipse" with them.

There is no foundation for high classical music in America, for there is hardly any Sunday music (and all national taste and action in music must be measured from Sunday work in song) that is not namby-pamby stuff, something a little short of abomination. It is perfectly incredible what baby pap is doled out Sunday after Sunday in the American churches. Imagine the Ward-Beecher and Talmadge rations in music! Well, this would be bad enough, but it does not meet the case. The American choir, singing in their churches on Sunday is most lamentable. The sentimentalism approaches the idiotic. There is no pretence for the old faith, it is mere hypocritical imitation of the lowest and most effeminate thoughts in secular music of the day. No old master in song would teach such music, or permit any pupil to sing it under any circumstances. Before there can be any American composer, any American oratorio, there must be American faith in real service and worship music. In Europe the church schools have been given up as nurseries for song and classical composition, and the consequence is that the clergy and organists, chanters and chant makers are all going the broad way that leadeth to destruction. There will soon be no such thing as any distinctive school for church music. Our American brethren should take in hand what we have laid aside—real artistic education for distinctively church purposes. Let them form nurseries for song as the old Churchmen did in England, France and Italy, and discard the shadow for the substance. These would soon prove important enlargements of the empire of musical art, and the next Boston Festival would be something for all America to hear, and all the world to talk about.

## What a Prussian Thought of It.

The following is translated from a letter written by a member of the Prussian band, and printed in the Berlin *Staatsbürger Zeitung*: Our passage to America was agreeable. We had not to struggle either with storms or too high billows. The sea-sickness we drove into the ocean; let it be buried there. On the 13th of June we landed at Hoboken, where we were received by the municipal authorities with music, singing, flags and firing of cannon, with hurrahs, hand shaking and embraces, so that the cordiality of the reception almost turned our heads, and we finally began to believe we had delivered America without knowing it, from some enemy or other. The deputation that bade us welcome appeared in the uniform of Prussian officers, with helmets and horsetails, and the musicians wore Prussian caps. The only thing we missed were the pretty maids in white. But they omitted them solely because many members of our band are married men, and a reception by pretty girls, the good people of Hoboken feared, might give offence to our wives at home.

I don't remember how often they played and sang to us the "Watch on the Rhine;" but I recall the fact that we were escorted in the midst of them in triumph by an immense concourse of people to the first hotel of the city. The hands of beautiful ladies waved handkerchiefs from all the windows; they threw to us fragrant nosegays and wreaths, and some even threw kisses—but that you need not tell our wives and sweethearts. But it was not until we were seated at the breakfast table that our hosts found out what havoc we Prussians can make in a charge; and splendid wines and champagne flowed here so liberally that we finally had to decline them with thanks—and you know best what that means in the case of a member of the Prussian band. In our gratitude we would have gladly played for the good people of Hoboken; but we were absolutely unable so to do—the mouth-pieces could no longer find the mouths.

If our reception in Hoboken was bewildering, in Boston it was absolutely mad. Imagine our triumphal entry into Berlin after the war, and you have something like a picture of our reception in Boston. The French musicians, who, in 1867, received the prize together with us, did not even look at us. At first we were afraid they would burst with envy in the street; but I think that their physical constitution is, after all, quite solid. At first we greeted them from sheer pity; but the *parlezvous* passed us like surly oxen. '*Allez-vous-en!*' we said, and now we raise our hands no longer to our caps. The Englishmen, on the other hand, are our best friends. The band, under Godfrey's leadership, plays splendidly. It holds but little intercourse with the French. To enable us to accept all the invitations we receive here from private citizens, it would be necessary for the day to contain nine times twenty-four hours and the night twice as many.

As for the Jubilee, to tell you the sober truth, it is a tremendous, truly American humbug! We do not believe that the persons who undertook it will make their expenses. The Boston booksellers will certainly do a thriving business with the little work, "Deafness is Curable." When we are done in Boston we shall go elsewhere; but where? The gods know, perhaps. We are overwhelmed with invitations from all quarters, and Saro has already seriously considered whether, to comply with all demands, he had not better send one of us to every city that wants us. . . I might write you a good deal more, but the heat here is nearly always fully "thirty carats," and one does not feel like doing anything but drinking. The beer is not good, and I would give the whole French band for one keg of Berlin Tivoli beer on ice!—*Advertiser.*

A HEALTH TO MADAME ROUZAUD. Hymen has rarely lighted so brilliant a torch as when he presided, the day before yesterday, at the auspicious nuptials of Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson and M. Auguste Rouzaud. We say auspicious, because all the facts and circumstances connected with the event are of the happy sort, and give the promise of a marriage life of thorough sympathy and devoted affection. Those who know Miss Nilsson are well satisfied that it was a love-match. From among a great multitude of admirers who were ready to lay rank and fortune at her feet she chose this gentleman, as one who had shown by his constancy the sincerity of his passion; and all the adulation that has been paid her in the capitals of the world, "the applause of applauded men," the incense of the queens of society, has been as nothing in comparison with the homage of this one heart. Mutual attachment is a desirable thing to begin with in a wedding, and to this union all the other incidents were gratifying. To be married by the Dean of Westminster under the roof of the ancient Abbey, to be "given away" by a high dignitary of the diplomatic circle, to receive a diamond bracelet from the Princess of Wales, happens to very few simple country girls in this prosaic age, and sounds more like the imaginary and delightfully improbable plot of a libretto than actual fact. Yet all this took place, and as the young lyric artist knelt at the altar with her bride-

Digitized by Google

groom, in the presence of the rank and fashion of London, the sculptured Handel that looked down on the scene from Poet's Corner might well have sounded his marble trumpet in a nuptial march.

The wedding journey of our prima donna is to be made in a visit to Sweden, the dear native land she has never forgotten, and never seen since she achieved fame and fortune. There she has several brothers and sisters, who have been made comfortable for life through her bounty, and who will receive her with pride and pleasure; and there, at this moment, the best wishes of hundreds of friends and thousands of admirers will follow her from this side of the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## Thomas's Garden Concerts.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, July 17, writes:

The building in which the concerts are given is on the southern boundary of the Park, at the corner of Seventh avenue. Somewhat isolated, upon that rocky and desolate tract, which beyond has undergone such a magical change, it rises spangled with gas jets, a delightful refuge to many hastening out from the hot city, or ready, after a cool stroll in the Park, to refresh the body and mind.

The auditorium is quite large, with one gallery, and would readily seat three thousand people in close order, but, fortunately, neither extreme order or disorder is known. The floor is set with numerous tables, at the sides of which visitors seat themselves, and then they chat quietly, order and enjoy refreshments, gaze about at each other, and at the gaudy allegories on the ceiling, smoke and listen as pleases them best. The concert commences at eight, when but a handful are generally present. The musicians, however, tune up as if they knew what an audience to expect, and Theodore Thomas takes the stand with his accustomed quiet confidence and dignity. Car load after car load arrive, and by the time that the first of the three parts of the programme is completed the scene is a very different one. The fashionable and middle classes and various nationalities are most interestingly represented in the large audience now to be observed. The few left in Fifth Avenue and the many from any other; the New Yorker, Philadelphian, Bostonian and Jerseyite; English, French, German, Cuban and Italian; Christian and Hebrew, Grantist or Greeleyite; all are to be remarked by the student of human nature, be he patriot, theologian, or politician. The intervals between the parts are long and give new animation to the assemblage. On one side of the auditorium is a wide hall opening freely into it; on the other a large bar room and restaurant, and, in the rear of the stage—most attractive of all—a covered garden, in which all so disposed may promenade the parallelogram of gravel walk, or occupy benches and chairs within the procession. Here one can watch the panorama of faces in the subdued light, enjoying the evening, and still be entertained by the music; for the stage is so little enclosed in the rear that only the pianissimo passages of the orchestra are interrupted.

At each interval the audience effervesces; garden, hall and bar-room are filled from the auditorium, and the stage empties its half a hundred of thirsty geniuses amid the indiscriminate throng at the bar, shouting for lager, and seizing the frothing glasses which are hastily supplied to it. At length a roll call on the drum restores orchestra and audience to their places, and those couples lingering in the garden who have relapsed into personal sentiment take up again the more general one which the next musical composition inspires. The performance, it is needless to inform the reader, is of the highest order, and this representative orchestra of our continent is in such thorough drill that what pleases so greatly now is often but the rehearsal for more ambitious concerts of the season to come. Thomas, with experienced judgment, is constantly presenting novelties to teach his audience and perfecting the execution of such compositions as please it, so that his repertoire is as remarkable in extent and variety as it is charming in rendition. The result of this care it is to be hoped that many of your readers may enjoy at the Garden Concert here, or, if not, with a greater satisfaction when the Orchestra shall again visit Philadelphia.

H.

Zelter and His Pupil. The first test to which Goethe put the young artist (Mendelssohn) was to make him improvise on a theme furnished by Zelter. Zelter sat down to the piano, and with his stiff, cramped fingers played a very simple tune in triplets, "Ich träumte einst von Hänschen," as tame and trivial an air as need be. Felix played it through after him, and the next minute went off into the wildest allegro, transforming the simple melody into a passionate figure, which he took now in the bass, now in the upper part, weaving all manner of new and beautiful thoughts into it in the boldest style. Everybody was in astonishment, as the small childish fingers worked away at the great chords, mastering the most difficult combinations, and evolving the most surprising contrapuntal passages out of a stream of harmonies, though certainly without paying much regard to the melody. It was one of Zelter's principles to be very chary of praise; his aim being to save his pupil from conceit and over-estimation of his own powers—"those cursed enemies of all artistic progress," as he called them. No sooner therefore had Felix finished than he said, in a tone of the most complete indifference, like an old pedagogue bent on spoiling the boy's brilliant success: "What hobgoblins and dragons have you been dreaming about, to drive you along in that helter-skelter fashion!" Goethe saw his object, and taking the hand of the little artist in his two hands, and caressing it, said in a playful way: "But you won't get off with that; you must play more before we can quite believe in you." So Felix had to play Bach's fugues, of which Goethe was particularly fond; then he asked for a minuet, upon which the boy cried out with flashing eyes, "Shall I play upon the most beautiful one in the whole world?" and played the minuet from Don Juan.—*Goethe and Mendelssohn, by M. E. von Glehn.*

The Meeresstille and Mendelssohn. Dost thou remember, how we drove away from Padua along the Brenta one evening? The glowing Italian night oppressed us, and one after another, the travellers closed their eyes. Towards morning a voice cried "Ecco, ecco, Signori, Venezia!" The sea, still, immense, outspread before us—only on the far horizon, fine sparkles played up and down, as though the small waves softly spoke together in dreams. So does it interweave, and sparkle, and throb, in Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" we dream sleepily, listening to it; we become a thought—rather than that we then think. The Beethovenian chorus after Goethe, and the accentuated words, sound almost rough beside these spider-web tones of the violins. Near the close, each harmony is unloosed and resolved, as if the poet surely looked too deeply into the eyes of a daughter of Nereus, seeking to draw him down; but then upsprings a higher wave, the sea grows more murmurous everywhere, the sails flap, the pennants wave, and now away, away. "Which of Meritis's* overtures do you like the best?" asked a simpleton near me—and as then the keys E minor, B minor, and D major embraced in a triad of the graces, I could think of no better answer than the best, "all of them." But indeed Meritis conducted as if he *had* composed the overture himself, and the orchestra played worthily; and then a remark of Florestan's† struck me. It was played he said, much as he used to play when he came from the provinces to study with Master Raro‡; this middle point between art and nature was his most fatal crisis; then came such a hesitation, such a stiffness, that he doubted his own talent. "Fiery as I was, and fervidly as I conceived every work, yet now I must take everything slowly. For my part I disliked the conductor's stick in the overture as in the symphony.—*Schumann's "Writings on Music." Translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter.*

*Mendelssohn. †Schumann himself. ‡Another name for himself.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

National Musical Meetings. Of the first two days of this curious experiment at the Crystal Palace we have already copied an account. The sequel is thus told by the *Musical World* of July 13.

On the third day there were competitions among choral societies, not exceeding 200 in number. A prize of £100, competed for by the South London Choral Association, the Brixton Choral Society, and the Tonic Sol-fa Association—after each choir had been heard in Mendelssohn's well known psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and the madrigal of Orlando Gibbons, "The Silver Swan," the first and third in Mozart's "Ave Verum," and the second in the chorus, "How soon our towering hopes," from Handel's *Joshua*—was awarded by the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Barnby, and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan) to the Tonic Sol fa Association, accompanied by marked approval of the other competing choirs. To the Brixton Choral Society a diploma was also awarded for sight-singing—the piece submitted to them being "Grant us, O Lord," a four part anthem by Mr. Barnby. The next performance was by military bands—one of them being the band of the Royal Engineers, conductor, Mr. Sawerthal, the other the band of St. George's Rifle Corps, conductor, Mr. Phasey, to each of whom, as there was no contest, the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, and Mr. F. Godfrey in one case, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. G. Cusins, and Dr. Rimbault in the other) awarded the prize of £50. It is not in our province to criticize these performances, and all we need say is that, in our opinion, nothing could be more impartial and correct than the decision of the judges.

The fourth performance was more interesting than any of its predecessors; and that such had been the expectation of the public generally was proved by the vastly increased attendance. Proceedings were begun by the Bristol Choral Union, a splendid body of men's voices, who sang a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Œdipus*, a serenade ("the Gondolier") by Schubert, &c., in such a manner that a prize of £50 was readily awarded to them by the judges (Messrs Henry Smart, Henry Leslie, and J. L. Hatton,) although there were no opponents to contest it. The Bristol Choral Union, like the Brixton Choral Society, was also tested in sight singing, and came forth from the ordeal with equal success, the piece chosen for the occasion being a four part song for men's voices ("The Homeward Watch"), the composition of Mr. Henry Smart. Then came a real contest between two well trained military bands, the band of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade and that of the 33rd Regiment, each of whom played Weber's *Jubilee* overture and a march by Gung'l, called the *Rekrut*. The judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. L. Hatton, and Arthur Sullivan,) awarded the prize to the band of the 33rd Regiment, accompanied by a high commendation of that of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. What ensued was the most striking feature of the day, although not a competition. Nevertheless, it was a trial of merit, for the award of the "Challenge Prize" for choral societies not exceeding 500 in number—the prize being estimated at a value of £1,000. This was readily awarded by the judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. Hullah, and Brinley Richards,) to the South Wales Choral Union, one of the freshest, most powerful, best balanced, and musical body of voices to which we can remember at any time to have listened. With such voices as these to help them out, only provided that Handel's oratorios and other "Saxon" music be admitted at their anniversary celebrations, the Welsh Eisteddfodau might be perennial. When it is remembered that this large chorus is almost entirely drawn from the laboring classes of the "principality"—miners, colliers, &c., their wives, daughters, and relatives—we cannot but wonder at the excellence they have attained—an excellence unattainable except through assiduous and continued study. The result is satisfactory beyond measure. The pieces selected for the South Wales Choral Union were of no ordinary difficulty—which, when we name the final chorus from J. S. Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, "In tears of grief," "Round about the starry throne," from Handel's *Samson*, and "The night is departing," from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, will readily be understood. To these were added the national Welsh air "The Men of Harlech" (Mr John Thomas's arrangement), and, "God bless the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Brinley Richards, both of which, sung in the Welsh tongue, were received with the utmost possible enthusiasm. This exhibition of Welsh choral singing was decidedly the feature of the National Music Meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable.

After the competitions and adjudication of prizes, on the third and fourth days, as had been the case at the first and second, there was a miscellaneous concert, the winners of prizes and diplomas exhibiting their talents, combined with performances by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Manns, &c. On Saturday afternoon the first Sydenham Eisteddfod may be said to have culminated with a grand concert, in which almost all remarkable during the foregone proceedings was re-introduced—the choral societies, military and volunteer bands, and solo vocalists, each taking a part in it. The proceedings require no detailed description. It will suffice to add that what had pleased before, pleased again; and that the administrations of the judges were, for the greater part, with the aid of increased experience, unanimously admitted to be impartial. At the end of the concert the National Anthem was performed, by the combined chorus and orchestra; and, shortly afterwards, the prizes were distributed by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who, with characteristic good taste, refrained from a long preliminary address, leaving explanations to Mr. Thomas Hughes, chairman of the Crystal Palace, and simply addressing a word or two of congratulation to each of the successful candidates. Previous to his departure three hearty and unanimous cheers were raised for the Duke of Edinburgh, which were graciously acknowledged. The attendance on Saturday was larger than on any

Digitized by Google

previous occasion, thus showing plainly that the public have become interested in the National Music Meetings, which, if carried on next year with the same spirit and with such improvements as time and reflection suggest, and as the Crystal Palace alone possesses the means of giving to them, may not only become a permanent institution, but a real public benefit.

---

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA. Last week were presented *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle Tietjens and Signor Campanini; *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; *Semiramide*, with Mdlle. Tietjens; *Faust*, with Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli Bettini, M. Capoul, Signori Rota and Mendioroz, and *Rigoletto*, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Signor Campanini, &c. As all these were repetitions, the bare record of their having been given is sufficient. Nevertheless, it may not be out of the way to add that the performance of *Semiramide*, Rossini's last grand Italian opera, with its admirable "*ensemble*," under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, and the no less admirable impersonations of the chief characters—by Mdlle. Tietjens, the only Semiramide now on the stage, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, than whom a better Arsace since the incomparable Alboni has not appeared, and Signor Agnesi, now as good and effective an Assur as could be witnessed, the best Assur in all probability since Tamburini retired—continues, notwithstanding the fact that the Semiramide is German, the Arsace, French, and the Assur also French (*mirabile dictu!*), to be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. The American *prima donna*, Miss Kellogg, may also be complimented on the steady progress she is making in public favor, her second appearance as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, having created even a greater impression than her first. This young lady has already taken a high position in her art, and wants nothing but opportunity and encouragement to reach the highest—even in this capital, so *blasé* about Italian opera and all its appurtenances.

The operas during the present week have been *Martha*—with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as the heroine; *Rigoletto*, with Mdlle. Kellogg and Signor Campanini, in lieu of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdlle. Tietjens, being indisposed: *La Sonnambula*—with Mdlle. Marimon; and *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle. Nilsson. *La Traviata* is announced for this evening—in all five representations; so that London amateurs have enjoyed no less than eleven opportunities of listening to Italian operatic performances in the brief space of six days. The engagement of Mdlle. Nilsson which was originally limited to 12 nights, has been prolonged.—*Times, July* 13.

---

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The operas performed last week were the *Sonnambula*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Norma*, the *Barbiere*, and a miscellaneous selection of extracts from various well-known works, for the "benefit" and last appearance of Mdme. Pauline Lucca.

That Mdme. Patti should, at least once in the season, assume the part of Amina, in which, eleven years ago, she made her first *début* before a London audience, was only to be expected; and that she should be received with enthusiasm in the character which she has fairly made her own ever since her first appearance among us, and which she has sustained, year after year, reminding opera-goers of Malibran in the same part more than any of Malibran's successors, might have been taken for granted. To enter into a description of Mdme. Patti's dramatic and musical realization of the most engaging of all Bellini's heroines would be superfluous. Enough that she was all herself, and made every point tell—from "Come per me sereno" to "Ah, non credea," and its brilliant sequel, "Ah, non giunge"—with the old effect, fully justifying the frequent applause and "recalls" of a crowded audience. The Elvino of the evening (M. Naudin being indisposed), was Signor Nicolini; and Count Rodolpho was represented by M. Faure, who has now no equal in the character.

The "combined entertainments" for the "benefit" and last appearance of Madame Pauline Lucca attracted unusual attention; for, though real amateurs do not greatly care about fragments from popular works, the scenes chosen respectively from *Der Freischütz*, *Faust e Margherita*, and the *Africaine* served to display to eminent advantage the versatility of this, in her way, unique artist, who, no matter what she undertakes, whether in high lyric tragedy, melodramatic opera, sentimental opera, or *opéra comique*," possesses the secret of winning the sympathies of her audience. Of this versatility the selected passages from the operas we have enumerated afforded ample proofs. As Selika, in the *Africaine*, which Madame Lucca first played in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, and afterwards at Berlin, in accordance with a desire frequently expressed by Meyerbeer, that she should be the heroine of his last *chef d'œuvre* (which he did not live to see produced in public), and as the love-stricken Margaret, in the garden scene in *Faust*, Madame Lucca has been seen over and over again. Her Selika is a genuine creation; her Margaret is no less piquant and touching than it is original—a Margaret of her own conception. In *Der Freischütz*, however, she has deserved and gained her chief laurels this year, and it seems surprising that the part of Agatha should never have been allotted to her till now. This, too, however, has been described, and it is unnecessary to say more than that in each of the scenes allotted to her Madame Lucca raised the enthusiasm of the house. That the last movement of the scena in *Der Freischütz* was encored and repeated, will be as easily understood as that the "recalls" were frequent, and the bouquets without number. A scene from *La Figlia*, with Mdlle. Sessi, and another from *Lucia*, with Mdlle. Albani (a great success) completed the programme.

The first performance of *Norma* this season brought forward Madame Parepa in a character for which she is in every way fitted. We have but one great Norma now, and she is not at Covent Garden. To witness, therefore, so thoughtful, dignified, and spirited an impersonation at the theatre in which the Druid Priestess has been immortalized by the genius of Grisi, was a real satisfaction to amateurs. Madame Parepa knows the music thoroughly, and shows also a thorough knowledge of the dramatic requirements of the character. She was warmly received throughout, and most deservedly so. "Casta Diva," with its sequel, was sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist; the emphatic solo "Ah non tremare," in the well known trio with Pollio (Signor Naudin) and Adalgisa (Madame Sinico), was delivered with extraordinary energy; the famous duet, "Deh conte," in which Adalgisa fairly divided the applause with Norma, was everything that could be wished,—and so on, without further detail, to the duet in which Norma reproaches and threatens Pollio, and the pathetic sequel in the last scene, after the supplication to Oroveso (Signor Capponi), where the sublime resignation of Norma induces Pollio voluntarily to share the sacrifice to which she is condemned. All was both legitimately good and effective. Madame Parepa was heartily received, and repeatedly applauded and recalled.

The old folk-saying, "Better late than never," was well illustrated on Tuesday night, when Mdlle. Smeroschi made her *début* as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Twice before had this young lady been announced, and twice had the usual "reason" for disappointment been assigned; so that, if the public subsequently thought at all of a strange artist unheralded by report, it was only to infer that the chances of her actual appearance this season were slight. The third time Mdlle. Smeroschi proved more successful; and we may say at once that her performance made a highly successful impression. Adina is not a character affected by *débutantes*; and its selection by Mdlle. Smeroschi must, perhaps, be attributed to the difficulty of finding a character not sacred to one or other of the "light sopranos" in Mr. Gye's troupe. There was, however, no reason for anybody to complain. The new *prima donna* appeared to advantage, and the public had an opportunity of hearing Donizetti's charming opera—a work which, though written in fifteen days, is an exception to the rule that things of quick growth as quickly fade away. Mdlle. Smeroschi had one of the chilling receptions usually given by our operatic audiences to a new comer who appears without an acknowledged repetation, not a "hand" greeting her as the curtain rose and showed Adina seated among the reposing peasants. But her recital of the story of Isotta, with its interlude, "Elisire di si perfetta," and still more, her singing in the duet with Nemorino, which follows the advent of the soldiers, arrested general attention. From this point, indeed, Mdlle. Smeroschi kept the ear of the house; and, if the demonstrations in her favor were not enthusiastic, they were unmistakably genuine. We endorse without reserve the favorable verdict passed upon the new-comer's efforts. Personally, she is well fitted for light soprano parts, and her natural advantages are set off by a self-command which does not involve self-assertion.

The operas during the present week (last but one of the present season), have been *Il Trovatore*—with Mdme. Adelina Patti as Leonora; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for the long-expected and more than once postponed *début* of Mdlle. Smeroschi; *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle. Albani; and again *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Thursday). *Don Giovanni* was to be given last night. *Il Guarany*, the new opera by M. Gomes—first time, with Mdlle. Sessi, M. Faure, Signori Nicolini, and Bagagiolo in the chief parts, is announced for this evening—again six performances.

For her "benefit," on Monday, Mdme. Patti has once more selected the *Huguenots*, in which she will play Valentine, with Signor Nicolini, in lieu of Signor Mario, as her Raoul. This, we need scarcely add, will be her second appearance as Valentine before a London audience.—*Ibid.*

---

Of Mme. PAREPA-ROSA the *Athenæum*, of June 22, says:

July is approaching, and the *débuts* at Covent Garden and Drury Lane continue. At the Royal Italian Opera there has been one of some importance. Mme. Parepa Rosa has returned, and has appeared as *Donna Anna* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Opera goers, of course, will still recollect her singing at the Lyceum (the temporary home of the Royal Italian Opera after the fire of 1856), when she came from Lisbon and Malta in 1857, the same season as that in which Mlle. Victoire Balfe, afterwards Lady Crampton, and the Duchess de Frias appeared. Mme. Parepa, since 1857, has travelled much and learned much. We do not believe that that there is an artiste existing who has such an extensive and varied *répertoire*. Her versatility has been most remarkable, but we think it probable that in future she will adhere to the Grisi-Pasta-Tietjens line of characters, for physique goes far in such matters, a fact too often ignored by *prime donne*. Mme. Parepa is of a musical family, for her mother was a Seguin, a name associated long with operatic and concert recollections. She has a commanding stage presence, and is quite initiated in the by-play required to secure identity with the *rôle* represented. She is easy, graceful, and, when necessary, energetic. Her voice is rich and round; and her phrasing is unexceptionable. Her *Donna Anna* is based on the Grisi model,—a better one cannot be conceived; so that both in acting and singing she gave the prominence to Donna Anna which the daughter of the Commendatore ought to have, and was not extinguished by the *Zerlina* of Mme. Patti. Mme. Parepa is a valuable acquisition, and, being so, she will probably be heard but rarely; for mediocrities or nonentities seem to be at present preferred by the rulers at Covent Garden. The execution, barring the singing and acting of Mmes. Parepa-Rosa and Patti, was beneath contempt.

---

DUESSELDORF. (*Concluded from page* 271). The second day of the Rhenish Festival opened with Schumann's D-minor Symphony, Tausch conducting. The first movement, as well as the *Oberon* Overture, was taken too fast, so that it suffered in clearness of outline and color. Tausch possesses the excellent faculty of conducting a Schumann Symphony without a score; he also has an electrifying influence upon the members of a chorus. This most important and most beautiful element of our musical festival, its glory and its firm foundation, had been handled with a certain genial superficiality by Rubinstein; and now for the first time, roused by the look and arm of Tausch, in Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Victory," instrumented by Lachner, it revealed the beauty, power and fulness of its tone. On the contrary, the soloist, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, who was very sparing of herself, gave little satisfaction.

Rubinstein's "sacred opera," "The Tower of Babel," formed the second part. Very various opinions of it were heard during the rehearsals. What was greeted with tempestuous applause by the admirers of the genial pianist, met on the other hand malicious smiles or undisguised aversion; and there might have been counter demonstrations and unpleasant scenes, had not the spirit of the Festival prevented. Yet in the end the work found an uncommonly favorable reception. The subject had been put into a fitting form of text by Julius Rodenberg, and Rubinstein seems to have set to work with all his might to produce something of importance. Yet it could do no harm, if he would subject the work to one more thorough criticism and to a partial working over. By the side of great beauties *baroque* or insignificant passages stand out all the more hatefully; and it cannot be denied that many such places occur in the composition. Brilliant points in the execution were the excellent performances of the orchestra and of the two soloists, Herr Diener as "Abraham," and Herr Gura both as "Overseer" and as "Nimrod." The chorus sang with great precision and warm sympathy, yet was not always equal to its task.

The so-called Artists' Concert, on the third day, opened with Cherubini's sparkling, lively Overture to *Anacreon*; but the second part began with Berlioz's Overture "*Le Carneval Romain*," conducted in a virtuoso style by Rubinstein. We cannot sympathise with the opposition raised by many voices against the selection of this piece; on the contrary this, together with the concluding chorus from the Bach Cantata, repeated for the close of the Festival, gave a splendid frame to this concert. Of the many beauties it enclosed, none were more brilliant than what Rubinstein drew from the rippling tones of his piano, especially in the G major Concerto of Beethoven, which he rendered with incomparable power, and not less the *Etudes Symphoniques* by Schumann. But even after this long strain of every nerve

Digitized by Google

and muscle (twenty minutes) no rest was permitted him. Only after Liszt's transcription of the "Erl King" had swept by us, and the rhythms of the well known Turkish March had died away in the distance, were the importunate encorers satisfied. The genial pianist was regularly showered with ovations. Mme. Parepa-Rosa in the "Letter Aria" from *Don Juan* found opportunity to show her Italian art of singing to brilliant advantage, although without warming us in any way. Next to Rubinstein, we owe the noblest artistic enjoyment to the Leipzig baritone, Herr Gura, who by his quiet nobility of style and certainty reminds us of Stockhausen; not the ladies alone, and with perfect justice, were in raptures with the Aria from "Hans Heiling." Of still higher artistic worth was the Ballad by C. Löwe: "Herr Heinrich sitzt am Vogelheerd," a true pearl of its kind. The sonorous fulness of Herr Gura's organ and the nobleness of his delivery were extraordinary. Herr Diener in his two airs from the *Creation* and *Elijah* bordered a little too closely on the domain of the languishing tenors.

A cheerful banquet, enlivened by toasts in prose and verse, closed the festival, of which the focus of interest from beginning to end was the uncommonly winning personality of Rubinstein. The unsophisticated, almost childlike nature of the man stands in very attractive contrast to his enormous endowments. Quite interesting was Rubinstein's exhortation, received with respectful silence, to make the musical festivals in future still more accessible to the works of living composers, and not to dedicate them only to the worship of the dead.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1872.

## The Second Gilmore Jubilee.

### III.

If the Great Chorus (of 18,000 voices) failed in comparison with that of half the number in the former Jubilee, the Great Orchestra was, on the contrary, much more effective. And yet the number of instruments was considerably larger. Just *how* large, we are unable to say,—certainly not "2,000," as was announced at first,—that announcement covering one thousand as the aggregate of all the brass bands from all portions of the country, who were to swell the great conglomerate in the patriotic hymns and anvil choruses, but who of course were not included in the Orchestra proper. The brass bands, happily, were kept quite in the shade, if they were there at all; they surely would have marred more concord than they would have made; their absence was at least one improvement on the former Jubilee. Nor do we think there ever were so many as 1,000 in the real Orchestra, i. e., with stringed instruments predominating. In the first days, when the whole thing was fresh and most complete, there may have been 800, with an unprecedented army of bow arms in motion. Possibly 200 first violins, of good average quality, with seconds, tenors, 'cellos and double basses in a fair proportion, but by no means of the same general excellence. The firm, vital, searching, sweet tone of that great mass of first violins was something marvellous to hear. We recall it most distinctly in the well known figures near the end of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, and again in the *pizzicato* of Strauss's Polka by that name. And generally there was great breadth and richness in the sound of most of the Overtures, as well as the accompaniments, which we chanced to hear. For some of the finer tasks the orchestra was, wisely enough, made more select; it was best of all, when it was smallest, on the "Israel in Egypt" day, when it did its part admirably both in the Oratorio and in Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, although one had to sit quite near and out of the reach (if possible) of restless, noisy people, to hear at all distinctly. It must be owned, too, that delicate passages were at no time heard to good advantage even by those who sat not too far off to hear both sides of orchestra or chorus equally. Indeed this is an experience of our own: When Mme. Peschka Leutner was about to sing the Cavatina from *Ernani*, we went far back into the balcony opposite the stage; the conductor's baton waved, the violin bows moved, an army of them, the baton beat perhaps a dozen bars, and all the while our ear could not detect the faintest symptom of a musical sound, until the voice came in, and every tone of that from first to last was perfectly distinct. Yet Mr. Zerrahn assured us afterwards that, purposely, they did not play *piano*. How must it have been, then, as a general rule? The only reason or excuse for so monstrously large an orchestra is, that it may be heard well in an immense space; but it was not heard well, except within limits; and within reasonable limits a smaller orchestra would certainly have made much better music. That there was much to admire in the unexpected unity and certainty of attack, precision, fire and fervor with which the army did their work, and that the effects produced, with the hearer's imagination quickened by sympathy with such a multitude in presence, were sometimes inspiring, we shall not deny.

But if the scene, the magnetism of a vast assembly visibly united in one purpose, helped the imagination of the listener, making the music more intense to him, this sort of aid began, before long, to desert the orchestral performer not less than the chorus singer. The questionable *spirit* of the Jubilee, ambiguous in motive and leading to such promiscuity in programme, could not be favorable to the *morale* of orchestra or chorus. The quality of the task inevitably affects the quality of performance. Had good things been given this great orchestra to do from first to last, perhaps it might have preserved its integrity and high tone much longer than it did. But what did its work consist of,—what the rôle it had to play in "the greatest series of concerts ever given in the world?" Of classical Symphony, as we have said, not a single specimen. Of the great standard Overtures, there were given: Beethoven's to *Leonore*, No. 3, and *Coriolan*, that to *Der Freyschütz* and to *Tell*, Wagner's to *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*,—noisy effect pieces, at least *Rienzi*—and three which were wholly new here: Macfarren's Overture to "Robin Hood," which we did not hear, a Fest Overture by Leutner, and a "Kaiser Overture" by Westmayer, both respectable but by no means strikingly original. In short a few overtures of the kind the most available for a monster orchestra, which of course excluded, with three or four exceptions, the nobler part of the great orchestral repertoire. For the rest, the labor of this great band of instrumentalists soon became reduced to national airs, Strauss waltzes and a variety of claptrap. Of course the zeal, the spirit of cohesion, soon relaxed; musicians dropped off, and the same process of demoralization and disintegration went on here as in the chorus. Besides, so *long* a festival could hardly be expected to fare otherwise; and when it came to the *four concerts* of the Fourth of July day, the real *musical* character of the protracted Carnival must have become pretty completely dissipated. (We were not present upon that or either of the personal and crowded days; if we had been, perhaps we should have then been aware of the glittering and noisy army of brass bands, of which one report gives a list of twenty-eight, including the foreign bands.)

Perhaps the best function of the Orchestra which survived to the end, having been kept in daily exercise, was that of playing the Strauss Waltzes under the magnetic personal direction of the "great" JOHANN STRAUSS himself. (Great now-a-days means celebrated). That these compositions have a genius of their own, musicians will acknowledge with the dancers. And that Strauss has a genius for conducting as well as for composing his own voluptuous rhythms and rich tone color combinations, was proved abundantly on these occasions. Why need we describe him after every pen-photographer has done his best to multiply the image of the mercurial little wizard of the waltz, in every look and motion the liveliest impersonation of his music. Great he is in his kind; but the kind is not a great one. It was really remarkable how well the whole forest of bows and Pan's pipes all obeyed his sign and almost caught his spirit. (Of course it was not the full *thousand*). Many doubtless fancied and believed that they were hearing Strauss's orchestra, as well as seeing Strauss, and it seemed almost a pity to undeceive them. But does any reflecting person really suppose that all those hundreds, gathered at random, after one or two rehearsals, were so miraculously imbued with Strauss; that they performed the "Blue Danube" and the rest with anything like the exquisite perfection of his own moderate band of 50 or 60 in Vienna? No, the sensation was the presence of the man. The waltzes were all very pleasant in their way; but what do you think of a festival, claiming to be the great musical event of the century, in which through so many days waltz music formed the best task of the largest orchestra the world ever saw!

Turn now to the soloists. Now that the thing is over, it needs no argument to show that solos, vocal or instrumental, *as a rule*, were out of place and only tantalizing to the listener in that vast Coliseum. There is something in the actual presence of distinguished artists from abroad; but that is merely sensational, not musical. One of the very foremost lady pianists of the day, no doubt, is Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, by common consent the first in England, and especially at home in the classical music, of which she commands a very extensive repertoire; a sensitive and refined artist, accustomed all her life to the best musical atmosphere and associations. What could she do, in the monster Coliseum and before that crowd? Of course her art was thrown away there; the influences were all depressing to one delicately strung; her performances were limited to only three or four, we think; her selections could not be her own entirely, consisting, so far as we have learned, only of Variations on the "Last Rose of Summer," a *Don Juan* Fantasia, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations—the last probably her own selection, and excellent anywhere else. Think of bringing a great artist from Europe, merely to do that! Had the piano performances been given by themselves in the Boston Music Hall, at some convenient hour, say in the evening, forming a sort of side-show like the Organ Concerts, there would have been some sense in it. As it was we could only feel a sympathy for an artist and a lady in such martyrdom preferring not to witness it, and we hope she has not gone home under the impression that she has yet played before a Boston audience. A fitter hero for the time and place was the lion-haired, strong, dashing German *prestidigitateur*, pupil of Liszt, Herr BENDEL. "*Die linke Seite von Liszt*!" exclaimed a German professor to us one evening in Berlin, some years ago, after this same virtuoso had been "interpreting" in his marvellous way a Beethoven Concerto. And all he did here seemed to confirm the description. There was wonderful execution of music only suited to be wonderfully executed. His was the lion's share in the piano thrashing, for he could advertise the new "Orchestral grand" as well as anybody. Mr. WEHLI was Mr. Wehli, and those who could see his fingers fly saw very neat and nimble mechanism. The pianists were only employed for the name of it; the piano was only there at all for advertisement—how fruitful a one, it might be curious to learn statistically a year hence.—Of other instrumental solos mostly on the cornet, most ambitious imitator of flutes and violins in variation pieces and of sentimental Italian opera tenors, we will not speak. They were skillful enough of their kind, and every cornet has his warm host of admirers. But for a Musical Festival!

Of vocal solos there is more success to chronicle, yet not enough to prove them in their right place there. Two distinguished prima donnas were procured, at great expense, from Europe. Of the two the most renowned, to say the least, was Madame RUDERSDORFF, and well was it for the appreciation of her art that she had sung in Boston under better auspices before. From what she did here in the Oratorios a year ago we knew her for a most accomplished artist in the highest styles and forms of vocal art, a thorough musician, familiar with all the great music, full of a true musical zeal and animating power, an expressive and inspiring singer, although her voice has passed its prime and freshness. As an artist she doubtless ranks in Europe to-day much higher than Mme. PESCHKA LEUTNER. But to be heard in the Coliseum she had to make such effort as to mar the continuity and beauty of her tones, and it is not surprising that the majority not only of audience but "critics," were only sensible to these defects, and failed to give her credit which she really deserved. We did not hear her sing the *Inflammatus*, nor "God save the Queen" and other national airs for which she has been so severely censured. We did hear her once in "Let the bright Seraphim" and in her two solos in the

Digitized by Google

"Israel in Egypt." They were not sung with all the ease we could desire; but certainly we heard every note quite distinctly, and the singing made a musical, artistic and agreeable impression on us, so far as that was possible in that huge place. It is very certain that she could not do herself much justice there, and we are very glad that we shall hear her under more artistic circumstances during the coming fall and winter.

Mme. PESCHKA-LEUTNER carried the Jubilee by storm. The sensation she produced with her very first notes, and every time that she appeared, is something phenomenal, not yet satisfactorily explained. For it must be borne in mind that this result does not accord with the European reputation of the singer hitherto. Consult any German musical paper of the last three or four years, or ask any musical person who has heard her sing repeatedly in the Opera and the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig, and he will tell you that she was esteemed a very artistic singer, chiefly noted in "*coloratur*" (or florid) singing, with a voice very perfectly developed in the upper register, not particularly powerful or pleasing in the middle and lower tones, but never looked upon as one of the world's *greatest* singers. If she had been, could little Leipzig, musical city as she is, have kept her? Singing in London only a month or two before she came to Boston, she seems to have made no very marked impression. Was it left, then, for some one of the Jubilee's purveyors to "discover" such a pearl? At all events she came here heralded in all the Gilmore organs as the paragon of singers, the greatest that had ever visited these shores, superior not only to the Parepas, Pattis, Nilssons of the present generation, but to the lyric Queens, the Bosio, the Sontag, even the Lind of a more shining period. Well, this was nothing wonderful; this was Jubilee style, Gilmorean hyperbole, to which we were all accustomed. The wonder after all was that this extravagant announcement did not spoil her reception; that the enthusiasm, the delight—perhaps it is not yet time to say the judgment—of the Coliseum, day after day, confirmed the utmost expectation. We hardly ever knew a similar experience. It was our lot to hear her for the first time on the third, the "German" day, when she sang just what she had sung before, to-wit: a Concert Aria with very difficult and brilliant variations, composed for her by Proch, of Vienna. We own to the same astonishment and pleasure with everybody else at the purity and clearness of her tones, not only the very highest, but the low tones; at the perfect ease with which she seemed to sing so that every tone reached every ear throughout that vast space, and satisfied the sense. And not only was there brilliant purity of tone and wondrous flexibility and finish in those upper flights of vocal pyrotechnics, but throughout all the great compass of the voice we noticed no tone that was not sweet, rich and of good volume. What followed by way of *encore* we forget, but we believe it was one of the simple sentimental melodies of Abt, the composer by her side conducting, as on several other occasions. At any rate this was her usual response. Here too there was rich, sweet, ear-filling melody, refreshing at such time and place. Whether it was sympathetic singing, we presume no one thought; in such a place, to such a sympathetic crowd, *anything* that was displayed upon sufficient background and that could easily be heard, seemed sympathetic, though it might not have been so in any proper private home and quiet sphere of sympathy. For what had "the sympathetic" in the delicate, interior song sense of the word, or in any but the multitudinous, loud, ringing patriotic sense, to do with a Coliseum? The charm of this singing, therefore, when one came to think of it, was open to the suspicion that in a smaller hall or theatre the voice might prove less fascinating, the song less soulful, the art by no means phenomenal, though the peculiar property which that voice had of thoroughly pervading that immense enclosure, was phenomenal. That phenomenon, as we have said, we tested farther when we heard the voice so perfectly in two florid Verdi pieces from the extreme end of the hall where we could not hear the violins. On another day we heard her sing Mozart's bravura Aria of the Queen of Night, and wonderfully well, though of course it was the fireworks up aloft that chiefly dazzled the imagination. Mme. Leutner's selections, though she sang almost daily, were mainly the same round of three or four brilliant show pieces. She has since sung, still the same pieces, in New York, in ordinary halls, with nothing like the same success, if we may trust report. Gratefully acknowledging the real pleasure that we had in her, therefore, we must conclude that it is the part of wisdom to wait till we have heard her under other circumstances and in other music, before we can make place for her in the same heaven of our recollections with such stars as Lind and Bosio and Sontag.

Several also of our own local singers appear to have made a good impression in the solos assigned to them in the great sensational performances of "Star-spangled Banner," &c., particularly Mrs. HOUSTON WEST and Mrs. H. M. SMITH. Their bright sopranos also made themselves well heard. Mrs. BARRY in "Israel in Egypt" sang two Arias remarkably well, with even, sustained power and nice phrasing; and though her voice is not one of the "heavy" contraltos, yet by its purity and musical quality it was quite pleasing where we sat. But the most successful of these efforts was the Duet of Basso in the same Oratorio: "The Lord is a man of war," admirably delivered by Mr. WINCH and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, and making such effect that they were obliged to sing it a second time, when it went even better.

We include also in the Solo category the distinctive doings of the complimentary "Bouquet of Artists," whose function properly it was to sing solos. That is to say, a picked choir of from 30 or 40 to 50 or 60 voices on each of the four parts, represented the individual solo characters usually combined in certain very familiar operatic quartets, sextets, &c., of the Opera, such as the Sextet in *Lucia*. It was magnifying the *soli*, that they might be heard,—one of the cruel conditions of a place, a scheme too big for anything not bloated beyond nature. We did not chance to hear any of the few pieces which received this treatment; all good judges seem to agree that the voices sounded beautifully together, but that the rendering was—how could it be otherwise?—as rigid and mechanical as it was precise.

It only remains to speak of one more element, and that the chief success, of this stupendous *charivari*. We mean of course the three European military Bands, omitting as of only nominal account the "Irish Band" which figured in the last days, the days of dissolution. All three of them are splendid specimens of the bands of wind instruments in Europe, or what in Germany is called *Harmonie Musik*. We are extremely glad that our citizens have had at last an opportunity to hear a veritable Band (nay three) of the first order and to know what is meant by that. To say which of the three is best, is not so easy; each in its own way is best. They are made up on different principles and partially at least, for different uses. Probably for exquisite finish of performance, for all the *finesse* of almost orchestral execution, for perfect blending of all the instruments, subduing of the rougher elements, as well as for the artistic style and phrasing (as if each were a well trained singer) of each of the 55 instruments; and the excellent *arrangement* of the music drawn from operas, &c., the palm by great majority of voices has been conferred on the French Band of the Garde Republicaine; with M. PAULUS as director and M. MAURY sub-director. The composition of the band is somewhat unique, at least out of France, the Sax instruments in their various forms and calibres predominating. We cannot state this composition with much particularity; we have already copied two lists from the newspapers, but these do not agree, nor is either of them at all clear in itself, the term *alto*, for instance, by itself not showing us what instrument is meant, while "contralto-sopranos" is plainly a misnomer. It has, however, about 8 admirable clarionets, perfect pairs of flutes and oboes, with piccolo when needed, and something that seems to answer for the *Corno Inglese*, while in the place of bassoons, as well as of some other instruments, a little corps of *Saxophones*, smooth and rather thick in tone, supply rich middle color. There are but two French horns, one or two bugles (why so rare with us?), three of at once the smoothest and most telling trombones that we ever heard, some huge bass tubas (double bass), tenderly kept under so as to "roar as gently as any nightingale;" besides plenty of cornets, trumpets, Saxhorns and all the family, with only just enough of drums, &c. Somehow the ingredients are nicely selected and blended for a satisfying euphony of ensemble, in which there is nothing wanting, nothing in excess. Our only question is whether the Sax instruments have not too much family resemblance; whether certain marked individualities of tone among the old standard instruments is not worth preserving even in a Band; whether for instance Saxophones can be as interesting as bassoons well played, and whether on the whole subdued positives are not better than any negatives, however smooth and tractable. In the opening of the "Tell" overture, which this band play with such precision, spirit, fire and delicacy, the soft strains usually divided among the violoncellos were quite well represented by the Saxophones, to be sure. But there is no room to enter into all this. In their playing of numerous Overtures: "Tell," "Semiramide," "Zampa," "Oberon," &c., of operatic fantasias, potpourris, waltzes, marches, national hymns, and their exhibitions of rare solo talent, this Band set us a model which we trust will not be thrown away upon us. It will be remarked, however, that this is not so much distinctively a military as it is a concert band. Its functions have been, we believe, confined to Paris; it is made up with a view to playing in the gardens of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, Place Vendome, &c., for the amusement and the culture of the people.

The Prussian Band, on the contrary, of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier regiment, with its stalwart and heroic leader, Herr SARO, so quietly commanding and so thoroughly musician-like, is emphatically a band for service. Their music is heroic, grandiose, warlike and thrilling, entirely in the reigning spirit of the Prussian, now the German empire. We can easily believe the story of how these men with their music went to the front and held the line in the hottest of the fight at Gravelotte. The bearing of the men is superb. It is said that they had too great a preponderance of strong brass instruments. It is true the brass was very powerful, but it was also of the most true and splendid quality, entirely musical; while on the other hand the number of clarionets was greater than in the French Band; and they had *four* French horns, two bassoons besides a Contra-fagotto, and likewise oboes, flutes, &c. At Berlin Meyerbeer was court director and sets the standard even now. After the first hearing (on the "German day"), we thought of this as peculiarly a Meyerbeer band, and the selections were chiefly from Meyerbeer and of the overpowering character. But the more we heard them afterwards the more we liked them. They too played the *Oberon* and many other Overtures very beautifully and clearly. Above all the Overture to the "Magic Flute," which is perhaps as difficult a task as could be set to a wind band, and in which all the intricacies of the quick fugue movement were most delicately and nicely given. For the fittest band to bring into competition with the French or English we should not go to Berlin, but rather to Vienna or some other German city.

The English Band of the Grenadier Guards, Mr. DAN GODFREY leader, is somewhat the largest of the three, and its appearance was always a signal for great outpourings of enthusiasm, not merely on the ground of international hospitality, that they should come at such a delicate period in the relations between the republic and the mother country, but because its sterling excellence as a musical organization was from the first so obvious. It more resembles the French in subdued and blended sweetness; and if it has not all the fine vital delicacy running through every individual part, there is a certain rich and mellow fulness peculiar to its ensemble. We wish that we had heard it oftener, and near enough to warrant a more critical judgment. What we remember with most pleasure was the very artistic, really orchestra-like rendering of the Overture to *Semiramide*. Their contributions besides national airs, consisted mainly of Overtures ("Der Freyschütz," "Masaniello," "Robin Hood," by Macfarren, "Rob Roy," by Bishop), and selections or potpourris, now from Meyerbeer's operas, now from Bellini's, now from Verdi's, and again from *Fra Diavolo*, from *Don Giovanni*, &c. This Band, too, could show admirable solo playing.

The Bands represented the "international" element in the festival. Of course each one had to play our national airs in compliment as well as those of its own country, and all this amid great demonstration and excitement, the great chorus helping with voice and hand and fluttering handkerchiefs to make a scene of it. This kind of excitement, with all the hearty reciprocity of feeling there was in it, soon became too much a matter of course for each day's entertainment, till it regularly took precedence of Music as such, which in a Musical Festival is nothing if not all in all. But in another way we look for great good from the example of these Bands as Bands. In the poor, limited, one-sided, brassy character, or characterless-ness of our own mere military bands, we needed the example sadly. We begin even to have hopes now that our ideal of a *Civic Band*, which we have been suggesting in these columns for a dozen years or more,—a band not military, but for peaceful civic festivals, for academic anniversaries, and for plentiful supply of music for the people both in grove and hall,—a band with all the reeds and softer instruments, on the generous scale of these three noble ones,—a band under the patronage of the City, wholly or in good part, may after all be realized.

Digitized by Google

## The National Saengerfest at St. Louis.

Mr. Gilmore's "Peace Jubilee" was not the only musical festival upon a grand scale which America has had to boast of during the past midsummer. In the days immediately preceding it occurred the great Song Festival of our German Americans, which seems to have assembled audiences almost as large upon an average, although the affair in number of performers, in duration, in the size of the building, and in brag, was much more moderate. In its artistic tone and character, judging from the programmes and from all reports that we have seen, it was a festival on which the participators and the whole country may look back with satisfaction. We are indebted to *Brainard's Musical World* (Cleveland, O.) for the following brief account of the several days' proceedings from its special Correspondent.

St. Louis, June 12, 1872.

On this, the opening day of the Festival, the final preparations were completed at an early hour. It was a bright, clear day—a little too warm, however, for comfort, and from early morning the streets in the neighborhood of Turner's Hall have been densely packed. Everybody is in gala attire. The trees are festooned. The houses, public buildings, etc., are handsomely decorated with flags, banners, evergreens, etc., especially in the business parts of the city, and those mainly occupied by the German element.

The Saengerfest is held in a large and commodious building, erected especially for this Festival, on the corner of Twelfth and Washington streets. It is of considerably greater architectural pretensions than are usually found in buildings of the temporary character of this one.

The front of the building presents quite an imposing appearance. The central arch rises to a height of 90 feet, while the towers that flank it soar aloft 130 feet, and are surmounted by flagstaffs, from which the flags of America and Germany float. Indeed the display of flags, both exterior and interior, is very fine, and those inside the building are arranged with great artistic effect.

The procession was the largest and finest that has ever traversed our streets. It is estimated to have been from six to seven miles long. Nearly one hundred singing societies, a large number of civic associations, the military, the fire department, as well as thousands upon thousands of citizens on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, were in the line. Mottoes, banners, and flags were plentifully strewn along the line of the procession. The population of the city turned out *en masse* along the route of the procession, and cheer upon cheer heralded its passage through the streets.

The reception concert was given at Saengerfest Hall to-night, and was largely attended, the immense building being nearly full. The programme was as follows:

Overture. "Die Vestalin.". .................Spontini.
Presentation of the Flag.
Bridal Chorus. "Lohengrin."..................Wagner.
Orchestra and chorus of mixed voices.
Oration in English.
His Excellency Gov. B. G. Brown, of Missouri.
Evening Song..................................Abt.
Male Chorus.
Oration in German. Hon. Carl Schurz.
Notturno, from "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.
Orchestra.
The Heavens are Telling. "Creation."..........Haydn.
Recitative, Trio, and Chorus.
Orchestra and Chorus of mixed voices.
Solos by Mrs. C. Froehlich, Messrs. P. L. Keller, and C. Froehlich.

This programme was performed exclusively by local talent. The chorus consisted of 450 ladies and 450 gentlemen, supported by an orchestra of 163 musicians. Everything passed off brilliantly, the choruses being rendered with a precision and spirit that I was not prepared for, remembering the fact that many of the chorus have had but little practice.

June 13.

The performance to-day has been a grand success. It was conducted by Franz Abt, and the immense building was well filled. Good judges estimate the audience at from 14,000 to 15,000.

The chorus numbered fifteen hundred, and worked well together. A little unsteadiness was observable at times, but on the whole it was well done.

Mrs. Edmund Dexter, of Cincinnati, was the soloist, and sang Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim," and the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah* in faultless style. Her voice is unusually sweet and under perfect control. The following was the programme:

Symphonie Eroica..........................Beethoven.
To the Fatherland.........................Kreutzer.
Male Chorus.
Let the Bright Seraphim. "Samson."..........Handel.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Overture. "Athalia."....................Mendelssohn.
Freedom of Song. (Liederfreiheit)...........Marschner.
Male Chorus.
Shadow Song. "Dinorah."...................Meyerbeer.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Roman Song of Triumph.......................Bruch.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.

Another enormous audience filled the Saengerfest Hall to-night, there being fully sixteen thousand people in the building. All the aisles and every inch of standing room were occupied.

The especial and noteworthy features were the singing of Mrs. Dexter and Mr. Steins. The lady was in splendid voice, and sang the solos from *Figaro* and *Fra Diavolo* magnificently. She was tumultuously applauded.

Mr. Steins was also heartily applauded for his masterly rendering of his solos in Wagner's *Chorus of Armorers*.

The following is the complete programme:

Overture. "Egmont."........................Beethoven.
Dove Sono, "Le nozze di Figaro."..............Mozart.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
The German Song..........................Schneider.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.
Introduction. "Tristan & Isolde."............Wagner.
Orchestra.
The Poet's Grave on the Rhine...............Moehring.
Male Chorus.
Ah Forse E Lui. "Traviata."...................Verdi.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Chorus of Armorers. "Rienzi."................Mozart.
Male Chorus with Orchestra.
Solo by Mr. O. Steins.
Fackeltanz. (Marche de Flambeaux, No. 4) Meyerbeer.
Orchestra.

This has been by far the most successful day of the Festival, both in a musical and financial sense. Hundreds of persons were turned away, being literally unable to gain even standing room.

June 15.

At the closing concert in Saengerfest Hall to-night, another tremendous audience assembled. The attendance was not quite as large as last night, but yet the building was thoroughly filled in every part.

The following was the programme:

Overture. "Titus."...........................Mozart.
"Einkehr."..................................Zoellner.
Sung by the Cleveland Maennerchor.
Arietta and Valse..........................Venzano.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Awake.......................................Kuecken.
Sung by the Caecilia Maennerchor of Cincinnati.
Symphonie Militaire (2d part)................Haydn.
How beautiful is the Spring Time................Abt.
Sung by the Belleville Saengerbund.
Let the Bright Seraphim. "Samson."..........Handel.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Awakening of Spring............................Abt.
Sung by the Columbus Maennerchor.
Roman Song of Triumph.......................Bruch.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.
Farewell..................................C. Schappert.
Sung by the Louisville Liederkranz.
Fackeltanz. (Marche de Flambeaux, No. 4) Meyerbeer.
Orchestra.

Mrs. Dexter was in her usual good voice, and sang her solos in an unexceptionable manner, and was heartily applauded each time.

After the concert was over a torch light festival was held at Schneider Garden, at which there was a great crowd, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

This morning the delegates assembled at Saengerfest Hall for the transaction of business. Forty-three societies were represented.

A motion to hold a National Saengerfest every fifth year, instead of every second year, was tabled. A motion to allow each society one delegate for every twelve members, instead of two members for each society, was adopted. Cleveland was selected as the place for holding the next Saengerfest.

L. M.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Horace and no Relations. Song and Chorus. 2. F to *g*. *Fiske*. 30

For Horace and no relations
To fill the public stations
We'll work and vote with pleasure true and hearty.

A campaign song on the Greeley side. The Publishers take sincere pleasure in providing good songs for both sides. Music has no politics, and the more we sing, the better natured we shall be.

Shadows. Baritone or Contralto Song. 3. D minor to d. *Wimmerstadt*. 30

The last rose dies in the cold, cold air,
And weary the days go by.

May be also sung by a bass voice. Of a pensive character, but melodious and effective.

O Love Star beaming. (Oh, Stella amata.) Air, with Variation for Voice. 7. Db to e. *Proch*. 75

The splendid air sung by Madame Peschka-Leutner at the Jubilee. Of course, only the most skilful vocalists can sing it; but other notes may be substituted for the highest ones, thus bringing it into the compass of an ordinary high Soprano voice.

All are at Rest. (Alles zur Ruh.) Four-part Song. 4. A to f. *Abt*. 30

Over the blue hill-tops gleaming
Faint rays of sunset are streaming,
Calling from out of the west,
Hie thee to rest!

A beautiful composition, either for quartet or chorus.

O Tell me if you Love me. (Saper vorrei se m'ami.) Duet. *Haydn*. 65

O tell me if you love me,
Nought earthly prize above me?

A very beautiful duet, with words newly translated.

### Instrumental.

Manhattan Waltz. 3. *Strauss*. 1 00

It hardly seems possible that we have had a Strauss before us in bodily presence, leading, playing, *bowing*; full of Vienna vivacity, and throwing his own lightning into the movements of the myriad performers before him. But so it has been, and here are a set of waltzes, composed for the American public, dedicated "To the Metropolis (and all the rest) of America," and played in the midst of great applause, under the direction of the composer, in New York. The set is a fine one, any way. Compliment our genial visitor by purchasing largely. Fine portrait of Strauss, black moustache and all, on the title.

Among the Roses. A Tone Picture. 4. Eb. *Krug*. 30

Belongs to a set called "Music Leaves from my Journal." Is of the nature of an "Idylle." that is, quiet, mild, gentle, pastoral in character, is really elegant, and its three pages, if anything, are too few. It is done before one tires of it.

Galop del Amorretta. 3. A. *Martin*. 40

Galops are so restricted in form that it is quite difficult to make one which "sounds new." This, however, is new, as well as neat. Contains light bounds, and many octave passages.

Mormoolte Grand March. 4. Eb. *Martyn*. 30

A powerful and effective march. Contains Octaves, Sixths, Trills, and Arpeggios, and has a sparkling Trio to relieve the loudness of the Band-Chorus parts.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 819. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1872. Vol. XXXII. No. 11.

## Conducting from Memory.—A Score!

(By Dr. Ferdinand Hiller.)

"He conducts from memory," I read, last winter, in some notice or other of the performance of some symphony or other by Beethoven, under the direction of some conductor or other. Where? Which? Who? That does not affect the fact, only the thing is not done, or, if it is, only when a man conducts so as an exception, and exclusively compositions of his own choosing. If he is regularly and constantly employed as a conductor, the thing is, generally speaking, an impossibility. Is there any musician who, leaving opera out of the question, could learn by heart, or undertake to do so as occasion required, the oratorios from Bach to Schumann, the symphonies from J. Haydn to Niels W. Gade, and the overtures, suites, and serenades which adorn our concert programmes? I hardly think so.—It is true that we meet with men of exceptionally gifted organizations, like Herbeck, in Vienna, who himself told me that the score of any composition with which he had to do was, as it were, photographed, page by page, in his memory. But, even in his case, this was only for a certain time. Though a prodigy like Dase may possess the power of retaining and combining Heaven knows how many figures, no mathematician will seek to gain a reputation for being able to perform his calculations without material signs.

The virtuoso who can execute his solos without music, is right to do so. The perfect command which he must, in every respect, exercise over his art finds a sort of visible expression in the fact of his playing from memory (though he frequently plays in a style that is simply mechanical). Who shall blame him for using any means, provided they be not inartistic, in order to bring out his special gift? The fact which tells most in his favor is that he requires no one to turn over the leaves for him. The sight of this passive activity, always performing its task clumsily, has something about it which disturbs and puts out both the performer and the auditor. If the non-assisting assistance is omitted, the fact of the music being called into requisition will no more affect our enjoyment than did the fact of Tieck or Edouard Devrient's opening his *Shakspeare* before him at his never-to-be forgotten lectures, produce a disagreeable impression upon us. After hearing a beautiful stringed-quartet, has any one ever regretted that the executants were seated before a desk loaded with music? On the contrary, the feeling of security hereby engendered exercises a kind of confidential charm, and promotes calm, undivided, attention to the work of art, which is always the principal thing, or—ought to be. But, even for the virtuoso, the case assumes a very different shape, when he plays compositions with accompaniment of other instruments, or with the orchestra. Here too great an [illegible: assurance?] in his own infallibility may easily lead him to underrate those engaged with him. Old Molique was right. One day as a celebrated pianist sat down, without her music, at the piano, to perform in a concerto he had undertaken to direct, he burst out into the ever-memorable Anglo-Swabian words: "I do not do dis! If you make a mistake, it is *we* who shall be blamed."* How easily the little demon who presides over the memory may make a slip is known to the best of us, and however quickly he may pick himself up again—it is too late. A correction, such as is allowable in speech, in order to express a thought properly, would, in a musical performance, simply render matters worse. The tonal thought must, above all things, be given with the greatest exactitude and utmost fluency, under pain of death—to the thought, of course!

But how is it in conducting? Will the absence of desk and score in any way contribute to enhance the effect of a composition? Not in the remotest degree. The only thing is that his apparent virtuosity will increase the personal importance of the conductor in the eyes of the public—a circumstance not advantageous to the work—and tend to the glorification of Mr. X or Mr. Z, which, after all, is the principal consideration with many. The best joke is that the process is not at all wonderful; that it really amounts to nothing. But it staggers the simple minded public, who, under the circumstances, are perfectly incapable of forming a judgment. It would be very different if a man were called upon to play the piece from memory! It is indescribably more difficult to execute a Sonata by Beethoven from memory, than to direct one of his Symphonies so. It would certainly be different again with grand vocal works containing recitatives full of words, polyphonous choruses, and so on—but we are not talking of such works. For a man to be capable of conducting from memory instrumental compositions which he has never seen or heard, when all he has to do is to *hold the orchestra together*—there is absolutely nothing more required than to find out the *tempo*, and to keep an eye upon a friendly leader, supposing a fermata interrupts the progress of the work. The orchestra go on playing merrily from their parts—and with the final chord you leave off. Every only half-educated conductor in Germany would be capable of beating time without a score to the most important symphonies, and to some famous overtures. That one man can conduct them admirably from memory, while another, though he has the score, may break down is self evident. But the conducting from memory business itself is a sort of exhibition on the slackrope, without the slightest importance.

A musical-director (a real one, and not a person merely bearing the title), is, like every one else in command, a necessary evil. Nay, even the musicians are so with regard to the work of art, which intellectually exists independently in a complete state, and which they are to help to embody, however etherially. But the director, and those freely subordinating themselves to him, have a higher object: that of presenting in the best light the musical picture confided to them. The more they disappear as individuals from before the audience, the better. Nothing is a greater mistake than for a conductor to assume the place of a virtuoso, and attempt to attract the attention of the public to himself personally, and to what he does. By their fruit shall ye know them. The conductor should remain concealed behind the performance of the orchestra, and therein find his best reward. Nor should he forget, or wish to make others forget, that he is in the service of one higher than he—even should it happen, as it sometimes does, that he himself is that one higher. But the symbol of this noble servitude is the open score. The conductor standing up with nothing before him, assumes an appearance of independence to which he has no claim—the apparent boldness of his action fascinates the deceived public, whom, under any circumstances, it is so difficult to prevail upon to devote themselves exclusively to any important task, and diverts their attention from what, in the eyes of a conductor, ought to be of more account than anything else.

But will not an orchestra follow with more than usual delight and confidence a man who has so made the work to be performed his own, that he hides the score? Just as little as a ship's crew would obey their captain with greater alacrity for flinging his compass into the sea. When in sight of port, at the public performance, such a course may at a pinch be tolerated. But how is it, as long as we are tossed about upon the troubled sea of rehearsals?

If, at a performance, it is the business of a conductor to fill those he leads with that love for their laborious and self-sacrificing efforts which alone can render possible a real success, he has, at the preparatory trials, duties of an essentially different kind. As a most strict critic, he must do justice not only to the spirit animating the work as a whole, but to every one particular detail. To hold a rehearsal without a score is nothing more nor less than unpardonable. No one can so have mastered a composition as to feel certain that every little touch, no matter how small, is present to his mind; that at any passage, he is capable of calling on the orchestra for a repetition; of remarking instantaneously every little instance of dynamic inattention; and of extending a helping hand to every subordinate instrumentalist. The most vigorous energy, effective ardor, and overflowing enthusiasm, do not suffice without the utmost material perfection—without certainty no one can attain either strength or grace. With generally known, and widely circulated works, and first rate resources, it is easier to reach the goal—but, under such circumstances, we must expect, on the other hand, the highest possible demands to be made upon us. Not only must the total conception be exhaustive—the most minute figure must be perfectly rendered. To effect this the aid of the score is necessary.

A score! It is one of the most marvellous creations of the human mind! This concentrated picture of the most delicate coöperation on the part of organs independent of each other, moving harmoniously together, and yet each one individually for itself, is something perfectly unique. If an architect could produce a picture giving the exterior view of every side of an edifice, and at the same time, presenting to the eye the entire internal arrangements, with every detail, he would be offering the uninitiated something similar to what the score presents to the musician. But he cannot do so. He must separate his creation into small parts, in order to make it clear, and even then, his drawings, in most cases at any rate, continue conventional in their nature. But the musician, when acting as conductor, enjoys the unparalleled delight of beholding the wondrous edifice, which exists before his hearing eye, arise as it were before him during the performance, perfect every moment, and yet increasing the moment afterwards! It disappears, it is true, into the sea of air, but it has known a magnificent existence—and so has the conductor with it.

The sight of the score offers, also, the conductor the picture of an ideal performance, side by side with that which strikes his ear, and which is more or less disfigured by earthly blemishes. Hence there arises a series of comparisons and tests, and a continuous stimulus to bring the reality nearer and nearer the ideal, or, in plain words, to carry the excellence of the performance to the highest possible pitch. Whoever affirms that a work he has learnt stands out as plainly in his mind as in the score before him, deceives himself. It may do so in the grand whole, but not in every particular. The fact of having, in the case of the smallest passage which is not satisfactory, the object in question as plainly put before one as it is in the score is something not to be replaced by any natural gift, or any amount of study.

But the score does even more. It enables us to consider *beforehand* and prepare for what is coming next; it gives us the power of conceiving as the sounds die away what they will be as they swell up, and as they diminish in strength what they will be when they increase; of perceiving in the combined effect of all what is done by each component part. While it concentrates, the slightest material effort of the senses multiplies incalculably the activity of the human intellect. This is the case here, where, so to speak, one sees and hears at the same time the Present and the Future.

The object of my dithyrambic eulogy of the score is not to induce the leader in musical battles, who is well up in his work, to bury himself behind the said score. He may, at the performance, look in it as often or as seldom as he chooses—though he will do better to look on the score than on the public. If an amiable and genial artist like Rubinstein takes a pleasure in conducting one of Beethoven's symphonies by heart, and mentally sharing in the performance, he is certainly not to be attacked for it. But conducting without the score must not be regarded as a *step in advance*, as a *more than ordinary feat*—it must not be considered an effort of skill, always to be opposed, any more than as something attainable by genius alone.

However there is no danger of things going too far. If the public are really to be carried away by the conductor's *memory*, let them reserve their admiration till they see any one conduct Bach's *Passions-Musik* without the score. But even were such an act of daring successful, we should still be compelled to say: Acts of daring belong to the circus, and not the domain of art.—*London Musical World.*

* "I do not do dis! Denn wenn *Sie* Sich irren, so sind *wir* blamirt."

---

Mannheim. According to a trustworthy source, Herr Carl Reiss is desirous of exchanging his post of conductor at Cassel for a similar one here.

Digitized by Google

## Nilsson's Marriage.

THE NUPTIAL CEREMONIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[From the New York Herald.]

LONDON, July 27. "Westminster Old Abbey" was the scene of a brilliant and a miscellaneous assembly this morning to witness the marriage ceremonies of Mr. Auguste Rouzaud and Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson, the world-famous singer in opera. The day was unusually clear and bright and warm for London, and Miss Nilsson certainly received the benison that is said to fall upon the bride upon whom the sun shines. The card of invitation which summoned the wedding guests was in these words :—

Mlle. Christine Nilsson and Mr. Auguste Rouzaud
request the honor of
— ——Mr ———— 's————
company at Westminster Abbey on Saturday,
July 27, at eleven o'clock punctually.

The favor of an immediate answer is particularly requested.

Entrance through Dean's Yard
and by the West Cloister door.

The announcement that the wedding was to be solemnized attracted a miscellaneous multitude of curious people, who swarmed around the grim and venerable doors of the old abbey and swarmed into the cloisters and corridors opened to the public. As a parish church of Westminster, the abbey cannot, under any circumstances, be closed to the public. So the portion known as the choir, extending back to the chancel, and the screen which separates the chancel from Henry VIII.'s chapel, was enclosed, and carefully guarded by police and officers of the chapter. On the outside of the iron railing, in the space known as the Poet's Corner, and in the space immediately opposite, the public, to the number of perhaps two thousand, had swarmed in, and were eagerly clustered around pillars and under the arches and heaped over the chairs and benches in the most promiscuous and unseemly way; while within the choir, where there were probably seats and standing room for a thousand people, the invited guests slowly and impatiently assembled. The entrance to the choir from the dean's yard was trying, on account of the crowd and the absence of discipline or foresight among the attendants. And as the hour of eleven drew nigh the choir was apparently well filled, and a long line of eager guests extended through the middle aisle of the cathedral and the cloisters.

The scene inside the abbey was exceedingly beautiful and impressive. A companion suggested that it reminded him of the famous scene in the "Prophet," or more particularly the wedding scene in "Don Carlos." But the fair and gifted lady who was about to march up the aisle—prima donna in the great opera of womanhood—had never witnessed in her most triumphant hours a scene so splendid and real, and full of color and poetry. Above rose the majestic Gothic arches, gray with the incense and the smoke of ten centuries, under which kings and queens had walked since the time of William Rufus to the coronation chair. The warm, burning sun, arrested by the stained glass of the venerable windows, lost its fury, and fell soft and warm and generous upon the carved woodwork, the quaint panels and the mass of monumental and mural ornamentation. There, grouped in eager expectation, were many of the fairest and brightest women in England, the variegated colors of the summer raiment adding interest and color to the scene. On one side, within a moment's walk, was the Poet's Corner, and the gray figures of Ben Jonson and Dryden and Gay and Goldsmith and Shakespeare looked out upon the unusual pageant with what might have been fancifully regarded as wondering eyes. Nor was the interest allowed to flag. The coming of some distinguished face caused a ripple of comment and discussion. The American Minister, General Schenk, with his daughters, arrived early, looking unusually well, and not the least concern in his resolute, grim, kindly face as to Washington treaties and international complications. Then came Baron Brunow, the Russian Minister, and Baroness Brunow, followed almost immediately by some of the French legation. Sir J. Benedict, the eminent musician, came early, and among those in the company were Lady Emily Peel, the Countess of Cork; Lieutenant Fitzgerald of the household of Prince Arthur; Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, M. P.; Mlle. Titiens, Sir G. Armitage, Viscount Benington, Sir Michael Costa, Lord A. Compton, Signor Gardoni, Colonel Tomline, M. P.; Prince Poniatowski, Sir R. Gerard, Dr. Doremus, of New York, Mr. H. C. Jarrett and Miss Louise Jarrett, the daughter of Sir J. Benedict and two of the daughters of Baron Rothschild; Lord Walter Campbell, the brother of the Marquis of Lorne, came in, looking unusually well after his American tour.

By the church law all weddings must be solemnised before noon. About twenty minutes after eleven the Dean of Westminister, Dean Stanlee, came into the chancel, accompanied by the Rev. S. Flood Jones and the altar attendants, and proceeded down the aisle. At precisely twenty-seven minutes past eleven the first notes of music were heard, the hymn selected beginning, "Now thank we all our God." Then came the procession of choristers in their quaint white gowns, who ranged themselves in line as far as the sacratarium. Dean Stanley then took his position in front of a raised stool, under the lantern, apparently in the centre of the choir. The music continued. There was a rustle of eagerness and expectation, and at half-past eleven the wedding procession appeared. The bride looked unusually well; her face rather pale and subdued. She bent her eyes on the ground, and seemed to move inadvertently to the presence of the dean. Your lady readers may be interested in knowing that the bride wore a white corded silk dress, with a large *entredeux* at the bottom of the skirt and large downward running side-bands of white satin embroidered with white roses. The bodice of the dress was not cut low, but decorated with bands of embroidered white satin fastened with festoons of orange blossoms. The whole was flooded, as it were, with rich Alençon laces. The wreath was of orange blossoms, with a veil of tulle. The only jewelry visible were a pair of magnificent diamond and pearl earrings, which formerly belonged to the Empress Eugénie. Miss Nilsson was attended by the Princess Catherine Poniatowski, the Baroness Florence de Britton, Miss Cavendish Bentinck, Miss Kate Vivian, and Miss Venetia Cavendish Bentinck, as bridesmaids. These maidens were attired alike in dresses that were extremely attractive and becoming. They were composed of a rich underskirt of white muslin under a large overskirt (*manteau de cour*) of blue silk trimmed with pink silk. In addition there were wreaths of pink roses, with white tulle veils and golden lockets bearing the monogram initials C. N. in diamonds and rubies. All of these costumes came from Paris, and are said by cunning critics to be gems of millinery, costing fabulous sums—Miss Nilsson's alone, according to an accurate authority, costing $2,000.

The bridegroom, who bore the battery of curious and perhaps envious eyes that turned upon him with exceeding grace and coolness, was a rather pleasant-looking French gentleman, with kind, open features; of rather a medium height; his face adorned with a tidy, dark beard; his hair carefully parted in the middle. He was in plain morning costume, with a light blue necktie, held with a gold ring, and wearing in his lappel a small bunch of orange blossoms. He was born at the Isle of Bourbon—a half creole. His grandfather married a creole woman, and amassed a large fortune. His father married the daughter of Admiral Bocq, then in command of the naval forces of the Isle of Bourbon, and after retiring from business resided in Paris, which is now the home of his family. The *Figaro* newspaper adds farther in reference to M. Rouzaud that he had "a moderate fortune of from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand francs, not counting his expectations." The grandfather of M. Rouzaud, Rouzaud of Comtois, was a poor locksmith of Jonzac (Charente Inférieure). His son left France at fifteen years of age, invited by a merchant to the Isle of Bourbon, who, having observed his intelligence, chose him for his clerk. Once there, the clerk speedily distinguished himself, became a partner, then master, married a young creole, daughter of Admiral Bocq, and returned to France at the end of some years, leaving behind him a large commercial establishment, and taking with him his wife and children, three boys and a girl. It is the eldest of these children, Auguste, who has married Mlle. Nilsson. The two brothers, Arsene and Méderic, have continued the business of their father. One of them manages the establishment in the Isle of Bourbon; the other is the representative and correspondent of the firm in Bordeaux, and the father lives in Paris, where he has an office, Rue de l'Echéquier. As to the sister, Mlle Josephine Rouzaud, she married her cousin, M. Bocq. M. Auguste Rouzaud is the only one of the family who has abandoned commercial pursuits, from which his artistic instincts estranged him. He was living alternately in Paris and at the Chateau de la Dixmarie, his own property, near Jonzac, when he became acquainted with Mlle. Nilsson and proposed marriage to her.

While we are dwelling on these details the bride and groom are kneeling before the Very Rev. Dean of Westminster, who performed the service in an effective manner, his voice—as it began the famous and time-honored invocation, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—rising so full and clear as to be heard in every part of the abbey. The bride made the responses in a clear and musical voice, so as to be heard throughout the choir. When the service reached the declaration, "I pronounce that they be man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Dean, followed by the procession, marched into the inner part of the sanctuary, the bride and groom kneeling before him, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance also kneeling, while the choir, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Jones, intoned Psalm cxxviii., beginning, "Blessed are they that fear the Lord and walk in his ways." This was very sweet and effective, the music being an arrangement of Beethoven's. After this came the exhortation to "all ye that are married or intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon you," which Dean Stanley read with feeling and emphasis, and placing his hands upon the heads of the bride and groom, closed the service with this blessing, followed by the benediction :—

Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and did sanctify and join them together in marriage, pour upon you the riches of His grace, sanctify and bless you that ye may please Him both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto your lives' end. Amen.

This over the following marriage chorale, by Rev. Mr Jones, and set to music by James Turle, was chanted :—

Father of Life, confessing
  Thy majesty and power,
We seek thy gracious blessing
  To greet the bridal hour;
The troth in Eden plighted
  The wedded here renew;
May they, in thee united,
  Till death be pure and true.

Jesu Redeemer, hear us!
  Still be the Wedding Guest;
Thy gentle presence near us,
  Makes common things more blest;
E'en Care shall be a learning
  Of blessedness divine,
If thou wilt still be turning
  The water into wine.

Spirit of Love, descending,
  Impart thy joy and peace,
These hopes together blending
  Bless with thine own increase—
Athwart the roughened ocean,
  Or on the peaceful tide,
Thy breath through each emotion
  Their heavenward course shall guide.

The Church, thy Bride, hath given
  Her blessing on the vow;
Oh ratify from Heaven
  Her benison below!
Bless, Father, Son and Spirit,
  The union here begun,
That in the life eternal
  It may be ever one. Amen.

The company then passed into the Jerusalem Chamber, where the marriage contract was signed. After this there was a wedding breakfast at the house of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, No. 3 Grafton street, Bond street. At two o'clock they returned to Roy's hotel, leaving at four o'clock in the train for Dover. After resting the night they propose to cross the Channel and spend the honeymoon in Baden. Madame Rouzaud will continue to Russia, and sing a month in Moscow and a month in St. Petersburg.

## Cherubini's "Water-Carrier" ("Deux Journees") in London.

[From the Athenæum.]

Thursday, the 20th of June, 1872, will be a memorable day in the history of the lyric drama in this country, for it fully established the legitimate claims of Cherubini to be enrolled in the list of composers who have left, as legacies for posterity, masterpieces. Rarely, indeed, has such an assemblage of artists and amateurs been gathered in any opera-house as was present at Drury Lane Theatre, to listen to the Italian adaptation of 'Les Deux Journées.' The expressions of admiration on the part of the public were palpable and audible enough; and in the corridors, and in the *foyer*, ordinarily cold and self-possessed musicians declared their enthusiastic appreciation of the work, of the masterly accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa for the dialogue and action, and of its extraordinarily fine execution. Such an unequivocal triumph, it might be presumed, would have been followed by immediate and frequent repe-

titions of the opera; but the only notification, up to the time we write, of a future representation, is the Impresario's announcement that "due notice will be given of the next performance of Cherubini's opera, 'I Due Giornate.'" This *sine die* information is confirmed by the language of some of our daily contemporaries, who tell their readers that the work is a masterpiece, but it will not "draw," fashion being opposed to the story as being too simple, and to the music as being too learned. If such be the case it only shows how pressing is the need of a National Opera House, where, at moderate prices, grand and classical opera can be rendered a paying investment. But we protest emphatically against this commercial estimate of the worth of Cherubini's 'Deux Journées'; we deny the premises on which the conclusion has been arrived at. In the first place, the tale is not more "simple" than that of 'Fidelio.' In the two books, the persecution and adventures of a married couple form the mainspring of interest; the escapes of the French Count and Countess are as exciting as those of Leonora and Florestan—in both the devotion of a wife is vividly exemplified. What writes Picchianti, Cherubini's Italian biographer?—"The libretto was so well worked out and so interesting, that Goethe regarded it as a true model." We recorded the opinion of Haydn and Beethoven as to Cherubini (*Athen.* No. 2330). Now what wrote Weber in 1812 of the Deux Journées': "Fancy my delight when I beheld lying upon the table of the hotel the playbill, with the magic name 'Armand.' I was the first person in the theatre, and planted myself in the middle of the pit, where I waited most anxiously for the tones which I knew beforehand would again elevate and inspire me. I think I may boldly assert that 'Les Deux Journées' is a really dramatic and classical work. Everything is calculated so as to produce the greatest effect; all the various pieces are so much in their proper place, that you can neither omit one nor make any addition to them. The opera displays a pleasing richness of melody, vigorous declamation, and all-striking truth in the treatment of the situation, ever new, ever seen, and retained with pleasure. We can never see enough of such masterpieces."

With every word of Weber's criticism we agree perfectly. We will even go further than the composer of 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon.' Our firm conviction is that we should never have had 'Fidelio' had not the 'Deux Journées' been produced. There is more than a mere similarity of story; in the music itself Beethoven has been inspired by Cherubini just as Cherubini was inspired by Mozart: there is no plagiarism, but there are those coincidences into which men of genius fall through sympathy in ideas. But other curious points suggest themselves on hearing 'Les Deux Journées,' for in it Cherubini has evidently created the new Wagnerian theories of operatic treatment. In the 'Deux Journées' there is no *aria d'entrata for prima donna*, tenor, baritone, or bass; there are no solos interrupting the action of the drama: every character is individualized, and has a marked type,—each one contributing to the concerted pieces faithfully, consistently, and coherently. The spoken dialogue in the original version has been converted by Sir Michael Costa with marvellous tact and skill into recitatives, conveying the imagery of Cherubini. Herr Wagner's proposed annihilation of the tyranny of leading singers in operas is to be found in the 'Deux Journées.' In the first act, how naturally the Savoyard's narrative of the protection of the Count glides into the trio in which the sympathy of Michael the Water-Carrier is enlisted on behalf of the fugitive nobleman, Marcellina, the sister of Antonio, joining in the invocation for a blessing on the preserver. The Water-Carrier's resolve to aid the Count is the prelude to the next trio, where, by the arrival of the Count and Countess, Michael's gratitude is put to the test. This trio is to the ear as melodious as possible, and yet the three parts are contrasted in contrapuntal devices of infinite ingenuity. An impassioned duet between the Count and Countess, in which she expresses her intention of joining in his peril, leads to the *finale* of the search by the commander and soldiers who are in pursuit of the proscribed Count. This *finale*, consisting of a sextet, is as grand and imposing, although set for such a limited number of voices, as any choral combination to be found in any opera. It is voiced with prodigious power, and attains a climax of devotional fervor by the appeal to Providence for protection. The second act has a martial tone throughout, for Cardinal Mazarin's soldiers are guarding the outlet from Paris; no person is allowed to pass the city gate without a permit. The tramp of the military, and the denunciation of the persecuted President of the French Parliament by the officers, are noted with consummate skill and with picturesque effect, recalling the vigor with which Beethoven has treated a similar situation in the 'Mount of Olives.' Perhaps Cherubini's setting is more solemn and sacred than the secular tune adapted by Beethoven. The seizure of Constance (the Countess) by the soldiers, and her release by order of the officer who has seen her dressed as Marcellina in the first act, and believes she is the Water-Carrier's daughter, is depicted in a trio and chorus. In the *finale* there is the escape of the Count, concealed in the water cart of Michael, another masterly movement, ending with the march off the stage of the soldiers, leaving the Water Carrier to raise his hands to heaven, in gratitude for the success of his stratagem. In the third act the tenor of the composition is quite varied, for we have a deliciously pastoral music in a village, where Angelina is waiting for her affianced husband, Antonio. This rustic number is succeeded by the arrival of the soldiers, still in search for the Count, followed by the appearance of the two fugitives, guided by Antonio who conceals the Count in the trunk of a tree, where, however, he is discovered, as his wife is overheard by two drunken soldiers giving the signal to him to come out of his hiding place. The serious aspect of the drama is, however, relieved by the arrival of the Water-carrier, bearer of the sovereign's pardon.

Some slight additions to and alterations in the original score have been made. Thus, for the opening dialogue, a chorus, from Cherubini's 'Blanche de Provence,' has been introduced, and for the *dénoûment* the last portion of the sestet in the first act is reproduced, instead of the somewhat abrupt chorus which ended the work. Sir Michael Costa has taken chiefly the glorious overture as his text for the recitatives; the most prominent points of interest are not solely intended to sustain the singers, but there are bits of descriptive orchestration ever and anon. The playing by the band was finer than anything we have heard either in France or Germany when this opera has been given. We do not refer to precision and exactitude, but specially to the vigor of the attacks and the brilliancy of the coloring of the instrumental gems in the score. The choral singing was generally good; the opening of the second act is very difficult, but the choralists had been well trained. The honors of the cast, *quoad* principals, must be awarded to Signor Agnesi, as the *Water-Carrier*, Signor Rinaldi, as *Antonio*, the son, and Signor Foli, as the *Commander*; nothing could be better than these delineations. So much credit is due to Mlle. Tietjens for undertaking the part of *Constance*, and so fine was her singing, that we feel disinclined to point out, but we must do so, that if Constance is to pass as Marcellina, there ought to be similarity in appearance, and that Mlle. Roze, who was the latter, does not resemble the German *prima donna*. A stronger singer than Mdlle. Bauermeister is required for even the short part of *Angelina*; and the greatest failure was Signor Vizzani, as the *Count*. He acted listlessly and lifelessly a character exacting passion and energy, whilst his defective intonation in the singing was too palpable to be pleasant.

When we remember the failure of Beethoven's symphonies, of Weber's 'Der Freischütz,' of Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable,' when first produced here, we are not at all disheartened that the 'Deux Journées' has not been at first appreciated here by the fashionable supporters of Italian Opera; but, at all events, such a masterpiece ought not to have been produced at a period of the season when the Director has to count upon not losing receipts. However, as the beginning of an Italian operatic campaign must be devoted to *débuts*, and as the nights of performances are becoming more numerous, as are also the engagements of the singers at concerts, public and private, we must repeat that the production of new works, which shall be successful both financially and artistically, can now only be expected from a National Opera House.

## The London Musical Season.

(From the Orchestra, July 26.)

Her Majesty's Theatre is closing, Covent Garden is shut up, the oratorios have run their course, the Crystal Palace has repeated its "*Te Deum*," the Philharmonics have performed their contracts with their subscribers, Mr. Chappell and Mr. Ella have fulfilled their course, M. Gounod has given his grand concerts, and nothing now remains but the Exhibition and the Royal Albert Hall. The musical season is over, the summer is gone, and the harvest has been reaped. We have had no choral gatherings of the gigantic scale realized in America; no founding of a Titan opera house, as that set in hand by Wagner in Bavaria; no new opera, as in the times of Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer; no new symphony and piano concerto, as in the sunshine of Mendelssohn; nevertheless, much new music has been heard, accomplished performers have appeared, and there has been constant repetition of fine and classical compositions.

With the Italian opera history repeats itself. The popular vocalist has individualized the scene, and little or nothing has been done to elevate the national taste for real musical drama. At Covent Garden there has been marvellous energy and unflinching industry; at Drury Lane more careful selection and better preparation. At Covent Garden it was "Go ahead;" at Drury Lane the motto was "*festina lente*." Both houses pecuniarily have been successful, but for careful, just, and perfect performance, Drury Lane carries away the palm. There has been one noted revival—the Cherubini comedy of "*The Water Carrier*." It did not fail, it never had the chance. The wicked generation of this day knows not the pearls of the great French Revolution, and left Sir Michael Costa in the situation of old Handel—to his troupe, his water-carrier, and his own privacy. Cherubini had done nothing in the opera to ruin a man's voice, nothing to exhaust or lay up the heroine; there were no break-neck passages, no helter-skelter modulations; nothing but what would bear continued repetition, and in time gain upon the ear and meet with general approbation. The manager appealed to the public spirit, to our national taste; we have no real spirit for Italian opera, no national taste for the musical drama.

There was not a single movement in the opera that was identified with a personal history. No musical Rachel, or Ristori, ever made a great point in it, and so our opera frequenters were content to hear and repeat that Cherubini was all inspiration, earnestness, and grand thought, and then turn their feet another way, leaving Mr. Mapleson with all the Cherubini by-play of oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, violas, 'celli, and horns, to his own enjoyment; and to such loss as a taste for the classic opera might bring upon him. The carpenters began upon the promised "*Lohengrin*," and there was, we believe, a giving out of chorus-parts, but the project of its production languished for want of sheer physical strength. Every one in Covent Garden has been worked to within a foot or two of his, or her, operatic grave, and the many green spots and perilous places to be taken care of in the Wagner opera brought on a fit of despair, and so "*Lohengrin*" was left for better times and clearer intelligence. Nor was there opportunity to bring out the new opera by Verdi, which requires peculiar care from the leading vocalists, much study, and great perseverance on all sides, to give it a fair chance for public favor. Another season may possibly unlock the latest secrets of Verdi, and display the treasures of his gifted and undiminished imagination. We need not refer to the operas that were performed, the daily journals have recorded all this, and with a tenacity of laudation that nothing can transcend.

In church music we have had the three new *Te Deums*, and some half score anthems by M. Gounod. Certain Englishmen also within the ecclesiastical zone of choirs have published their isolated anthems. Of the three *Te Deums* everything has been said that need to be said. Of the Gounod anthems, some are grim and low toned, others are earnest and entertaining, and all are carefully written and worthy of study, but there is nothing that will particularly hold its own or come to the front. The old machinery of the Anthem is gone, and the new is too full of imperfections and defects in their æsthetic character to keep church going folks interested or sweet tempered.

As to the oratorio, the Bach "*Passion*" of St Matthew has maintained its supremacy, and the season has been rendered remarkable by the performance of the other Bach "*Passion*," that of St. John. This second "*Passion*," not being so long as the St Matthew, equally, if not more dramatic, equally, if not more elevated in tone, will we think, become the more popular oratorio. It is throughout, strong and emotive, and with one or two exceptions, not difficult to sing, and will always maintain general sympathy and universal admiration.

Much splendid music, both old and new, has been given at the meetings of the two Philharmonics, the Monday Populars, Mr. Ella's well-known "Union," and the harmonic gatherings at the Crystal Palace. The new symphony and the piano concerto—quartet, quintet and sextet, all built up in the latest notion of musical construction—were listened to submissively, and if they here and there discouraged the auditors, no one could be said to be altogether dissatisfied. People were told they were listening to works of great merit, to composers who enjoyed fixed and certain reputations; but in general they were too ignorant, careless, or idle to study their own interests in the case. There was a verdict of "Be it so," but no enthusiasm.

In the Ballad and Benefit Concerts there has been an immense production of new music, some songs being so lucky as to be remembered at the breakfast table the next morning, others to be dismissed at once in terms of unmistakable petulancy, if not in a

Digitized by Google

slight breeze of vexation. Our favorite organists possess the great virtue of humility; they will sing anything and everything, good or bad, provided they be duly addressed in the matter, and they feel it is a duty to which they ought to accommodate themselves.

The composers have had much to rejoice over, the public to put up with, and the publishers have found themselves occasionally laughed at, and at other times it has been their turn to laugh.

There has been much playing upon the organ. The great organ in the Royal Albert Hall affords splendid opportunities for the rendering of the Bach pedal-fugue, the French *Offertoire* music, and the Mendelssohn sonata. The performers have been Legion; good, bad, and indifferent; but as no organ player ever gets any remuneration for his study, we feel bound to say, upon the whole our native organ players are a very creditable set. But to be just, we must take one player out of the common ruck, and this is Mr. George Augustus Tamplin. Mr. Tamplin is the son of the well known Dr. Tamplin, a physician of eminence. Some years ago he studied the new school of music with a direct bearing upon the harmonium, and in this way became an unparalleled performer on this difficult instrument. He worked in the French school, and went far ahead of any of the Parisian celebrities on this instrument. He has applied all this magnificent command of head and hand to the organ. In mixing up the manuals and registers of a large organ Mr. Tamplin is undoubtedly foremost, and in his extraordinary extemporaneous performances he is altogether incomparable. In short he is the only Englishman as organist who deals with the semitonic scale, as if it was the ordinary diatonic. Directly he begins the auditor is made aware that here is the new thing—the true Wagnerian theory, the fashionable lunacy of the year of grace 1872.

Mr. George Augustus Tamplin is, of course, pronounced to be musically mad! Be it so, if he will only have the goodness to bite a few of his *confrères*.

Although the musical season be in one sense terminated, there is much music lying in the Exhibition worth attention, and calling for sedulous study. There will be yet two months for organ performers, for pianoforte playing, and for hearing the exquisite programmes of the military bands. In one sense this daily playing by our soldiers of much fine music is an education of itself, and must operate beneficially on the natural taste.

## Italian Opera in London. Review of the Season.

(From the Times, July 27.)

The season 1872 has not been remarkable for the production of startling novelties at either house. We shall not go again through the old ceremony of reconsidering the prospectuses, and comparing what was promised with what was actually performed. It would, indeed, be a waste of time and space—for, remembering as we do the operatic prospectuses of the last quarter of a century, it would be difficult to name one of which all, or nearly all the pledges were fulfilled. Great stress was laid upon the production of Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA; the more so because of the artistic, if not pecuniary, success of the same composer's *Fliegender Holländer*, at Drury Lane, in 1870, when Mr. George Wood was manager, Signor Arditi conductor, and the principal parts were sustained by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska and Mr. Santley. But *Lohengrin* is far in advance of the "*Olandese Dannato*," and proportionately more difficult to get up. It would have been a severe tax on the resources at Mr. Gye's command; and as its intended performance was not to be until somewhat late in the summer, all that part of the season to which the manager naturally looks for his harvest would have been in a great measure absorbed by continued rehearsals of a work, the success of which, at the best, could be looked upon as problematical. So *Lohengrin* was inevitably laid aside—at any rate for a season. The operas of Herr Wagner—which, by the way, have nothing in common with Italian opera proper, or with French opera, as represented by Auber, or with the melange of Italian, French, and German opera, of which the great works of Meyerbeer are types, or, indeed, with German opera itself, from Mozart down to Weber—are exceptional things, as the preparations for the grand performances of the *Nibelungen* "Trilogy" at Bayreuth, postponed as they are from year to year, sufficiently attest. Had Herr Wagner been in London he would have desired to appropriate half a season to himself for the rehearsals of *Lohengrin*, and, this granted him, would hardly have been satisfied. If Mr. Gye, nevertheless, is still bent upon giving *Lohengrin* next year, let him prepare it early in the season, and produce it before his vocal "stars"—his Pattis, his Luccas, his Albanis, &c.—come out; then it might take; otherwise there is no chance for it. The substitution for *Lohengrin* of Prince Poniatowski's *Gelmina*, and *Il Guarany*, by the young Brazilian, Carlos Gomez, discovered a mild sense of irony in Mr. Gye, for which he deserves to be credited. In any case, both were unknown works, the first affording an opportunity of presenting that universal favorite, Madame Adelina Patti, in a new part, the second giving Mr. Augustus Harris a chance of showing that even the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer had not entirely exhausted his genius for the invention of scenic splendor and elaborate stage combinations. But of these operas we have no more to say at present. Allowing that Mr. Gye failed to bring out *Lohengrin*, and the *Diamans de la Couronne* of Auber, he has certainly not been idle. Besides *Gelmina* and *Il Guarany*, he has with unexampled rapidity during a short season of seventeen or eighteen weeks, given to his subscribers and the public no less than twenty six operas. These were *Faust e Margherita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *La Favorita*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Martha*, *Fidelio*, *Dinorah*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Der Freischütz*, *Gelmina*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *L'Etoile du Nord*; *Linda di Chamouni*, *Norma*, and *Il Guarany*—we have named them in the order of their production. Much may be pardoned a director who, in so short a time, can furnish performances, more or less careful and complete, of so large a variety of operas, which, to judge by experience, are for the greater part more or less to the taste of his subscribers. That all were given in perfection we shall not be asked to admit; but when the patrons of the opera are so clamorous for variety, the manager has only to do the best in his power to satisfy them; and this—in spite of what we must persist in thinking the mistaken policy of having two conductors instead of one absolute chief, over the orchestral department—Mr. Gye has certainly accomplished.

What Mr. Gye's principal singers have effected in the course of the season, we need not recapitulate. Their various performances were duly chronicled at the time. We may say, however, that to Mdme. Adelina Patti, who successfully appeared as Dinorah, Rosina, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Gelmina, Caterina (*L'Etoile du Nord*). Amina, the character with which, in 1861, she made her *début*, and Valentine, has been assigned a single new character, and no more—that of Gelmina, in Prince Poniatowski's opera so named. Madame Pauline Lucca, who has played Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*), Leonora (*La Favorita*), Margherita (*Faust*), Selika (*L'Africaine*), Cherubino (*Le Nozze*), and Agatha (*Der Freischütz*), has also been allowed but one new opportunity of distinction—of which, when we name Agatha, it is needless to say she made the very best, no such Agatha having been seen and heard before on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera—the genuine actress and the genuine dramatic singer, great in both instances, being enthusiastically recognized. What the other well known artists in Mr. Gye's company achieved—including Mdlle. Sessi, who gave real life and character to the heroine of *Il Guarany*; M. Faure, whose Caspar was only inferior to his Hamlet, inasmuch as the music does not lie quite so easily for that distinguished artist's voice; Mdlle Scalchi with the voice and a fair promise of the skill of Alboni herself; Signors Naudin, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, &c.,—has been already told in the periodical record of the season. Among Mr. Gye's new engagements, we may at once dismiss all the German singers destined to take part in *Lohengrin*, as of little note; but a word of praise is due to Mdlle. Smeroschi, who sang twice in the *Elisir d'Amore*; and many strong words of praise to our esteemed English soprano, Madame Euphrosyne Parepa, who proved triumphantly that another Norma was not an impossibility. Mdlle. Emma Albani has already done enough to warrant a belief that she will become a shining star in our operatic firmament. This extremely prepossessing young Canadian made her *début* early in the season as Amina, and created an impression, which was deepened by her next performance, as Lucia, and became stronger and stronger in each new character she portrayed. Her Martha, Gilda (*Rigoletto*), and Linda (*Linda di Chamouni*), one by one raised her higher and higher in the appreciation of the public. The charm of youth, added to the charm of a beautiful voice, full of sympathetic tones, a quiet, unaffected modest demeanor, and undoubted intelligence as an actress, produced their inevitable effect; and when the curtain descended upon Mdlle Albani's last performance of Lucia it rose again for a new singer to be greeted who had in a single season won and merited a "name." Into further details about the Royal Italian Opera we need not enter, beyond saying that, on the whole, Mr. Gye has certainly deserved well of his subscribers.

Mr. Mapleson opened HER MAJESTY'S OPERA a fortnight after Mr. Gye, and closed the doors of his theatre exactly a week later. Mr. Mapleson's promises of absolute novelty, as set forth in his prospectus, amounted to two operas—the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini and the *Diamans de la Couronne* of Auber, under the Italian name of *Caterina*. Of these, the first was presented *once*; and a finer performance in its way—thanks to Sir Michael Costa, his added recitatives with orchestral accompaniments, his careful preparation, and his admirable conducting—has rarely been heard. Nevertheless, *Les Deux Journées* did not hit the public taste, and was never repeated. Auber's opera escaped a similar fate, inasmuch as, though repeatedly announced, up to almost the very end of the season, it was ultimately withdrawn—for the present, which may fairly be taken to signify *sine die*. Mr. Mapleson's seasons ran for upwards of sixteen weeks, during which the following operas were produced in the order given:—*Fidelio*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Semiramide*, the *Huguenots*, *Don Pasquale*, *Faust*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Les Deux Journées* (*I due Giornati*), *Rigoletto*, *Martha*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—in all sixteen operas. We have heard no *Der Freischütz*, *Anna Bolena*, *Dinorah* (for Mdlle. Marimon), *Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Flauto Magico*, &c.—although the prospectus announced them all; but the same excuse we have offered for Covent Garden holds just as well for Drury Lane. In sum—with regard to novelty, Mr. Mapleson has brought out one single opera—Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, and that, we repeat, was presented once and no oftener.

What Mr. Mapleson's chief singers have done stands as little in demand of detailed record as what Mr. Gye's chief singers have done. Take, for example, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. This accomplished and highly popular lady, during the course of her engagement of 15 or 16 nights, has appeared as Violetta (*Traviata*), Margaret (*Faust*), Lucia, Martha, and Cherubino (*Le Nozze*),—in every one of which characters she was already familiar to London audiences. Nothing new was set down for her. Even Mignon and Desdemona (not to speak of Ophelia), the parts which, far more than any of those we have enumerated, stamped her in the eyes of the London public as a first class artist, were abandoned, so that really Mdlle. Nilsson, after her two years' absence in America, has not been allowed a fair chance of renewing the old associations, and re-establishing herself as a prime favorite. Mignon would have been a god send for Mdlle. Nilsson and not less a god-send for her admirers—of whom she has very many and enthusiastic in this country; but the sempiternal Violetta, Margaret, Lucia, &c., are enough to pall upon the most insatiable appetite.

Mdlle. Marimon, too, has been limited again to Amina, Maria, Norina, and Rosina; while the versatile and indefatigable Mdlle. Tietjens has not been vouchsafed a single new part, except only that of the heroine in Cherubini's opera, which is not by any means suited to her. Mdlle. Marimon, however, has maintained her position as in certain respects, and in certain characters most favorable to her peculiar idiosyncrasy, the most wonderful "vocalist" of her time. And yet the more we see of Mdlle Marimon the more we are convinced that she is vocalist "*et præterea nihil*." She has no "charm;" and even when she has executed passages in the manner which perhaps no other living singer could equal, she leaves one—on the stage at least—comparatively unmoved. In the concert-room it is otherwise; there, no matter who may be the other lady singers, Mlle. Marimon invariably carries off the palm. Such fluency and executive facility as this lady possesses in a certain style of vocalization are scarcely rivalled, assuredly unsurpassed. Signor Campanini, the new tenor, who created a veritable *furore* on the night of his *début* as Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*, has evidently won the favor of the public—if not the unequivocal admiration of connoisseurs. This gentleman has not only much to learn but something to unlearn; and he must both learn and unlearn before he can honorably maintain the position originally claimed for him as Signor Giuglini's legitimate successor—a position which would, now-a-days, signify neither more nor less than that of the first tenor on the Italian boards. Signor Campanini has been heard successively as Gennaro, Edgardo, Manrico, the Duke of Mantua, and Lionel—on each occasion, while here and there exciting unqualified admiration, giving room for serious criticism on the part of unprejudiced hearers. He is young, however, and if he also is wise, he will strive his utmost to maintain the position to which his most enthusiastic admirers consider him entitled, and which the operatic public generally would only be too glad to see him attain. On the other hand, M. Capoul, the French tenor, has few of the requisites to excel in the school

Digitized by Google

of Italian opera. He is not only French in style and mannerism, but French to such a degree of exaggeration as *bonâ fide* amateurs of Italian Opera would in the end scarcely be inclined to tolerate. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American *prima donna*, has, for the second time in this country, merited and earned an honorable success. This young lady is a legitimate artist in the full meaning of the term; and in each of the characters she has essayed—Linda, Lucia, Gilda, Violetta, and Susanna (Mozart's Susanna before all)—has created an indelible impression, so much so, indeed, that every subscriber would have been only too pleased to hear her in some new part. That any new part undertaken by Miss Kellogg would be studied perseveringly and conscientiously her antecedents suffice to show.

Mr. Mapleson's general company has been unusually efficient. With a second soprano, like Mlle. Marie Roze—who, if she would consent to take the "*comprimaria*" parts, might, with her voice and personal appearance, be invaluable; a contralto like Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, now unrivalled as a singer of Rossini's music (witness her Arsace), and the Italian school generally; baritone-basses like Signors Rota (who especially made his mark as Mephistopheles), and Mendioroz; a serious bass like Signor Agnesi, a comic bass like Signor Borella, and two in one, like Signor Foli; second tenors like Signors Vizzani and Rinaldini, to say nothing of Signor Fancelli, who pretends to be a first tenor, and a priceless "utility," like Mlle. Bauermeister, excellent in everything she does, the director of Her Majesty's Opera is master of all necessary resources, and with the invaluable aid of Sir Michael Costa, who has trained the orchestra and chorus (orchestra more especially), into such splendid efficiency, might, with a trifle more pains and expenditure on his *mise-en scene*, hold his own without fear of adverse criticism. On the whole, it must be admitted that Mr. Mapleson has given a series of performances of which only the most fastidious can find reason to complain. His subscribers might, it is true, have desired a little more variety, and just (if only), an occasional infusion of novelty.

## Bach's Chorales.

The *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter* (London,) in a recent number prints, in its peculiar notation, several Chorales with Bach's Harmony, prefixing the following remarks:

A few words on the German Chorales, with specimens of which this number is filled, may be of interest. At the time of the Reformation, Luther appealed to his nation's love for song, and fostered congregational singing as a means of religious awakening. In seeking music for his hymns, he availed himself largely of tunes already existing in the church, and of many others whose origin is now unknown. The rise of Luther's style of church music began with the Reformation in the middle of the sixteenth century. A hundred years later it declined; fewer tunes, and those inferior, were composed; while many of the old ones were deprived of their distinct rhythm and triple time, and levelled to a standard of lifeless uniformity. The creative period may be said to have ceased with the advent of the last century. The wave of Luther's revival had spent its force, and church music, as a natural result, was lifeless too. The tunes disappeared from the hymn books, and the organist and precentor, being now supreme, managed things in their own way. "One of the immediate consequences," says the preface to the "The Chorale Book for England," from which much of our information is derived, "was the predominance of the organ in the service at the expense of the singing of the congregation. This led eventually to a practice in every respect to be deprecated, which we still find all over Germany, that of introducing between every line of the hymn, an interlude performed by the organist." The connection of Bach's name with these church melodies is thus explained. "Bach, fully alive to the beauty of the tunes and hymns of his country, adopted the practice in which he was followed by his successors, Mendelssohn and others, of introducing chorales into all his numerous sacred works, either to their own words, or to new ones suiting better the subject of the cantata, thereby doubtless bringing them more readily home to the appreciation of the congregation, who were well acquainted with the old familiar tunes. How Bach harmonized these chorales is well known, and need not be dwelt upon here." It is further stated that when Bach died, his son extracted the Chorales from his father's works, and published them in a separate collection. The common impression that Bach is the author of these tunes is shown, by what has just been said, to be manifestly wrong, and it has only been fostered by the way in which the melodies which Bach harmonised have been spoken of as "Bach's Chorales." A few of the airs are however ascribed to him with probable correctness.

The student who examines and compares the Chorales scattered through Bach's works will be struck by the prodigality of power shown by the great Leipzig organist. The same Chorale is to be found harmonized in four or five entirely distinct ways, and set in as many different keys. The not inconsiderable variations in the melody are also noticeable, the fact being that of these ancient tunes, as of our old English songs, there is no one version that can claim to be the correct one. The arrangement of the parts is rather trying to the singer. The extreme limits of compass in the various voices are used in merciless fashion, and there are wide, unvocal intervals. Characteristic of the style is the frequent crossing of the parts—the alto goes above the air and below the tenor in the very first piece in the present *Reporter*. But it is perhaps the frequent use of part pulse incidental tones that marks the individuality of Bach's manner. These have the character of melody in whatever voice they may occur. The style of the harmony dictates the rate at which the Chorales should move. It is essential that the incidental tones should be clearly heard; to allow of this the speed should average M. 60, and hardly ever exceed M. 66.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against Mr. Barnby in his recent revival of Bach's Passion music, for "turning the chorales into part songs," instead of doing them in the true German style. What that style is many of our readers know. Imagine a large church, a thundering organ playing the harmonies, and the congregation, who are all sitting, slowly singing the air in unison, with hard and mechanical voices. As a rule everyone sings, because everyone knows the melody; boys and girls cannot be confirmed until they have learnt 30 or 40 Chorales. At each of the pauses the organ, abating nothing of its power, gives an interlude of three or four notes, according to the measure of the Chorale, which over, the thick stream of voices joins in again and another line is begun. Thus a whole psalm is done without the organ having for a moment ceased, and the effect is lifeless and wearisome in the extreme. An attempt to naturalize this style in England would not only be impossible, it would be unwise. In Germany all the people join in the Chorales which are interspersed through Bach's cantatas, just as we join in the responses of the Church of England service. In England, however, they at present only listen to them as part of a performance, though it must not be forgotten that we sometimes get as much good by listening to sacred words uttered in music as by taking part in the utterance ourselves. It is therefore much better to let the music be heard at its best, and to display the rich beauty of the harmony by well-balanced parts and varied expression. For this mode of treatment we have at least the authority of Mendelssohn. Lampadius, who sang in the chorus when the great master revived the Passion Music in Leipzig, says,—"The Chorales he made the subject of the greatest care. They had to be sung with the utmost delicacy of expression, most of them very *piano*."

## The Belgian Artisans' Choir.

The deep toned voices of the Aberdare miners are still ringing in our ears when another musical raid is made upon London. This time the invading force comes from Brussels. The singers belong to a Belgian Friendly Society called "La société des Artisans réunis de la Belgique." It was founded in 1848, and the members must be bona-fide artisans. Music had no part in the original scheme, but the subscription paid by the members is only 5d. a month, and the happy idea of replenishing the coffers by giving concerts was hit upon. We commend the example to the notice of similar societies in England. A choral society was formed under the leadership of M. Lintermans, which now consists of 115 members, all men. They first competed in 1853, and have since been very successful in carrying off prizes. As yet they have not entered the lists with the German Societies, but their friends (as all friends should be) are quite confident they would beat them if they tried.

The artisans, attired in evening dress, made their first appearance in public at the Albert Hall, on 13th ult. They came on to the orchestra headed by the richly-broidered banner which the King lately gave them, and were loudly cheered. When they rose to sing, they gathered in a closely packed mass in half-moon shape round their conductor, who stood on a pile of boxes. Thus arranged, the conductor went to each part and sounded its starting note, afterwards ascending his rostrum. The whole proceeding, which was leisurely done, was repeated before each piece. Nor must we forget the water-drinking, which seemed to be also a necessary preliminary throughout the evening. It would have done the hearts of our teetotal friends good to see it. Remembering that the choir is made up of working men, we must not judge its singing by too severe a standard. It is hardly a reproach to them to say that in point of refined and polished tone and style they were inferior to the Bristol Choral Union, which was heard a few days since at the Crystal Palace. The well cultivated and pleasant quality of the high register of the first tenors was noticeable. It is needless to remind our readers that the "bass-alto" voice is unknown on the continent. The vigor of the "attack" was also a novel experience to English ears. A great deal of pains must be taken with this. When a part enters you feel as if the singers had hit their note with a hammer. Of course this does not apply to the pianissimo passages, which were done with extreme care. The syncopations, in which their music abounds, were also done by the workmen with an ease and force that we have never heard equalled in England. Several of the choruses sung by the artisans contained solos with humming accompaniment. Opinion seems to be divided as to the proper mode of humming in chorus, but we may notice that the Belgians held their mouths slightly open, and the lips, slightly protruding, were allowed to vibrate. The nose, we need hardly say, was *not* employed. The success of the evening was Ambroise Thomas's "Le Tyrol," a piece which the Paris Prize Choir brought home with them in 1867, and have since frequently performed in a mixed voice form. All the words of this piece were printed in the programme, but strange to say the opening part was missed out, the music being taken up at the words "When God his hand revealing," of our English version. The genius of the music arrested all ears, and produced a furore, so that the choir were induced to repeat the closing movement. The jodel calls, given by the first tenors in their thin register, produced an effect which is missed in the ladies' voices, especially as they sang "la-oo-oo" instead of "la-a-a," as the words stand. On the whole, however, we came to the conclusion that the piece suffers but little in its mixed voice form. The Belgian choir gave several other concerts during their stay in London.

The following notice of the choir we take from the *Athenæum*. The unfeigned surprise of the writer at the capabilities of the counter-tenor voice is interesting:—

"They are not speculative artists, but *bonâ fide* artisans of all trades, singing for love of Art after their hours of toil; the majority are printers and compositors; their president is a working brush maker. The first taste of their quality was in the Royal Albert Hall, a large arena for a small body of voices after we have been habituated to hear therein orchestras of 1,000 performers; but they passed through the trying ordeal triumphantly. M. Guillaume de Mol was associated with M. Lintermans in the direction of the music. The divisions of the voices were nearly equal, that is, there were forty-nine first and second tenors, and fifty-eight first and second basses. The first thing that struck the auditory was that the 107 singers, who were all dressed alike in black, with white gloves and cravats, who had been sitting in a long row, by a wave of the conductor's bâton, were all suddenly massed in close order, forming a triangular-shaped phalanx. By this disposition of the executive, the sound was certainly concentrated. The next surprise was in the *timbre* of the voices. Nominally there are no altos; but the quality at times in the high notes was that of finely-voiced boys—of a Cathedral Choir,—not the peculiar and too often disagreeable tone emitted by our own altos. It is the compass of the first tenors which is so extraordinary,—as they attack the C in alt. fearlessly, and with perfect intonation; at the opposite extreme, in the lowest depths deeper still, the D flat was distinctly heard from the basses. Now as to their method,—for therein is their unquestionable speciality. As in singing, so in writing,—*Le style c'est l'homme.* Their attributes in execution are precision in the attack, strict observance of light and shade, and uniformity of effect; the collective body, now delivering one part, then intermingling another one, seems to be as one executant,—such has been the force of training and the continuous practice. To state that they observed their *pianos* and *fortes* will convey but a feeble notion of their powers; it is in the coloring, in the fine distinction preserved in the gradations of tone, that these workmen produce their extraordinary and exciting effects."—*Ibid.*

MUNICH. The performances of *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Tristan and Isolde* will probably be repeated under Herr von Bülow's direction, in the second week of August.

Digitized by Google

# Music Abroad.

## London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The sixtieth season of the old Society, which closed on the 8th ult., introduced the following English compositions: Bennett's Symphony in G minor and "Ajax" Prelude; Cusins's Piano Concerto in A minor; and Potter's Symphony in D. Of the last two concerts the *Musical Times* reports as follows:

The programme of the seventh concert, on the 24th June, contained an interesting novelty, if such a term can be applied to Bach's Concerto for strings, which was performed for the first time in this country. Although of course somewhat antiquated in form, this work was listened to with the utmost pleasure by the audience, and would have been still more welcome as a specimen of the music of the period had not a slow movement of the same composer's orchestral *Suite* in D been interpolated between the two movements of the Concerto, in order that the final *Allegro* might come upon the ear with better effect. No greater contrast with Bach's quiet and masterly composition could have been selected than Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), which commenced the second part, and was played with the utmost vigor and finish. The overtures to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Der Berggeist" (Spohr), were the other orchestral pieces, and Mme. Norman Néruda's excellent performance of Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for the violin was one of the features of the evening. The vocalists were Mlle. Titiens and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini. The eighth and last concert of the season was given on the 8th ult., the performance commencing with Brahms's Serenade in D, for orchestra, a work so unequal in merit as to make us doubt the permanent position of the music of "Young Germany," even where such undoubted marks of genius are shown, unless the representatives of the school can be prevailed upon to believe that the worth of a piece is not to be estimated by its length. A "Serenade" in eight movements is too much for an English audience, however it may be endured in Germany, and in spite, therefore, of the undoubted merit of many of the movements—especially the *Minuettos* and *Scherzos*—the last note of the work was unanimously hailed as a relief. The orchestral Prelude to the music of Sophocles's "Ajax," by Sir Sterndale Bennett (which was performed for the first time), must not be judged as an "overture," the short introduction in B flat major, leading to the Allegro in the tonic minor, being evidently intended to suggest the character of the important illustrative music which is to follow. The subjects of the Prelude are extremely attractive, and there is so much variety of color in the instrumentation as to invest this brief Prelude with the utmost interest. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor was by no means beyond reproach. In many parts the passages were dragged, and in the last movement the *tempo* was positively altered. The applause, however, was loud and enthusiastic, and a recall at the conclusion of the Concerto showed that our opinion was not shared by the general audience. Mme. Parepa's fine singing of Beethoven's "Ah perfido" was fully appreciated, as was also Mr. Santley's artistic delivery of Rossini's "Alle voci della gloria." Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was included in the programme, and after Weber's "Jubilee" overture, which concluded the concert, Mr. Cusins, the conductor, was called forward to receive the well earned applause of the audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gladstone distributed the prizes to the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Professor Sir Sterndale Bennett, with several of the Philharmonic directors, was present, and Mr. Hullah conducted the concert. We have no space to print the entire list, which is a very long one. The silver medals were gained by Miss Florence Green and Miss Channell (pianoforte); Miss G. Mayfield (singing); Miss Rhoda F. Barkley, Mr. J. Ridgway (composition and pianoforte); Mr. W. Fitton (pianoforte and organ); Mr. Eaton Faning (general progress); and Mr. Henry Guy (singing). The bronze medallists were Misses Holmes, Martin, Troup, Firth Moultrie (organ) Mr. Howells, and Master H. Walker. Miss Baglehole carried off the "Sterndale Bennett" prize of ten guineas; and Mr. E. Jones, the prize violin bow. Books and letters of commendation were awarded to many other pupils.

The concert lasted nearly five hours; it ought to be divided into two, as at the London Academy. Mr. Wingham produced a new and brilliant "Festal overture" (in commemoration of the Academy's jubilee), which was signally successful. His symphony, performed at the Crystal Palace last March, has been highly extolled. Mr. Faning's symphony (first movement) lacks originality of style and continuity of thought; we do not wish to discourage, but we would advise him to study severely. Mr. Henry Guy's Anthem (Psalm C) is characterized by breadth, boldness, and purpose; the construction is excellent, and the execution by the pupils was most satisfactory. The sacred "part-song" of Mr. Roberts, a medley of the German and English styles, would be improved by greater conciseness; the parts, however, are well written, and the writing may be conscientiously commended. The pianoforte pupils who performed on Monday were Misses Holmes, Channell, Florence Green, Conolly, Baglehole, and Chapman, Mr. Fitton and Master Walker. Miss Channell chose the first movement of Schumann's concerto (A minor), and Miss Baglehole Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro Giojoso, in D, both distinguishing themselves by brilliant execution and intelligent conception of the subject, and attention to nuances.

These ladies had already honors at the Academy. Miss F. Green has an elastic touch. Miss Whomes excels less in *cantabile* than in *bravura* passages, whilst her style is rather wanting in expression, and, more "taught" than free and spontaneous, leaves room for improvement. Mr. Fitton's firm organ touch disqualifies him from doing justice to the delicate music of Chopin. He played on the pianoforte, and in awkward succession, a fugue of Handel and a study of Chopin. His organ piece was Mendelssohn's first concerto in F minor. Mr. Howard gave a creditable reading of Beethoven's violin concerto (first movement only); his tone in the upper register was remarkably fine and his delivery expressive. The most successful vocal achievement was the *scena*, "Ah perfido," of Beethoven, admirably rendered by Miss Jessie Jones, and with more eloquence and genuine pathos than we could have expected from an inexperienced and bashful girl. Miss Goode sang the air "Jerusalem," from *St. Paul*, and Mr. Pope, a sonorous *basso*, delivered the air of Sarastro (with chorus) "Possenti Numi," with great effect, taking the low E flat at the close. The tenor singer, Mr. Howells (Potter Exhibitioner), has excellent taste, but not a pleasing quality of voice. And now, with all respect, we really must come to a perfect cadence. We have had quite a surfeit. The Report read by Sir S. Bennett, in every respect satisfactory, testifies to the progress of the pupils and the increase of their numbers.—*Mus. Standard, July* 27.

The WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL is fixed to take place on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th September, under the patronage, as usual, of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in the Cathedral. The principal vocal performers are Mdlle. Titiens, Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Santley, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Dr. Wesley will take the organ, Mr. Townshend Smith the piano, and Mr. Done will officiate as conductor. The band and chorus will number nearly 350 performers. On Tuesday will be performed Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*," on Wednesday morning selections from "*Samson*," Hummel's "*Messe Solennelle*," and Haydn's "*Creation*;" on Thursday morning Sebastian Bach's "*Passion*," and Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*;" on Friday the "*Messiah*." On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings there will be grand miscellaneous concerts in the College Hall; prominence being given on the first evening to Mozart, on the second to Handel, and on Thursday to Beethoven.

The seventeenth NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL commences on Monday, 16th September, at St. Andrew's Hall. The principal vocalists are Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle Albani, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Madame Patey, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Cummings, Kerr Gedge, J. G. Patey, and Santley. Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict. The sacred performances will include Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*," A. S. Sullivan's "*Festival Te Deum*," Haydn's "*Creation*," Sir Julius Benedict's "*St. Peter*," and Handel's "*Messiah*."

VIENNA. The Society of the Friends of Music have appointed Herr Brahms to direct their concerts next season, and have already fixed on their programme. Among the more important works figure Handel's *Samson*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, two Cantatas by J. S. Bach, and Cherubini's *Requiem*. As our readers may be aware, a committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to Beethoven. The members are devoting their best energies to their self-imposed task. They have already succeeded in obtaining a site from the Board charged with the extension of the city. This site is the ground laid out as a garden in front of the Academic Gymnasium. It is particularly well adapted for the purpose, because the monument to be erected on it will form as it were, a link between the principal buildings of the capital and the recently inaugurated Schubert Memorial. The project, by the realization of which Vienna will pay off a debt of honor it owes the master, is now fairly launched. At present the committee are limited for funds, but they will no doubt soon be in a position to advertise for designs, and Germany will assuredly come forward liberally with subscriptions, so as to enable the committee to carry out, in a manner becoming the great master, the design eventually selected.

CONSTANTINOPLE. A great many papers have lately published a paragraph to the effect that a Turk, Hassim Pacha, has composed an opera, *Mahomet and his Creditors*, to a Turkish libretto, for the Turkish Theatre. It now appears that the pacha is an Italian composer of the name of Dalle Viola, who, some years ago, entered the Turkish army, where he rose to his present dignity without, however, renouncing music as he renounced his name.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1872.

## The Coming Musical Season.

The prospect is beginning to unfold itself as richly and as temptingly as ever. At all events there will be no lack of quantity. Singers and instrumental virtuosi from abroad look this way for renewal of their golden fortunes, and if we might trust newspaper paragraphs, nearly all the famous artists in Europe would seem to be booked already for America. Doubtless much of this is merely speculation, turning of a thing over in the mind and talking about it, throwing out feelers through the advertising correspondents, and so forth; there is a difference between merely thinking of a thing and doing it. Doubtless every musical soldier of fortune in Europe has thought and perhaps talked, during the summer, of coming over to take a turn here in the land of "Jubilee," mainly as he may think of the gross musical atmosphere in which such monsters fatten. (Thank Heaven! with the last and biggest the brood does seem to have become extinct). Many distinguished artists, however, really are coming. Many new and interesting combinations are forming, while in spite of all the novelties and the distractions, all the excitements artificially worked up by sensation mongers, all the sense of dissipation after "big things," the steadily growing healthy taste for good sound musical enjoyment will still have its regular supplies of Symphony and Oratorio and classical chamber music. Indeed a healthy reaction in favor of quiet, reasonable concerts, in which quality is of more account than quantity, will be sure to show itself after this last, even more than it did after the former Jubilee.—The winter's programme cannot be given yet with much completeness; but of such features as appear to be determined we may name the most important.

In Opera we lose some stars and gain others. Nilsson is now Madame Rouzaud and not for us at present. Parepa Rosa, too, will not return this year; after a triumphant reappearance in London, she is last reported to have declined handsome offers at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in favor of the Viceroy's new and sumptuous opera house at Cairo. "New fields and pastures green." On the other hand we are to have Pauline Lucca, the bewitching. The indomitable Maretzek has secured her, and for two other prima donna sopranos, Miss Kellogg, who has been turning the heads of the London Opera goers in a marvellous way this summer, and who, according to London musical papers, is coming to "create" Gounod's *Mireille* at the New York Academy, and Mlle. Rosine Leville (or Laveille) from the Grand Opera, Paris. For contraltos are named Signora

Sanz, Mlle. Emma Ferretti and Miss Cooney; for first tenors Sig. Vizzani, and Sig. Abrugnedo, tenor robusto, from Naples and Milan, where he was called "the Wachtel of Italy;" second tenor, Sig. Mauresa. Baritones, Moriani, Sparrapani, and the veteran Ronconi for buffo. Bassos, Jamet, late of the Nilsson troupe and Coulan. As conductors, Maretzek, Carl Bergmann and Karlberg will, it is said, officiate. The season begins in New York on the 30th of September with *L'Africaine*, and lasts till the 12th of December. On the 16th, they will open in Philadelphia. Our turn at the Boston Theatre will begin Jan. 6. The repertoire is not divulged, but we fear may be too easily guessed.—The excellent Parepa-Rosa English Opera will be missed; nor do we hear of anything important in the way of German Opera. Opera Bouffe, of course, will have its haunts.

The earliest important attraction (yet made public) at the Boston Music Hall, will be a series of concerts by the famous Russian composer and pianist, Anton Rubinstein, who will make his debut in New York on the 23d of September, and after a few concerts there will come to Boston. Manager Grau brings him out, together with the celebrated violinist Wieniawski, and the singers Mlle. Liebhart, soprano, and Mlle. Orgenyl, contralto.

Mme. Rudersdorff's concert troupe is nearly organized, and doubtless will be early in the field, attracting much attention both in Boston and the other musical places. Among others she will introduce to us the young lady violinist, Fräulein Therese Liebe, who has made a fine mark in England, whither Rossini sent her with a warm letter of commendation to Sir Julius Benedict (we have seen the letter), and Miss Alice Fairman, a young English singer, one of the genuine contraltos, engaged to sing at the Worcester Festival in September. Mme. R. has also secured the services of Mr. Rudolphsen, our excellent baritone, and as pianist both in solo and accompaniment, Mr. G. W. Sumner, the distinguished pupil of Mr. B. J. Lang. Mme. Rudolphsen will also be prepared to sing herself, and furnish other soloists, in Oratorio performances.

What we shall have in the way of Oratorio is not yet declared. Surely we may look to the Handel and Haydn Society for a complete performance of the "Israel in Egypt" in the right place, the Music Hall, after such earnest study as they made of it for the wrong place, the Coliseum. And we would fain trust that the old Society has still upon its heart and conscience the Bach Passion Music, not feeling much rewarded by its recent Jubilee experiences, for which the Passion Music, in the full tide of eager and most interesting rehearsal, was put aside so summarily last Spring. But there is spirit enough in the Society, we know, to give us some grand Oratorios, grandly rendered, and with far more inspiring effect than any Gilmore chorus of twenty or a hundred thousand voices could by any possibility produce.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will be ten in number, as usual, on Thursday afternoons, from three to five o'clock, and on the following dates: November 7 and 21; December 5 and 26; January 9; February 6 and 27; March 13 and 27; April 10. Carl Zerrahn will still conduct and Julius Eichberg will be at the head of the violins. The orchestra and programmes will be composed with great care and kept fully up to the standard of past years; indeed there is every reason to hope that the eighth season of these concerts will more than confirm the favor with which they have always been regarded. The series of programmes is not yet ready for announcement. Besides a few of the solo artists, among whom we may name Mme. Rudersdorff, Frl. Therese Liebe, the young violinist, Miss Alice Fairman, contralto singer, and the ever welcome pianist, Miss Anna Mehlig, we can only speak of the list of Symphonies as yet determined, namely: of Beethoven, No. 1, in C (first time in these concerts), No. 7 and No. 8; of Haydn, No. 1, in E flat and the "Surprise" (both for the first time); of Mozart, the beautiful one in C (not the "Jupiter") given last year, and the still lovelier one in E flat; the great one in C by Schubert; Schumann in D minor (No. 4); the "Ocean" Symphony by Rubinstein (first time), and one more, which will be either a new one by Gade, or the "Italian" by Mendelssohn, or the "Cologne," in E flat, by Schumann. Of course there will be the usual amount of the best Overtures, Suites, Concertos for the piano and other instruments, &c., &c.

Theodore Thomas, with his admirable orchestra, will soon set out again upon his "missionary" circuit through the States, after a whole summer of delightful garden concerts, in which New York rejoices nightly, and for the like of which Boston, parched up by Jubilee, longeth in vain. To Thomas we look especially for specimens of the *new* orchestral music, doing the work of general *taster* for us with a range which we can scarce afford ourselves. For the first time he will introduce the vocal element into his concerts, having secured for the whole season our highly cultivated and most tasteful tenor singer, Mr. George L. Osgood. Certainly it will add a new charm to the choice feasts of instrumental music, to hear also the noble arias of Handel, Mozart, Gluck, &c., with such fine orchestral accompaniment, as well as a large store of the best songs by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Robert Franz, from one who ranks among their best interpreters. The first set of Thomas concerts in the Boston Music Hall will begin Nov. 30, and continue every evening for a week, with one or two matinées besides.

In the form of matinées and soirées of classical chamber music in small, cosey halls, there is promise of abundance. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to remain at home, concentrating their efforts, with those of other prominent musicians and teachers, upon their new educational establishment, or "College" of Music, which will be found described below. But not the least part of the education flowing from that spring, we trust, will come in the shape of frequent hearings given by them of the sterling Quartets, Quintets, Trios, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and the rest,—the quintessence of pure instrumental music,—that kind of musical enjoyment of which they were our chief providers for so many years, and which we have greatly missed for several winters past, while they have been travelling in the West. The composition of the Club is changed somewhat; Mr. Wulf Fries has withdrawn, and his genial presence, his refined and soulful art, will be a serious loss. His place, however, will be well supplied by Mr. Hennig, from Philadelphia, who has had the reputation of being the best violoncellist in the country. Meanwhile Mr. Fries is not lost to Boston; he will remain here, only preferring a more quiet, individual sphere, and doubtless he will often coöperate in choice Trios, &c., with artists like Mr. Dresel (who has happily returned to us), Mr. Leonhard, Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Kreissmann, Lang, Parker, Perabo, and others, whose presence among us is guaranty enough for quantity and quality of all sorts of choice artistic musical reunions.—More, and more particular, hereafter.

Of Organ Music, the great Walcker Organ of the Music Hall will probably furnish regular and more copious supplies than ever. Indeed that well-spring, in a quiet, shady way, is open even now, throughout the summer. Mr. Dudley Buck, who has been appointed to the important office of Organist to the Music Hall Association, plays every Wednesday and Saturday noon, and for an hour on Sunday evening, before small audiences of strangers visiting our city, with a sprinkling of our own music-loving stay-at-home population. He always performs at least one good Prelude and Fugue by Bach, with a large variety of arranged pieces, variations, and improvisations well calculated to unfold the manifold resources of the instrument to curious listeners. Mr. Buck is admirably qualified for the task; and it is quite time that so noble and so delicate an instrument should be under the charge of some one responsible person, so that it may receive fair and consistent treatment. We do not understand that Mr. Buck's appointment means a monopoly on his part of the Great Organ opportunities; it will not exclude other worthy masters of the organ and interpreters of organ music; nor shall we be denied the privilege of hearing Mr. Paine, or Mr. Lang, or Mr. Thayer, or any who are competent. All the more likely shall we be to hear them, now that there is one responsible head, an organized appreciative administration.

For want of such care, on the part of one responsible person, the great instrument had become quite out of order, "demoralized" in fact. Mr. Buck is thoroughly at home in all things relating to the mechanical structure of the organ, and probably no fitter person could be found to undertake the delicate and difficult trust of keeping such a work in proper working order. The Hall itself is just now undergoing internal renovation, repainting of the walls, &c. When this is finished, the organ will be taken in hand and restored to its normal condition. Meanwhile, of course, the organ "noonings" and evenings are given at disadvantage, the organist being greatly limited in his command of means.—We trust, also, that Mr. Thayer intends to resume his autumn and spring courses of organ concerts on that other beautiful Walcker Organ in the First Church. His programmes were always very choice,—indeed almost entirely classical and full of Bach,—and open to all lovers without money and without price.

---

THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, soon to begin its labors at the Tremont Temple, is likely to attract earnest students from all parts of the country; for the reputation of its founders, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, is truly "national," and has always reflected credit on Boston, the home of its birth, and our whole country, as an undoubted artistic organization which has steadily gone on in a true path for twenty-three years. This little band of artists are still active and vigorous; mellowed as they are by an experience which now admirably fits them for just such an institution as the one they are starting. They are safe guides for those desiring a musical education, and students who will follow where they lead, will come out creditably. As an earnest of good intentions, the Club will have as assistant teachers in the various branches, men of high reputation. The piano department will be under Mr. B. J. Lang, who will carry out his admirable system of study, the fruits of which are seen in the persons of such artists as Messrs. Sumner, Tucker, Apthorp, Dixie and others; all young men, thoroughly trained in his school, and who with Mr. Lang will work effectively together. The vocal department will be in charge of Mr. Vincenzo Cirillo, an artist-teacher of wide reputation, who comes here from the Royal College of Music in Naples, endorsed by some of the leading musicians in Europe, as a teacher of the best Italian school. Mr. Howard Ticknor, a gentleman well known in Boston as a connoisseur in the art, says of Mr. Cirillo: "He is, upon the whole, the best vocal teacher I have ever met, and he is the man of men whom I would like to bestow on Boston. I have said in my-self a hundred times, that if I had the power I would send him there, to save and to develop the fine young voices which are left to go to waste, or to be ruined by the vocal school of indifferent musicians. If he could work in Boston for one year, I'll stake all my critical reputation that even the unskilful in such matters will recognize his rare merits. You know how assiduously I devoted myself during my eight years of journalism to supporting the development of good taste and good school of music, and you may be sure that I have dwelt upon the proposition *con amore*, and in the desire to procure for one artistic Boston, what in my day it has never had, a real education at *first hand* in vocal training. I have no intention of undervaluing what is done by good pupils of good masters, but I have always longed to see the good master himself among us." With such a thoroughly equipped college of music in Boston, which city also offers abundant resources for all general culture, no one need now feel the necessity of going abroad to get a good musical education.—*Boston Post.*

---

MUSICAL EDUCATION OF THE BLIND. It may be remembered that about three years ago the Harvard Musical Association gave an extra Symphony Concert "in aid of the Musical Education of the Blind,"—the practical intention being to eke out the means for enabling Mr. CAMPBELL, then the efficient teacher at the Institution in South Boston, himself blind, and standing at the head of such instruction in this country, to visit Europe. That the effort has borne fruit, if not in this locality, in England, will be seen by the following paragraph from the *Traveller* of Wednesday:

Mr. F. J. Campbell, late instructor of music in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, having witnessed the inferiority of the instruction which the blind children receive in Great Britain, set himself energetically to work to remedy in some measure the condition of the education of the Blind in that country. Although many institutions for the education of the blind have been established throughout Great Britain, and although instruction in music has been made a specialty, it is estimated that but one per cent of their graduates have been able to support themselves by the practice of the profession of music. In France and America, however, many blind men have been enabled to support themselves well by music, and have often risen to a high standing in their profession. After calling the attention of the British public to the inferiority of the system of instruction of the blind generally, and particularly in music pursued in England to that of France and America, he received the heartiest support and most cordial sympathy from many influential persons who are interested in the education of the blind and was enabled to establish "The Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind," which has met with the highest commendation and the most gratifying success. He writes to us under the date of the 31 of August, informing us that his corps of assistants were all Americans, and that he had been assured that the introduction of the American system of education must revolutionize the education of the blind throughout the kingdom.

---

## The Death of Dr. Lowell Mason.

Dr. Lowell Mason, Sr., well known to the American musical public as a composer, died at his residence in Orange, New Jersey, on Sunday the 11th inst., at the age of eighty-one years. He was born in the village of Medfield, Massachusetts, January 8, 1792. From his earliest childhood he exhibited the greatest taste for music, as well as extraordinary talent in that direction, becoming a teacher when a mere youth. He removed to Savannah, Georgia, in 1812 where he continued to reside for fifteen years. He first attracted public notice in 1821, by the publication of his celebrated work, "Boston Handel and Haydn Collection of Church Music," which met with great success. His Boston friends, as a consequence, were

desirous that he should return to his native State. He continued to reside in Savannah, however, until 1827, when he took up his residence in Boston, where he devoted himself to his favorite profession, and was instrumental in introducing vocal music into the schools of Boston and throughout New England. It was mainly through his efforts that the Boston Academy of Music was established. In 1828 his attention was called to the Pestalozzian method of teaching, which, after a thorough test, he adopted. In 1837 he went to Europe and travelled extensively, familiarizing himself with all the improvements in musical teachings and other matters pertaining to its study.

The University of New York conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on Dr. Mason in 1855, being the first musical degree ever conferred by an American college. Dr. Mason was the author and compiler of a greater number of musical works than any other American author, and some of the most popular of our modern hymns are from his pen. He devoted especial attention of late years to the subject of congregational singing in churches. He had been a resident of Orange for a number of years.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Lowell Mason.

We announced, yesterday, the death of a man who has, during a long life, exercised an extraordinary influence upon the educational interests of New England, and of the country at large. For forty-five years, Mr. Mason has been the head and front of popular music education in this country, and he has lived long enough to see the complete triumph of his life long labors, culminating in the Jubilee chorus, which would have been an impossibility anywhere out of New England, and was only possible there because Lowell Mason has filled that section of the country with church choirs and singing schools, and supplied them with a musical literature adapted to their special capacity and wants. One generation after another of the sons and daughters of New England have learned to read and sing the music that he has composed and printed, and his name has come down from father to son, from mother to daughter, as the chief apostle of a popular system of a branch of education, always neglected at first in new countries, but which is inseparable, in this day, from any general popular culture.

More than thirty years have passed away since the method of Pestalozzi, adopted and taught by Lowell Mason in Boston, and circulated throughout the country by means of his most wide spread collections of sacred music, "The Boston Academy Collection," and the "Carmina Sacra," has been taught in the thousands of country choirs and singing schools of America. And it may safely be asserted that Lowell Mason has been directly instrumental in teaching the rudiments of vocal music to a greater number of the people of America than have been taught in the same period through all other agencies combined.

His personal contributions to sacred music, principally in the form of hymn tunes, were very numerous, and have, in nearly every instance, enjoyed an enduring popularity. There is scarcely a collection of church music now in use either in this country or England, in which the compositions of Lowell Mason are not to be found, remarkable not only for their quiet simplicity and natural melody, but retaining a hold upon the religious world which is rarely achieved by the productions of any other modern composer.

Lowell Mason based his educational work upon the axiom that everybody, young or old, possessed of the ordinary faculty of speech, can be taught to sing. And he frequently pressed this proposition in public lectures with an enthusiastic dogmatism that carried such general conviction with it, that when he would call upon a miscellaneous audience to confirm his theory by uniting in some familiar strain of sacred music, such as the "Old Hundreth," every man, woman and child would be seen at least trying to take a part.

As we have already said, all that New England has accomplished in choral music goes back for its origin to the earlier labors of Lowell Mason. He was the founder of a school, held little in esteem among the professors and students of the Italian and German methods. But it is a school that has filled New England with the singers that piled the Coliseum with the most wonderful chorus the world has ever seen; and it has laid, in thousands and tens of thousands, the foundations of a musical knowledge that has grown up to embrace an appreciation of all that is good and noble and elevating in the music of the Old World.

Lowell Mason has lived to see more fruit grown to maturity than falls to the lot of most workers in the fields of human education, and he dies, leaving an enduring monument behind him. He has taught the people their sacred songs, whoever else may have made their laws. — *Phila. Bulletin, Aug.* 13.

## In Memoriam.

THE LATE MR. W. H. W. DARLEY.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

In the death of W. H. W. Darley, which took place on Wednesday, July 31st., almost the last link is severed between the old and new schools of music in our city. They were a body of earnest, thoughtful men, those few professors, Carr, Cross, Standbridge, Darley, and Meignen (who alone survives) and they, with their influence and the support of friends and enthusiastic pupils, were forward in all the good works in behalf of music and musicians. They founded societies, built up music halls, introduced to our fathers all the best music existing, oratorios, symphonies, concertos, urged on the opera; composed, adapted and arranged indefatigably; gave instructions in the art and science of music, and devoted especial care to the organ and the service of the church. W. H. W. Darley was with them, heart and soul, from the first. Born September 9th, 1801, in New York, he came to Philadelphia when very young, and studied music with old Benjamin Carr, an English composer, who had made his home here. Together they labored to introduce a better taste in music, and by their exertions was first produced in this country, at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, von Weber's opera of *Der Freyschütz*. It must have been a crude performance, very little like the subsequent representations of the same work. No orchestral score could be obtained, and Carr and Darley arranged the whole work for the instruments from a piano forte edition. The chorus was composed entirely of ladies and gentlemen who could not be induced to appear before the public, and who, therefore, stood in the wings to sing, while ordinary supernumeraries silently occupied the stage.

In the foundation of the Musical Fund Society Mr. Darley was an honest worker, and for very many years took a prominent part in its direction. His father in law, the veteran artist Mr Thomas Sully, is still one of the Vice Presidents of the institution.

In later years Mr. Darley was an originator of the Harmonic Sacred Music Society, and remained its President during its brilliant career. Subsequently he was an officer of the Mendelssohn Union. But to the general public he was best known as an organist, and as the joint editor, with J. C. B. Standbridge, of several church music books, especially the Cantus Ecclesiæ, a work that has been considered a standard for nearly a quarter of a century. When quite a youth Mr. Darley evinced noticeable talent for musical extemporization; he was gifted with a graceful flow of melody, and although he composed many instrumental overtures and took many prizes for Glees and Four-Part Songs, his particular inclination was for the music of the Church. The organ especially attracted his attention, as it contained the variety of tone and power suitable for the expression of his melodic inspirations. When St. Stephen's Church, Tenth street, was built, he was chosen organist, and remained there eighteen or nineteen years, holding, during part of the same period, the position of organist at Dr. Furness's Church. At St. Stephen's he developed his peculiar gift of extemporization, and was, at that time, considered the most original and brilliant performer in the city. His local reputation became very flattering, and when St. Luke's Church was built, it was made a point to secure his services, and the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, built expressly for him what was then the largest organ in Philadelphia. For thirty-two years Mr. Darley was organist o. St. Luke's Church, commanding to the last the respect and admiration of his many friends among the clergy and congregation. The number of musical works he composed during these years is countless. Anthems, tunes, elaborate Te Deums and service music generally fell in profusion from his pen. He rarely published; occasionally a Christmas or Easter anthem would be coaxed from him by some friendly publisher, but he did not seem to wish that his manuscripts should become common property, preferring to confine their use to his own choir and that of his son. They all bear a strong melodic character, and are marked by a slight quaintness, showing that their composer studied in the older schools.

Since January Mr. Darley has been a great sufferer, only occasionally being able to drive to St Luke's and occupy his accustomed place. The intense heat of July further prostrated a constitution already shaken by an extremely painful disease, and after four weeks of agonizing suffering, he expired on Wednesday afternoon, in the 71st year of his age. A disposition remarkably amiable, equable and kind, endeared him to a large circle of friends, who will sincerely sympathize with those he has left behind him, and he will be a serious loss to the Church where he has so long and so honorably officiated.



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dream, Baby, dream! 4. Eb to f. *Gabriel.* 30

The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream? 'Tis softly flowing.

A cradle song, but not a lullaby. The finely finished music blends well with Barry Cornwall's words.

Farewell! In After Years of Bliss. 4. F to d. *Deems.* 30

When other tongues shall whisper love,
And other fingers twine thee, boys.

A very good, rich melody, and cannot fail to be effective in public singing.

White Daisy. 3. Eb to e. *Molloy.* 30

She needs no diadem
Because her golden hair
Is so surpassing fair.
No crown can match its lustre fine.

The words, by Thomas Hood, perfectly overflow with sweetness, and the ballad, altogether, is one of the sweetest of songs.

Pretty Wild-wood Flowers. Song and Chorus. 3. C to f. *Shattuck.* 30

Full of joy and grace,
Darlings of the grove.

Words by Geo. Cooper.

Come back to Erin. Arranged for Guitar. 3. C to e. *Claribel.* 30

Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Well known, graceful favorite. Arranged for Guitar.

I'd be a Star. Song and Chorus. 3. Ab to f. *Murray.* 30

I'd be a star to light thy way
When other lights grow pale.

Very meritorious. Will be sung more than once if "tried over" by a quartette and solo.

Darling little dainty Nell. 3. C to e. *Norman.* 30

If I could to thy footsteps make
This world a flow'ry dell.

The invention of a good title in composing a song is half the battle. The taking title is not more pretty than the song, which is well written and melodious.

### Instrumental.

Mazourka Galante. Fragment de Salon. 4. Ab. *Krug.* 50

Changes to the keys of 3 and of 5 flats and returns, and is a very graceful combination of "fragments," each of which has its own melody.

Jolly Brothers Waltz. 3. *Cummings.* 30

A little set of waltzes in five divisions, each short, crisp and bright, their quick succession keeping up one's interest to the end. The melodies on which these waltzes are founded are already well known and are favorites.

Lovely Vienna Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 75

Musicians are now renewing their acquaintance with Strauss, music being aided in its interpretation by the examples of fine playing given under the direction of the composer.

Bürgersinn Waltzes. 4. *Strauss.* 75

"Bürgersinn" means "The People's Mind," which will be soon made up as to the superior merits of this collection of waltzes, each one characteristic, and the 10 pages of music furnishing a great variety.

New Annen Polka. As performed at the Boston Coliseum. 2. D. *Strauss.* 30

Perhaps a little difficult for the 2 mark, but rather easy for 3, and is worthy of notice as one of the composer's earnest pieces, and is also very pretty.

Circassian March. As performed in Boston and New York under the direction of the composer. 3. E minor. *Strauss.* 40

One of those pieces that represent the advance and retreat of a Military Band, but is not like any other of the kind,—having great variety, and a "minor" character. There is, of course, a long crescendo and equally long diminuendo.

Tritsch-Tratsch Polka. As peformed at Boston and New York under the direction of the composer. 4. A. *Strauss.* 40

Nobody ever heard such a name before; but Tritsch-Tratsch very perfectly describes the movement, which has a queer frisky twitching leap. Very lively, of course.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 820. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Two Biographies of Musicians.

From ED. HANSLICK'S review in the "Wiener Neue Freie Presse."

I.

It is not many years since Germany lost two celebrated artists,—the ballad composer, Dr. CARL LOEWE, and the piano virtuoso, IGNAZ MOSCHELES. Both musicians, who died at a very advanced age, left autobiographies, that have lately appeared in print, though in fact not autobiographies in the strict sense of the word, the books being chiefly composed of extracts from journals and private letters. When fifteen years ago I visited Moscheles in Leipzig, I was surprised at the freshness and vivacity with which the old gentleman talked of his French and English concert tours, and his recollections of Vienna The exclamation: "You ought to write memoirs!" involuntarily escaped me. "I shall not do so myself any more," he replied, "but I guess another after my death will be able to compile something from the journals I have kept with the greatest regularity from the beginning of my artistic career to the present day." It was always Moscheles's desire that his wife, a lady who through kindness of heart, education, and the greatest refinement of manners, is an ornament to her sex, should after his death undertake the publication of the artistic experiences of a career of almost sixty years. It was she, then, who undertook the difficult charge of editing the work, the first volume of which has just appeared. ["*From the Life of* MOSCHELES." *Compiled from letters and journals, edited by his wife.* 1st vol. 1872. Leipzig.]

In Loewe's case this charge has been performed by C. H. Bitter, favorably known through his biography of Sebastian Bach and his sons,—though the last part of Loewe's biography is written by his daughter Helen.

Essentially different in their talents, in their education, their manner of life, both composers yet appear to be equally called upon to relate important and attractive experiences from their long earthly pilgrimage, and we trust, that as formerly a delighted audience listened to the artists wherever they went, so now a considerable number of sympathising readers will follow up the recitals of the two masters.

Loewe passed through a classical education; he was a theologian and teacher at a college before he became a musical conductor; mind and education enabled him to penetrate his art reflectively too, and to communicate the result of this reflection in a choice form. Moscheles, on the other hand, who showed his destination for a virtuoso already at a very tender age, and received a purely musical education, possessed in turn great experience of the world, and the richest knowledge of men and countries. His life as well as his art were outwardly more brilliant and varied; almost always travelling, Moscheles was in fact at home everywhere, while Loewe, hedged in by narrow circumstances, was only able to make use of the vacation time for short artistic excursions.

JOHANN CARL GOTTFRIED LOEWE was born, the youngest of twelve sisters and brothers, on the 30th of November, 1796, in a small town near Halle. From his father, who was "Cantor" and teacher there, he received a strictly religious education, and the first rudiments of his musical culture. Loewe's deep, beautiful soul betrays itself already in the manner in which he speaks of his toilful, and yet so happy childhood. He was obliged to lend a helping hand everywhere in the house, run errands, carry water, dig potatoes, and even gather up the manure made use of in the orchard. "With what pleasure," he exclaims, "did I rest during the warm summer nights, in the little thatched huts where I was sent to watch the ripening fruit!" But the most beautiful hours to him were those of the winter evenings. "When our mother had been indefatigably working for us all day, and the shadows of evening began to fall, then she sat down at the great stove; my place was at her feet, my head resting in her lap. Thus we sat for a time, half dreaming. 'Now let me alone,' she would say to father, and my sisters and brothers, and then she, whom I loved beyond all others, began to relate,—beautiful recollections from the days of her youth, old, half forgotten stories, that even now rise up before my soul like strange fairy tales. My eyes then often wandered through the windows of our sitting room, that looked out upon an old decayed graveyard, over its crumbling mounds, and mouldering crosses, and clung to the dark foliage of the old lindens. When my mother had grown silent at length, and I pressed closer to her knees, I used to beg: "Mama, now play us something yet;" then she would, smiling, take the violin with which my father led the choir in school, and play the most beautiful melodies on it. She had never had any instruction on the violin, yet her tone went deep into my heart." These impressions of his childhood we feel like a distant echo vibrating in many of Loewe's most beautiful ballads.

Very charmingly, too, he describes,—for the first part of this biography was dictated by himself,—his life in Koethen, a small, quiet town, as a member of the choir. "This choir, consisting of sixteen scholars, was obliged to support itself by singing three times in the street, at the doors of the more well-to-do inhabitants. The strange, old fashioned costume of these little singers consisted of a three-cornered hat, and a long black cloak, while at the back of the head a venerable queue was suspended." From Koethen the thirteen-year-old Loewe went to Halle, where the old, celebrated harmonist, Türk, devoted himself to the musical education of the boy. After Türk's death he turned his attention to scientific studies again, and in 1817 entered the University, to study theology, according to his father's great wish. During this time he composed his first ballads, which already fully reveal his peculiar talent. His acquaintance with C. M. von Weber and Hummel, procured for him, in 1820, an appointment in Stettin as musical conductor, choir leader at the Jacobe-kirche, and teacher at the College. Here he married, and settled down, remaining in Stettin forty-four years, always restlessly active in the cause of music, and doing untold good in the development of true musical taste and culture in his new home, and yet finding time to compose, displaying in fact a most astonishing musical productiveness.

Besides several operas and oratorios, the greater number of his ballads were composed here, which soon made Loewe's name noted and beloved in all Germany. His residence in Stettin was only interrupted by numerous short journeys, undertaken to perform his ballads in different German cities, or attend the performance of his oratorios. Of these journeys his letters give us a lively picture; but any one who should expect to find in them important ideas upon music, detailed, or even only individual opinions upon artists or works of art, would be disappointed. These communications cannot be compared to Mendelssohn's richly suggestive letters; yet, nevertheless, simple, warmly felt, and graphically told, they make a favorable impression, because they are the direct reflections of a noble, amiable nature. His journeys, taking him to almost all the chief cities of Germany, at length even to England, procured for him the acquaintance of the most noted artists, such as Spontini, Mendelssohn, Marschner, Schumann, &c.

Loewe's letters from Vienna flow over with praise and delight, so happy did he feel there. He experienced there the same peculiar charm which Vienna is wont to exercise over all tone poets; from Beethoven, who came to Vienna for "a few months," and did not leave it again during life, to the quiet, dreamy Schumann, who confessed, in 1847, he should like best of all to settle down in Vienna, if he found a proper sphere of action there. Loewe liked best to visit at the hospitable, genial house of the Counsellor Vesque v. Püttlingen, where a soirée was given in his honor. "All were burning to hear me," he writes to his wife, "and it must be said, the Vienna people understand me, and know how to listen too; they are so extremely attentive. The domestics are warned not to allow the doors to be touched on the outside, and not an eye stirs in all heads. I sang '*Der Wirthin Töchterlein*,' '*Heinrich der Vogler*,' and two other compositions. My fame is gradually spreading here. If I could spend a winter here, I would not doubt being very successful. Were I ten years younger I should remain in Vienna, but now this will not do for me any more. I only see confirmed in Vienna, what I always felt,—that from the very beginning I should have been placed in larger circumstances." Material pleasures, too, Loewe knows how to appreciate, and exactly as Schumann writes after a dinner at Vesque's: "I never before had any conception of such culinary art," so Loewe confesses the "respect" he feels for the culinary art of Vienna, after dining with Vesque's father-in-law. He gave a private concert too, in Streicher's Music Rooms, as during the summer season it was impossible to succeed in giving a public one. Fame, honors, and pleasures Loewe enjoyed in plenty in Vienna; he only regrets not having come there fifteen years ago. "You splendid people have only an echo of past days in me yet." With a heavy heart he parted from Vienna to return to Stettin.

A complete catalogue of all of Loewe's compositions is a welcome addition to the biography. It mentions more than 150 works, not to speak of a number of unpublished compositions. A quiet sigh over the transitoriness of musical art, over so much love and labor lost, will probably escape every one who looks through this long catalogue. There we find symphonies, sonatas, string quartets, piano compositions, which, printed twenty or thirty years ago, have yet never gained much of a name. Loewe's operas and oratorios, too, must be looked upon as forgotten. Some of the oratorios had, it is true, during the life of the composer, a respectable success, in repeated performances; for instance, "The Seven Sleepers," "Johannes Huss," "The Destruction of Jerusalem," "The Apostles of Philippi," and "Guttenberg." Of the operas, particularly one, "The Three Wishes," has been oc-

Digitized by Google

casionally performed with applause. Many single beauties as these larger works contain, it yet cannot be denied that neither the opera nor the oratorio was Loewe's real sphere. Their style appears to us to day curiously antiquated. But we trust that Loewe's Ballads will remain a dear, living possession to the nation. The composition of the Ballad is Loewe's artistic speciality,—in this he stands as unique and unapproached as Schubert in song.

## Madrigals.

[From an article on the "Rise and progress of the Madrigal in England," which appeared in the *British and Foreign Review* some thirty years ago, and was written, we believe, by Dr. E. F. Rimbault, F. S. A. The article was suggested by the appearance of the Musical Antiquarian Society's publications.]

Madrigals are peculiarly adapted to meet and satisfy the growing musical wants of the community. They were written for a musically educated people, and for a people so instructed they are still especially fitted: in fact no compositions of any subsequent age can so well supply the necessities of the present time. They repudiate all accompaniment, they need no instrument to help out or hide effects: assemble fifty or a hundred voices around a table, employ them upon a madrigal, and its perfect effect is realized. The refinements which the vocal art has in later years acquired were unknown when these compositions were written, and in their performance are not needed: still the art of rendering harmony a combination of melodies was thoroughly understood and expounded. The appearance of these sets of madrigals is therefore welcome and opportune; since they are not merely the reprints of scarce works, to be placed and to remain untouched in collectors' libraries, but the means of musical instruction and enjoyment, and accordingly we find them circulating in cheap reprints, and sung by thousands.

The history of the Madrigal, though forming but a single and, and as it may appear at first glance, an unimportant portion of the history of music, is in truth one of considerable interest. It first introduced music into society, gave it a new character and a new impulse: it disclosed the power of the art to add to the social and intellectual enjoyments of mankind, and to engage the attention of polished communities. The choicest composers of the age were madrigal writers, and to their sedulous cultivation of vocal harmony under this form we may attribute the progress and perfection of the Italian and English schools of Church music. The fate of these compositions forms an interesting chapter in the musical annals of our country. The art of vocal part-writing was very early cultivated in England, and some uncouth specimens of songs for three or four voices, by Fairfax, Redford and others still exist, prior to the adoption of the term Madrigal. This was doubtless imported from Italy, as well as the prominent features of the composition itself, which were imitated almost simultaneously by the musicians of England and Flanders; and the style of writing was so uniform in these three nations, that it would be impossible from internal evidence to class their madrigals and accurately to assign to each its true origin. In each of these countries the industry of its composers was apparent: of one of the Roman masters alone, not less than five hundred madrigals now exist; and Venice, Lombardy, Naples, Bologna and Florence contributed large additions to the general stock. These were imported into Flanders and England, and reprinted, sometimes with and sometimes without a translation. The reprints of Phalesius at Antwerp are now as frequent as the original editions by Gardano at Venice. In both countries the seed fell upon a genial soil; in England it sprang up luxuriantly. The provident care and discriminating patronage of Queen Elizabeth had ensured for the Church a succession of well trained musicians: her chapel was the nursery and the school of the great composers of the age, and as soon as the performance of madrigals became a prevalent amusement of the time, ample means of its gratification speedily followed.

The first collection of compositions in parts designed for social recreation appears to have been that of William Byrd; but these were sacred as well as secular; and the Italian word *Madrigale*, not having yet been adopted and anglicized, was not employed. The work was entitled 'Psalmes, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie (thirty-five in number), made into musick of five parts, 1588,' and was dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton. In the 'Epistle to the Reader,' Byrd thus describes its contents:—

"Benign reader, here is offered unto thy courteous acceptance musicke of sundrie sorts, to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are psalms, if to be merrie here are sonnets, if to lament for thy sinnes, here are songs of sadness and pietie. . . . . . Whatsoever pains I have taken herein, I shall think to be well employed if the same be well accepted, musicke thereby the better loved and the more exercised."

In this collection Byrd has set to music part of the poem printed in Percy's Reliques, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

In the same year appeared a collection of Italian madrigals translated into English, of which the editor was a Mr Nicholas Yonge. That the practice of madrigal-singing was now becoming prevalent, appears from the following passage in the editor's dedication to Lord Talbot, the son of the Earl of Shrewsbury:—

"Since I first began to keep house in the city, it hath been no small comfort to me that a great number of gentlemen and merchants of good account have taken in good part such entertainment of pleasure as my poor ability was able to afford them, both by the exercise of music daily used in my house, and by furnishing them with books of that kind yearly sent me out of Italy and other places. The Italian songs are for sweetness of air very well liked of all, but are most in account with them that understand the language. As for the rest, they either do not sing them at all, or at the least, with little delight. And albeit there be some English songs lately set forth by a great master of music [meaning doubtless, Byrd's collection] which for skill and sweetness may content the most curious, yet because they are not many in number, men delighted with variety have wished more of the same sort: for whose cause chiefly I endeavored to get into my hands all such English songs as were praiseworthy, and amongst others. I had the hap to find in the hands of some of my good friends, certain Italian madrigals, translated most of them, five years ago, by a gentleman for his private delight, who willingly gave me such as he had, and also some others lately done at the request of his particular friends."

This collection also contains a madrigal written to the well known and often translated stanzas of Ariosto, 'La verginella è simil alla rosa.'

The popularity of this work soon induced the publication of another on a similar plan, entitled, 'Italian Madrigals Englished, not to the sense of the ditty, but after the affection of the note. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, 1599.' The editor of this collection was a Mr. Thomas Watson. At a later period Mr. Yonge published a 'Second Book of Madrigalles to five or six voices, translated out of sundry Italian authors.'

Meanwhile Byrd had received sufficient encouragement, by the sale of his first collection, to publish another, under the title of 'Songs of sundrie natures, some of gravitie and others of mirth, fit for all companies and voyces, lately made and composed into musick of three, four, five, and six parts, 1589.' From the author's dedication of this set to Lord Hudson, we learn the growing love of madrigal-singing, and the patronage which the English musicians of that time received from their Queen.

"Having observed, Right Honourable, that since the publishing of my last labours in musicke, divers persons of honour and worship have more esteemed and delighted in the exercise of the art than before, it hath greatly encouraged me to take further pains to gratifie their courteous dispositions thereunto. And to no person the dedication thereof so fitly and properly belongeth as unto your Lordship, by whom through the honourable office which you exercise about Her Majestie's person, both myself and all other Her Majestie's musicions are to be commended and protected. And for many favours to me showed, I am most deeply bound unto your Honour."

In his address to the reader Byrd also states, that since his "last impression of musicke, the exercise and love of that art hath exceedingly encreased,"—a fact which was soon to receive confirmation from the rapid appearance of madrigals and other compositions of a similar kind produced by the English musicians of the time. Among the most eminent and industrious of these was Thomas Morley, the well-known author of the first elementary work on music published in England in the vernacular tongue. His first contribution to the vocal part music of the time was entitled 'Cazonets, or little short songs to three voices, newly published by Thomas Morley, Bachelir of Musicke, etc., 1593.' This collection was dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, the sister to Sir Phillip Sidney, of whom the composer says, that if her ladyship "shall but vouchsafe them her heavenly voice, it cannot be but that they will return so perfumed that the *air* will even be made delightful thereby." These canzonets, which are masterly specimens of three-part vocal writing, are among the very few compositions of the age which, until the establishment of the Musical Antiquarian Society, have been reprinted in modern times. We owe their scoring and republication, about thirty years since, to two members of the university of Oxford, Mr. Holland and Mr. Cooke. This set was followed by Morley's book of 'Madrigals to four voices,' published in 1594, of which a second edition was printed in 1600, and a third in score, with his Canzonets. In the succeeding year Morley published his 'Ballets to five voices,' dedicated to Sir Robert Cecil.

It will appear that already these compositions, which are so often ignorantly designated by the general appellation of Madrigals, had several distinctive titles and characters. Their individual and appropriate features are thus described by Morley:—

"The best kind of the light music which of late hath been so deeply dived into is termed *Madrigal*, a word for the etymology of which I can give no reason, yet use sheweth that it is a kind of music made upon songs and sonnets such as Petrarca and many poets of our time have excelled in. As for the music, it is, next unto the Motet, the most artificial, and to men of understanding the most delightful. If, therefore, you will compose in this kind, you must possess yourself with an amorous humour [for in no composition shall you prove admirable except you put on and possess yourself wholly with that vein in which you compose], so that you must be wavering like the wind, sometimes wanton, sometimes drooping, sometimes grave and steady, otherwhile effeminate." * * * * * *

In 1598 appeared the first set of 'Madrigals to three, four, five and six voices, newly composed by John Wilbye,' dedicated to Sir Charles Cavendish, and in 1599 the only set of 'Madrigals to four voices by John Benet.' Such a display of musical genius and erudition, directed to the same purpose within the same time, the annals of art in this or any other nation have never recorded. Amongst a musical group so large and so gifted as Italy, Flanders and England then presented, it would perhaps be difficult to assign to any individual absolute and undoubted supremacy, but if that station can be claimed for any one, John Wilbye is the man. Regard being had to the then limited range of the composer's labors, to the means by which every effort of his mind was to be wrought out, to the absence of that coloring which instrumental accompaniment gives, and to the want of those vocal graces which a subsequent age was to develope,—considering also the prescribed range in which the harmonist was accustomed and trained to walk, and that those combinations upon which Purcell adventured in a succeeding age, were then either unknown or denounced as heresies,—the variety of character and coloring which adorns the madrigals of this great writer is surprising. Who or what Wilbye was, is unknown: that he lived in Austin Friars, and that he published two sets of madrigals, is all that the biographer can relate of him. Dowland's madrigals have less art in their texture, and as a contrapuntist he must rank below many of his contemporaries; but his 'Come again, sweet love,' will alone refute Dr. Burney's incon-

Digitized by Google

siderate depreciation of his talents. Of Benet little more is known than of Wilbye: as a composer he appears, if not in the first class, yet among the first in the second: his 'O sleep, fond fancy,' and 'Flow, O my tears,' breathe tha very spirit of melancholy.

A few years afterwards appeared the first sets of Michael Este, Thomas Bateson and Richard Allison. Of these very few have struggled into print since the time of their birth. Este is only known to dabblers in music by his 'How merrily we live,' which has served to enrich almost every subsequent collection of vocal harmony, whose various compilers from previous compilations have never thought it worth while even if they had the power, to see whether its author might not have produced another composition of equal merit. Bateson was tha organist of Chester cathedral and afterwards of Christ church, Dublin: his reputation rests on his first set of madrigals (for of the second set only a single copy is known to exist), but these suffice to establish it: his charming madrigal 'Sister awake, close not thina eyes,' would alone fix his station as a composer.

These works carry us as far as the year 1606, and three years later the first collection of Catches appeared under the title of 'Pammelia,—Musick's Miscellanie, or mixed varieties of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches,' etc.; but this class of vocal compositions forming no part of the publications of the Musical Antiquarian Society, we content ourselves with this brief mention of it.

From the year 1600 to 1607 we find in addition to second sets of madrigals by composers already mentioned, the first and only collections of John Farmer and Thomas Ford. The latter, if any perfect copy exist, is very rare; nevertheless some of its contents, and such as make us wish for more, are well known,—'Since first I saw your face,' and "There is a lady sweet and kind,'—both of which, among many other musical gems, were supplied to the Ancient Concerts by Mr. Bartleman.

The years 1612 and 1613 were signalized by the appearance of two sets of madrigals, which may rank among the highest of their class. The first by Orlando Gibbons, then organist of the Chapel Royal, and afterwards of Canterbury Cathedral. Gibbons was one of the latest, as he was one of the greatest, of the noble body of musicians to which he belonged. He was born about the time that Byrd began to draw the attention of his countrymen to secular vocal harmony, and he died in 1628 at the age of forty-five. Grandeur is the essential attribute of Gibbons's writings: harmony in its most massy and majestic form is the instrument that he wields; but his compositions are not less distinguished for the skilful texture of their parts than for grandeur of outline; they invite and reward the close examination of the artist, while they impress and delight the unlearned hearer. Few purely vocal writers have combined these qualities in an equal degree. There are thousands of compositions learnedly written, where everything is according to line and rule, where the web of harmony is skilfully woven, and all bears the mark of a practised workman, which yet fail to touch the heart, to awaken the attention and lay hold of the sympathy of the multitude. To Gibbons this power was abundantly imparted,—witness his glorious anthem, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.'

Gibbons's only set of madrigals was published in 1612, dedicated to the author's "right worthy and much honored friend Sir Christopher Hatton." This was the nephew of the celebrated Sir Christopher Hatton, who seems to have been one of the many patrons of the art to whom the English musician could then look for support. "These," says Gibbons in his dedication, "were most of them composed in your own house: the language they speak you provided them; I only furnished them with tongues to utter the same. They were taught to sing in order to delight you, and if you take pleasure in them, they have their end."

Gibbons's secular music partakes, as might be expected, of the character which is stamped upon his compositions for the church. Wilbye, Benet, Morley and Weelkes essayed every style and succeeded in all, passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with equal readiness and success. Gibbons's vein was grave, and his madrigals, in subject as well as structure, are in accordance with it. We may take one of the madrigals in this set to have expressed his feelings as to the proper aim and object of the poet and the musician:

> "O that the learned poets of this time,
> Who in a love-sick line so well can speak,
> Would not consume good wit in hateful rhyme,
> But with deep care some better subject seek:
> For if their music please in earthly things,
> How would it sound if strung with heavenly strings.

One, and one only of the contents of this set, 'The Silver Swan,' has been copied by successive compilers into numberless collections, but all are worthy of the author of that masterly composition: perhaps the madrigal we have quoted above, and 'Dainty fine bird,' may be ranked among the choicest of the work.

The Madrigal, like the fabled swan, seems to have sung most sweetly when death approached; for Ward's collection appeared in 1613, terminating that rich outpouring of secular vocal harmony which the preceding twenty years had witnessed. In his dedication to Sir Henry Fanshawe, Ward alludes to the decline of musical taste which was now becoming too apparent, and we may presume that he never found sufficient encouragement to prosecute his design of publishing another set:—

> "Since no science carries so sufficient authority in itself, but must needs submit to that monster *opinion*, half truth, half falsehood, yet these compositions of mine, being fronted with your countenance, even should these prove distasteful with the quasie palated, yet with the sound, unsubject in such disease of humour or appetite, I presume they will pleasingly relish, and maintain me against the corrupted number of time sick humourists. These, honoured Sir, are the *primitiæ* of my muse, planted in your pleasure and cherished by the gentle calm of your favours. What I may produce hereafter is wholly yours."

Ward was more nice in the collection of his words than most of his contemporaries,—Sir Phillip Sidney's 'Arcadia' and Drayton's Eclogues having suggested most of the musical ideas of this set; and these may rank among the first of their kind. The composer of 'Die not, fond man,' 'Upon a bank of roses' and 'Phillis the bright' may claim a place among the best part writers of the age. With Ward the last of those lights which had irradiated the musical hemisphere of England during a large portion of the Tudor dynasty expired.

One work remains to be noticed, as a part of the musical history of the age. Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, offered a premium for the best madrigal composed in honor of the Queen. No less than twenty-two candidates appeared, and their compositions,—the majority of which were written for six voices,—were published under the title of the 'Triumphs of Oriana.' The title and plan of the work were doubtless suggested by a similar Italian one, 'Il Trionfo di Dori:' it was published in 1602, Morley being the editor, and the only unprofessional contributor being the father of Milton. The theme of every madrigal in the collection is similar, and the burden of each the same,—

> "Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
> Long live fair Oriana."

The contents of this work necessarily vary in excellence,—Wilbye, Weelkes, Morley and Benet preserving their usual station. If the Queen merited such a tribute of loyalty and gratitude from the musicians of her age, she received in turn an enviable requital: her praises are wrought into lasting monuments of art, and in the reign of Victoria it is of Elizabeth that we yet continue to sing. In truth there is no other English sovereign whose name is associated with music of any intrinsic or enduring excellence. Elizabeth died in 1603, and from this period we trace the rapid decline of musical taste and the decay of musical talent in England. But let us linger a little longer on a period so full of welcome reminiscences.

That madrigal-singing was a favorite amusement of the time, is a fact resting on historic testimony and confirmed by the vast supply of materials adapted to gratify it. We yet possess at least a thousand English madrigals by composers of name and note. If to these are added the madrigals imported from the various Italian states and from Flanders, it is probable that ten times this number were then amassed and in daily use in England during the twenty-five years of which we have spoken. This consideration sufficiently evinces the state of musical knowledge and its general cultivation, and all the evidence that we possess points to the same conclusion. Without quoting the well-known passage from Morley, we find this fact stated in the words of Galliard, whose testimony was derived in part from history and in part from tradition:—

> "Madrigals were much in use in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in which compositions the English of that time have left proof of their ability even to vie with the best Italian composers. Nobody could then pretend to a liberal education who had not made such a progress in musick as to be able to sing his part at sight; and it was usual when ladies and gentlemen met, for madrigal books to be laid before them, and every one to sing their part. I believe every one is sensible of the difficulty there would be at present [1720] of finding among the lovers of musick a sufficient number qualified for such a performance. But since the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, musick (for which, as well as her sister arts, England was then renowned all the world over) has been so much neglected as much by the little encouragement it has received from the great as by reason of the civil wars, that at length this art was entirely lost."

This, be it remembered, is the testimony of a foreigner, resident for many years in England, and therefore not prompted or colored by national prejudice. But of the station which the musicians then occupied, there is in truth no more question than of the fact recorded by Galliard, of which therefore it is needless, though it would be easy, to multiply the proofs.

The decline of madrigal writing and madrigal singing followed soon after the accession of James I. English musicians found no favor or patronage from any of the Stuarts; and the just and liberal support they had received from the last of the Tudors was exchanged for the cold neglect from the first of the succeeding dynasty, followed by an absolute proscription from his successors. Within a few years after the succession of James, all the madrigal writers who in 1602 had sung the praises of Elizabeth were silent. In the reign of Charles I those collections of songs began to appear which satisfied the musical desire of the time, and to which Henry Lawes was the principal contributor. In the prefatory address to his 'Ayrs and Dialogues for One, Two and Three Voices,' he thus censures that exclusive admiration of foreign compositions of which the Court has set the example:—

> "In our generation whatever is native (be it ever so excellent) must lose its taste, because men have lost theirs. For my own part, I desire to render to every man his due, be he stranger or native. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest masters of music, but yet not all; and, without depressing the honor of other countries, I may say our nation hath had as able musicians as any in Europe. But, as in music the unison and diapason are the sweetest of all chords, yet a second and a seventh, which stand next to them, are more discordant from them than any other notes in the scale,—so, as to musicians, a man's next neighbor is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a report of the English as the English themselves."

The vocal-part writing of this and similar collections consisted of simple melodies, as simply harmonized in three parts. There was no attempt at the artful texture of the madrigal, no points of imitation, none of the evidences of skilful harmonic combination which marked the compositions of a preceding age. Musical education had declined, and Lawes and his contemporaries, if they wrote at all, were compelled to conform to the capabilities and wants of the times. The musical flame was flickering in the socket and it scarcely needed the rough blast of civil war to extinguish it.

Digitized by Google

## The Annual Concourse at the Conservatoire.

BY STANLEY THORNE.

(From the American Register, Paris, Aug. 8.)

Mr. Ambroise Thomas presided for the first time this year at the annual *concours* of the Conservatoire, and he may be said to have now only entered upon the exercise of his duties as president. Most of my readers are familiar with the queer looking little theatre, which is, notwithstanding its quaintness, the consecrated realm of classical harmony, and the favorite temple of the old composers, whose fame is kept fresh by the masterly interpretations of their works which are to be heard there. I will pass over the appearance of the audience, which is neither very aristocratic nor *distingué* in appearance, the majority being composed of the parents, friends and acquaintances of the lyric aspirants, who are generally poor and who generally spring from the humblest ranks of society. Before entering upon the discussion of the merits of the candidates, I must ask a question of the direction of the Conservatoire. Why is that ugly square of brown paper pasted over the Imperial arms, leaving the gold bees out in the cold, and why is the Republic represented by a whimsical R with an intoxicated F, which, forgetting all decorum, is on the point of turning a somersault? Is all this intended to impress people with the "provisional" character of the French Republic? If it be so, the travesty is entirely out of place in a place of this kind which has no concern with politics.

The public *concours* has commenced with the piano examination, which does not attract so large a concourse of people as the singing days, nor does it so deeply interest the public, for the reputation of the pupils of the Parisian Conservatoire, either as regards the violin or piano, is too well established to allow of any anxiety. The fair sex carried off the palm for excellence this year; four young ladies were granted first-class premiums, namely, Mlles. Gutry, Lhozan, Pène, and Maurion, all pupils of that excellent technical professor, M. Le Couppey. M. Herz's pupils received second class premiums and accessits of encouragement. Mlle. Pène is only thirteen years of age, and has, consequently, ample time to continue and perfect her studies. The ladies, twenty in number, all played the concerto in *si mineur* of Hummel. The gentlemen exhibited their powers in the polonaise in *mi bémol* of Chopin. They numbered seven aspirants, of whom MM. Bourgeois and Wormser took the first premium, being pupils of M. Marmontel, who is generally admitted to be the first instrumental teacher of Paris.

The second day was devoted to the singing class, although why it is so denominated, I cannot understand. No one seemed to be at all preoccupied with the vocal qualities of the candidates, the selection of the various pieces being dramatic and more suitable to the development of the tragic qualities than of the general style and finish of the singer. Another astonishing feature for an examination in a French school was the evident predilection manifested for the music of Verdi, more than two-thirds of the pieces being his most strongly characterized dramatic inspirations. The air from the "Ballo" was sung several times, even by a bass voice—M. Courtois. Why, at an examination of this kind, pupils are allowed or obliged by their professors to transpose, is incomprehensible. The first prize was carried off by M. Boyer, a pupil of Roger, in the air from the "Ballo in Maschera." M. Boyer is a dark-haired young man, delicate and frail in appearance, but possessing a fine baritone voice of sympathetic quality, somewhat lacking in force, which is, perhaps, due to the gentleman's feeble state of health. His interpretation was both artistic and feeling, showing that his talent is perfectly natural and almost self-cultivated. He exhibited all the possession and *aplomb* of a thorough artist. This is the all saving quality, by the way, of the pupils in general; what they lack in study or natural ability, they make up for in what we Yankees familiarly call brass. The second prizes were given to M. Courtois (a fine bass voice), and to M. Dereims, a tenor. M. Henschling obtained a second accessit. The female candidates were lamentably weak, and the judges demonstrated their good nature by giving them anything. Mlle. Sapon, who sang the cavatina from the "Reine de Saba" with some energy and intelligence, received a second prize which she won easily. Even the jury could not bring in a first premium. Mlles. Marcus and Vidal obtained an accessit, also with the utmost ease, Mlle Vidal singing the cavatina from "Norma," beginning in one key and finishing in another. I now pass to the violin *concours*, in which I regretted to note the but too visible absence of intelligent study and proper development of the voices on the part of the professors of the vocal studies, as well as the culpable weakness of the jury. The violin examination was more than brilliant, this class maintaining its reputation as being the very first in Europe. As regards the violoncello, the result was equally satisfactory. The composition imposed was a fragment from the concerto in *si mineur* of Romberg. M. Loeb, pupil of M. Chevillard, took the first prize; there were two second prizes, two first accessits, one second and one third. For the violin solo the 29th concerto of Viotti in *mi mineur* was imposed. Two brilliant renditions by MM. Turban and Seiglet carried off the first prize, in addition to which there were given three second premiums, which were well deserved, two first accessits, three second accessits, and two third. Among them were several ladies, who were nearly as strong as their comrades. M. Massart's class was the most remarkable, taken as a whole, but one and all merit high praise and encouragement.

The class for the Opèra Comique came next, MM. Leuven and Du Locle sitting among the jury, on the look out for talent and pretty faces. The first prize was again awarded to M. Boyer, who displayed his versatility in the opening scene of the "Barber of Seville"—a trying one, when dressed in a frock coat with a soft hat for a guitar. Several passages of the air and subsequent duet were remarkably given, but M. Boyer's efforts were not more meritorious or artistic than were those of M. Courtois, who appeared in nearly every scene during the day, giving the *réplique* to his comrades in excellent style. His voice, too, fully equals M. Boyer's; his height and extreme thinness make him, perhaps, a little awkward when gesticulating in a black coat, but unless the jury intend to make him shorter and stouter, I don't see the object in tantalizing him with a second prize, obliging him to study another year, and coupling him in the recompense, too, with M. Dereims, who is much his inferior. A first accessit was given to M. Meyronnet, who appeared in the opening scene of the "Dragons de Villars." No first premium was granted to the ladies, which was just; but, *per contra*, there was too much leniency exhibited in the distribution of the second prizes. Mlle. Bureau sang the air from the "Noces de Figaro" very well, and deserved encouragement; but Mlle. Chevalier was remarkably weak and inefficient in "Acteon," and in the other scenes in which she seconded her fellow aspirants. Mlle. Thibault appears to be laboring under a severe affliction of the throat, but her appearance dialogue, and gestures, were piquant and graceful, and she richly merited the unanimous first accessit with which the jury rewarded her efforts as an aspirant for comic opera. Mlle. Lecourière, who appears to desire to pluck the laurels from Mme. Galli-Marié's brow, must study hard, long, and earnestly to soften the tones of an unsympathetic organ, and also to modify the abruptness of her gesture and carriage.

Next in turn came the Grand Opera. The first prize was again won by M. Boyer in the difficult scene with Gertrude in "Hamlet." The young man's voice appeared to be even fuller and more agreeable in quality than during the other trials, while his action and expression were almost perfect. Rumors of his being engaged by M. Halanzier were repeated during the audition, and it is more than likely that such is or will be the fact, for the director sent for the promising young artist immediately after his scena. The second prize was awarded unanimously to M. Dereims, who appeared successfully in "Faust," in the "Africaine," and in "Favorita," giving the "Spirito gentil" with charming effect. The first accessit was given to M. Moon, which was very right, but the same favor should have been extended to M. Auger, who rendered the mad scene from "Charles VI." most ably, and who has been overlooked by the jury throughout the session. This incident gave rise to a demonstration of discontent on the part of the public, which was ineffective though well merited. The first premium for the ladies was awarded to Mlle. Vidal, who sang several scenes from the "Africaine" earnestly and acceptably when considered as a pupil, but feebly when gratified with a first class prize. The second prizes were accorded to Mlles. Wagner and Tapon, the former appearing in the third act of "Faust," the latter in the "Favorita." If Mlle. Vidal had been included in the second premium and the first had been put aside as it has been all along, the decisions would have worn a fairer and more impartial aspect. Mlle. Assenat took the only accessit, and her scene from "Robert le Diable" left much to be desired even for that recompense. The general *concours* on the part of the ladies was very feeble, exhibiting want of study, a large amount of pretension, and insufficient natural ability to support the amazing *aplomb* exhibited.

## M. Jules Simon's Address.

PARIS, Aug. 14th.

The address of M. Jules Simon at the distribution of prizes at the Conservatoire has made so great a sensation in the art world of Paris, owing to the attack on M. Auber's memory, that it may be interesting to your readers to reproduce it.

"Gentlemen," began the Minister of Public Instruction, "whenever we assemble to reward and encourage the living, it is due that we pay the dead a just tribute of gratitude and regret." The Minister went on to enumerate the losses to art since 1870, referring especially to Fétis, Samson of the Comédie, author and actor, Auber, Levasseur, and Carafa. "I admit," he said, "that composers—particularly such composers as Auber and Carafa—may dispense with our funeral eulogiums; besides the Institute owes them a panegyric. But the executants, the comedians who have merited, either by their art or science, to be professors at the Conservatoire, and whose praises no perpetual secretary will sing, deserve their titles recalled, their services appreciated, their glory consecrated, here in the midst of passionate lovers of the ideal—deserve also to be held up as a pattern to that youth whose task it is to continue their traditions. Executants leave only their name behind them; it is our duty to defend this, through gratitude as well as in the obvious interest of our own pleasure. I know that Talma and Rachel will be remembered as long as dramatic art endures, and yet those who have heard Talma are already becoming rare. A few years more and no longer will be remembered the enthusiasm we have felt, but only the enthusiasm we have heard described. These are the glories which disappear, like those faithful reproductions of nature which the sun gives us in a few minutes and which he takes away again in a few years. Not the less are they true glories, well merited, dearly earned. We who form the public owe more to artists than to doctors, for they charm away our cares for a space—more than to philosophers, for they inspire in us the splendor of the beautiful, whose nature philosophers do not always succeed in explaining. We owe to them those rare moments when imagination creates around us a new world, peopled with phantoms that attract or repel, and when our spirit is flushed with that exalted pleasure of which Aristotle speaks, and which comes with the exercise of all our faculties; real pleasure, albeit produced by an illusion, as are produced most of our pleasures, and of which the memory lasts unto our latest sigh—softening us, and consoling, and strengthening.

Composers and dramatic authors, in whose presence I speak now, you are still further in the debt of these executive artists. You, like ourselves, owe them the pleasure which their art gives, and, still more than we, a portion of your glory, perchance of your genius. No doubt you stand before your orchestra like the organist before his keyboard. 'Tis you who think and dream, you who enchain or call the storms,

Tollere seu ponere vult freta;

you who bid us smile or tremble at your will. But if the artist have not cultivated his voice, if he be not master of his instrument, if he do not thoroughly know the secrets of his art, if he prove only the inanimate interpreter of your passion, if he do not so to speak fuse himself into you, living your life, vibrating with your enthusiasm, you are like an orator whose tongue has suddenly dried up, and who feels in him great emotions and the clear strength of eloquence without being able to communicate these to the heart and soul of the crowd. When Habeneck began to play Beethoven's symphonies in this very hall, Beethoven was already admired, but he was not loved, not understood, or at least not understood as he is now-a-days. I was present some years ago at the reproduction of "*Orpheus*" with a friend of mine near whom I sit every day in a very different place, and who had heard Louis Nourrit in that part, the father of the tenor whom we have admired in "*Guillaume Tell*." When he came to the celebrated passage, "I have lost my Eurydice," Orpheus first sang it near the tomb in a moved, pathetic voice, and according to tradition he should have stopped there and resumed the singing in the same fashion; but all at once, darting down the stage, he gave vent to his grief in cries so terrible that the audience were touched to the very depths. 'That is new," exclaimed my friend. There was Gluck, the master of calm and mighty passion, but there was another artistic soul. Thus the same thought clothes itself anew, passing from one virtuoso to another; and this is why the great composers do not pronounce a verdict on their work, nor finally decide until having heard them executed by the masters.

So it is with the theatre. Molière consulted his servant and did not consult Armande Béjart; but rest assured he studied her and she no less taught him more than one secret in dramatic art. Masters have arisen since Molière, who, sometimes like him though in different degrees, combining the author's

Digitized by Google

talent to the comedian's, at other times limiting their ambition to interpreting the works of others, have by dint of work and experience acquired a learning, a correctness of judgment and precision of execution which have made them at once excellent actors and incomparable professors. There are performances at the Théâtre Français which form vivid and profound lessons in literature. You will find better commentators on Molière there than at the Sorbonne; allow an old Professor of the Sorbonne to say so much without failing in respect towards his successors and his own master. It was there that Molière stood while playing his part. He sat in that chair, he wore that costume, he made that motion, and even, oh Boileau! he wrapped himself in that cloak. It was there too, great genius as he was, he fell into exaggeration; for if he more than any other man led his age, he yet committed mistakes. The great man's mistake has reigned undisputed so many years; they will tell you how many, for they keep count with pious care of the least modification of voice or gesture; even a smile has its history. Then there comes to the house of Molière some great master of the art of understanding and expression, and he sets the point right—not without a battle though. A controversy springs up in theatre and hall, critics intervene, the Academy pronounces its verdict, and at last all is settled: thus in the proper gesture, the deep tone. Are these trifles, gentlemen? No, it is psychology, literature, art, and therefore the most serious matter in the world.

I would impress on executants that the fate of masterpieces in a great measure depends on them, and that therefore they belong to the masterpieces. It is a great name, that of artist, and it should be nobly borne and rendered worthy by the work of a whole lifetime, and especially by obstinate and persevering toil during the first years. To run through the Conservatoire rapidly acquire there some facility, a common cleverness, and then leave it before studies are finished, out of desire for gain and through distaste for work, is to abandon the art for the trade—is to desert. Know that the most illustrious virtuoso who has arrived at the height of popularity and success, should still work, and work every day, under penalty of decay. I am reminded at the moment that Auber was for thirty years your director. I am far from wanting in respect for one so greatly and so legitimately famous, but I do not hesitate to add that he should not have made a master of studious youth. Read him from beginning to end; follow his history from the commencement; his name is *facility*. Everything succeeded with him in art and life. The smallest musicians understood him and liked him at first sight, and one felt that his airs came of themselves and cost him no effort. There is more work in the shortest scene of '*Les Huguenots*" than in all "*La Muette*," which is a masterpiece however. Ay, that man produced more than any one, yet it is certain he never worked. It has been said he was ignorant;—not at all; but he must have known without having learned; for Auber taking pains is as impossible to fancy as Auber writing coarse or tiresome music. He was a magnificent exception, whose place was never here. The director of the Conservatoire is a Cherubini, a Gluck, a Beethoven—genius strengthened by labor and aggrandized by science.

Gentlemen, love the beautiful and study your art: such is the virtue of your state. Everywhere are re-echoed these three words: the True, the Beautiful, the Good; these are the stern trinity that represents Philosophy, Art, and Morals. To discover the true, to express the beautiful, to know and practise duty, are the three vocations for which alone we are in the world. You have chosen the finest part; I consecrate you therein. Enter on your career with the faith and courage of a soldier marching against the foe. You will gather perhaps as much hooting as applause. Glory is to be made by criticism as well as by praise, by detraction and hatred as well as by enthusiasm. And just as in the strife of politics a man finds strength and consolation in the feeling of right, in the firmness of his convictions and the warmth of patriotism, equally so in the battle of art, it is of art he must think, it is for her he must live and through her."

The above speech was frequently interrupted by applause from the entire audience. At the close the distribution of prizes commenced. A pupil of the tragedy-class, M. Dupont-Vernon called the names of the laureates who came up to receive their rewards from the hands of the Minister. First of all M. Boyer was called up, who had been lucky enough to gain the first prize for singing, the first for opera, and the first for opéra comique, as well as the *prix d'honneur*. This last was founded some years ago by the widow of Nicodami, an old professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatoire. The prize consists of 500 francs a year.

When the distribution was over, the croix de chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur was conferred upon three professors: M. Mathias (singing), M. Elwart (ex-professor harmony), and M. Regnier (dramatic declamation).—*Corr. London Orchestra.*

## A Musical Reminiscence. Meyerbeer as a Leader.

A writer in the *Tripod*, who resembles "Charles Auchester" in his passionate fondness for music and musical celebrities, gives the following leaf from his book of personal experiences:

The *Huguenots* was to be performed for the first time in Brunswick, Germany, some time in the neighborhood of 1845, and Meyerbeer was to "conduct" in person. I had been present at all the preliminary rehearsals, and the music had taken such a powerful hold on my youthful imagination (as no music before nor since), that when I heard within a few feet of me, on the eventful day, an introduction; "Herr ——, Capellmeister Meyerbeer." I looked around and lo! I beheld the (to me) demigod and ideal of grandeur—the great man whom I had pictured as an Apollo, sixteen feet high, with bâton instead of a club. There he stood a little Jew, muffled up, and a pearly dew-drop hanging on the end of his nose, with a sharp crack in his laugh, so utterly unlike the duet of the fourth act that I then refused, nor could I since bring myself to accept, the real for the ideal composer. Yet I stood trembling in his presence, examining with wonder the man who wrote that marvellous fourth act; and when he invited me to get out under his feet and not stand in his way so, I felt gratified that he noticed a small boy like me, but did not leave.

He conducted the largest general rehearsal sitting in an arm chair on the stage, beating the time in a quiet, unostentatious manner, lifting the bâton hardly two inches from his knee; but now and then a quick, nervous motion of the bâton, which communicated itself to the orchestra somewhat like an electric shock, bringing instantly the ff., made one feel the force which he might let loose, but held subdued. The excitement was so intense in the orchestra, that when the apparently unconcerned old man lifted the bâton higher, then the left hand and finally himself, rising slowly with the crescendo, the musicians in several instances unconsciously half arose out of their seats under the spell of inspiration. Once he rapped on the floor, requesting one of the first violins to hold in a little and not let the music run away with him; then, speaking to some one behind the scenes, directing him to remove that boy (pointed at me), "because he keeps howling in an unearthly manner"—i. e., in laudable endeavor to keep my voice in unison with the first violins carrying the melody. My cup of happiness was full at being noticed again, this time before the combined chorus and orchestra; it was only after contracting most solemnly to keep the peace that I was permitted to remain.

I must here mention that I was a sort of fixture (not even ornamental, but useless) in said orchestra, being tolerated there because I sustained filial relations to the corno Inglese; one of the D flutes was my uncle, and I claimed a general friendship with the trombones, being only at loggerheads with the first violins, on account of the above mentioned failing, which was the result of too much enthusiasm. My invariable place at every rehearsal and performance was in the corner at the left and next to the conductor's desk; so when the evening came I was in my place, and had the best opportunities to observe the great master of modern orchestration.

When he made his appearance in the orchestra, a deafening applause greeted him, which he acknowledged with a slight turn and inclination toward the audience, while divesting himself of his cloak, out of the pocket of which he took his baton, a little black stick apparently whittled with a knife; he then stepped up to his desk, and after blowing his nose with a dreadful snort, lifted his wand, and a death-like silence prevailed for nearly a quarter of a minute. I watched the stick, and when it descended and was checked with a slight twitch, there proceeded, seemingly out of the end of it, the low rumbling of the long drums—another twitch and silence again—this repeated, and the grand old chorale began to whisper its way through the maze of harmony, until it finally swelled into an anthem inexpressibly glorious when played by such an orchestra.

All through the performance I was too much excited to remember much beyond the figure before me, placid and untouched by the fire of his matchless, passionate, wondrous music—with a stoop in his shoulders, heavy eyebrows, overshadowing a nose which had just enough curve at the end to proclaim the son of Abraham, which latter, by the way, has since risen in my estimation fifty per cent. on account of his children, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

After the performance, on my way home, I must have been still under the intoxicating influence of the trance which held me enchained during the whole evening; for I was arrested by the "Nachtwächter" for making the night hideous with frantic attempts at singing, or rather screaming, the great duet of the fourth act, soprano, tenor, and all the orchestral parts at the same time, and which homage to the great genius who had presided that evening was not fully appreciated by the unpoetical nondescript with the lantern, who had held me by the collar until I had finished the ravishing strain; then, becoming better acquainted with him, and "after a short but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion which had brought us together," I insisted on accompanying him to the station house.

At the close of the opera, the Duke "ordered" the orchestra and singers to the palace, for the purpose of having several scenes repeated to him, which was intended as a great honor. Mr. Meyerbeer did not go, but sent a note to his Highness the next morning, saying that he forgot all about it.

Of his works I will say nothing—the world has given its verdict: "Before him the composers of *Fidelio* and *Don Juan*—after him—nobody—or as Heine has it: Meyerbeer has rendered all previous dramatic music doubtful, all future impossible."

## "Nothing New Under the Sun."

The Boston Festival was, no doubt, rather original; but in many of the peculiar effects which were introduced into its musical elements, it cannot claim to be unique. For instance, already in the 17th century artillery accompaniments have been successfully tried, at least if we may call a great deal of noise a success. In the way of gigantic instruments, Boston has not outrivalled the specimens which an entertainment of a somewhat analogous nature gave birth to, i. e., if we may believe what the erudite writer of a paper appearing in one of the most veracious and interesting of German periodicals communicates to its readers. We allude to an article contained in No. 29 of the *Gartenlaube*, an illustrated paper, very widely circulated in Germany. It is entitled: "A Proof that there is nothing new under the Sun," and the writer gives us the following narrative in support of this apparent truism, a narrative of sufficient interest, we consider, to warrant its translation into the vulgar tongue. "Unique in the annals of music is undoubtedly that concert which was given in Dresden on the 13th of July, in the year 1615, at the request of the reigning Grand Duke Johann Georg, of Saxony. It was intended that this grand concert should consist of a performance of some work in the form of an oratorio, treating upon the history of Holofernes. The libretto was written by a certain Mathesius Pflaumenkern, and the music was composed by the royal choirmaster, Grundmann. The latter submitted a sketch of a programme to the Duke, which obtained not only the sanction of that exalted potentate, but also procured for its originator a present of five barrels of beer from the royal brewery, with the orders that he was to excel himself in producing something extraordinary, something quite original and exceptionally peculiar. Acting upon these orders, Grundmann issued an invitation to all the musicians of Germany, Switzerland, Poland, and Italy, to take part with their pupils, in a grand musical festival in Dresden. On the 9th of July, 1615, the day of St. Cyrilius, there were no less than 576 instrumentalists and 990 singers assembled in Dresden, native artists not included. The instrumentalists who came from all points of the compass brought with them, in many cases, instruments of quite a novel construction. Of these, the most striking was a gigantic double bass, the property of a Pole named Rapotzky. It was placed upon a waggon drawn by eight mules, and measured no less than eighteen feet in length. A small ladddder was ingeniously placed against the instrument, and upon this the musician ran up and down with wonderful agility, playing his part with the utmost precision. A student from Wittenburg undertook the part of Holofarne, and in order to keep his worn-out bass voice in something approaching a decent condition, he had the ducal authority to prime himself with beer all day long previous to the performance, at the expense of the princely host. The 13th day of July, 1615, witnessed the grand performance, the scene of which was a small hill in the vicinity of the city. Here were stands for the court and audience in general, besides stages and stands for the performers, both instrumental and vocal. Fearing that the gigantic double bass of the

Digitized by Google

Polish gentleman, notwithstanding its enormous size, would not be powerful enough for the rest of the instruments, the choir-master and conductor Grundmann caused a rather thick rope to be stretched upon the four sails of a windmill which stood upon the top of the hill where the concert was held, and with the assistance of an instrument very much like a wooden saw, sounds resembling those emanating from a legion of violins were sawed out of this novel addition to the orchestra. An enormous organ was built expressly for the concert, and it occupied a prominent position upon the incline of the hill. The organist was a priest named Serapion, who made use of his fists in playing this instrument. Instead of drums, large brewing cauldrons were made use of, but as the conductor was afraid that even these would be drowned by the sounds of all the other instruments, he obtained the permission of the Grand Duke to introduce artillery, and several cannon were loaded and discharged by the head artillery-man at certain passages in the music. This performance was most successful, and the thousands who witnessed it were greatly pleased at the various novel effects which the composer made use of. Donna Bigozzi, from Milan, distinguished herself greatly among the vocalists, but she unfortunately exerted herself so much in rendering the runs and shakes which fell to her share, that she expired three days after. The student who took the part of Holoferno, sang one aria with such a powerful bass voice, that he made everybody and everything tremble and vibrate. The entertainment was brought to a close with a double fugue, which led to a pitched battle between the Dresden choir and the foreigners. The latter, who in this passage represented the flying Assyrians, were pelted with rotten apples and lumps of clay by their Dresden brethren, who were supposed to be triumphant Israelites, and this unexpected finale was greatly enjoyed by the Grand Duke, who laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It was only with extreme difficulty that the foreign choristers could be hindered from returning the salutes, otherwise the festival might have terminated in a sanguinary engagement between the rival vocalists. The choirmaster Grundmann, the originator and conductor of the *fête*, received in remuneration of his services a cask of wine and 50 ducats from his princely protector." Does not this beat the Boston affair hollow?—*London Mus. Standard.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 7, 1872.

[For the following description of a peculiarly American institution, our readers are indebted to one of the most intelligent and earnest teachers of the West, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, who has from time to time contributed so much valuable correspondence to our columns.]

## The "Normal" Music School.

Whoever reads the musical papers will notice some time in May the advertisement that a Normal Musical Institute is to be held at so and so, beginning early in July and continuing six weeks. Then follow the names of two or three distinguished teachers and the address of the Principal. This year there were about a dozen schools of this class held in different parts of the country. They are all on the same general plan, and each one is in charge of some more or less distinguished writer of psalmody. All these schools sprung from one root—the music teachers' "Convention" formerly held in Boston under Dr. Lowell Mason's direction. At first they were intended exclusively for singing teachers, and their leading class was that in "method of teaching." It was in this class that Dr. Mason had the most wonderful success; for he possessed the very perfection of a teacher's manner, having a clear and simple style of speech, a kindly way and rare skill and tact in leading a class by questions to reason out the whole subject for themselves. His more celebrated pupils were also good teachers; Bradbury, Woodbury, Root, Seward, and the rest. Still in all that constitutes a teacher I must be permitted to cherish my boyhood's illusion that Dr. Mason was *facile princeps.*

The original school of this kind had a class in voice culture, and I think the first one was conducted by Mr. Geo. F. Root. And much need was there for it; for the singing master with his indefinite notions of intonation, and his utter ignorance of any right method of producing and delivering the tone, was in danger of losing his voice at just the age when it would begin to be profitable to him. Very soon, however, Mr. Geo. James Webb began to conduct voice classes, and his simple method has had great influence on those who have come within reach of his teaching.

The other principal element of the work of the "Normal" was the practice of heavy choruses, for which the quality of the singers gathered and their enthusiasm gave rare opportunity. The remainder of the working day was filled up with harmony classes, psalmody practice, &c.

The practice of heavy choruses necessitated the employment of a good pianist to play the accompaniment, and this afforded opportunity for a few enterprising singing masters to pick up a few notions in the matter of accompanying and elementary playing. And so began the introduction of piano lessons.

The first conductors of those schools were distinctively *teachers*; but when it was discovered that all the pupils became disciples of the Principal, and used his books in teaching, every other author of a singing book found it necessary to hold a "Normal" in the summer in order to secure an adequate following. And this is the situation at the present time.

But the strong competition between these schools has led to a great strife in the matter of the employment of distinguished teachers; and the employment of a number of good musicians, again, has led to a great improvement in the artistic tone of the schools, and a gradual minifying of what was originally the whole school, namely, the Singing-Teacher's Class. For as soon as you introduce heavy choruses, and begin to speak of really artistic instrumental music, you throw into decided shade the merely A-B-C work of the ordinary singing school. And so it happens that for ten years past a constantly increasing attention has been given to private lessons in singing and on the pianoforte.

The growth of pianoforte instruction in the "Normal" has been chiefly remarkable within four years, and dates more particularly from Mr. William Mason's engagement in Mr. Root's "Normal" at South Bend, Ind., in 1870. At the Normal of the preceding year held at Janesville, Wis., we had, I think, some twenty piano and organ pupils, nearly all of whom were very indifferent players. At South Bend, where, also, I had the pleasure of assisting Mr. Mason, we had about forty piano pupils. The following year Mr. Mason was employed by Messrs. Seward and Allen in the "Normal" held at Binghampton, N. Y. Here we had about fifty piano and organ pupils. This year at the same place we had sixty pupils in the same department, who took about four hundred and thirty lessons, and would have taken about fifty more if the teachers had been able to work more hours. This same year, also, I hear that Mr. Root's school in Chicago had a large instrumental class taught by Mr. Robert Goldbeck and Mr E. E. Whittemore. And at the same time Mr. H. S. Perkins held a "Normal" at Racine College, Wis., where Prof. J. C. Fillmore, a Leipzig graduate, had a large class. It is easy to see, therefore, that fully twice as many piano pupils have resorted to "Normals" for instruction this year as ever before. I am not sure but the proportion is even greater, for I have no statistics of the four or five schools of this kind held in Ohio and elsewhere. But not only has the number of pupils been greater, the *quality* has also been better. We have had a more intelligent class, and those who had more artistic cultivation than was formerly the case. Whether the schools did them any good, the reader must judge from the following account of the exercises in one of them.

The Binghampton school is organized in two separate departments, the Vocal and the Instrumental. The former is managed by Messrs Theo. Seward and Chester G. Allen, the latter, by Mr. Mason and the writer. This dual organization allows more latitude in adjusting rates of tuition and providing classes; for instrumental teachers understand best the real wants of their department. In the Vocal Department the teachers were: Mr. George James Webb, voice culture; Mr. Chester G. Allen, voice and harmony; Mr. Theo. Seward, method of teaching and chorus-conducting; Mr. Henry Harding, voice and elementary work; Mr. B. C. Unseld, children's class. The public exercises were daily as follows: at 8.30 A. M. came devotional exercises and calling the roll; at 8.45, general exercise in psalmody and choir singing; at 9.30, singing teacher's class (by Mr. Seward); 10.30, popular vocal training (by Mr. Allen); 11.15, technical vocal training (by Mr. Webb); 2 P. M., experimental teaching class (by Mr. Seward); 3, harmony (by Mr. Allen). In the evening four times a week was held the chorus practice. This scheme provides, it will be seen, admirably for singing teachers; for in the teachers' class Mr. Seward pursues the method laid down in "The Music Teacher," the book which he assisted Dr. Mason to make; a method which I suppose has never been surpassed. I ought also to speak more particularly of Mr. Allen's class in vocal training, of which I heard very complimentary accounts from the teachers benefitted by it. Besides the class exercises in voice culture, a large number of the pupils take private lessons in singing. Probably something more than three hundred private lessons in singing were given.

In the Instrumental Department there were this year but two teachers, Mr. William Mason and the writer, Mr. Buck being unable to come. There were two classes. The Musical Grammar class was held at 8 A. M. It discussed the subject in the method of off-hand lectures, going over the topics of keys, scales, chords, cadence, modulation, pedal point, suspensions and other dissonances, voice movement, counterpoint, imitation, canon, fugue, phrase, period, song-form, rondo, sonata, and variable forms. As all the points were illustrated by citations from the better class of writings (principally from classic works) opportunity was given for a considerable amount of aesthetic talk about music in general. The Piano Teachers' class came at 4.15 P. M. and, though less systematic than the one just described, it was so not from want of care on the part of the teachers, but from the exceedingly imperfect state of present knowledge on the subject. I believe a great deal has been done by Mr. Mason towards bringing piano teaching into some really scientific form; and of the great value of this class at Binghamton there were not two opinions among the pupils. Twice a week there were piano recitals by Mr. Mason. These were familiar talks about the music (always very short, however), and such admirable playing as it is a real pleasure to hear. I can give a better idea of these by citing the first four programmes than in any other way.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13 | Beethoven. |
| Novelette, No. 1, Op. 21 | Schumann. |
| Arabeske, Op. 18 | Schumann. |
| Polonaise in C sharp minor, Op. 26 | Chopin. |
| Spring Dawn Mazurka Caprice | Mason. |
| Reverie, "Au Matin" | Mason. |
| Danse Rustique | Mason. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, Op. 26 | Beethoven. |
| Novelletten, Op. 21, Nos. 6 and 7 | Schumann. |
| Impromptu Fantasia | Chopin. |
| Waltz in C sharp minor | Chopin. |
| Gavotte | Dupont. |
| Berceuse | Mason. |
| So-So Polka | Mason |

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1 | Beethoven. |
| Phantasiestücke Heft 1, Op. 12 | Schumann. |
| Ballade, in A flat | Chopin. |
| Spinnlied | Litolff. |
| Cal el pi-pi-olat (Cuban Dance) | Richard Hoffman. |
| Romance Etude | Mason. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata, in C sharp minor (Moonlight) | Beethoven. |
| Romanze, in F sharp | Schumann. |
| "Warum" (by request) | Schumann. |
| Ende vom Lied, Op. 12 | Schumann. |
| Etude, in C sharp minor | Chopin. |
| "If I were a Bird" | Henselt. |
| Improvisation on "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer." | Mason. |

There were weekly concerts, and that was the reason of the absence of especially concert music from the recitals. The improvisations were altogether *unique*, such as no one but Mason would give—so elegant, yet often so grotesque, and remarkably impressive and fascinating to the audience. The remainder of the time of the instrumental pupils was filled up with private lessons and practice. Owing to the large number of pupils desiring lessons from Mr. Mason, it was found necessary for each pupil to take one lesson a week of him and one of the writer, an arrangement which turned out to the satisfaction, I believe, of all parties. The technical lessons were given according to the Mason system, of which it is one great beauty that it takes comparatively little time but leaves the teacher free to devote the greater part of his attention to phrasing and artistic playing. In the course of this teaching I was repeatedly struck

Digitized by Google

with the care with which Mr. Mason prepared new pieces for pupils. All the difficult passages had the fingering marked, every unusual position of the hands was explained, and he invariably heard the pupil read the piece through the first time. I have never seen so much done for a pupil in one lesson as was done here. And at the end of the term I was impressed with the remarkable improvement pupils had made—even those who at first I thought in too immature a state to receive any permanent impression in five weeks. One of these, who spent the first three weeks on one piece, Jungmann's "Spinning Wheel," told me, "These lessons are worth all I ever took before, for I have *now learned how to study*, and can go on with some intelligence."

A similar state of things I found to prevail among Mr. Webb's pupils in singing. Though of course five weeks is as inadequate a time to form a voice as a pianist, there are some things that can be taught even in this time. Namely, the proper formation and delivery of the tone, and the true method of phrasing and studying a new piece. A pupil once on the right track in respect to these points will not afterwards go far astray.

Of the public concerts I need not speak except to say that it would be difficult to hear better chorus singing.

Here in Chicago, at Mr. Root's school, I hear fine accounts of Mr. Fred. Root's Harmony classes, and of the graded system of singing teaching, as illustrated by Messrs. O. Blackman and E. E. Whittemore. Both these gentlemen are remarkably clear and successful teachers, and in these classes had the advantage of going over the ground of their daily experience for some years. The other exercises of the school were on the same general plan as those at Binghamton, except that they had here no piano-teachers' class nor Musical Grammar.

But I have probably said enough to give some idea of the work these schools do. The question occurs to me: Do these "Normals" serve a real use, or are they another branch from the great American humbug-weed? It appears to me that they serve a use. They are not colleges, of course. One should not go to a Normal to obtain a systematic education; its life is too short. But for music-teachers in ordinary communities, who wish to spend their summer vacation profitably in enlarging their stock in trade, I know of no opportunity so available as one of these schools. The piano-recitals would be rare even in the musical season of a large city (except Boston). And the other advantages are nowhere else to be got. They are not a money-making institution. The teachers work harder than in their busy season at home, and receive less pay for it. The local musical academies which are becoming so common throughout the interior do not fill this place, for no such school can afford to employ the class of teachers we find in the "Normals." Nor do the Conservatories meet the need. For setting aside the fact that most of the so-called Conservatories are such only in name, they do not furnish this kind of practical instruction in the method of teaching which the less experienced teachers need so much—and besides, the only season of the year when teachers can afford to go to school is precisely the vacation of the conservatories. I conclude, therefore, that the Normal Music School is for the present a legitimate musical means of grace, in so far as it tends toward an artistic musical culture and a simple way of leading pupils to expressive and artistic playing. And that piano teachers have now begun to esteem some study of *teaching* desirable, I regard as one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

## Necrology.

During the past summer not a few musicians of considerable note have passed away. No stars of the first magnitude have been withdrawn, nor were there such (forgive us, worshippers of Wagner!) Nor has the musical world been called upon this year to pay its obituary tribute to names of equal consequence with Meyerbeer and Berlioz, Moscheles, Hauptmann, Loewe. But the musical journals abroad chronicle the recent death of quite a number of musical artists and composers, who once gave promise of a fine career of original productivity, some of whom have written many works in larger forms, and most of whom have held positions of usefulness and honor until they were called away. It is sad to think, however, of the amount of glowing aspiration, of intense ambition, study, and of dogged or impassioned labor that has gone into the composition of so many operas, symphonies, and works of chamber music, of which all that will be remembered is their bare names and *opus* numbers dryly registered in musical encyclopedias. But so it is in all the spheres of human occupation; it is only the exceptional that is remembered; the very smallest part of what is written will be read a few years hence. And yet none the less is Art its own rich reward; none the less is it desirable to make life itself an Art, to carry the artistic spirit into all we do, and in our own humble or more fav red way to practice arts according to the measure and the quality of talents given us. We do not believe that the composers of forgotten works, if they have worked with a pure zeal for truth and beauty, have all thrown their lives away. Art, culture generally, humanity, if not their own personal fame and fortune, will have gained something through their efforts; and it will be partly through their seeking, (through their failures, it may seem) that others will have reached ideals. Think of Bach's and Handel's musical contemporaries, what enormous quantities of music they composed; and not in any superficial, trivial, easy form or style; but altogether on the fugued or polyphonic system, works as elaborate and learned as those of the immortal two. Telemann, for instance, is said to have composed and written down with his own hand as many scores as Bach and Handel put together, and in the same great forms; yet not a page of it is found in the repertoire of to day! And he was by no means the only example of the kind. Truly there were giants in those days, and they are nearly all forgotten! They spread their notes, their thoughts, their souls' ideals, over incalculable reams of paper, and yet their page in history is blank. What Time swallows up of the musical production of our days is a mere trifle to what was crowded into his insatiable maw by vastly fewer workers, only they were giants, in the first half of the eighteenth century.

---

Among the names recorded in the recent "Necrology" of foreign musical journals we note the following:—

1. Of MICHEL CARAFA, who had long outlived his fame as an Opera composer, enjoying a certain amount of popularity, especially in Paris, in Rossini's day, we copy an account on our last page. Probably not one of his operas ever crossed the Atlantic; and the only scrap of his music ever known in these parts was the overture to his "Prison of Edinburg," of which some of our old concert-goers of Boston Academy" and "Musical Fund" days may retain a not very distinct recollection.

2. HEINRICH ESSER, who died at Salzburg, after a long illness, on the 3d of June, at the age of 53, was hardly known among us here except through his arrangements for orchestra of some of the great organ works of Bach,—particularly the Toccata in F, which has been several times performed in the Harvard Symphony Concerts. He was born at Mannheim in 1818; was appointed kapellmeister at the Court opera theatre in Vienna in 1847, where he was also president of the Haydn Verein, until 1869, when ill health compelled him to retire from labor, and he removed to Salzburg, where he has been almost continually confined to his chamber. As a song composer Esser has made a good name for himself; and several operas by him have been brought out,—particularly "*Die beiden Prinzen*," and "*Riquiqui*," but without lasting success. He is said to have been a remarkably thorough musician, an excellent director and a man of broad and profound culture; he was an enthusiast for poetry as well as music; his reverence for Dante is well known. As a man he was loved by his colleagues and esteemed by all for his integrity, right-mindedness and zealous fidelity to duty.—Besides his songs and operas, he wrote a Psalm, a Symphony, and various chamber music. His funeral was largely attended by representatives of Austrian musical societies, and one of Bach's funeral choruses was sung at his grave.

3. HUGO ULRICH is a name which promised at one time to stand very high in the records of German musical art. "His earliest compositions," says the *Neue Zeitschrift*, "justified the greatest hopes, and up to the latest moment, at the age of mature manhood, much was expected from so rich a talent. Ulrich was born November 26, 1827, at Oppeln, and died on the 23d of May, 1872, in Berlin, at the Jewish hospital, where he, the Catholic, suffering from an incurable disease, had for some months found refuge. The son of a gymnasium teacher, after passing the usual examination upon leaving college, he went in 1846 to Berlin, to devote himself entirely to music, and there for nearly three years he enjoyed the tuition of Prof. Dehn. He attracted remarkable attention through his B minor Symphony, which the royal orchestra brought out in 1853. He became still more known through his *Sinfonie triomphale*, which won for him the prize of 1,500 francs in Brussels. Both of these works have kept their place upon the repertoire of the Berlin Symphony orchestra to this day; they have made their way throughout all Germany, and during this last winter the royal *Kapelle* (a rare distinction) performed the B-minor Symphony twice. Among his other works may be named a Trio in C major, a violoncello Sonata, a string Quartet and an Overture, besides small pianoforte compositions and songs. Through a wealthy friend he was enabled in 1855 to make an extended tour in Italy, mainly with a view to fathom the mysteries of the style of singing. When he returned to Berlin in 1858, his productive energy was evidently extinct. A grand opera was expected from him, for which Max Ring had made the text ("Bertrand de Born); but the opera did not appear. On the other hand an Overture, which was performed, made only a moderate sensation; from that moment Ulrich retired into deep silence, betraying his existence to the artistic world only through numerous pianoforte arrangements of classical works; these are reputed models in their way. The success attending the last performance of his B-minor Symphony seemed to rekindle his productive activity; he conceived the resolution to execute the plans of former years; but soon the illness seized him, from which he was not destined to recover."

Hugo Ulrich is probably only known in this country to those who have studied the Concertos of Mozart, the Quintets, Quartets, Trios, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert through his most useful four-hand arrangements, published in Leuckart's series of "Haus-Musik," Leipzig. More than twenty of Mozart's piano Concertos he has made accessible in that form.

4. WILHELM WIEPRECHT, the famous director in chief of all the military bands of Prussia, a great favorite of Emperor Wilhelm from the days when he was Regent, died on the 4th of August at Berlin. His success will be remembered at the *concours* of military bands in Paris at the great exposition in 1867, on which occasion he was made a knight of the Legion of Honor. He was born at Aschersleben August 10, 1802, the son of the town musician, of whom at an early age he learned the violin and nearly all the wind instruments. He afterwards had Concertmeister Hause in Dresden for his violin teacher, and then appeared in concerts at Leipzig both as violinist and trombonist. In 1824 he entered the royal *Kapelle* at Berlin as violinist, but soon began to turn his attention to the military music, for which he composed industriously. He also entered deeply into the study of acoustics, which led him to make various improvements in wind instruments, besides inventing new ones, such as the *chromatic bass-tuba*, and an instrument of wood which he called the *Batyphon*. Since 1838 he has had all the band music of the regiments of the Garde under his direction, prescribing the number and quality of the instruments, arranging the music, &c., all upon a unitary system. It has been said that he knew more about all varieties of orchestral and band instruments than any man living, and that even Berlioz owed much to him. He has composed innumerable marches and dances, and some songs, and has made a great many arrangements of orchestral and other works for bands of *Harmonie-musik*. He was fond of massing vast numbers of wind instruments together, and even arranged Symphonies of Beethoven for a monster band of seven or eight hundred instruments, which under his careful drill executed them with remarkable precision and light and shade. He has written various essays in the musical journals of Berlin, and when we made his acquaintance there in 1850, he showed us some of the manuscript of a very elaborate work on instruments and instrumentation; but of its publication we have never heard. He was a hearty, genial, entertaining man, and took a cordial interest in musical Americans who visited Berlin.

---

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, as many will be glad to learn, will make Boston her headquarters during the fall and winter, having taken rooms at the Bellevue Hotel, in Beacon Street. She has consented to give some lessons and advice in the art of singing, whenever she is in the city, to a limited number of pupils. During the present month, especially, her time will be free for that purpose. Surely not only amateurs, but not a few of our public singers, who are by no means perfect, should be prompt to avail themselves of the advice and criticism of so complete an artist, so full of the vitality and earnestness that cannot but inspire a pupil. If only to acquire something of the true dramatic quality, many a singer will do well to come within the influence of Madame Rudersdorff.

## Carafa.

Last week we chronicled the death of a composer renowned in his day, but one whose name and fame had almost glided from the remembrance of men. Never perhaps since 1828 was Michel Henri Carafa so much in the mouths of his contemporaries as during last week, in Paris, the week of his death. That event brought back memories of one of the

most prolific composers of his time—the musician who wrote "*Semiramis*" and "*Masaniello*" before Rossini and Auber had thought of those themes—the Academician of thirty-five years standing—the man who served under Murat. Carafa's history was emphatically a history of the first quarter of the century. He survived his popularity—survived even the mention of his works, and was only known during the last forty years through the friendship which Rossini in his lifetime bore him, and by the occasional mention of him in the musical section of the Institute.

Carafa—or, to give him the benefit of his full name, Michel Henri François Aloys Vincent Paul Carafa de Colobrano—was born on the 17th November, 1787 (some say 1785), in Naples. In his infancy he showed a decided predilection for music, and his parents placed him under Fenaroli and other masters of eminence, the effect of whose teaching is manifested in the purity of Carafa's style. His early compositions are said to have been very successful and facile. The musical career of the young student was interrupted by war; he was drawn and enrolled in a Neapolitan regiment and, before he had come of age, fell into the hands of the French at the battle of Campo Tenese in Calabria. This was in 1806. As a prisoner he attracted the notice of Murat, who attached him to himself, and as Lieutenant of Hussars Carafa de Colobrano served the new king and gained his captaincy during the Sicilian expedition. He followed Murat to Russia in 1812, and there received the Cross of the Legion, and the rank of *chef d'escadron*. This closed his military career; 1814 restored him to civil life, and he resumed his musical studies. A slight drawing room opera called "*Il Fantasma*" attained sufficient success in that year to induce him to try the stage. The "*Vascello d'Occidente*" was his first public production, brought out with considerable success at the Teatro del Fondo in his native town. Three others followed in the same year, thus attesting the composer's fecundity. These were "*La Gelosia corretta*," "*Gabriella di Vergi*," and "*I due Figaro*." From Naples he went to Milan, Venice, and Vienna, scattering his works with the prodigality of a sower. In 1821 he arrived in Paris, and made his debut there at the Feydeau with a three act opera, "*Jeanne d'Arc*," which only obtained a moderate success. Next year "*La Solitaire*" had a much better fate, and from that time Carafa settled down in Paris and went industriously to work, writing for the Italian theatres of that capital and abroad, and for the Opéra Comique. Between 1823 and 1828 he produced "*Le Valet de Chambre*," "*L'Auberge supposée*," "*Sangarido*," "*La Violette*," "*La Belle au bois dormant*," "*Il Sonnambulo*," "*I' Paria*;" in 1828, "*Masaniello*," "*Jenny*;" in 1829, "*Le Nozze di Lammermoor*;" in 1830, "*Le Livre de l'Ermite*," "*L'Auberge d'Auray*" (in collaboration with Hérold); in 1831, "*L'Orgie*" (ballet at the Opera); in 1833, "*La Prison d'Edimbourg*," "*Une Journée de la Fronde*;" in 1834, "*La Grande duchesse*," which closed the list. In 1834 his popularity went out. Two years subsequently an attempt was made to revive "*La Solitaire*," his initial success; but the Paris public had ceased to care for Carafa. In 1837 he took the place of Le Sueur in the Institute, and having officiated as director at the Gymnase Musical Militaire he became, on its suppression, Professor of Ideal Composition at the Conservatoire and Officer of the Legion in 1847. From this time to his death the world forgot Carafa.

The friendship of Rossini for the maestro *en retraite* was loyal and firm. Carafa's poverty touched Rossini, who sought how to alleviate it without wounding the composer. Thus when a French translation of "*Semiramide*" was first talked about, and Méry was suggested to do it, Rossini recommended M. Perrin to entrust Carafa with the manipulation of the recitatives and ballet music. This being accorded, off went Rossini to M. Fould, who was at that time Minister of the Fine Arts, and asked him to raise the author's fee on "*Semiramis*" from 300 to 500 francs, although it was only a translation. The Minister could refuse nothing to the composer of "*Guillaume Tell*." Rossini thanked him for the concession, adding that Carafa and Méry were not millionaires, and they would appreciate the increase.

"Carafa!" repeated M. Fould. "Why I thought you wrote the music of '*Semiramis*,' M. Rossini!" "Of '*Semiramide*' in 1823 at Naples, yes; but the Parisian '*Semiramis*' of 1860 is to be my friend Carafa's, who will divide the fees with my other friend, Méry."

The warmth of Rossini's regard remained Carafa's chief consolation in his obscurity. Down to extreme old age Carafa retained his love of horsemanship acquired in the Hussars, and the frequenters of the Champs Elysées often remarked an old gentleman mounted on a nearly equally old horse jogging towards the Villa Rossini in the Bois de Boulogne. Sometimes the step of the animal faltered, whereupon the old gentleman would dismount and walk beside his faithful servant. This horse had its history as well as its master, and that history has been enshrined in the *Musée des Familles* (December, 1865), by M. Oscar Comettant. When Rossini died, Carafa gave up his out-door exercise and scarcely stirred from the house. He had for some time been subject to rheumatism which became more painful as he grew older, and during the siege of Paris paralysis supervened, and left him without the liberty of motion. At this period his wife fell ill of a malady which carried her off. The story of her devotion to her husband and the pious fraud by which she kept her own approaching death from him is all but incredible; yet we are assured it is true. Feeling that her illness was incurable, yet knowing the blow would hasten her husband's end, she kept all knowledge of her danger from him. In conspiracy with her doctors and relatives she got up the pretence of leaving Paris. Carafa was led to believe that his wife had avoided the blockade, and letters prepared before her death and dated from a friendly retreat in the provinces were delivered him from time to time, even after the devoted woman had expired. *L'Evenement* maintains, though we have grave difficulty in believing it, that Carafa remained ignorant that his wife had preceded him to the tomb. On the 27th of July, at five o'clock in the morning, the oldest of French composers and one of the most prolific writers of the century passed away also.

---

## The Musical Opinions of Mazzini.

The Parisian *Ménestrel* contains the following interesting extract from his work entitled "La Philosophie de la Musique."

"German music," wrote the great Italian patriot, "differs in a marked degree from that of the Italian schools. It is God without man; it is a temple, a religion, an altar, but without a worshipper or a priest. Harmonious in the extreme, it represents the *social idea*, a general union, a thought, but without individuality to transpose the reflection into action, which alone can develop and symbolize it. The human being is banished from it.—The soul lives there, but in a state of existence which has nothing terrestrial about it. Similar to a life passed in dreams, where the senses are slumbering gently, and the imagination is floating in eternity. German music lulls the material instincts of life to sleep, and elevates the soul to immense and unknown countries; it is like a vague and uncertain *souvenir*, like the visions of a childhood passed in the midst of maternal caresses, in which every earthly trouble and joy vanishes from sight. It is elegiac music, music of soft memories, of wishes, of melancholy hope, of sadness, which cannot proceed from human beings; it is the music of angels who have dropped from heaven and wandered here below. Its home is in the skies, and thither it aspires. Like the poetry of the North, when still uncontaminated by foreign elements and preserving its primitive character, German music raises itself far above the face of the earth, and disdaining creation, turns its eyes towards heaven alone. It seems only to touch the earth in order to rebound with double force. It is like a child born with a sweet smile, which finds no smile to respond thereto; a soul full of love, which finds nothing mortal worthy of that love; it dreams of another world, another universe, and in that universe there is an image, the image of the being which could return that love, that virgin smile; it loves without being aware of the fact. This image, this type of immortal beauty appears unceasingly in German music, but in the shape of an undefined shadow; the form is hardly indicated. It is a short, timid, and irregularly drawn melody; and whereas Italian melody defines, seeks, and imposes the effect, its German sister retires from sight, veiled and mysterious, it is hardly a remembrance, it must be recomposed by the imagination. One carries you by force to the uttermost limits of delight, the other shows the road you have to follow, and then deserts you. German music is music carefully prepared, profoundly mystic in its nature, but a religion without a creed, without any activity of faith; it does not make a martyr of you; it does not conquer you, it fetters you with light chains most scientifically linked; it washes over you with a flood of waves, which, however, keep you afloat, elevating the mind, awakening the soul, and bringing all the faculties of imagination into play. Which is entitled to the palm of victory, the German or the Italian school of music?"

"Ah!" ejaculates the *Ménestrel*, "if Mazzini had but been satisfied with criticizing music!"

# Special Notices.

---

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

---

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come Lasses and Lads. ("Old English Songs.") 3. C to e. 30

> Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
> And away to the May-pole hie.
>
> Then every lad did take his hat off to his lass,
> And every girl did curt'sey, curt'sey,
> Curt'sey on the grass.

A rare old song, which is well worth reviving, and cannot be excelled by a new one of similar character. Merry and jovial, with a light trip to the melody, and is a right cheerful thing to sing.

Come hither gently rowing. Duet. C to g. *Murray.* 30

> Row on, row on, forever
> I'd have thee by my side

Words by Coleridge, and is a very graceful duet.

Once again. 3. D to e. *Sullivan.* 30

> Love, once again,
> Meet me once again.

Partly in D minor, and is pensive, but expressive.

From the Cross uplifted high. Hymn Anthem. 3. F to g. *Boyd.* 35

The well-known hymn beautifully and simply arranged as a short anthem for Soprano and Bass solos, Soprano and Tenor Duet and Chorus.

Ho, every One that thirsteth. Quartette. 4. F to g. *Wilson.* 40

Very beautiful. A sweet and flowing melody, with pretty organ accompaniment. The cry "Come ye, buy—without money," is finely given.

Hope beyond the clouds. 3. Bb to g. *Barnett.* 30

> There's hope beyond the clouds,
> The clouds at last.

A serious but impressive song. A song of consolation.

One Kiss and Good-night. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to f. *Geary.* 30

> My spirit is wandering to thee, love,
> In visions all gloriously bright.

One cannot hear Mr. Geary sing his sweet ballads without believing that he and his songs will be welcome in any company. Try them. They are not trashy. Both the vocal and instrumental parts are uncommonly good.

Graduate's Farewell. Song and Chorus. 3. Ab to e. *Streeter.* 30

> Fare-thee-well!
> Dear school of our happy childhood.

Save a copy of this for next "graduation" day, as it is just what is wanted for a farewell to school.

### Instrumental.

Academic Waltz. (Academische Bürger). 3. *Strauss.* 75

By Edward Strauss. Has the regular Strauss ring to it.

Night Song. Nocturne. (Nacht-gesang). 4. Ab. *Voss.* 30

A very good name for a Nocturne, certainly, and a very good, melodious, and well wrought piece also.

Allegretto alla Marcia. 5. Db. *Luigi* 40

Requires considerable facility in playing runs of octaves as they abound, but when properly executed will be very brilliant.

Railroad Steam Galop. 3 C. *Gungl.* 20

An imitative piece, with a part to represent the puffing of a locomotive.

Strauss Dance Music, (with elegant Portrait.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Wiener Bon Bon, | 75 |
| Circassian March, | 50 |
| New-Annen Polka, | 40 |
| Pizzicato Polka, | 40 |
| Lovely Vienna Waltzes, | 75 |

These, with the Manhattan, Blue Danube, 1001 Nights, Artist Life, Morgenblätter, Marriage Bells, Festival and Flirtation Waltzes, constitute a splendid collection of pieces printed in uniform style. They are worth purchasing "en masse."

Polka des Glaneuses. (Gleaner's Polka) 4. G *Eggbard.* 40

One can buy this without the fear of owning a polka like a great many others. It is very peculiar and piquant in character, and full of staccato and accented passages.

Amaryllis. (Air du Roi.) 3. F. *Ghys.* 40

Has the distinction of having been composed by Louis XIII. of France, and has a quaint, old-fashioned sweetness. Considered worthy of performance in Theodore Thomas' concerts.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 821. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Two Biographies of Musicians.

From Ed. HANSLICK's review in the "Wiener Neue Freie Presse."

II.

The first volume of the life of MOSCHELES, now before us, begins at his childhood, and brings the biography down to the year 1815. We learn from it that Moscheles, born in 1794, the son of a small Jewish merchant in Prague, gave already at a very early age proof of extraordinary musical talent, and was first instructed by Dionys Weber, then by Albrechtsberger, who then occupied the first rank among the harmonists of Europe. Still later he became the scholar of Salieri, to whom he preserved the warmest attachment during his whole life. In his twentieth year he went to Vienna, and here immediately entered upon a most brilliant, stirring life. His talents developed so rapidly that the young virtuoso was soon numbered among the favorites of the Vienna public. The palm could only be doubtful between Moscheles and Hummel. While Hummel was unapproached in the *legato*, which "appeared to be velvet under his fingers, over which his running passages rolled like strings of pearl," Moscheles carried away the hearts of his audiences by his dashing bravura and youthful enthusiasm. The numerous brilliant invitations he received did not prevent him from working however. He tried to make up for lost time by composing until two and three o'clock in the morning. And yet he is ever dissatisfied with his achievements. "To-day I received much praise," he writes once, "particularly from Count P., who grew quite enthusiastic,—but I was not satisfied with myself." And again: "The company was delighted, but not so I, I shall have to improve very much yet;" and another time: "I did not permit myself to be prevailed upon to play, for I should not have done well to-day, and I always regret it afterwards when I play without enthusiasm." He heard Beethoven play once, the piano part of his Trio in B-flat major, but writes of him: "His manner of performing, setting aside the spirit, does not wholly satisfy me, because it lacks purity and precision,"—while he is quite enthusiastic over Meyerbeer, with whom he became quite intimate, and who exercised great influence over his own artistic development. "His bravura is indescribable. His manner of performing is unapproachable. I admire his quite peculiar manner of handling the instrument." But yet among the most valuable of Moscheles's acquaintions during his sojourn in Vienna, was his personal intercourse with Beethoven, for whom he made the piano arrangement of "Fidelio." "I have received the commission," he writes, "to make a transcription for the piano, of the masterwork *Fidelio*. What could be more desirable?"

Now follow short notices of how he took the different parts to Beethoven, who looked through them, and here and there the words: "he altered little," or, "he changed nothing;" or again, "he simplified," or "he strengthened." At one time he relates: "When I came early to Beethoven, he was in bed yet; he was particularly gay to day, sprang out immediately, and went, just as he was, in the window on the "Schotten hastel," to look through the pieces. Of course the boys in the street assembled under the window, till he exclaimed: "Those d—d boys! what may they want?" I pointed at him, smiling. "Yes, yes, you are right," he cried now, and slipped hastily into a dressing gown. Under the last piece I had written "*fine*, with the help of God!" He was not at home when I took it to his house, and when he returned it to me, I found under the words: "O mortal, help thyself!"

Of course Moscheles regularly visited the classical quartet performances established by Schuppanzigh, and always gives them the highest praise. Once he says: "I sat beside Spohr; we exchanged opinions upon what we had just heard; Spohr spoke with much warmth against Beethoven and his imitators." One day the Countess Hardegg sent for Moscheles to request his coöperation in a concert to be given for charitable purposes. He did not feel inclined to comply at first, having nothing new to play. She urged him to compose something for the occasion, and at length it was agreed upon that he should write variations upon the March played by the regiment (at the time of the Vienna Congress) assigned to the Emperor Alexander of Russia. This was the origin of the celebrated "Alexander March Variations," of which it was said for a long time that only Moscheles himself could play them, and which proved his crowning effort, wherever, in all his journeys, he performed them.

In 1821 he visited Holland, France and England, with extraordinary success. In London he had so enthusiastic a reception that he settled there in the following year. The decided favorite of the public, he soon became the teacher of the aristocracy, the most famous pianist in London; he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music, Director of the Philharmonic Concerts, etc. He did a great deal, while in London, for the propagation of classical music, particularly Beethoven's; it was under his leadership that the "Missa Solemnis" was first performed there. Yet it may not be surprising to some that Moscheles mentions as the "bright side" of his sojourn in London, "good pay and a successful career." "I must make and listen to too much shallow music," he complains.

In the year 1823 he first returned to Germany. In Berlin he visits in the Mendelssohn family, and never grows weary of praising it in his journal. Felix Mendelssohn, to whom he was united by ties of the warmest friendship, is often mentioned, and the unceasing, enthusiastic appreciation with which he speaks of the compositions and performances of his younger friend, must prepossess everybody in favor of Moscheles's pure, amiable character. "That is a family," he writes, "as I have never known any yet; the fifteen-year old Felix a phenomenon, as there is not another to be found! What are all 'wonder-children' beside him? They are just 'wonder-children' and nothing more; this Felix Mendelssohn is already a matured artist, and only fifteen years old!" The parents repeatedly request Moscheles to give Felix a few lessons, but he always in a very modest manner declines. In his Journal he puts down: "*He* does not need lessons any more! If he chooses to catch some hints from me upon anything that may be new to him, he can easily do so." He grows more and more intimate with the Mendelssohn family; the friendship with Felix became in later years of permanent artistic importance, since it was Mendelssohn who, after the foundation of the Leipzig Conservatory, induced Moscheles to remove to Leipzig, and accept the first professorship of the piano there. After Mendelssohn's death, it was chiefly Moscheles's illustrious name that drew scholars to the Conservatory from all parts of the world.

On the occasion of a Concert he gave in Hamburg in 1825, Moscheles became acquainted with a young, accomplished lady, Charlotte Embden, the daughter of a banker of that city. A few days after their first acquaintance they were engaged, and four weeks later married. Moscheles owed to her the purest domestic happiness, during a model union of fully 45 years. To their first boy, Felix, Mendelssohn stood godfather.

In the early spring of 1826 Carl Maria von Weber had come to London to have his "Oberon" performed for the first time, and visited at the house of Moscheles, being invited to dine there. "What a pleasure!" writes M. "But even here we were most deeply moved to compassion; for he entered our drawing-room speechless,—the one flight of stairs that led up to it had entirely taken away his breath; he sank into a chair near the door, but soon recovered, and then showed himself the most amiable and vivacious companion." The exertions and excitements of this musical season in London gave the last blow to Weber's already rapidly failing health. On the 4th of June M. noted in his Journal: "When I saw Weber to-day, Sunday, he spoke confidently of his departure for Germany; but the fearful, convulsive cough, that returned at short intervals, and left a state of total exhaustion, increased our fear to the utmost; and when he painfully told us he should leave in two days, and I should give him letters to take, if I pleased, he hoped to see me again on the morrow, my heart grew sore, although I did not suspect that I saw him then for the last time among the living." On the following morning Weber was found dead in his bed. M. most deeply moved by his loss, was indefatigably active in settling Weber's affairs. To Beethoven, too, in the immortal master's last illness, he proved a loving, active friend.

The further course of M's biography offers much yet that is interesting and attractive. Particularly would we point out his intercourse with Walter Scott, Henrietta Sonntag and Paganini. Very charming is the description of an evening, where Henrietta Sonntag, Walter Scott and Clementi met at the house of M., and the two old gentlemen, quite delighted, courted the charming singer. Walter Scott described to her every fold of the Scotch costume, as she must wear it in the "Donna del Lago," and Clementi suddenly arose with the words: "This evening I should like to play too!" This was received with general delight. "He extemporized with youthful freshness" writes M., "and already the circumstance that it was his habit ordinarily never to play, lent his performance a great charm. Then you should have seen how delighted the two old gentlemen were with each other, about hands together, were not at all jealous of each other, in spite of the mutual admiration of Sonntag, but how the great man paid tribute to the great man."

Heinrich Heine, too, while in London, often visited at Moscheles's house, generally coming uninvited to dinner. Mme. Moscheles procured for him tickets of admission to all private galleries, parks, and public gardens, but asked him as a favor in return, that Heine should not mention Moscheles in his book about England. Upon his astonishment at this she said: "Moscheles's speciality is music; that interests you perhaps, but you possess after all no particular understanding for it, and so cannot write well on the subject. But you might easily discover something that would give play to your satire, and I should not like that." Heine laughing gave her his hand, and

Digitized by Google

promised.—Moscheles's biography grows more and more interesting as it advances. We look forward to the second volume with much pleasure, and shall not fail in time to report upon it to our readers.

---

## Competitive Trials between the Vocal Associations of Male Voices in Belgium, and the "Concours International," at Verviers, on the 7th July, 1872.*

BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

Notwithstanding the cosmopolitan accomplishments by virtue of which this grand Germany of ours surveys every day the globe, and buries itself in the state of civilization before the "creation of the world," besides reading and translating the novels of all nations, it possesses, as a rule, very little precise information of what is going forward on the other side of the nearest frontier station. It is too much taken up with itself and its own peculiar interests. Not to go beyond my "last"—how little are our musical circles acquainted with the musical doings of our English, French, Belgian, and Italian neighbors. They know something about certain large theatres, concert-societies, &c., but, precisely at the point where the more intimate connection between art and national life, properly speaking, commences, their ignorance of what is done begins.

Male choral singing has, for a considerable time, played a great part in Germany. Its influence has been more superficial than profound; more of a social bond than an artistic stimulus. Many a magnificent song has been admirably sung, but as a rule there have been more bad songs than good ones, and they have been sung badly rather than well. At grand Vocal Festivals, beer and patriotism have been equally prominent—fortunately without any injury to our national prosperity. If the charge which we often bring against ourselves is well-founded, namely: that we are deficient in self-consciousness, we may give the Vocal Societies, Vocal Clubs, and Vocal Unions, the Polyhymnia, Cecilia, and Concordia Associations credit for forming excellent schools to cure the defect. As members of such an association, the simplest and most modest individuals are certainly not less proud than is an English peer of his hereditary right to take part in the government of the United Kingdom. They have even had their historiographers, whose duty it has been to see that not one serenade, trip, or greeting connected with them should be lost to posterity. As a rule, however, and despite numerous very, very honorable exceptions, one was obliged to say: "Much cry and little— —music."

But I am allowing myself to indulge in evil backbiting of my dear fellow countrymen and colleagues, a plan that may lead to no music, but to a great deal of uproar, and—not the slightest amount *of* wool. Yet my purpose was to speak about the "Kampfeswagen der Gesänge," "The jousts and tournaments of song" among our neighbours!

I was invited thereto by a "grand international competition," got up at Verviers, on the 7th July by the Royal Society called *L'Emulation*. I attended as one of the judges. I had previously often been thus distinguished, as, for instance, at Antwerp, Liége, Namur, etc., probably because the Belgians have not to go far to find me. But I was, also, charged with the task of writing an "obligatory chorus," a *chœur imposé*, and thanks, thereto, enjoyed the unusual treat of hearing a new work (the Psalm: "Super Flumina Babylonis") without having to go through any horrible rehearsals.

These vocal contests play a great part in Belgium. It would be difficult to find a national festival of which they do not constitute a feature, while the number of those got up without any extraneous object may be termed considerable. They are divided into various categories, with the *International* competitions at their head. The arrangements have been so developed in course of time that, in all their principal points, they may be regarded as permanent.

A corporation, or a Vocal Association, under its auspices, undertakes to get up a competition, or match. This may be open simply to one province, or a number of parishes and towns; it may stretch over the entire kingdom; or, lastly, all the nations on the face of the globe may be invited to take part in it. In the last case as far as I know at least, only Rhinelanders, Dutch, and French from the frontier provinces, have hitherto appeared. They have carried off several high prizes. It was here that our own [Cologne] celebrated Choral Association for Male Voices won its first victories. These encouraged it to undertake its well-known, and so highly successful, journey to Great Britain.

* From the Kölnische Zeitung. Translation from the London Musical World.

The prizes consisting, partly of "Indemnités," as they are called, partly of gold medals, partly of valuable works of art, etc., are contributed from various quarters. In nearly all cases, we find a present from the King, and there is frequently a contribution from the Ministry; for Belgium, in proportion to its size, spends more on art than any other state. The town in which the festival is kept, the local societies, and some few private persons do their best. Thus I find that, on the occasion of the last vocal match at Verviers, at least 14 valuable medals (worth as much as 500 francs), are mentioned as being given by seven or nine associations, some of which (I may mention the Club Gymnastique, and the Société du Manège), are but very distantly connected with music — a proof of the deep interest taken in the subject. Special mention must be made of the present given by the Cercle des Artisans, and of a gold crown added to the first prize by the ladies of the town. Several months before the day of the match the announcements and invitations are made public, the different associations having to signify eight or ten weeks beforehand their intention of taking part in the proceedings. I must here touch upon a point which is interesting to all, but more especially to musicians. First class competing societies are bound to sing the *same* compositions, and it is sent them four or five weeks before the meeting. The compositions intended for this purpose must be new. The compositions intended for this purpose must be new. The composers selected to supply them willingly undertake the task as a question of honor, which, however, is not unattended with material profit. The associations, compelled to master the same thing in the same time, thus contend on equal terms.

To form the board of arbitrators, invitations are issued to a smaller or larger number, as the case may be, of musicians of repute, who are always treated with the most gracious and splendid hospitality. They are formed into various sections, because at the larger meetings the competitors are *singing-matching* it in several places at once. Under these circumstances you frequently meet old friends again, and pass some exceedingly charming hours of good natured gaiety with your colleagues, though the office of arbitrator itself has its serious aspects and its moments of exhaustion. At Verviers there were more than twenty *Minoses* assembled, including one Dutchman (our old friend Verhulst), and several of our Rhenish colleagues.

A summary of the arrangements at this festival will be the speediest means of conveying a notion how the majority of such meetings are organized. 1. The third division for Belgians; associations from parishes containing less than 7,000 inhabitants. 2. The second division for Belgians: associations from towns of from 7,000 to 18,000 inhabitants. 3. The first division for the same: associations from towns of at least 18 000 inhabitants. 4. For foreigners: a second division for parishes and towns of less than 12 000 inhabitants. 6. International contest for Belgian and foreign associations, already the possessors of a first prize. 7. An International contest of *Honor* (an innovation introduced, I believe, by the Verviers Committee), for associations which have already carried off a first class prize (*prix d'excellence*). The divisions named under 1, 2, 4, and 5, have to sing two pieces, both of their own selection. The divisions, on the contrary, included under 4, 6, and 7, have to sing one obligatory chorus, and one chosen by themselves, a new piece being composed for each of the divisions under each of these heads. In addition to some smaller localities, the Theatre, and the riding school, a magnificent building, with accommodation for some thousand persons, were fitted up for the occasion.

The conditions, under which these friendly contests take place, display the most conscientious desire to mete out even justice to all. The reproduction of them at length would occupy too much space. I may mention, however, that the vocal solos, which possess so great a charm for the public, do not at all affect the awards, and that the Jury, without any deliberation, vote secretly. The order to be observed by the associations singing in the same division is decided by lot.

I had no opportunity of hearing in Belgium those associations from whose performances no very great things were to be expected. In all probability they suffer, as we so frequently find the case among ourselves, from the unsuccessful imitation of the larger associations, which they are but too eager to out-do even in their "very hawking and spitting." The performances, however, of such societies as are located in large towns, or, from peculiar circumstances, have more than a usually large number of members, and possess proper conductors, excel, as regards the *virtuosity* with which they execute the *most difficult* tasks, everything in this branch of art which it has fallen to my lot to hear in Germany. It is true that the tasks to be accomplished in the two countries are of an utterly different nature.

In our own country, male choral singing sprang from the love of convivial pleasures. To the joys which men transmitted, through their throats, inwardly to their bodies, were added those which, making their way through the throat outwardly, satisfied the needs of their souls. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." The notion of singing in common our veneration of women and wine, our love for nature and our native land, so magnificently expressed in our unique lyric poetry, could not fail to exert an irresistible influence on a people for whom, in the majority of cases at least, music constitutes a piece of their lives. The song in strophes, which, generally speaking, constitutes the primitive basis of all vocal music, offered itself both naturally and artistically, as the appropriate form. Through what phases it has passed during the present century; how it has wandered from the *Liedertafel* to the concert-room; how it was fated to have the honor of contributing to the manifestation of our national consciousness, as it grew more and more powerful; how male choral singing has, in many instances, been degraded to the level of mere ballad singing; and how, on the other hand, brought into connection with instrumental resources, by talented composers and active associations, it has been employed for higher artistic ends, might furnish materials for a not uninteresting octavo volume. That we can affect nothing with good-natured sentiment *alone*, we have frequently seen; and, unfortunately, the most glaring proof of this is supplied far too often by German male choral singing.

The contrasts of nationality, which, thank Heaven, are not abolished either by railways or steamboats, are most strikingly apparent when we come to consider male choral singing in Belgium as compared with male choral singing in Germany. Sprung, in the nature of things, from the French school of art, the dramatic, elocutionary, and, at times, even the outwardly pictorial, elements play the principal part in the former. Poems and compositions satisfying this tendency require, if they are to produce any sort of effect, a broader style of handling, and, from this fact alone, make greater demands upon the executants. But the Belgian and French composers who have cultivated this field of art have not been backward in presenting difficulties of another description as well. They do not shrink from the most daring runs, from the most surprising modulations—they write the chorus, five, six, or eight part, and they require the most delicate treatment of the falsetto, rapid, and yet strongly marked enunciation of the words, and peculiar coloring in cases of sharp outline. In their endeavors to offer us something new and characteristic, they have allowed themselves to be led away into attempting to imitate instrumental effects, and so on, a course by no means worthy of imitation. But compositions such as *Les Emigrés Irlandais*, *Saul*, and others by that admirable musician, Gevaert; *Les Corsaires Grecs*, by Soubre; the effective *Hymn à la Patrie*, written by Léon Jouret, for Verviers, and many other compositions, require no such artifices. They need nothing but genuine choral art. When, moreover, we recollect that the most important performances take place at those Olympic Games, the prize singing-matches, we may easily form a notion of the energetic exertion to which singers and conductors may be impelled. It is impossible to dispose of the extraordinary performances springing hence by merely enquiring what was the number of rehearsals. The accomplishment of every artistic task requires time and industry. At the most, one would be entitled to step forward in opposition if what was *got off by heart* asserted itself at the expense of vitality. But this is by no means the case. To perfect technical skill, fine gradations of light and shade, and distinct enunciation, is added an amount of fire which borders on inspiration, and which simply carries the hearer away, no matter whether the ambition of gaining a prize plays as great a part in the matter as the desire to do artistic justice to the subject.

Belgian artists complain, it is true, that the expenditure of strength leading to *victory* is followed by a long reaction of inactivity; nay, that associations which have carried off all kinds of crowns, prefer resting upon their laurels to risking a defeat. But, then, fresh associations are continually being established, and stepping with all the fire of youth into the arena. As the principal object in view is competitive singing, we may truly say that what is lost *en détail* is gained *en gros*.

But there is one step in advance which might be taken: apart from their competitive singing, some of the best associations might be induced to unite in the performance of some grand composition with orchestral accompaniment. As, in this case, it does not matter what time is spent in preparation, such com-

Digitized by Google

positions might be got up long beforehand, quietly and surely. The expense occasioned by the co-operation of an orchestra, and, perhaps, of a few soloists, would not be of any consideration in so rich and large-hearted a country as Belgium, and the warm suffrages of the public might be reckoned on with certainty. The interest with which the public follow the singing-matches, is something indescribable. The better performances, and, still more, the best, are overwhelmed with applause, and the moment when the name of the conquering association is published is nothing short of a dramatic scene. The voting-papers are handed one after the other by the chairman of the jury to the secretary, who reads aloud their purport. There is a general and breathless silence, during which you feel that the public are silently counting the votes given to each of the competing associations. One of them has obtained a majority! Suddenly there bursts from the victorious singers a shout of joy which would have done honor to the Teutons of Tacitus, and it is only with difficulty that one can arrive at the announcement of the number of votes held back. If the arbitrators' verdict agrees with the feeling of the public, there is universal delight. But the contrary may, also, be the case; and then——why, then one sometimes gets a rather unpleasant specimen of the inconveniences and disagreeables of a highly democratic community. Fortunately this case is of extremely rare occurrence. —The combination suggested above for the performance of more important vocal works, for male choruses, would also be the best preparatory step for something which is floating before the minds of the leading Belgian composers, who always took so much interest in our Rhenish Musical Festivals—the general co-operation of the female world of music in grand oratorio-dramatic works. In Germany, male choral singing has exercised in this respect a decidedly injurious effect, as the compositions to which it has principally devoted itself are, in the common sense of the word, more *entertaining*, but, both intellectually and technically, of less account than that demanded from the executants by works for mixed chorus. For the fact that, despite this, so much is effected, the reason must be sought in the indomitable and thoroughly musical nature of the Germans. In Belgium, the male choral singing which flourishes there would not act prejudicially on mixed choral singing—it would have to accomplish *other* tasks, but they would be by no means difficult.

One of the most gratifying phenomena at the singing-matches of our neighbors is the part, not simply active, but talented, taken in them by the laboring classes. The Orphéon from Brussels (under the direction of M. Bauwens), carried off in the International Match at Verviers the second *prix d'excellence*. It numbers eighty members, and consists entirely of working men. The first prize in the above category was won by the Society of Amis Réunis of Jupille. M. Th. Piedbœuf, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a rich manufacturer, has, from among his workmen, and other persons variously employed, *formed*, in the best acceptation of the word, a chorus of 90 persons. At the Verviers meeting he conducted it personally, with immense fire and unmistakably great ability. The next day, on a tribune erected in the market-place, he received, amid our congratulations, a golden medal, coming from his Majesty, the King, and an indemnification of 1,000 francs, which in their immeasurable joy his chorus certainly did not require. All honor to such efforts, which far surpass what is regarded as acts of humanity, because the latter without the former would be impossible!

The first prize of honor was gained by the Liége society—La Légia, under the direction of that talented musician, T. Radoux (brother of the Th. Radoux, who has rendered himself popular by the composition of a large number of pleasing songs). This Association, 137 strong, had scarcely to contend at all, for, in consequence of what was already known of its performances, all ideas of competing with it were abandoned by the other Belgian societies. It possesses the best qualities in abundance—the most admirable stuff, strength and power, together with that virtuoso-like finish, attainable only by the most conscientious study, under a clever director, who is not merely a thorough musician, but specially accomplished vocally. I am glad, however, that I can here refer to the Cologne *Liederkranz*, under the direction of Herr Lorscheidt, which had the boldness to enter the lists against La Légia, and came out with all honor from the dangerous undertaking. With acclamation, and unanimously, the jury awarded it the gold medal placed at their free disposal for any extraordinary case. The members of the Society L'Emulation, who got up the festival, which, thanks to their sensible and kindly care, had gone off so well, did not think that, in a musical sense, they ought to be merely dumb lookers on: shut out by their own will from the competitive singing, properly so called, they had—in order, so to speak, to do the honors musically as well as otherwise—undertaken the difficult task of executing the two new pieces composed for the highest categories. They did so with such eminent merit that they nearly missed their friendly object by rendering it more difficult for the Associations which came after them to gain the due amount of appreciation. In praise of the conductor, Professor Th. Vercken, of Liége, I have merely to add that, until very lately, and for a great number of years, he was at the head of La Légia.

The town of Verviers was decked out during the Festival in the gayest colors; all the places in which singing was going on were crammed. In the Salle de l'Harmonie, the members of the board of arbitrators were invited to a really endless banquet, with the distinguished burgomaster, M. Ortmans-Hauzeur, in the chair. I say *endless* banquet, because some of us did not stop for its end, but went and chatted for a few hours of the next day in the charming garden, which was splendidly illuminated. The distribution of the prizes took place on the morning in the grand square. Thousands of spectators filled all the windows, roofs, and adjoining streets. But the weather was sultry and oppressive during the entire proceedings—a fact arising from no moral grounds. The envious gods were sulking, because the amusement of mere mortals lasted too long, though they were civil enough to defer manifesting their displeasure till we had reached the protecting roof. Then the rain poured down in never ceasing streams, washing away and overflowing everything, except the pleasant impressions which the Festival made on all taking part in it, and which at the present moment float around us as charming memories.

## Facts about Fiddles.

Charles Reade, the novelist, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as follows:

Under the head of Cremona Fiddles, for want of a better, let me sing the four-stringed instruments that were made in Italy from about 1560 to 1760, and varnished with high-colored yet transparent varnishes, the secret of which, known to numberless families in 1745, had vanished off the earth by 1760, and has now for fifty years baffled the laborious researches of violin makers, amateurs and chemists.

The modern orchestra uses four-stringed instruments, played with a bow; the smallest is the king; its construction is a marvel of art; and, as we are too apt to underrate familiar miracles, let me analyze this wooden paragon, by way of showing what great architects in wood those Italians were who invented this instrument and its fellows at Brescia and Bologna. The violin itself, apart from its mere accessories, consists of a scroll or head, weighing an ounce or two, a slim neck, a thin back, that ought to be made of Swiss sycamore, a thin belly of Swiss deal, and sides of Swiss sycamore no thicker than a sixpence. This little wooden shell delivers an amount of sound that is simply monstrous; but, to do that, it must submit to a strain of which the public has no conception. Let us suppose two claimants to take opposite ends of a violin-string, and to pull against each other with all their weight; the tension of the string so produced would not equal the tension which is created by the screw in raising that string to concert pitch. Consider, then, that not one but four strings tug night and day, like a team of demons, at the wafer-like sides of this wooden shell. Why does it not collapse? Well, it would collapse with a crash, long before the strings reached concert pitch, if the violin was not a wonder inside as well as out. The problem was to withstand that severe pressure without crippling the vast vibration by solidity. The inventors approached the difficulty thus: they inserted six blocks of lime or some light wood; one of these blocks at the lower end of the violin, one at the upper, and one at each corner—the corner blocks very small and triangular; the top and bottom blocks much larger, and shaped like a capital D, the straight line of the block lying close to the sides, and the curved line outwards. Then they slightly connected all the blocks by two sets of linings; these linings are not above a quarter of an inch deep, I suppose, and no thicker than an old penny piece, but they connect those six blocks and help to distribute the resistance.

Even so the shell would succumb in time; but now the inventor killed two birds with one stone; he cunningly diverted a portion of the pressure by the means that were necessary to the sound. He placed the bridge on the belly of the violin, and that raised the strings out of the direct line of tension, and relieved the lateral pressure at the expense of the belly. But as the belly is a weak arch, it must now be strengthened in its turn. Accordingly a bass-bar was glued horizontally to the belly, under one foot of the bridge. This bass-bar is a very small piece of deal, about the length and half the size of an old-fashioned lead pencil, but, the ends being tapered off, it is glued on to the belly, with a spring in it, and supports the belly magically. As a proof how nicely all these things were balanced, the bass-bar of Gasparo da Salo, the Amati, and Stradiuarius being a little shorter and shallower than a modern bass-bar, did admirably for their day, yet will not do now. Our raised concert pitch has clapped on more tension, and straightway you must remove the bass-bar even of Stradiuarius, and substitute one a little longer and deeper, or your Cremona sounds like a strung frying-pan.

Remove now from the violin, which for two centuries has endured this strain, the finger-board, tail-piece, tail-pin and screws—since those are the instruments or vehicles of tension, not materials of resistance—and weigh the violin itself. It weighs, I suppose, about twenty ounces; and it has fought hundred weights of pressure for centuries. A marvel of construction, it is also a marvel of sound. It is audible farther off than the gigantic piano forte, and its tones in a master's hand go to the heart of man. It can be prostituted to the performance of difficulties, and often is; but that is not its fault. Genius can make your very heart dance with it, or your eyes to fill; and Niel Gow was no romancer, but only a deeper critic than his fellows, when, being asked what was the true test of a player, he replied: "A mon is a player when he can gar himsell greet wi his feedle."

### THE ROMANCE OF FIDDLE DEALING.

Nearly fifty years ago a gaunt Italian, called Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one day with a lot of old Italian instruments, by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. Georges Chanot, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game; and in the course of thirty years imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradiuarius and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the violins of Francesco Stradiuarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giodfredus Cappa, Gobetti, Morglato Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santo Magini, and Matteo Benti of Brescia, Michel Angelo Bergonzi, Montagnana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius, of Venice, and full fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania, and his motto was "A tout seigneur tout honneur." The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him no money would buy from him. No. 91 was one of them. But for his death you would never have cast eyes on it. He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it, for fear I should tempt him.

Well, one day George Chanot, Senior, who is perhaps the best judge of violins left (now Tarisio is gone), made an excursion to Spain, to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a fiddle-maker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chanot rubbed his eyes, and asked himself, was he dreaming?—the belly of a Stradiuarius bass roasting in a shop-window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chanot carried this precious fragment home and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window; for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the color out of that maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradiuarius belly. He pestered Chanot till the latter sold it to him for a thousand francs and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. "Sir," says the lady, "it is at your disposition." That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind, and, in short, she put on the screw, *as she thought*, and sold it to him for about four thousand francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade. He sailed exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out

Digitized by Google

of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since.

"Ah, my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost."

Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast! Observe! there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus.*

He got it safe to Paris. A certain high-priest in these mysteries called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called the glue-pot, soon rewedded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 f.

I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty two years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like; for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case—"*Post tot naufragia tutus.*"

## On Singing in Tune and Singing out of Tune.

The fact of a note being out of tune may depend upon three causes; the impressions of the moment, the voice of the singer, and his ear. The note does not cease to be out of tune, but the consequences are very different from what they are in other cases, when the defect arises from the impressions of the moment, because, then, the defect may be corrected. Thus, fear, emotion, want of confidence in one's memory, a note emitted involuntarily, so to speak, with greater force than the artist intended, too much *abandon* in dramatic expression, want of acquaintance with the acoustic qualities of a building, and, lastly, any moral or physical suffering, are so many causes which may make a singer sing momentarily out of tune, and yet not justify us in accusing him of doing so habitually. I will go farther than this: any artist, who, feeling that at the commencement of a melodic phrase he had pitched his voice a little too high, or a little too low, (for a singer with an ear is always aware of the fact) attempted to set himself right at once in the middle of the phrase, would find himself singing much more out of tune than a singer who had made up his mind to terminate the phrase as he had begun it, and not put himself right till a slight pause in the music enabled him to do so.

How many amateurs have I known—and, unfortunately, they are to be met with every day—who, after hearing an artist for the first time, have gone about everywhere proclaiming that he sang out of tune, because, not being in very good voice on the night they heard him, he had perhaps emitted two or three suspicious notes. Yes, such an assertion has been made in my presence regarding our greatest artistic celebrities in days gone by, regarding Lablache, Tosta, Ronconi, and Persiani.

One note is sufficient to make some persons assert that an artist sings out of tune; just as if he possesses every good quality except a particular one to which such and such an amateur is partial, it is precisely that very quality which is expected of him, while no credit is given him for all the qualities which he really does possess. I myself heard Adolphe Nourrit one day say: "If an artist were to be run down for singing badly once, twice, three times or even ten times, everybody would have to renounce all idea of becoming a singer." I have heard one of the greatest singers in the world, Duprez, sing out of tune during an entire first act, and rise during the second to the most marvellous and sublime efforts. And why? Because, notwithstanding his prodigious greatness as an artist, he was under the influence of an insurmountable dread every time he appeared on the stage.

When the fact of singing out of tune arises from a defect, either natural, or in consequence of illness, in the vocal organ, it is not certainly impossible to correct it, but the task may prove a difficult one. In such a case, the person singing is perfectly aware that he is singing out of tune, without, however, being able to remedy the evil. The voice, under the circumstances, is exactly like a wind instrument which is not correct, because certain proportions have not been observed, either in its length or breadth, or in the size of the holes. The only remedy is to send the flute or clarinet back to the maker's to be rectified. Unfortunately, there is no instrument maker to whom we can send our vocal organs to be repaired. If, therefore, after devoting the time necessary for going through every possible method of imparting certainty and strength to the voice, a singer perceives that he cannot succeed, the sole course left him is to give up all ideas of singing. Luckily, this is a rare case.

But if, lastly, singing out of tune arises from a want of ear, the evil is incurable, for it is, in such a case, simply by chance that the person sings; and he will be in the position of some artist or other of the Opera Comique, of whom Florentino facetiously said that: "He always sang above, below, or on one side of the note." But a professor should not be in too great a hurry to declare his pupil has no ear, for it is very possible that the mere absence of habit may cause the latter to be out of tune. Nature is so strange. Many an artist plays the piano or violin perfectly, and has a most delicately correct ear; yet if he tries to sing at sight, he will not hit two notes correctly. Another will sing in tune with a piano, but out of tune with an orchestra; and every one has, doubtless, like me, met amateurs whom the slightest want of correctness in the pieces executed before them will cause to start, and yet who will fearlessly sing out of tune themselves without perceiving it. Sound coming from within evidently produces, upon those who hear it, a different effect to that coming from without. Before deciding, therefore, whether a pupil has no ear, the master ought to make him go through all the studies intended to fix and impart certainty to the voice; he ought to familiarize him with every possible intonation, and not pronounce a sentence of condemnation until he is convinced that his pupil does not know whether he is singing in, or out of tune.

I once experienced an extraordinary fact of this kind. A young Italian lady, very pretty, and possessing a magnificent contralto, but without any musical education, desired to go upon the stage. Many professors were, as I was, seduced by her beautiful voice; I may mention among others MM. Panseron, and Schimon. Schneitzhoeffer gave her a pianoforte and solfeggi mistress in the shape of a fair pupil of the Conservatory, but the mistress could never make the pupil feel when she executed the scale with its eight notes, when she gave only seven, or when she sent forth nine or ten. One day the pupil felt perfectly discouraged. Desirous of being convinced whether it was or was not an impossibility for her to sing, I resolved to devote a month to the task. During this month, I had the patience to make her practise only the first sixteen bars of Arsace's cavatina: "Ah! quel giorno!" striking the notes on the piano as she sang. At the end of the month, to test the progress she had made, I played the proper accompaniment. No one can possibly form the slightest conception of the strain with which she favored me; it was the most incredible pasticcio, hodge podge, and jumble of the cavatina from *Tancredi*, the air from the *Barbiere*, the ballad from *Fra Diavolo*, and I know not what besides—in fact, it was something of everything except the cavatina of Arsace, of which she did not give one single note.

There was a prejudice, very general in former days, and not quite eradicated even now, that, supposing any one does sing out of tune, he had better sing too low than too high. Those who argue thus strangely, found their opinion upon the fact that singing too low denotes a certain weakness, either temporary, or more permanent, but which may disappear in course of time, while singing too high denotes an organic defect of the voice or the ear. Nothing can be less just than this argument. Singing too high, like singing too low, may arise from weakness just as well as from an organic defect. That a person's singing too high is frequently attributable to weakness is proved by the circumstance that if we pit in a duet two persons against each other, one with a delicate and the other with a very strong voice, and that if the former endeavors to hold his own against the latter, he will nearly always finish by going up. It has been remarked that French and Italian voices are more inclined to go down sometimes, while, on the contrary German voices display a tendency to rise. What does this prove? Nothing, except that Nature has sown some imperfection in all her works. Everyone knows that extremely high soprano voices exhibit a tendency to rise. I will go still further than this: I maintain that there does not exist in the world a soprano, singing easily the re, mi, and high fa, who does not accidentally rise. Ought this to expose to the charge of singing out of tune the artists who possess such voices? By no means!

Let us recapitulate. An artist sings out of tune, when the defect is an habitual one; when he is never sure of singing correctly one evening something he sang correctly on a previous evening; when, on one and the same occasion, his voice sometimes rises and sometimes fails; when, in a word, his intonation, even though not invariably bad, constantly disturbs those who are listening to him. But a singer who happens in the course of an opera to emit a few doubtful notes, and that only once in two or three months, may yet be regarded as singing in tune. All the worse for those who go to hear him precisely on his bad days. I recollect its being formerly asserted that Mme. Damoreau, Nourrit, and Rubini, were the only singers who never were out of tune. I subscribe to this, and I could add several names very popular at the present day. However, if a leading artist, with a firmly established reputation for singing in tune, happens once in a way to miss a note, there are, among the public that detect the fault, many, who, unlike the amateurs I mentioned above, will not dare to confess the truth, even to themselves, but will be persuaded it is their own ear which is in fault.

Before, therefore, blighting the reputation of an artist, by the assertion that he sings out of tune, we ought to be quite certain whether he does so by mere accident, or habitually, and guard against being too severe in our judgment of him; but, on the other hand, we should not carry our deference to so high a pitch as the singing mistress, who, not wishing to wound the feelings of her pupil, by telling her plainly she sang out of tune, mildly observed: "If, Mademoiselle, you would take your E slightly higher, my piano would be more in tune."

HENRY COHEN (*Guide Musical.*)

A MOZART MANUSCRIPT.—A sale of musical manuscripts took place recently in London, at which a Sonata of Mozart's, for violin and piano-forte, in the composer's autograph, was bid off for ten guineas. Mr. George Grove writes for *The Athenæum* an interesting account of this manuscript, which it seems has a curious history. It was written in 1784, to be performed at the Vienna Theatre, by Mozart and the violinist, Regina Strinasacchi, and the circumstances are thus related by Mozart's biographer, Otto Jahn:

"Mozart, in writing to his father about the new player, after saying how much he hears of her taste and expression, goes on to say: 'I am now writing a sonata, which we are to play together at her concert, on Thursday, in the theatre.' But the sonata was not ready in time, and it was only with great difficulty that Signora Strinasacchi obtained the violin part from Mozart on the evening before the concert. She had only the following morning to practice it in, and that by herself, for the composer and she first saw one another at the concert itself. The performance was magnificent on both sides, and was received with the greatest applause. But the Emperor Joseph, who was in his box opposite the piano, thinking that he detected through his opera-glass that Mozart had no notes before him, sent for him to bring the sonata. What Mozart brought him was a blank piece of paper with merely the bars drawn upon it; for he had not found time to write down the piano part, and played the sonata (no part of which he had ever even heard) from memory."

To this Mr. Grove adds:

"The manuscript sold at Sotheby's for ten guineas, though now containing the complete work, was the identical paper which Mozart had before him on the desk: and the sight of it shows that Jahn's account is not absolutely correct. It was not blank paper with the mere bars; but contained the violin part, carefully written by Mozart himself throughout, and below it the staves for the piano forte, with here and there a bit of accompaniment figure or modulation, to guide him as he went along. These can be perfectly well made out, from the simple circumstance that the ink with which Mozart afterward filled in the piano-forte part is much blacker than that in which the violin part and the scattered memoranda just mentioned were written; so that it is easy to see exactly how the paper was when the Emperor looked down upon it from his box. The writing of the violin part is as graceful and easy as Mozart's ordinary hand; but owing to the accompaniment being sometimes florid, the notes of the piano part have often had to be crammed and squeezed in between the bars."

The complete Sonata, which is in B flat major, is well known in the modern concert room.

## Young Mendelssohn in Paris.*

An important event in the young composer's life took place in 1825, when he went to Paris with his father to consult Cherubini as to his future career. Of his experiences during his visit to the gay city we have the following account from his own pen, and remembering that it was written when he was only sixteen years of age, it gives a remarkable illustration of his powers of observation:

"I had hoped," says he, "to find this the native home of music, musicians, and musical taste; but, upon my word, it is nothing of the kind. The salons, though I did not expect much from them, are wearisome; people care only for trivial, showy music, and won't put up with anything serious or

* Goethe and Mendelssohn (1821—1831) translated, with additions from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, by M. E. Von Glehn. London: Macmillan & Co.

Digitized by Google

solid. The orchestras (I have heard those of the Opera and the Academie Royale) are very good, but by no means perfect; and lastly, the musicians themselves are either dried up, or else do nothing but abuse Paris and the Parisians.

"At the concert at Tremont last Sunday, I heard Urhahn play some variations on the viola. He tunes it differently to the usual way, that is to say, f c, f c. This is very effective the first time you hear it, but still it is a bad plan, for the instrument loses the depth of the viola, without gaining the acuteness of the violin, while it is obviously only available in F major, or at best C major. After this Kalkbrenner played a new sextet of his own in A minor. The piano has quite the leading part, and the clarinet, cello, and do ble-bass merely accompany. There are some pretty things in it, but mostly taken from Hummel's septet, on which the piece is really modelled. He played very well, though with some unsteadiness, on account of the fearful and unbearable heat. Just before he began he turned to Herz, and said with a sweet smile, 'Play for me, and I promise to give you ten sous.' But Herz, smilingly stroking his black beard, answered with a smile, 'Nay, that would not be agreeable to the public.' 'I beg your pardon," said Kalkbrenner with another smile.

"Yesterday we were at the Feydeau, and saw the last act of an opera of Catel's called 'L'Aubergiste,' and Auber's 'Léocadie.' The theatre is large, cheerful, and pretty; the orchestra very good; and if the fiddles are not as fine as those at the Opera Buffa, the basses and the wind and the *ensemble* are better; and the conductor stands in the middle. The singers do not sing badly, though they have no voices; their acting is lively and rapid, and the whole goes well together. But now for the chief thing, the composition. Of the first opera I will say nothing, for I only heard half of it, and that was poor and weak, though not without pretty, light melody; but the celebrated 'Léocadie,' by the celebrated Auber—anything so miserable you really cannot conceive. The story is taken from a wretched novel of Cervantes, wretchedly cooked up into an opera, and I could never have believed that so vulgar and objectionable a piece should not only hold its ground, but in a short time run through fifty two representations before an audience of Frenchmen, who really have nice feeling and correct taste. To this novel, which belongs to Cervantes' wild period, Auber has made the most miserable tame music. I don't speak of there being no breadth, no life, no originality in the whole opera, and of its being patched together of alternate reminiscences o Cherubini and Rossini; I don't speak of there being no vestige of seriousness or spark of passion, no power, no fire in it, nor that in the greatest climaxes the singers have to make *roulades* and shakes and passages; but surely the favorite of the public, the pupil of Cherubini, a man with grey hair, might have been expected to know something about instrumentation, now that it has become so easy through the publication of the scores of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven! Not even that. Just fancy that out of the many pieces in the whole opera, there are perhaps three in w ich the piccolo does not play the chief part. The Overture begins with a *tremolando* in the strings, but very soon out pop the piccolo from the garret, and the bassoon from the cellar, and pipe away a melody between them. In the subject of the Allegro the strings have the Spanish accompaniment, and the piccolo tootles another air to it. Léocadie's first melancholy air, 'Pauvre Léocadie, il vaudrait mieux mourir,' is appropriately accompanied by a piccolo: the piccolo expresses the brother's rage, the lover's grief, and the peasant girl's joy—in short, the whole thing might be capitally arranged for two flutes and a jew's harp *ad libitum*. Oh dear!

"You tell me also, Fanny, that I ought to set up for a reformer, and teach people to like Onslow, Reicha, Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach. I do that already, as far as I can. But recollect, my dear child, that the people here don't know a note of 'Fidelio," and look upon Bach as a mere full-bottomed wig, powdered with nothing but learning.

"The other day, at Kalkbrenner's request I played Bach's organ preludes in E minor and A minor. The people thought them both sweetly pretty, and somebody remarked that the beginning of the A minor prelude bore a striking resemblance to a favorite duet of Monsigny's (a French opera writer)!—everything danced before my eyes.

"At Mme. Kiené's a few days ago I played my B minor quartet with Baillot. He began quite in a careless, indifferent sort of way, but at a passage in the first part of the first movement he got into the spirit of the thing, and played the rest of the movement and the Adagio very well and with plenty of vigor. Then came the Scherzo: I suppose the opening of it pleased him, for he went off like anything, at a tremendous pace, the others after him, I trying to keep them back; but it's not much good trying to keep back three runaway Frenchmen. And so they carried me along with them, always madder and madder and faster and louder; and especially at one place near the end, where the subject of the Trio comes at the top, against the beat, Baillot lashed away in the most furious style, in a rage with himself because he had made the same mistake sever l times over. When it was finished, all that he said to me was, "Encore une fois ce morceau." That time it went smoothly, but still more madl, than the first time. The last movement at first went like wildfire. At that part near the end where the subject comes in for the last time in B minor, quite *fortissimo*, Baillot sawed aw y at his strings in a perfect frenzy, so that I was almost fr ghtened at my own quartet; and at the end, he came up to me, again without a word, and embraced me twice as if he wanted to stifle me. Rode also was very much pleased, and a long while afterwards, suddenly said to me in German: 'Bravo, mein Schatz!' . . . Fancy, you write to me of prejudices and partiality, of growling and owlishness, and of the land flowing with milk and honey—as you call this Paris. Just reflect, I beseech you, are you in Paris, or am I! Surely I must know more about it than you. Is it my way to let myself be hampered by prejudices in my judgment of music? And even if it were, is Rode prejudiced when he says, 'C'est une dégringolade musicale!' Is Neukomm prejudiced when he says, 'C'est pas ici le pays des orchestres!' Is Herz prejudiced when he says, 'The public here can understand and appreciate nothing but variations!' and are thousands of others prejudiced when they swear at Paris? It is you who are so prejudiced that you believe my impartial statements less than the lovely picture of an Eldorado Paris that your own fancy has dra n. Take up the *Constitutionnel*, what are they giving at the Italian opera besides Rossini? Take up a music-catalogue, what is published or sold but romances and potpourris? Wait till you have been here and heard 'Alceste,' 'Robin de Bois,' and the soirées; or till you have heard the music in the King's Chapel, and then judge and scold, but not now when you are hampered and regularly blinded by prejudices. But forgive me for this *Allegro feroce*.

"I have been busy these last days making a Kyrie 4.5 *voce* and *grandissimo* orchestra; in bulk it surpasses anything I have yet written. There is also a tolerable amount of *pizzicato* in it, and as for the trombones, they will need good wind-pipes.*"

—* Letters to his parents of the 18th and 22nd April, 1825.

PUBLISHERS' SONGS.—The London *Athenæum* says a young lady's singing powers are in a sorrowful state when she leaves school, but much is to be allowed for apprehensive instincts, timid and tremulous nerves. She knows she is no artist in song, and of that the publisher takes advantage. His sincerity is such, that he offers her too frequently imbecile nonsense, under the plea that it is "easy to sing." The normal requirements for a publisher's song are, no feeling, no fancy, no invention, no meaning, no power, no life, no sensibility, no sentiment. There is but one answer to Voltaire's query, "What does it ask for?" and that is, nothing. An English girl in a music-seller's estimation, is an ungraceful, pitiable being. She has no heart, no head; she is without sympathy or thought, without skill, voice, method, declamation or any power of captivating in an art which has, ever since the world began, stood foremost in its influence on humanity. Ballad-singing to our young ladies must be the most comfortless of all their young life's engagements, and to their auditors the most terrible affliction to be met with in social life.

## Necrology.

(Continued from page 303.)

5. EDUARD SOBOLEWSKI, a German composer of some eminence, who emigrated to this country in 1859, died at St. Louis in May last. From the New York *Musik Zeitung* we translate the following account of his career.—

"He was born at Königsberg in Prussia, Oct. 1, 1804. In his thirteenth year he was already a virtuoso on his favorite instrument, the violin. At the age of seventeen he was established as first violinist in the orchestra of the Königsberg theatre, and at 23 he held the place of Kapellmeister to the same orchestra. There he remained until 1854, when he removed to Bremen, where he officiated as Kapellmeister in the Stadt theatre until his emigration in 1859 to the United States.

"In Königsberg Sobolewski had founded the Musical Academy there, which a few years ago celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by the performance of some of its founder's works; and besides his onerous labors as conductor of the orchestra and as teacher of singing in the Academy, he also gave lectures on the theory of composition at the University.

"In the time of his residence in Königsberg and Bremen fall not only most of his musical productions in many forms, but also a multitude of musical treatises, criticisms and controversial writings, most of which appeared in the Leipzig musical journals, especially the 'Reactionary Letters' levelled against the new direction of Richard Wagner, which have been translated into nearly every language of the cultivated world.

"For his restless, busily creative spirit the Fatherland was too narrow; he could endure no longer his limited sphere of operation in the commercial city; and, filled with the fairest hopes for a free, unlimited field of activity in the new world, he came to the United States, where he first settled in Milwaukee. But here nothing but bitter disappointments were his lot. Without definite plan, without experience, without knowledge of the relations of the country, he had to submit himself to the advice of so-called friends, whose motives seemed to him benevolent or disinterested. At first he was made director of the Musical Society, which, utterly unable to appreciate Sobolewski's earnest striving, soon let him fall again, and even stirred up animosity against him, making his further stay in that city impossible. To be sure, a Sobolewski was not the man for concerts in costume, with wreaths and dances, such as the Musical Society then cultivated. An artistic tour through America, which led him as far as to Havana, turned out mournfully enough. This was in a great measure the fault of the programme, which had for its principal features his not easily understood monodrama 'Cleopatra,' and, some songs from 'Hiawatha' melodramatically worked up by him. In Milwaukee he composed also his 'American National Opera: Mohega, the Flower of the Forest,' and brought it out with the aid of the Musical Society, but without any particular success.

"From Milwaukee he removed to St. Louis, having accepted the invitation of the Philharmonic Society there to become its conductor. Here he worked industriously and perseveringly as director, music-teacher and composer until his death, which occurred on Sunday, the 18th of May, after only eight days sickness. Sobolewski, whom fortune has always treated in a very step-motherly way, leaves a family of ten children, of whom the youngest girl bears the name of his opera 'Comala.'

"Sobolewski has composed much, and among it some things that are good. His more important works are the Oratorios: 'John and the Redeemer' and 'Lazarus;' the operas: 'Salvator,' 'Imogen,' 'Velleda,' 'The Prophet of Korassan,' 'Ziska,' 'Comala,' 'Lagonia,' 'Mohega'; the melo-dramas: 'Pygmalion,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Orpheus,' 'Vinvela,' and several more. Of all these works the only one with which we are nearly acquainted is the opera 'Mohega,' and this is wanting above all in clearness and in characteristic, dramatic tone color; to the title of an 'American National Opera,' in spite of its subject borrowed from American history, it can scarcely lay claim.

"Brendel, who died a few years ago, the literary defender of Sobolewski in Germany, in spite of all his partiality for all 'musicians of the Future,' passes the following judgment upon this composer in his History of Music: 'Remarkable as a composer generally, as well as an opera composer specially, Sobolewski is at any rate. But in the works of his which I know he has not attained to clearness, to well-rounded completeness; and the same must be said of his operas. His desultory nature allows him—even in his literary manifestations—now to seize upon a good thought, and now to mingle with it what is decidedly unclear. It is no complete and self-contained individuality, that we have before us.'

"But not to give only a single judgment (though we conscientiously subscribe to it) upon the deceased, we may here cite an enthusiastic expression of Franz Liszt about the melodrama 'Vinvela,' which appeared in the *Zeitschrift für Musik* in 1855:—'What a melancholy fate to see such splendid creations doomed to bloom and die in solitude because they sprang up in too high or too burning regions, and thus resemble those flowers of the desert or of unattainable mountain summits, to which the people do not climb to enjoy their peculiar fragrance, their full beauty!'"

Digitized by Google

6. Rosamunda Pisaroni. The *Athenæum* records the death of this once famous singer, with the following sketch:

There are still living opera frequenters who can remember the glorious contralto, Signora Benedetta-Rosamunda Pisaroni, one of the plainest of women, but one of the greatest of artists. She was born in 1793, and died on the 6th ult., at Plaisance, her native city, in her seventy-ninth year. This artiste, although born in France, was educated in Italy, and made her debut at Bergamo in 1811 as a high soprano, but lost her upper notes during a severe illness at Parma in 1813—small-pox—which greatly disfigured her. She then took to the contralto register. Meyerbeer, who in 1818 was travelling in Italy, heard her, and composed "Romilda e Costanza" expressly for her at Padua. At the San Carlo, in Naples, she sang in Rossini's "Ricciardo e Zoraide," and Mercadante wrote "Lodoiska" for her in 1819. It was in October of that year that she created a furore by her Malcolm, in Rossini's "Donna del Lago." Meyerbeer again wrote for her "L'Esule di Granada" for Milan, in 1822, Lablache being included in the cast. In 1823 she sang in Rome and Lucca. At the last-mentioned city Pacini composed "Temistocle" for her and Signora Tacchinardi (afterward Mme. Persiani). Her next engagements were at Bologna and Milan. It was at the Scala that she electrified her audiences, in 1825, by her Arsace in "Semiramide." After being at Genoa, Leghorn, Florence and Rome, Mme. Pisaroni went to Paris in 1827, making her debut as Arsace. The very first notes she sang, "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia," roused the house in the same manner as Mme. Alboni did in 1847, at the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera, also as Arsace. In Paris Pisaroni sang with Pasta, Malibran and Sontag. What associations are connected with these great names! In their time the pure art of vocalization was in its perfection. It was in 1829 Pisaroni came to London, and at the King's Theatre, under the late Laporte's direction, made her debut there as Malcolm in the "Donna del Lago," Signor Donzelli (who is still living at Bologna) being the Roderick Dhu. Despite her physical defects she brought down the house; her voice was not what it had been in Italy and France, but the genius of the artist was supreme. Her Isabella in Rossini's "Italiana in Algeri" was marked by much finish, and her acting was so excellent that the enthusiasm of her listeners knew no bounds. She subsequently played Arsace, first to the Semiramide of Sontag and next to that of Malibran. Pisaroni returned to Paris and Milan in 1830, but quitted the lyric stage in 1836, Turin being the last theatre where she appeared. She was a great artiste in every sense of the word—histrionically as well as vocally: there was a grandeur and breadth of style which always commanded the attention and enlisted the sympathies of her hearers. She had the tact to identify herself completely with the character she was sustaining, and it is difficult to state whether she shone most as a tragedian or a comedian.

7. Henri Drayton. Mr. Henri Drayton, the well-known opera singer, has died at his residence in New York. His death took place on the 30th ult. Though well known in England, where he made his reputation, Mr. Drayton was a citizen of the United States. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822, finished his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, and soon afterwards was engaged as primo basso in the Italian Opera at Antwerp. Alfred Bunn engaged him for English opera in London, and here he played for many years with great success, excelling in such character parts as *Devilshoof* in *"The Bohemian Girl,"* and making a reputation by his *Bertram* in *"Robert,"* and *Peter the Great* in *"L'Etoile du Nord."* He visited the United States with his wife in 1859, and gave a series of popular entertainments, which he styled parlor operas. The Draytons returned to England in 1861. In 1869 Mr. Drayton was engaged by the Richings English Opera Company, and he sang with them for two seasons in New York and other cities, his best personation being *Rip Van Winkle* in Mr. Bristow's opera of that name. While traveling with the Richings company he had a stroke of paralysis at Rochester, about a year ago, and though he afterwards appeared on the stage with the Seguin company, this summer, at Bryant's Theatre, he never fully recovered his health. He had a second attack at his home, which has carried him off. Mr. Drayton was much esteemed in private life. He was not only a good musician, but an actor of ability and earnestness, and the author of several plays and operas.—*Lond. Orchestra, Aug.* 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 21, 1872.

## Mr. Osgood's Concert.

At last a Concert! Our season opens, not in the "Hub" proper, to be sure, but in one of the "subhubs," Chelsea, which has been showing vigorous signs of zeal for music for a few years, through its Choral Society, its beautiful new theatre, or "Academy of Music," modelled somewhat after our "model theatre," the Globe,—and indeed for a long time past through the quiet influence and example of a single family, numerous and prosperous, residing there, every member of which, though only in an amateur way, is practically musical. One of the younger sons, a Harvard graduate of 1866, and the sweet singer of his class, blessed with a beautiful tenor voice and a truly musical nature, has since devoted himself to music, and by two long residences in Europe,—the first in Germany, the second both in Germany and Italy,—has availed himself of every advantage both of the best vocal teachers, and of the study of music as an art in the fullest sense, and has now returned thoroughly prepared to enter upon his professional career. Those who have known George L. Osgood musically in private, those who heard him sing in a Harvard Symphony Concert on his first return from Europe, when he loyally and gracefully laid the first fruits of his culture as it were upon the altar of his Alma Mater, do not need to be convinced of his fine musical endowments, not only of voice, but of intellect and soul. Every one felt the refinement of his singing; the only question was of power of voice, and of endurance, for singing in large halls. In this respect, as well as in the whole economy and mastery of means, and all the arts and qualities which make up a good singer, a real gain, the fair reward of so much conscientious, patient, well-directed study, was to be expected now. All the reports of his recent public efforts in Germany had given us assurance of it.

One thing is highly creditable to Mr. Osgood, considering the temptation and the fashion of the times. Almost every young man or woman, who goes abroad for vocal training (and their name is Legion), is almost certain to be sucked into the whirling limbo of Italian Opera, or mongrel opera that calls itself Italian; and then follows the poor commonplace career of figuring on the stage in the same worn out round of characters, Lucias and Traviatas, Edgardos and Manricos, each vainly straining and striving, if not to revivify those old ghosts, at least to borrow some reflected lustre from them by identifying herself or himself with parts which memory couples with great artists. The worst of it is, that in this pursuit, this travelling in a *banal* circle, spell bound, hopeless in most cases, the deluded victim denies himself the real nourishing, inspiring and ennobling wine and pabulum of music in the high sense of Art; his musical culture and his musical taste becomes of the most superficial. Rarely does the average Italian opera singer appreciate, or care to sing, even for his own private satisfaction, those songs which spring from the wells of deep and spiritual genius, songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz,—still less the lofty sustained melody of the greatest priests of song and harmony, like Bach and Handel; even Mozart they accept in a half-hearted spirit of concession. Mr. Osgood has had the good sense and the courage to resist the current, and to choose another and a manlier direction, showing that he understands himself, and that he cheerfully and earnestly acknowledges the duty of the artist first of all to the ideal of pure Art, and not first of all to the most ready popular success, though Art thereby should be degraded. He has prepared himself to be a concert and an oratorio singer; and this, too, not in the superficial ordinary sense of miscellaneous concert singing, but in the far nobler sense of making himself a true interpreter of what there is most pure and beautiful and noble in the best repertoire of song,—an interpreter of such masters as we have named, not excluding, of course, the melodies best worth perpetuating from Italian, English and whatever sources. Mr. Osgood has made himself particularly, intimately at home in the speciality of German *Lied* singing. He has enjoyed the friendship and inspiring influence of Robert Franz in person, as well as in his music. And we are glad to know, therefore, that he intends, after the completion of his engagement with Theodore Thomas, say in the month of May, to give us a series of classical song matinées or soirées, in which we shall hear him, and hear his masters, to the best advantage, coming nearer to the soul of all their art than we can in large general concerts.

The concert in that beautiful Chelsea "Academy" last Wednesday evening, was the welcoming of Osgood in the town that claims him, and his first public appearance since his return from Europe.

The auditorium was filled with the singer's friends and fellow citizens of Chelsea, by whom the compliment was tendered, besides a considerable delegation of leading musical persons from Boston, whom a deep interest in the occasion drew there in spite of the bad weather. This was the programme:

Overture to Semiramis.......................Rossini.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
"O, I'm a Roamer." Song for Basso, from the "Son and Stranger."......................Mendelssohn.
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
Tenor Serenade "Ecco ridente il cielo," from the "Barber of Seville"......................Rossini.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.
"Souvenir de Spa." Solo for Violoncello.........Servais.
Mr. Hennig.
"The Young Mountaineers."..................Randegger.
Mr. Whitney.

"Träumerei." (Reverie)....................Schumann.
Quintette Club.
"Erlking."................................Schubert.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.
The Celebrated Adagio, "God save the Emperor," Quartet, No. 77..........................Haydn.
Quintette Club.
"Slumber on Gently."....................Rob. Franz.
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood.
Finale. 1st Act of Euryanthe...............Von Weber.
Quintette Club.

The selections given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the exception of the "celebrated" Adagio and Variations by Haydn, were hardly worthy of the occasion, or of a Club which properly is nothing if not classical, and which has looked upon itself as "the exponent" of such music for so many years. Surely some real Quartet or Quintet movements would have been quite as acceptable within two miles of Boston and to an essentially Boston audience as thin arrangements of a light overture, &c. The club is well made up, having filled the places of Mr. Fries and Mr. Meisel with two excellent artists: Mr. Hennig ('cello) and Mr. Hamm (violin). Instead of *Semiramide* they opened the concert with a light, old-fashioned, Frenchy overture, sometimes heard in theatres. The well-worn "Träumerei," Mr. Ryan's clarionet taking the melody, was followed by the fresh little Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony"; but in both we would have preferred a piano (in the second a four-hand arrangement) to so thin, and for that very reason not particularly delicate a substitute for an orchestra. Thomas plays the *Träumerei* with only strings, a mass of them, and that comes nearer to a delicate and true translation of the little pianoforte poem. However, perhaps we are over-critical, for it was all bright and pleasing to the popular ear no doubt; the *Euryanthe* piece was as agreeable as any of their selections. Mr. Rudolph Hennig, in his rendering of a rather superficially sentimental show piece, showed himself a rare master of his instrument, playing with a rich, smooth, even tone throughout, great ease and grace of execution, and pure, genuine expression. Mr. Whitney was warmly welcomed back after a year of very marked success, interrupted by a long period of severe illness, in England. His great bass voice seemed nobler and grander than ever, while the higher tones have grown more musical and rich. He has gained so much, too, in artistic delivery and phrasing, and sings with so much more vitality, that we shall be glad to hear him in music of a grander style more suited to his individuality. The rapid, merry buffo song from Mendelssohn's *"Heimkehr"* was given with ease, distinctness and vivacity, nicely accompanied on the piano by Mr. Graaber, just from Dresden, who, we understand, is engaged for that service in the Thomas concerts. The rather conventional, English song by Randegger was very finely sung and much enjoyed; but Randegger has done greater things than that.

Mr. Osgood, hearty as was the greeting that awaited him, came forward under not the most propitious circumstances. The place is not encouraging to the voice, nor very good for hearing (like most theatres, not built for concerts) either of the singing voice or the piano; and the first public effort before one's old neighbors, the conscientiousness of the indefinitely much expected, &c., &c., naturally embarrassed him a little at the outset. For this reason we doubt the wisdom of choosing such a piece as "Ecco ridente," the exquisite florid melody which will always recall Mario in his prime, for the first effort; would it not have been better to have got warmed up to that song by degrees? For a little while the voice was disappointing, the tone somewhat dry and paralyzed by nervousness; but as he went on, the golden sweetness of the voice, its delicate,

interior, soulful quality came out freely and warmly; and the fresh, genial summer night melody was sung with such fine phrasing, such liquid, even flow of melody (with rare and slight exceptions), so pure an Italian style, and so much light and shade and truth of feeling that all were delighted. (And here, by the way, we do see a good artistic motive in placing the *Italian* selection first). Many voices we may hear that have more weight and volume, more brilliancy, more ringing resonance, but very rarely one so sweet, so purely musical, with so much soul and native true refinement in it. Recalled, the singer sang (what was justifiable there and then if anywhere) 'Sweet Home,' with beautiful simplicity and unaffected feeling.

In Schubert's "Erl King" the singer was more in his own field; and, although very familiar, the selection was a good one as giving scope for the true declamatory German ballad style. And indeed his musical declamation was most admirable, wonderfully distinct in the enunciation, at times startlingly graphic, contrasting the voices well, steadily growing to a climax, yet all in good keeping and leaving the impression of a complete, consistent and artistic whole. We do not think we ever heard the song so powerfully interpreted to feeling and imagination, although sometimes with greater power of voice. Mr. Osgood sang it in English, ascribing the excellent translation on the programme to one who would be happy could he claim its authorship, but it was made by Dr. Hedge. For an encore this time he sang a simple, pleasing sentimental song of his own composition.

Of Robert Franz he sang the lovely *Schlummerlied* from Tieck (his own translation). For a single specimen of Franz it is not precisely the one we would have chosen, and indeed it is but fair to Franz to sing a group of two or three of his songs instead of only one, though that one is longer than most of them. Yet it is one of the most delicate, original, poetical of lullabies, the music fully worthy of the words; and the style in which it was sung showed a fine sensibility and a beautifully subdued, sustained and even character of song. It was, however, taken too slow at the start (the accompanist perhaps not being yet entirely at home with Franz), so that the natural movement seemed held back; this fault was remedied after the first stanza.—The impression made, upon the whole, of Mr. Osgood's singing fully answered expectation, and all came away happy in the possession of such an artist.

## Music in New York.—Thomas's Garden Concerts.—What Next?

New York Sept. 14.—The summer nights' concerts at the Central Park Garden will soon be ended, but the attendance there still continues undiminished, and the music is as good as ever. From a quantity of programmes before me I give a list of pieces performed by Thomas's Orchestra during the 115 concerts, up to Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Symphonies.—Eighth [entire] Beethoven; First, in B flat, Schumann; Larghetto of Second, Beethoven; Andante of Fifth, Beethoven; Allegretto of Seventh, Beethoven; Andante of First, Beethoven; Andante of 'Surprise," Haydn; Scherzo of Symphony No. 3, E flat, Schumann; Scherzo of "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn; Scherzo of "Scotch" Symp. Mendelssohn; Andantino and Tempo di Marcia, Spohr; Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C, Schubert; Adagio: "Ocean Symphony", Rubinstein.

Overtures.—Bal Masqué, Adam; Roi d' Ivetot, Adam; Deux Journées, Cherubini; Der Portugesische Gasthof, Cherubini; Anacreon, Cherubini; Tannhäuser, Wagner; Rienzi, Wagner; Overture in C, op. 115, Beethoven; Weihe des Hauses, op. 124, in C, Beethoven; Coriolanus, Beethoven; Leonora, No. 3, Beethoven; King Stephen, Beethoven; Fidelio, Beethoven; Schauspieldirector, Mozart; Magic Flute, Mozart; Don Giovanni, Mozart; Manfred, Schumann; Iphigenia in Aulis, Gluck; Semiramis, Rossini; La Gazza Ladra, Rossini; Barber of Seville, Rossini; William Tell, Rossini; Rosamunda, Schubert; Masaniello, Auber; Fra Diavolo, Auber; Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn; Athalia, Mendelssohn; Fingal's Cave, Mendelssohn; Der Freischütz, Weber; Oberon, Weber; Euryanthe, Weber; Vestalin, Spontini; Martha, Flotow; Stradella, Flotow; Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer; Zampa, Herold; Fille du Regiment, Donizetti; Jessonda, Spohr; Robespierre, Litolff; Lurline, Wallace; Mignon, A. Thomas; Life for the Czar, Glinka; Dame Kobold, Raff, [Reinicke?]; Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai.

Among the miscellaneous selections which have found most favor, are the following:

Extracts from the Operas of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and the "Flying Dutchman," by Wagner; "Invocation to the Alpine Fay," from Schumann's *Manfred*; Nocturne, Scherzo and March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Paraphrase: Loreley, Nesvadba; Adagio, Scherzo and March, op 101, Raff; Quartet from *Rigoletto*; Ballet: "Reine de Saba," Gounod; Scherzo, op. 19, Goldmark; Music to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Ave Maria, Gounod; Amaryllis: Air par le Roi Louis XIII.; Abendlied, Schumann; Selections from *Preciosa*, Weber; Selections from *Romeo and Juliet*, Gounod; besides numberless Strauss Waltzes, selections from operas, &c.

This list is necessarily incomplete, embracing only a part of the season; but it will help your readers to form an idea of the high character of the selections with which Mr. Thomas has favored his auditors.

Mention should be made of a spirited Opening March composed by Theo. Thomas, which was played at one of the concerts, and also of two Galops, ("Japanese" and "Red Cloud") by our accomplished and well known pianist, A. H. Pease. So popular have these two pieces proved that they have been played at least a score of times during the season.

These concerts will be continued until Sept. 22, when the garden will close for the season, and Thomas will depart with his Orchestra for a Western tour. He has scrupulously adhered to a high standard in the selections played during the summer, and has undoubtedly done much to elevate the popular taste. He will probably give several Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall during the winter. Mr. Geo. R. Osgood will accompany him on his western tour.

The musical season which is soon to open is by far the most promising which we have ever known, and I will give a list of the announcements which are already made.

Italian Opera will begin at the Academy of Music Sept. 30, under the management of Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett. The prime donne are Mme. Pauline Lucca and Miss Kellogg, and the roles are divided as follows: Mme. Lucca is to appear as Selika in *L'Africaine*, Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, Zerlina in *Don Juan*, Agatha in *Der Freischütz*, Mignon in Thomas's Opera of that name, Leonora in *La Favorita*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Zerline in *Fra Diavolo*.

Miss Kellogg will appear as: Violetta in *La Traviata*, Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Annetta in *Crispino*, Martha in *Martha*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Amina in *Sonnambula*, Caterina in *L' Etoile du Nord*, and will also appear in Gounod's *Mireille*. Flotow's *L'Ombre* and Petrella's "Duchess of Amalfi," which are among the novelties promised.

The other singers are Mlle. Rosine Leveille, Soprano; Señora Sanz, Contralto; Sigs. Abrugnedo and Vizzani, tenors; Sigs. Moriani and Sparapani, baritones; Jamet and Coulon, basses; and Sig. Ronconi, buffo. The orchestra consists of 49 performers, and the chorus of 68 voices. Great things are promised in the way of dresses, scenery, &c., and it is to be hoped that, in these matters, there will be some improvement upon the last season.

The ice will be broken (metaphorically speaking) by Mr. Max Strakosch at Steinway Hall, on Monday evening, Sept. 16, with Carlotta Patti and Mario. The lady, as we all know, has a wonderful executive faculty, but Mr. Strakosch claims that during her absence she has developed a broad, earnest, emotional style of singing. If this be true, who will say that the days of miracles are ended?

It will be interesting to hear Mario, even though we miss the wonderful voice which for so many years made him the reigning tenor of Europe. *That* we cannot expect to hear; but a great *artist* we certainly shall hear, and we may take a lesson in generosity from the English, who will listen to their favorite singers, years after they should have left the stage forever, with a manifest pleasure which must be purely retrospective.

The above named artists, with Mlle. Teresa Carreno, pianiste; Miss Anne Louise Cary, contralto; and Mons. Emile Lacerot, violinist, comprise the concert troupe. They will give three evening concerts and one matinée here, next week, and will then leave the city, to return later in the season. The Orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. S. Behrens.

Anton Rubinstein will play at Steinway Hall, September 23d. As a pianist he is said to rival Liszt, and as a composer, he has but one living equal. Shortly after his arrival here he was serenaded by the Philharmonic Society. The selections played were: the Andante to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Wagner's *Rienzi* Overture, and Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz*. For the Rubinstein Concerts we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Grau, who has also engaged Henry Wieniawski, the well-known Polish violinist. The vocalists are Mlle. Louise Liebhart, from London, and Mlle. Ormeni.

The stimulus of these great musical enterprises is everywhere felt, and the season will be one of unusual activity on the part of our established musical organizations, concerning which I will write in future.

A. A. C.

Anecdote of Wieprecht. From the Berlin *Staatsbürger Zeitung* we translate the following droll reminiscence of the late famous director in chief of the Prussian military bands, of whom we told what little we knew in our last number. (By a rare coincidence, one of the daily papers, the *Globe*, a few days later told its readers what *it* knew about Wieprecht in precisely the same words we had used. "In the mouth of two witnesses," &c., &c.):

"Wieprecht, besides his other offices, was also one of the founders and always a member of the '*Berliner Offizier-Orchester-Verein*.' In the year 1864 Herr von Hülsen arranged a theatrical performance for a charity in the concert hall of the Royal Theatre. Three one-act pieces were given in the French language. All the performers belonged to the nobility; even the part of the servant, who had nothing to do but bring the candles and set the chairs, was taken by a 'marquis.' Victor von Magnus had a lover's part and played with distinguished success. The only not noble one was Julius Hein, who had the honor of dressing up the company. The *entrée* was two Friedrichs d'or. Herr von Hülsen in one of the pieces was a *commis voyageur*, and in a couplet of his own composing he described the joys and miseries of a court theatre intendant so vividly, that he was wildly applauded and recalled several times. Nothing in this 'noble comedy' had a more motley and unique appearance than the orchestra. Officers of all grades, infantry, artillery and cavalry, all in gala uniform, made music here. An old major wielded the baton; a spruce captain of Hussars, with huge whiskers, blew the clarinet; a very long lieutenant of the Guards beat the kettle-drums; a Colonel of Uhlans played the viola, &c.

"To this society belonged also Wieprecht. I shall never forget the image he then presented. He wore the gala uniform coat with the stiff straight collar, on which the five lines of the staff were sewed in gold; he sat with his throat thus enclosed like a Spanish criminal in the *garotte*, his face very red. Thus he stood, and thus he drew the bow—of the double bass. One cannot imagine anything more comical than 'father Wieprecht' in gala uniform playing the double-bass! The King and Queen had their seats close to the orchestra, so that they could reach into it with their hands. Wieprecht gave the military greeting, the King thanked him, but laughed more heartily than almost ever in his life before. The Queen, too, nodded friendlily to Wieprecht, then turned away and placed her handkerchief before her mouth, for fear of laughing out aloud. But Wieprecht did not allow himself to be distracted; he played a solo, written by himself for the double-bass, with such purity and expression, that he was vehemently applauded. The whole royal family joined in the applause, and when the piece was finished, the king reached into the orchestra, seized the old Wieprecht's hand, and shook it heartily. The happiness of the brave music director at this distinction was visible upon his face,—it was perfectly *himmel-blau*."

# Music Abroad.

Leipsic.—On the 7th instant, the well-known University Vocal Association, Paulus, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a concert of sacred music in the University Church of St. Paul. The first piece was Mendelssohn's overture to *St. Paul*, performed by the bands of the Theatre and the Gewandhaus. Mme. Peschka-Leutner sang the air, "Auf starkem Fittig," from Haydn's *Creation*; Herr Lauterbach played a Violin Arioso, by Rietz; Herr Grützmacher, a Violoncello Air by Bach; and Dr. Kretschmar, an Organ-Toccata, by the same composer. The choral pieces were: the *chorale*, "Wachet auf," as harmonised by Jac. Prätorius: "O, bone Jesu," Palestrina; "Miserere," Orlando Lasso; Fragments from Cherubini's *Requiem*; "Agnus Dei," Jul. Otto; "Danklied," Rietz; Mendelssohn's "Ad Vesperas, Dom. xxi. p. Trinit."; "Hymn for double Chorus," Franz Schubert; and the Motet, "Verzweifle nicht," R. Schumann. The concert was followed by a grand banquet in the Schützenhaus. Professor Overbeck proposed the health of the "Emperor William, the Victorious," and of "King John, the Learned." Professor Zarncke, Dr. Weber, and Dr. Dittmer, presented Dr. Langer, the Director of the Association, with a silver laurel-wreath. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, who is an honorary member, made a speech on the relation of the Producer to the Reproducer. Other speeches followed.—On the following day, there was a concert of profane music in the new Theatre, which was crammed. With the exception of Beethoven's "Leonore Overture," No. 3, and his Triple Concerto, Op. 56 (performed by Herren Reinecke, Lauterbach and Grützmacher), and of Schubert's "Wanderer," the programme comprised exclusively compositions by honorary members of the Association. Among them were: "Morgenhymne," M. Bruch; "Waldpsalm der Mönche," and the sixth scene from *Frithjof*, Ferdinand Hiller;

Digitized by Google

"O-termorgen," for soprano, male chorus, and orchestra, and "Zur Weinlese," Georg Vierling; "Der Jäger Heimkehr," C. Reinecke, and Horace's ode, "Ad Thaliarchum," Vincenz Lachner.—A very pretty surprise was prepared for Mme. Peschka-Leutner on her first re-appearance in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* after her return from America. Friendly hands changed her drawing-room into an arbor of flowers. Magnificent bouquets with congratulatory cards from the first families of the town, covered the table, while on a violet velvet cushion there lay a massive silver laurel-wreath, bearing the following inscription: "To Mme. Peschka-Leutner, our highly esteemed and universally popular artist, this wreath is respectfully offered on her return, covered with glory, from foreign lands."

THE HAGUE.—A society has been formed here for the purpose of making the music of Sebastian Bach better known. The first public performance will be in October.

COLOGNE.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller is at work on an Opera for the new Cologne theatre.

PARIS.—It is confidently stated that Mme. Rouzaud (Christine Nilsson) is preparing to assume the chief part, Eros, in the *Psyche* of Ambroise Thomas, which he has transformed into a larger work for the Grand Opera.

VIENNA.—The opera season was opened with *Faust*, in which Miss Minnie Hauck, owing to the sudden illness of the prima donna, was called to take the part of Marguerite, and did it with brilliant success.

MUNICH.—The report that Hans von Bülow had been made "General Intendant" of the Royal Opera, the highest musical post in the kingdom, is contradicted.

A clever knave has been trading upon the benevolence of the music loving Bavarians by means of his adopting a high-sounding name in musical annals. Styling himself "Ludwig von Beethoven," and stating that he was a relative and name-sake of that great composer, the man had the audacity to solicit assistance from the young King of Bavaria, whose love of everything connected with the immortal Beethoven induced him to give at different times sums amounting in all to £80 to this new Mr. Beethoven. The truth of his assertions being doubted, and inquiries proving them to be false, the police took measures for his arrest, but were unsuccessful, their bird had flown—the second Beethoven was no more. The rogue has been tried in the police court of Munich, *in contumaciam*, of course, and sentence delivered.

MILAN.—At the final performance of *Crovestola* at the Fossati, on which occasion Miss Matilda Phillipps, sister of Miss Adelaide Phillipps, took her benefit—the theatre was crowded in all parts, and the very respectable audience honored the talented young lady with frequent and hearty expressions of approval during the performance of the opera. Between the second and third acts the *beneficiata* sang the "Di tanti palpiti" (*Tancredi*) in such a way as to create something very like enthusiasm.

—Signor Cagnoni's latest opera, "Papa Martin," has been successfully produced at the Politeama. Signor Braga's opera, "Gli Avventurieri," and an entirely new work, "Gem d'Amore," by Signor Bianch, are announced at the same theatre. When the two new theatres, the Teatro dal Verme, otherwise Teatro Donizetti, and the Teatro della Commedia, otherwise the Teatro Goldoni, are completed, as they shortly will be, this city will contain fourteen theatres, namely: the Scala, the Cannobiana, the Carcano, the Santa Radegonda; the Fossati, the Nuovo Re, the Milanese, the Teatro d'Estate, the Fiando, the Goldoni, and the Donizetti.

LONDON.—Signor Randegger is said to be engaged in the composition of a new dramatic Cantata for the Birmingham Festival of 1773. It is entitled "Fridolin," the libretto being an adaptation from Schiller's "*Der Gang zum Eisenhammer*.—Randegger is not coming to America this season, as it has been reported. Arthur Sullivan, too, is commissioned to compose an Oratorio, and Signor Schira a Cantata, for the Birmingham Festival.

The action of the South Kensington authorities in the matter of the Albert Hall Choral Society has resulted in the formation of a new association which is to be named after its conductor and is to be termed "Gounod's Choir." The number of voices is to be limited to 240, divided as follows: 70 sopranos, 40 altos, 60 tenors, and 70 basses. The conductor is to possess sole administrative authority, but he is to be aided in the general business arrangements by a committee of members. The season extending from November to May will include a weekly rehearsal on Tuesday evening, and a series of Saturday evening concerts at S. James's-hall. All the proceeds arising from the regular concerts will be devoted to a fund for organizing an orchestra. M. Gounod in his announcement of the project says that his sole object in entering upon it is the advancement of art, and that Mrs. Weldon has promised to aid him in the instruction of the choir in the art of English pronunciation.

FESTIVALS.—The *Standard* of Aug. 31, says:

The Worcester Festival is to be held on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September. The usual services at the cathedral will be suspended, and a special morning service will be held daily at half-past eight o'clock, when the Worcester Choir will be supplemented by the members of those from Gloucester and Hereford Cathedrals. The services selected are: Garrett in D, Croft in A, Smart in F, and Wesley in F. The Anthems will be—Praise the Lord, Sir John Goss; Hear my Prayer, Norris; Blessing and Glory, Bach; and Joy cometh in the morning, Hullah. The sermon will be preached by Dr. Barry, of King's College. On Tuesday "Elijah" will be given; in the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert in the College Hall; the first part of this will include Mozart's G-minor symphony, and selections from his operas "Idomeneo" and "Don Giovanni." A popular programme is promised for the second part. "Samson," Hummel's second mass, and Haydn's "Creation," are the items for Wednesday morning, (too long, we maintain.) In the evening a selection from "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso," songs by Spohr, and Mendelssohn's little-known "Cornelius March" will be given. On Thursday Bach's "Passion Music," and the "Lobgesang" is provided; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" is the chief feature of the evening concert. On Friday morning, the "Messiah" will bring the festival to a close. The singers announced are Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Sainton will lead the band, and Mr. Done, Mr. G. Townshend Smith and Dr. Wesley, as usual, respectively occupy the three posts of conductor, accompanyist, and organist. The Rev. T. L. Wheeler and Mr. E. J. Spark are the honorary secretaries, and the list of stewards is as strong as ever, despite Lord Dudley and his golden hair. We regret that no new work has been commissioned for the meeting; *en passant*, it may be remarked that the usual ball will not take place.

Norwich is more vigorous than Worcester, and at the eighteenth triennial festival of the old eastern city, several novelties and comparatively new works are to be brought forward. From September 16th until the 20th (inclusive) has been fixed for the musical meeting. On Monday evening, Mr. Sullivan's "Te Deum" and Haydn's "Creation" are to be given. On Tuesday evening Mr. Macfarren's new cantata "Outward Bound," composed expressly for the occasion; a new festival overture by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and a capital miscellaneous selection are down for performance. "Elijah" will occupy Wednesday morning, and a varied selection will be given in the evening. Among those items we note, "Rhineland," a new scene with chorus by Dr. Bunnett, the clever assistant organist of the cathedral; the Andante and Rondo from Sir Jules Benedict's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and an Andante for the clarionet, written by Miss Alice M. Smith. On Thursday morning the Oratorio of "St. Peter" will be performed for the first time in Norwich. Thursday evening will be occupied with another miscellaneous selection, the most noteworthy pieces in which are, Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillant," an Allegro and Scherzo from a new symphony by Sir Jules Benedict, and "Endymion," a new overture by Mr. King Hall, who also figures as the solo pianist. On Friday morning, the Norwich Festival, like the Worcester, will conclude with the immortal "Messiah." A dress ball will take place at St. Andrew's Hall in the evening. The principal vocal performers are Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Cora de Wilhorst, Mlle. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mme. Trebelli Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Kerr Gedge, Mr. J. G. Patey, and Mr. Santley. M. Sainton will be the principal first violin; Sir Julius Benedict will be the conductor, and Dr. Bunnett will preside at the organ. The band is complete in all departments, and the chorus will number 311 voices.

Sir Michael Costa has left London, on a tour in France, Italy, and Germany, to study the present condition of the lyrical drama in those countries. Sir Michael probably contemplates action as regards National Opera and musical education in England. At present the former is confined to the Crystal Palace, where it is chiefly represented by what are facetiously called "operas in English," which, being translated, means that adaptions of German, French, and Italian lyric dramas are in the ascendant. Auber's "Diamans de la Couronne" has been followed by Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia"; the principal parts are sustained by Mme. Ida Gillies Corri and Miss Palmer, Messrs. Nordblom, Cotte, Beale, Tempest, Walsh, Stanley, Muller, Wakefield, and H. Corri.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

A Song of the Sea. 4. D minor to f. *Boott.* 30

"I cried, 'how it comes with its stately tread,
And its dreadful voice, and the splendid pride
Of its royal garments flowing wide.'"

A song of the "sad sea waves," almost gloomy at times, but at the same time rich and powerful.

Rose of the Valley. 3. C to g. *Baxter.* 30

"Breeze of the midnight! Star of the sea!
Say is my loved one dreaming of me."

Has a very attractive chorus.

Kiss me in my Dreams. S'g and Cho. A to f. *Gorham.* 30

"All my slumbering moments, with thy vision teems,
Then kiss me in my dreams, darling"

and welcome. The subject is quite taking, and the song with the chorus is fitted to be popular.

Papa's Come. Song & Cho. 3. Ab to g. *Geary.* 30

"Two little feet would pattering run,
A sweet, and silvery voice cry, Papa's come."

Simple and sweet, but not too simple. These darling home songs contrast refreshingly with the mawkish love-ballads which constituted the staple a few years ago.

Lady of my Love. 3. Eb to f. *Sargent.* 30

"Not fairer is day
Than the lady of my love!"

A song quite as fair as the day, and sure to please a "fair lady."

A Starry Night for a Ramble. 3. Bb to d. *Bagnale.* 30

Comic and pretty.

Grant us another Term. Song and Chorus. 3. C to e. *Parkhurst.* 30

"And Grant shall be our President
Until the work is done."

A good campaign song on the Grant side. Get it for the remaining political meetings.

A Maiden plied her busy wheel. 3. Eb to e. *Vandewater.* 35.

An expressive piece.

Bathing in the Tide. Song & Dance. 3. C to e. *Braham.* 30

"In the surf a girl divine."

A ballad of Long Branch, with lively melody and dance. Very good of its class.

### Instrumental.

Horace Greeley Campaign Music. Greeley's Grand March. 2. G. *Krummacher.* 40

A first rate March, with an excellent title-portrait of Horace G., whose face is really too good looking to be caricatured.

Barbiere de Seville. 4 hds. 3. G. *Beyer.* 75

A few favorite airs from the opera, easily arranged.

Greeley's Galop. With portrait. 3. A. *Bela.* 40

A very wide awake affair, which will be played long after it has served for the gallop to the polls of the adherents of the famous journalist.

Ripples, for Piano. 4. Ab. *Mrs. Ernest.* 40

Very neat and sweet, having the pretty effects of more difficult "murmuring wave" and "fountain" pieces, without being out of the reach of common players.

May Breezes. Mazurka Caprice. 3, A. *Guinet.* 30

A simple, pleasing and brilliant mazurka.

My Star. (Mein Stern). 3. Eb. *Kafka.* 40

In the style of a song of rich melody, with variations.

May Lily. 1. C. *Smallwood.* 25

One of 12 Rondos, the set being called "Flowers of May." Note the name, as so easy and so good pieces are "scarce."

Baratta's Grand March. 3. A. *Baratta.* 30

Miss Baratta has succeeded finely in this composition, which is effective and brilliant.

Amaranth Polka. 3. C. *Vandewater.*

Very pretty, neat and crisp.

Blondine Valse. 3. G. *Burgmuller.* 40

Of smooth, gliding character. Very satisfactory every way.

### Books.

EXERCISES ELEMENTAIRES GRADUES. Graded Exercises for the Development of the Voice. By *Mathilde Castrone Marchesi.* 2.00

The exercises are similar to those found in other good methods, but have the merit of being carefully graded by a practical teacher, and as all can be transposed at will to suit the compass of each person's voice, they will be found widely useful.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 822. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 14.


## Moscheles in London.

[We translate a few passages from the Life of Moscheles, edited from his letters and journals by his widow. We begin with his first arrival in London, near the end of May, 1821.]

—But Moscheles did not know,—oor could he ever dream that London was to be his second home. Here, in the metropolis of the great island kingdom, as just before in the world's city Paris, he plunged, full of youthful fire, into the midst of the musical and *salon* life. He wanted, above all, to hear and to be heard; and London offered him as many opportunities as Paris. Artists on his instrument, like J. B. Cramer, F. Ries, Kalkbrenner, stepped into the lists with him; men like Clementi sat among the judges. (Moscheles at that time played by preference on the Clementi pianos, which bore the name of Clementi and Co., and this name was a guaranty of the goodness of the instruments, although the business of the house was carried oo by the two brothers Collard.)

About his colleague Cramer Moscheles writes:— "He murmurs his Mozart and his own Mozart like compositions, without any ill-will to me and my bravura; nay, both in public and in private he pays me the sincerest tribute of recognition, which I with equal sincerity return. I am a friend in his family, and am very grateful to him for the interest which he bestows on my public appearance and the preparation for it. Cramer is witty and entertaining and, like many who are gifted in that way, cuttingly satirical; he does not even spare his own infirmities, but jeers at his propensity for spirituous drinks, saying of a suspicious purple vein that winds around over his nose: *'C'est Bacchus qui m'a mis son pouce là; ce diable de Bacchus!'* He speaks French from choice, having long lived in France; and in his character and manner he shows that he has spent a portion of his youth in that country." He had married his beautiful first wife in her earliest youth, but after her death he formed a second matrimonial tie, which remained a happy one into the evening of his life. For many years they lived together in so extremely modest style, on a very small pension paid him by the house of Cramer, Beale & Co. His celebrated name was a rich capital for their music business.

"As a warning," the journal goes on, "I will here mention, that Cramer is one of the most passionately addicted of snuff takers. Good housewives declare that the floor has to be cleaned after every visit of the great master; while I as a pianist can never forgive him for disfiguring his aristocratic long and slender fingers, with their beautifully formed nails, by the use of the brown weed; indeed so immoderate is his use of it that it not seldom causes the keys to stick. Those slender, well formed fingers play *legato* admirably; they glide from one key to another with a binding continuity, avoiding octave and staccato passages wherever it is possible. Cramer sings on the piano so as almost to turn a Mozart Andante into a vocal movement; I must reprove the liberty he takes of weaving in his own often quite trivial embellishments."

Farther on we read: "His newly composed Sonata in D minor delights me greatly, and our bond of friendship knits itself more firmly through the honest praise which I bestow on him for it."

About Ries he writes: "I also have very happy musical hours with Ferdinand Ries; for I eagerly seized the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the man, whose C-sharp minor Concerto I had performed in public in Vienna."

One wished continually to hear the other, each taking delight in the other's earlier and newest works, and combining their forces in trying over four hand pieces. Their great reverence for Beethoven, whose pupil Ries was, must have drawn them to each other and formed a lasting bond of friendship between them. Ries at that time played no more in public; he devoted himself entirely to teaching and to composition. Both gave him gold and honor, so that already in the year 1824 he retired, a well-to do man and a respected artist, upon an estate in the neighborhood of Bonn. There too he composed much, and his piano pieces, especially the Sonatas with violin, were great favorites both in Vienna and in other musical German cities. But in his orchestral works he was not more successful than Clementi. Symphonies by both of them were brought out in the London Philharmonic Concerts with no success at all; they vanished from the repertoire leaving no trace, nor could they establish a home for themselves in other countries.

Moscheles spent most of his leisure hours with Kalkbrenner, the harp-player Dizi, and the music-dealer Latour, a partner in the house of Chappell. "Dizi," he relates, "has a most charming house in Crabtree near London; a pleasant trip upon the Thames takes you there; and as the heavy city air torments me and causes me an ugly headache such as I never knew before, Dizi and his wife persuade me into frequent visits, placing a friendly sleeping chamber at my service." There too were Kalkbrenner and Latour domesticated as familiar guests, and there was music-making to their hearts' content. Dizi was a clever artist on his instrument; Latour a zealous piano teacher, as well as composer of little pieces, which were published by his own firm.

And Kalkbrenner! The world knows him as one of the most brilliant virtuosos of his times, and Moscheles also celebrates him as the 'Octave hero;' but he knew him already in Vienna as a light, honey-sweet man, little to be depended on, in social intercourse not disagreeable, unfit for friendship. . . . "We often play four-hands together, show each other our compositions and live as comrades in our art. I honor in him the Octave-hero, although I can only regard his way of playing octave passages with the loose wrist as injurious." In another place we read: "The Logier system (which sets two scholars to practising the same piece) receives some attention here, and I am glad, at Kalkbrenner's desire, who praises it very much, to have it practically expounded to me by the meritorious inventor and his skilful wife. Would I like to adopt it? I think not. The mind should practise more than the fingers; that's the main thing." At that time the greatest variety of magnates in Art thronged into London. There was Kiesewetter, the excellent violinist, the very great Mara and the still greater Catalani, besides Dragonetti, who for many years splendidly maintained the first place as Contrabassist. The latter was an original of the purest water. Moscheles relates of him: "In his saloon in Leicester Square he has a great assemblage of various puppets sitting, among them a female Moor. When a visitor comes in he tells this or that one of the ladies to make room for him so that he may come nearer; and of his nearer acquaintances he inquires whether his favorite puppets look better or worse since their last visit, and other nonsense of the sort. He takes a terrible deal of snuff out of a gigantic snuff box, and has also a gigantic collection of other boxes. The strangest thing about him, though, is his speech,—a regular gibberish, in which his native Bergamasco is mingled with bad French and still worse English."

In the first days of his stay there Moscheles went to His Majesty's Theatre (Haymarket) and was not a little astonished at the burthensome etiquette which requires one to appear in shoes and stockings, and of course in dress coat and white cravat. "It was well that, for the first time, I chanced to hear only the *Turco in Italia*, with its light and shallow music, for now I could give myself up with full delight to the superb singing of a Camporese, an Ambrogetti, and from my parterre seat feast my eyes on the brilliant company in the boxes. The circle of charmingly beautiful ladies in elegant toilet and splendid jewelry, under a light almost as clear as day, seemed like a dazzling wreath of sunbeams."

The English operas, which were given at Drury Lane, interested him very much; especially the singer Braham, whose wonderfully beautiful tenor had acquired a peculiar enamel through the cultivation given him by his friend Mme. Camporese. Most of the other singers he finds excellently schooled, only Miss Wilson, the prima donna, less attractive, and the visitors of the Drury Lane Theatre less elegant and fashionable than those of the Italian opera.

Descending the theatrical scale, he now visited the Surrey in the City and there saw a melodrama to set one's hair on end, finding it unedifying; but on a later evening, in a proper concert hall, the Argyl Rooms, he enjoyed the capital representation of a small French troop, supported by the nobility at its own expense, for its own enjoyment. Astley Theatre, the rival to Franconi's, was giving *Gillius* with great splendor and applause, and there also his friends took him. They also led him to Hyde Park, at the fashionable promenade hour. In his journal he remarks: "My admiration of the splendid horses and equipages, of the beauties indolently leaning back in their barouches and the bold Amazons on spirited horses, could not prevent me from recalling Byron's words:

> "Those vegetable puncheons called Parks,
> With neither fruit nor flower to satisfy
> Even a bee's slight munchings "

"For any thing more bald, more destitute of tree or shrub than this Hyde Park, I never met." In later years he found an opportunity to feast himself on Parks adorned with flowers and infinitely beautified.

As of the things worth seeing in Paris, so too of London with its often described lights and shadows, its art collections, &c., the journal gives but passing notice; not even once does he dwell upon his acquaintance with the famous painters Géricault and Rochard. Music occupies him wholly, and he carefully notes down all his great and small experiences in this domain.

*May 28.* "Under Kiesewetter's direction, in the Philharmonic concert, they gave Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, worthily executed, only the thundering kettle drums with a disturbing effect; Aria from *Titus* by Miss Goodall; violin quartet by Mozart, played by Spagnoletti, Lindley; Terzet from *Idome-*

ero, sung by Mme. Salmon, Miss Goodall, W. Begrez; Overture to *Lodoiska*. Second part: Symphony in D by Mozart; Air from *Judas Maccabeus*, charmingly sung by Mme. Salmon; Septet for harp and string instruments (Dragonetti bass, Bochsa harp); Aria sung by Begrez; Overture to *Egmont*. The ensemble pieces of this concert went with especial precision."

*May* 30. "Heard the distinguished flute-player Tulou in his own concert (Argyll Rooms). A medley of vocal pieces by Mmes. Goodall, Vestris, Camporese, Salmon, Sig. Ambrogetti and others. Mlle. Buchwald, a very brave pupil of Kalkbrenner, played a Septet by him."

[To be Continued.]

## A Musical Supper Party.

BY THE LATE N. P. WILLIS.

It was one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which "assisted" Julie Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, *who had dined with her*, and she walked into the room like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaperoned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and, under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sang with a rapture and a *freshet* of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage; for it was worth her while.

The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who are not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds.

Lablache shook the house to its foundation in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass, with the ease, truth and melody for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fullness on the ear; and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing bird who has come out of the north, wire-drew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed and tearful, and silent when the others had sung, drowned his voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise.

The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the prima-donna still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by the foreign *attachés*, and in the highest elation at her own success.

The doors of the inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grisi's cordon of admirers prepared to follow her in, and wait on her at supper.

At this moment one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers.

Medea in her most tragic hour never stood so absolutely the picture of hate as did Grisi for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic world. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them; and, as for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew then that there was more than fancy—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the imaginary passions she played so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high born woman who had accompanied her suddenly turned her humor, and she stopped in the midst of a murmuring of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and, with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition joined heartily in her mirth.

It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted prima-donna at the lower table; and they succeeded by this manœuvre in retaining Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury.

I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi and her amused friend to a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the housekeeper's parlor.

Here supper was set for six (including the man who had played the piano,) and on the side-table stood every variety of wine and fruit; and there was nothing in the supper at least to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door; and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate and energetic Italian.

My long residence in that country had made me at home in it; every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction (yet without forgetting it) and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the gayeties of a chance hour.

Out of their own country these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet with the briefest apology, at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their hats as a safeguard to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others) and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined.

Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played, and between the excavations of truffle pies, and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and the profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who by this time had quite recovered her good humor, that the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his Grace, their host, attended to her on the other. "E vero!" said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the prima-donna. "E vero, e bravo!" cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral talking tone, much deeper than his singing. "Si, si, bravo!" echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded all round with radiant smile, and repeated, in her silver tones "Grazie, cari amici! grazie!"

As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in picnic fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the *attachés* and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honored them by her presence was proposed in that language which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress, and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two, with the moisture in her eyes and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult—nay, impossible to convey—in English, an idea of the music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been, "Out of Italy every land is exile!" The glasses were raised as she ceased, and one repeated her, "*Fuori d'Italia tutto e esilio!*" "Ma!" cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, "*siamo ben esiliati qui!*" (but we are well exiled here,) and with a word of drollery the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humor and wit flowed on brilliantly as before.

The house had long been still, and the last carriage belonging to the company up stairs had rolled from the door, when Grisi suddenly remembered a bird that she had lately bought, of which she proceeded to give a description that probably penetrated to every corner of the silent mansion.

It was a mocking bird, that had been kept two years in the opera house, and between rehearsal and performance had learned parts of every thing it had overheard. It was the property of the woman who took care of the wardrobes.

Grisi had accidentally seen it, and immediately purchased it for two guineas. How much of embellishment there was in her imitations of her treasure, I do not know; but certainly the whole power of her wondrous voice, passion, and knowledge of music, seemed drunk up at once in the wild, various, difficult, and rapid mixture of the capricious melody she undertook. First came, without the passage which it usually terminates, the long, throat down gurgling, water toned trill, in which Rubini (but for the bird and its mistress, it seemed to me,) would have been inimitable; then right upon it, as if it were the beginning of a bar, and in the most unbreathing continuity, followed a brilliant passage from the *Barber of Seville*, run into the passionate prayer of *Anna Bolena*, in her madness, and followed by the air of "Suona la tromba intrepida," the tremendous duet in the *Puritani* between Tamburini and Lablache. Up to the sky, and down to the earth again—away with a note of the wildest gladness, and back upon a note of the most touching melancholy—If the bird but half equals the imitation of his mistress, he were worth the jewel in a sultan's turban. "Giulia!" "Giulietta!" cried out one and another, as she ceased, expressing in their Italian diminutives the love and delight she had inspired by her incomparable execution.

The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party at last that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half dozen sleepy foot-men hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages; the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormeuse*, and opened the door, and broad upon the street lay the cold gray light of a summer's morning.

## The Waltz.—Lanner.—Strauss.

The waltz was first danced in Austria and Bohemia, but has to all intents and purposes, become a German dance. It is, therefore, but natural that Germany should produce the best waltz composers. Some assert that the waltz appeared at a time when all political aspiration seemed to be crushed out of Germany, and when the people, in consequence, gave themselves over to licentious pleasures, to the dance often in its worst forms, displaying a carelessness to public affairs, which was simply astonishing. Another writer says, that Europe danced to the waltz into the 19th century. Be this as it may, to this day the graceful waltz is an object of admiration to the German, and more especially the South German. Let me add that a good waltz dancer will be able to dance on a space no larger than a common dinner plate.

Waltzes in their first forms were small and slow. It was C. M. Von Weber who, in his celebrated "Invitation to the Dance," gave a new impulse to waltz composing. Schubert, Pixis, Pleyel, Czerny, Gyrowitz, &c., wrote many good waltzes, but in the estimation of the public all were surpassed, and the world was thrown into a sort of delirium, when Lanner (born 1801) brought out his famous compositions. The old waltz was yet clothed in a periwig, had short buckled pants, and moved with a stiffness characteristic of the last century.

Lanner, like a streak of lightning, illumined the musical dance world. He was successful as a composer and leader. It was he who gave the waltz its present form—an introduction with a succession of waltzes, coda or finale, a form from which even the Strausses did not depart. Lanner took a young man as violinist into his band, named Johann Strauss. He had learned the trade of book binding, but felt so passionate a love for music that he offered his services to Lanner, and was accepted. Strauss did not long remain in a subordinate position. He separated from Lanner, started an orchestra of his own, (its greatest number was 27 men) composed and published his waltzes, and proved to be a rival of Lanner, who would eventually overshadow him. Although Lanner's waltzes are by many musicians considered the best compositions, Strauss soon gained and retained the affections of the public. Vienna had then Rossini, with his seductive operas; she had Lanner and Strauss. Was it to be wondered at that she forgot that Beethoven lived within her walls? Vienna sought pleasure. Beethoven preached truth. He was not the only prophet who was neglected in his days.

In the history of music these two men, Lanner and Strauss, will occupy a niche alongside of each other. A Strauss waltz was considered the *ne plus ultra*, and not to dance when one of these charming compositions resounded, was considered almost a crime. Neither of these men attempted more than the composing of dances, and in this respect they deserve a place in the history of the art. Strauss composed some 250 pieces, and died in 1849, the great gates of St. Stephen's Church being opened for his funeral procession.

It was but natural that these two men should find imitators, and why not? The way was now paved. There was money to be made by composing, by ball-room and concert performances; there was a short road to public favor, and to a temporary reputation. And who has a right to take a Strauss to account? To him it was given to blow Oberon's horn. As Gollmick says, who would not do the same if he had the power! Would it pay Verdi to write *Fidelio*, when for his *Aida* alone he receives more money than Beethoven did for all his works? Strauss and Lanner became rich, while Beethoven and Mozart struggled against want. Is it a wonder that we have Gung'l, Labitzky, Lumbye, Farbach, Musard and others! They entered the arena in quick succession, and while they indulged in many Jubilee freaks on a small scale, they also won many laurels.

Digitized by Google

The mantle of Strauss and Lanner was, however, not yet to depart from the Strauss family. A third waltz king arose, a son of Strauss, and he it is who visited you during the Jubilee, and almost persuaded Puritanical Boston that there was something in a waltz.

This third waltz king was born in 1825. The spark of the musician showed itself early. When yet very young, he played in his father's orchestra, but soon left it, started one for himself, and thus perplexed the poor Viennese with the great question as to who was the greater, father or son. With that good nature, characteristic of the South German, they sustained both. At the time of his father's death, he united both orchestras, and thus became in more than one sense his father's successor. Strauss, as a composer, followed in the footsteps of his father, and has never thus far changed materially the form of the waltz. His compositions are flowing, full of melody and rich in startling effects of instrumentation, portraying, not unfrequently, that Austrian, that South-German sentimentality, bordering on sentimentalism.

As a leader, he is eccentric — he is simply a Strauss. It is is said that his father conducted very much in the same manner. The words of Louis XIV., "*La Valse—c'est moi!*" may well be applied to them. While no one would blame Strauss for his peculiar ways, it would seem more than ridiculous in any one to imitate him. It was said of the Strauss father that he could speedily change any beer saloon band into a respectable ball-room orchestra. When considering that there is so much more in the style of execution than in the difficulty of his music, this was no very great task for a man with as much personal magnetism as Strauss was possessed of.

While Strauss Jr., has earned more money, and received more attention from the nobility than was the lot of his father, the latter will by many be esteemed as the greater, and is sure to remain nearest to the hearts of the people. Strauss had two other sons who became musicians, but neither of them deserve a mention in this letter. Both Strausses were great travellers, and wherever they came, like a Cæsar, they could write back: "*We came, we played, we conquered.*"

That there is much *toadyism* to the nobility, especially in Strauss's son, one can easily learn from the title pages and dedications of his music. It must have paid, or else it is not likely it would have been done.

Not only in the waltz, but in the polka and the quadrille, are the Strausses great, and if our Jubilee Strauss does not forget his mission, if he will keep his hands off the opera, if he will be satisfied, as his father was before him, with the reputation of a great composer of dance music, that word *great* will, in a certain sense, be applicable to him, while otherwise he may lose the brilliant reputation he has thus far achieved.—"*K. Z.*" *in Brainard's Musical World (Cleveland, O.)*

---

## The Human Voice. — A New Theory.

The following paper was read by Mr. G. V. Lee during the meeting of the British Association at Brighton:—

The precise manner in which certain organs in the human frame perform their functions is matter of dispute amongst the great physiologists, and various theories are from time to time propounded. But of all portions of the human economy which have engaged the attention of the philosophical anatomist none have given rise to so many different doctrines and explanations as that which appertains to voice. The vocal organ has, in turn, been considered a wind instrument, a reed instrument, and a string instrument, and recently some physiologists have been pleased to consider it all three; more, perhaps, with the hope of being on the safe side, whichever explanation turn out correct, than from the discovery of any facts, or the deduction of any argument which could lead to so inclusive a theory. In the face, however, of eminent physiologists arriving at such conclusions, we should not be deterred from submitting every existing theory bearing on the subject we have in view: first, to a thorough and sound investigation according to the light of facts which we have ourselves observed; and, secondly, to the test of a practical application to the purposes of our art. The theory which regards the vocal organ as one of the purely wind instrument class is now for the first time advanced; and, in support of the theory, it is argued that the vocal instrument consists of two tubes following each other consecutively, but separated by the larynx. That the lower tube is in reality but a conducting pipe to bring wind from the lungs to the larynx, or sound box. That the sound is generated in the larynx only by wind passing through it from the lower tube. That therefore no sound is produced below the larynx. That whatever sound is produced must necessarily, from the direction of the wind, be driven into the portion of the tube above the larynx. That, as a consequence, and according to acoustic principles, this portion of the tube (the pharynx) must, by its shape and dimensions, modify sound, and that it does undergo great changes, by reason of the fact that the larynx rises into it and descends out of it, thereby lengthening and shortening it during the ascent or descent of a scale. That since we notice that this tube alters its dimensions during the production of notes of different pitch, and that at the same time the vocal ligaments undergo no appreciable change, in length or otherwise, save upon a change into a different *registre*, it must be to the alteration in this tube that pitch of voice is due, and not to any change in the vocal ligaments. That it must be to the alteration in the vocal ligaments that *registre* of voice is due, since they undergo a change during the progress of one *registre* to another—the pharynx remaining unaltered during the transition. That, since the action of the vocal ligaments, from want of homogeneity, cannot be that of strings, nor from the absence of the alternating, approximating, and separation peculiar to reeded tongues be that of reeded instruments, the vocal organ must be compared to an instrument of some other class. That the action of the ligaments is similar to that of the human lips, since, viewed with the laryngoscope, during the emission of vocal sound, they are seen to form themselves around the aperture for the wind with thick and rounded edges, as are the lips during the production of notes on the flute.

1. The most favored theory in these countries, and that which is not only advanced, but according to which vocal art is taught, is the string instrument theory; and since to our thinking it is of all others the most objectionable, it will be well before proceeding further, to give the arguments for and against it, so that the reasons for its rejection may be the more readily perceived. In 1741, Ferrein, an early and eminent authority in the field of research, was so struck with what he conceived to be the analogy between the vibration of the vocal ligaments and that of strings, that he at once named the ligaments "vocal cords," and endeavored to account for voice in its entirety by an explanation of the action of these ligaments alone. From him the term vocal cords has been carried down to our own time, but the name is wrong; first, from the fact that the ligaments, being flat and rectangular, bear no resemblance whatever to cords; and, next, because the vocal instrument, not being a string instrument, the term vocal cords applied to it is calculated to mislead us to its true nature. Following out the idea of Ferrein, Professor Willis and others made experiments with pieces of leather and India rubber, placed over the orifices of the pipes in connection with the bellows of an organ; the results are put forth to prove that voice is indebted not only for its origin, but for its pitch and range, to the lengthening or shortening of the vocal ligaments. To sustain this theory experiments were tried upon the larynx of the dead human subject. The vocal ligaments were stretched to a certain length, and made to vibrate with a current of air. They were then shortened to half that length and sounded, and it was found that the last sound was as near the octave of the first as was requisite for all legitimate purposes of experiment, and thus they thought it was distinctly proved how voice was regulated as to its pitch. Now, apart from the fact that experiments upon the dead subject can never be taken as conclusive evidence of any function in the human body, and that mechanical contrivances, however perfect, are but poor and insignificant imitations of anything in the human economy, it must be apparent that these experimenters were only laboring to prove, what is commonly known, that membranes, whether twisted into strings as for the violin, or drawn into rectangular stripes as in the vocal ligaments, or stretched equally in all directions as in the drum, are capable of giving out musical sounds if made to vibrate; and that the pitch of these sounds will vary according to the amount of longitudinal tension of the membrane; but, in applying this law to their experiments upon the dead human larynx, they seem to have forgotten that they were stretching and taking liberties generally with the unresisting vocal ligaments which they had no authority for supposing that nature did; and which there was every reason for believing that nature, from the construction of the parts, would find it impossible to do. Take, for example, the range of the human voice, and compare it with that of the most perfect of string instruments, the violin. The violin has four strings, each of which measures in length at least twelve times that of the so-called vocal cords; yet, if we take the normal range of sounds in the violin, namely, from G below the treble staff, to G above the fourth space in altissimo—three octaves—it only gives the same range as do the miniature cords of the vocal apparatus, and such as we find possessed by Mlles. Patti, Ilma di Murska, and other first-rate soprano voices. The length of string necessary to produce a single tone on the violin will be found to exceed the entire length of the vocal ligaments.

2. Reed instrument theorists. A theory so barren of ascertained facts to sustain it, and so much at variance with logical deductions as that of the string instrument, could not long satisfy the active and eager minds of mankind, bent on inquiry and determined to seek out the truth, even at the risk of running counter to preconceived notions and ideas; consequently, a new school of theorists sprang up, headed by such magnificent names as those of Biot, Cagnard de la Tour, Müller, Magendie, Malgaigne, and others, who boldly entered upon opposition to the string theorists, and started a new series of inquiries as to the analogy between the human vocal apparatus and reed instruments. M. Savart observes, that the essential principle of reeds consists in the periodic opening and closing of the orifice through which the stream passes. Now, the same principle governs the action of all reed instruments, and if the vocal instrument be a reed instrument it must be subject to the laws of reed instruments, and the vocal ligaments must act after the manner of reeded tongues — that is, instead of giving out sounds by vibrating as strings, they must do so by alternately opening and closing. M. Savart found by experiment that air blown through the *rima glottis* produced sound, although its edges were from one-sixth to one-fourth of an inch asunder, and with the aid of the laryngoscope a few minutes' observation of these ligaments under action will serve similar results. It seems strange that throughout the various experiments which have been tried none of the authors have given serious consideration to that part of the vocal tube which is situate above the larynx, namely, the pharynx; for if we blow into a clarionet, flute, or other wind instrument, sound merely is generated by our blowing from the mouth; the modifications of sound take place outside of, or beyond the influence of, the mouth or generator. Why should not this be the case with the vocal organ? If we observe the larynx externally where it corresponds to the prominence known as "Adam's apple," we find that it can be elevated or depressed with ascending or descending series of sound, the result being lengthening or shortening of the pharyngial tube; during these actions the vocal ligaments do not alter their position for the production of tones or semitones within the same register. The evidence of Czermack established this conclusion, for he observes—"There is no reason to believe that there is any important difference between the appearance when these ('low') notes are sounded, and when notes in the same register and higher in the scale are sounded, during which the inside of the larynx can be seen." That the ligaments do alter to the inappreciable extent necessary for the gradation of sound in the slur may be inferred from the inaction of the larynx and pharynx. The incalculably small changes which take place may be imagined by citing the opinion of Dodart, who, after the closest investigation calculated that the difference of one-54th part of a fibre of silk, or the 38th of a hair in the dimensions of the aperture, was sufficient to cause a distinct alteration in sound.

3. So far, voice and the causes which modify it have been treated; but it will be seen that the subject is one of wider extent and greater complexity than can be fairly stated in a paper necessarily so restricted. The different theories which have from time to time been advanced, serve rather to perplex than to guide those wishing for information on the subject; but if in the little which may be accomplished by these efforts there will be sufficient to stimulate society to a taste for such matters, plenty of skilled writers are to be found who may more worthily and satisfactorily carry out the good work. For the theory which claims the vocal instrument as a string instrument it has been advanced that it is an instrument fitted with cords which vibrate in a manner resembling the strings of an instrument. That it is supplied with an apparatus of muscles for the purpose of tightening or relaxing these cords, or of shortening or lengthening them. That it is upon this shortening or lengthening of the cords that voice depends for its pitch, and that in order to prove all this we need only destroy the vocal cords to destroy the voice altogether. Against the theory it is urged that the tones of the human voice are not those of a violin or other stringed instrument, and what are called vocal cords in reality bear no resemblance to cords, being rectangular in shape, and

Digitized by Google

wanting in that homogeneity which is so essential condition in the vibration of cords. That it is not the tension or relaxation of these ligaments or cords which regulates pitch, since it is now proved by actual observation with the laryngoscope that they do not alter their position during the production of tones or semitones within any given register. That in order that these ligaments should fulfil the duties assigned them as string instruments, they would require a greater space for elongation than it is possible to conceive the larynx capable of affording. That their destruction—causing total loss of voice—is no proof whatever of their being part of a string instrument, since the destruction of the lips would be equally subversive of the power of producing notes from the flute. In support of the reed theory, it is said that the tubular arrangement in the vocal apparatus distinctly points it out as a pipe instrument; that the ligaments in the larynx are reeded tongues, which are acted upon by the current of air from the wind-pipe; that these vocal reeded tongues are so beautifully and peculiarly provided that they can be lengthened and shortened for the production of high or low notes. That since the pipe must be so proportionate as to suit the current of air to the reed, the contraction and extension noticeable in the trachea evidently carry out this object. Against these arguments it is alleged—that the tones of the voice, except in badly formed or uncultivated notes of the lowest register, bear no resemblance to the tones of reeded instruments. That the vocal ligaments do not approximate and separate, so as ultimately to close and open the passage for air during vibration, as would be essential to the action of reeded tongues. That the human voice is capable of giving utterance to infinitesimal gradations in the glide or slur between semi-notes, whereas no reeded instruments can produce smaller intervals than semitones.

4. Deductions—That the system of teaching prevalent at present is founded on the string instrument theory is unfortunately too true, and consequently we have the order of nature upset for the production of sounds which could be perfectly produced by cultivating the natural action of the parts. The larynx, which should move upwards and downwards according to nature, is kept rigid and fixed, and that which should be the result of the shortening and lengthening of a tube without effort, is effected by the undue and unnatural stretching of ligaments meant to fulfil another purpose. It might be argued that this action of the ligaments—that is, the production of different tones by their tension, could not take place unless nature had fitted them for the duty, but it should be borne in mind that it is a law in the economy of the human body that certain organs and certain portions of organs can act vicariously. The skin, for instance, can take on nearly the whole duty of the kidneys; the liver and kidneys can, to a great extent, perform the functions of the skin. This is, however, only in cases of emergency; and, under such circumstances, the fact is taken advantage of by the medical practitioner, who, during the disturbance or disorder of any of these organs, forces their functions on to some other until the emergency shall have passed. This vicarious action could not be kept up for any considerable length of time without disordering the system; and so with the vocal organ. The duty of the pipe can to a great extent be thrown on the vocal ligaments, but only by a forced and unnatural action which, however successful for the time, cannot last; it must end in that bankruptcy of voice which, amongst professional singers, from their prominent position, is noticed, and which in private society takes place no less certainly to many who attribute the failure to some constitutional disturbance. To such persons singing is a labor that produces fatigue, uneasiness, and perhaps fatal disorder of the throat, and a distaste rather than a love of vocal art. Instruction on the reed instrument theory is open to the same objections, and to an additional one, that it is to the force with which a note is given that pitch and clearness of tone are attributed, and consequently effort is made the *sine qua non* in producing voice. Of course this, like the other system, brings its own punishment, for, in addition to the unnecessary fatigue and objectionable reed quality imparted to the tone, the force used upon the fragile mechanism of the larynx very quickly knocks up the instrument, and hence the ephemeral existence in public of some of our most promising vocalists, who, after a season of dazzling popularity, are compelled to sink quietly into the rank of second-rate concert singers, or what is far more lamentable, they become teachers of singing, and propagate their own bad systems in the society over which they preside. Viewing the vocal organ as a flute instrument, a very different result takes place; the voice is developed by encouraging the natural action of the instrument, as observable in the ascent and descent of the larynx. There is no effort used, and, as a consequence, there is no fatigue, there is no straining of parts, and therefore no string or reed quality sought for but the beautiful liquid and melodiously clear note of the flute. The author having subjected his system of vocal development to the test of practical experience, and having had ample opportunities of trying its merits, he may be permitted to state that his thorough conviction in the success of this method has been established for many years. Voices which had been overstrained have been restored to to their natural conditions, and in cases of clergyman's diseased throat (induced by the use of sombre inflections) the application of this system has always proved efficacious.

## Prima-Donnas.

Of all the evidences which may be brought up from time to time of the luxury of present living, the prices paid to opera singers is probably the most convincing. The *prima donna* is the goddess of modern worship, and the hire of this divinity, or to use the technical language of operatic critics, this Diva, is a fair indication of the enthusiasm of her devotees. The sums which are paid to singers for appearing in an opera, or even for singing a couple of songs in a concert-room, or at an "At Home," have risen from figure to figure till they have at last almost ceased to excite astonishment. We know that one singer gets 120 guineas a night, another 160, and one, it is said, 200 guineas. Where is this to end—and what is there in the result to show an equivalent for such outlay? Lady Dedlock, in Mr. Dickens's novel, led fashion, and the manager of the Italian Opera led Lady Dedlock. Is there, indeed, truth in this satire, and are we to to look to Fashion, and the influence of a few of her leaders as the cause of this extravagance? That is, of course, are we to look at the influence of Fashion as being exerted in this case to an abnormal and unaccountable extent? Old stagers speak of the palmy days of the opera—the days of Lablache, Grisi, and Rubini; the days of the "Puritani" and the "Barber," the days that will never return to them, and that they say will never return at all. Certainly, then, in all the imperiousness of a fame that has lasted through two generations, Grisi never touched such salaries as second-class singers now expect and receive. It is not a year since a *prima donna* was paid 300 guineas for singing for one night. What is there comparable to this in the remuneration of men the most eminent in professions the most arduous? Does any surgeon, does any physician, does any counsel, who has sacrificed youth for eminence, and pleasure for distinction, go into the lottery of life to draw such prizes? Thirty thousand a year! What professional man can look over his banker's account, and find the income of professional earning to approach such a figure? The operations of commerce do not properly enter into the competition. A merchant stakes not merely his labor and his judgment, but also his capital; and his splendid fortune must, therefore, be attributed to the double source. But as the barrister takes merely his knowledge and his argument, as the surgeon takes merely *his* knowledge and his manual dexterity, so the *prima donna* carries *her* capital about with her. The pretty face, the flexible voice, the rich organ, taste and dramatic ability memory, health and fancy—such is the combination that, estimated in worldly securities, declares, as worldly securities now go—the largest dividend. It is somewhat humiliating to think that the answer to the question,what individual can produce most money by exertions independent of capital in a single year, should be a *prima donna*. Men are very proud of their achievements and of their independence, but they cannot do this, or even anything like it. And as we hear the figures, realize the sums to which they amount, and speculate over the speculations which they involve we feel indignant, and ask what they have done to deserve this wealth. There, indeed, is the gold, but where is the equivalent for it? The dominion of what are called "Queens of Song" is the great tyranny of the day, and a speculative fever seems to have fallen upon managers, destined to increase every year, and to rage with greater fury in the New World than in the Old. The triumphs of Mlle. Nilsson across the Atlantic—estimated in that simplest of all denominators, the pound sterling of lawful money of this country—were something extraordinary; but European capitals can also bear witness to the supremacy of the *prima donna*. The famous *cantatrice* of the Opera-house at Berlin, Mlle. Mallinger, the beloved pupil of Wagner, and the original representative of all his operas, closed her then current engagement with the management last May. As it would be impossible to keep the Berlin Opera-house open without Wagner's music, and as Mlle. Mallinger is the only *prima donna* that the German public will accept in these *roles*, it became necessary to make immediate arrangements for the renewal of the old engagement. It might seem at first sight that it was only a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, or, to speak more accurately, of guldens and Friedrichs; and that as the "drawing powers" of this singer must have been accurately known to the manager, the contract might have been almost settled by an accountant. But the stipulations which the singer asked for, and, it is said, insisted on, were not to be conceived upon such simple premises. She would have no engagement for a limited or extended period of time, but required that the contract should be for the rest of her natural life, providing, however, that she should be permitted leave of absence for three months in each year. After setting forth these more general conditions, questions of detail were gone into. She was to get 500 guldens for each representation, the fewest number of performances at this price being fixed at eight in every month. A pension of 5,000 guldens in reserve, and the trifling advance of 18,000 guldens to be paid immediately, completed the last of the more important terms of the contract. And yet even with such figures, and with conditions so onerous and peremptory before us, there is a great deal to be said on the other side. We can scarcely realize what a life is that of the *prima donna*, and how rare is each of the several qualities which must be combined to make a great singer. We think of the opera season of our city with its rehearsals, its triumphs, its novelties, and its revivals; but we scarcely realize that this season is but a part of the *prima donna*'s annual programme—that Hamburg or Baden is to follow, and Paris and St. Petersburg, and perhaps the great deep to be crossed, and Verdi and Gounod to be sung under the American skies. How terrible must be the fatigue of such a life, and what a rare measure of health must the fortunate owner of other qualities possess in order to enable her to exercise them!—*Globe* (*London*).

## Crammings.

Cram, cram, cram, is the general order of our modern schoolmasters; the favorite mode of warfare used by him in fighting against that new born enemy, the competitive examiner. It is the "sling and stone" with which he arms the stripling youths that they may go forth and successfully encounter that dreaded giant who now stands sentinel at Fortune's gate, and blocks all ingress to the roads that lead to genteel or professional occupation. The art of cramming is a crafty accomplishment, for by it the professor transforms and reduces his stern, proud judge—the competitive examiner—into his advertising agent; it turns his cursings into blessings. Occasionally it forms well nigh all that preparation—miscalled education—which the poor scholar receives to fit him for life's duties; and it too often leaves him as empty as it found him, with also the painful consciousness of being a sham. In no branch of education is cramming more used than in music, an art so generally taught in our girls' schools. In spite of its universality it is rarely considered a serious occupation, or one that demands a conscientious course of treatment. To be able to play the tune or piece is the goal; no inquiry is made how the master has enabled the pupil to reach it. The proud parent, whilst hearing the daughter of his heart sing or play "Home, sweet home," stops not to inquire whether she is *parrot* taught. He drinks in the melody, which he has paid for as an extra, and feels it a certainty that it is an item of expenditure in which he has not been cheated. What cares he whether she knows her scales—her alphabet in music—he is contented to leave such things as those for the study of poor music governesses; his child can sing and play, and nought is needed more. In ninety cases out of a hundred, however, that pretty singing and delicious playing are the results of cramming. The music master, either of his own choice, or in obedience to the principal, teaches tones, not the art of music, starts from the end and not from the beginning.

If the young school girl has to cram for her holiday exhibition, how much more have singers to cram for their public performances? Why, in many instances they are only kept musically alive by periodical cramming. What is often a singer's history? At manhood he finds himself blessed with a fine voice, yet with absolutely no education in music, and ignorant even of its very rudiments. The precious, priceless gift of nature must be turned to immediate account; art education is expensive; he cannot afford to wait for years of training; to appear in public is a pressing necessity; he must live, although he may thereby devour the very seeds of future merit and success; so, before he knows even the alphabet of his art, he is "coached" in a few songs, with which,

Digitized by Google

thanks to natural gifts, he makes himself famous. After once tasting popular applause he cannot make himself a child again. The drudgery of the elementary studies is too toilsome. At one leap he has bounded to the top of the ladder, and cannot descend to give himself the voluntary labor of again ascending painfully step by step. No, as he has done, so must he ever do: he must be crammed for every fresh effort; the singing master must ever drill him, and drive into his memory each new piece. Satire is ever ready with its gibes at the helplessness of such an individual: the cripple—especially if he be vain—is laughed at for his crutches: and many a singer is ridiculed and despised for his ignorance of an art that brings him fame and fortune. Yet there are fair apologies to be made for him. In his case, youth, the time for elementary studies, is past; poverty often forces immediate action; and, moreover, vocal training, under any circumstances, is not easily obtained in this country. With him, therefore, cramming is indispensable.

The instrumental performer is not altogether free from the charge of cramming. True it is that in our best orchestras the habit is impossible. Musicians under the *bâtons* of such conductors as Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Manns, and Mr. Cusins, are compelled to be masters of their particular craft. They have no time or opportunity for preparation, but must be ready at all seasons to do their work and their director's bidding. This faculty is the result of daily and hourly exercise. The exceptional facility possessed is not a gift or freak of nature, but the result of a special training that seldom has any equivalent in other branches of the art. The beneficial effects of daily application and performance may be observable also in those musicians who were educated as organists in cathedrals; the early, continuous, although monotonous work, has given them a certain mastership in their special department, so that like their orchestral brethren their efforts are more spontaneous and natural. Few, however, of our soloists convey to us impressions of being perfectly at ease. In listening to their performances we seldom can feel that they are engaged in an exercise which costs them no immediate labor. The painful grapplings with difficulties are manifest; the forced labor, and the fearfully constrained attention, all denote that it is with them an unusual effort; like full bodied bottles with small necks, the flow is not free: in a word, cramming has been used for the occasion.

Dare we say that composers are not exempt from this charge?—that the chief priests and scribes of the divine art, the authors of our operas, oratorios, Te-Deums, and symphonies, do not actually cram for their works? Can we insinuate that writing is not with them an every day exercise, or a constant, involuntary and natural expression of their musical thoughts? With every feeling of admiration and respect for those gifted beings, and with a sense of our own humbleness, we cannot but confess that their productions often give us the impression of fatigued labor. We do not refer to any occasional barrenness of ideas, which must happen at times with the greatest creators in art, but rather to those tacit admissions made by the author, of an unwonted gathering of forces, of an awkward use of implements that from want of familiarity give the worker difficulty and pain, so as to make us feel, as when with an anxious and nervous host, that the feast is an extraordinary occasion. And herein is the real difficulty. Writing first class works is not an every day business. In the life of an accomplished musician, an opportunity but seldom offers. Pecuniary rewards for such are never to be had, for the English are anything but munificent patrons of high musical art. The man of genius, too easily disgusted, turns aside to the drudgery of teaching, and extinguishes all aspiration for fame, and should he then be called upon for a work of the highest order, is it to be wondered at that he may fail? He has thrown by his implements in the lumber room, instead of keeping them bright and clean, ready for immediate use, on an emergency. He has forgotten that the goddess of music is a jealous goddess, claiming individual worship, and that to propitiate her he must turn his face from Mammon.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

## First Rubinstein Concert at Steinway's.

At the concert last night after the opening overture, well played by Mr. Bergmann's orchestra, the main business of the evening began with a long and rather abstruse concerto in D minor, composed and executed by Rubinstein. It is clear and spirited in character, and graceful and delicate in detached passages, but on the whole, so far as could be judged on a first hearing, not distinguished by a large melodic outline or richness of imagination. It is, however, bristling with technical difficulties, and might be judged to have been selected as an appropriate opportunity for bringing out at one stroke all the technical virtues of the great maestro. These were accordingly displayed to the best advantage, and recognized by the audience with almost frantic enthusiasm. Herr Rubenstein is clearly one of the phenomenal executants of the age. Massive force, clearness of phrasing, the most wonderful clearness and definition in rapid passages, and the most resonant and vibrant elasticity of touch—all these, with a delicious silvery trickle of cadenza and a *pianissimo* as soft, yet distinct as the microscopic plumage of a butterfly's wing, make his execution one of the marvels of modern artistic development. In the group of morceaux, which formed his second number on the programme, his performance of the Rondo in A minor, from Mozart, was delightfully quiet, tender and distinct in shading, and the following march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," was given with an electric fire and vigor which fairly took the audience off their feet, though taken, for the sake of contrast, doubtless, with an exaggerated rapidity which suggests that the Athenian soldiery must have been used to drill at the extra double quick.

Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," which formed the third Rubinstein number, are hardly marked enough in melodic form, hardly distinct enough in sentiment, for a general programme in a large hall, but were given with excellent force and clearness, and the pianist closed his share of the evening's work with a *barcarole, melodie,* and *valse* of his own composition

Herr Wieniawski shared the honors of the evening by his execution of Mendelssohn's concerto for violin in E minor, and a Légende and Airs Russes of his own. His prominent characteristics as heard last night are a delightful firmness of execution, and the most penetrating clearness and fiery sweetness, so to speak, of tone. His work is thoroughly simple and honest, unmarred by affected sentiment or fantastic eccentricity. We miss in him somewhat of the tenderness which gives such a charm to the execution of some less distinguished violinists, but as a master of his instrument it is probable that Herr Wieniawski has not had his superior in this country.

Mme. Liebhardt was heard in the familiar "Leise-leise," from "Der Freischütz," and in a pleasant ballad. Her voice is pure, strong, and clear rather than flexible, and her method marked by some of the less laudable peculiarities of the ultra German school.

Mme. Ormeny did not do full justice to the "Non piu mesta," from "Cenerentola," but we gladly postpone comment on the lady's performance till later hearing; as she was evidently suffering from the embarrassment of a first appearance before an audience, and in a country entirely unfamiliar.

The second concert will be given on Wednesday evening, when Herr Rubinstein will perform Beethoven's concerto in G major, and Schumann's "Carnival," and Herr Wienawski will interpret a fantaisie on Gounod, and a cluster of his own compositions.—*Sun.*

## Patti and Mario.

(From the New York Tribune of Sept. 16.)

The opening of the musical season was celebrated at Steinway Hall last night by a much larger and more brilliant audience than one would have expected to find under ordinary circumstances so early in the year. All the seats were occupied and the lobby was crowded. Fashionable society was fairly represented, and a multitude of people from the world of art were there also—the barbaric face of Rubinstein and the portly figure of Wieniawski being conspicuous among them. It was indeed an occasion of more than common interest. The return of Mario was an event that had stirred the curiosity or enthusiasm of half the town. There were hundreds who remembered the sweet voice and noble delivery of seventeen years ago, and longed to welcome the great artist once more as an old friend. There were still more who knew the famous tenor only by the tradition of their elders, and were eager even to look upon the singer whose name illustrates one of the brightest chapters in musical history. He did not appear last night till the end of the first part, and then he merely took his share in the quintet from "Un Ballo in Maschera:" *E scherz'od a follia.* He was warmly received as he came upon the stage, yet not with any superfluous enthusiasm; people were busy, perhaps, trying to trace in that stately, well-preserved gentleman, with ruddy face and dark beard, the *Fernando* who won all hearts and charmed all eyes and ears so many seasons ago. Let us tell the truth as tenderly as we can; the art remains, of course,—the pure style, the elegant phrasing, the keen sensibility,—but that is nearly all. At moments here and there a faint flavor of the ancient tones carries us back in fancy across the wide chasm of years; we shut our eyes to the scene before us, and again the youthful Mario fills the stage with his presence, and the voice which had no rival rings sweet and pure through the chambers of memory. But it is, after all, a melancholy recollection. For those who cannot associate the ruin with its pristine glories, the exhibition must be terribly disappointing; for those who do recall the past, it is necessarily painful. Signor Mario sang little last night. His only solo, on the bills, was the *Spirto gentil* from "La Favorita," the romanza which he almost made immortal. Time was when he seemed to sing that right out of his heart, and when he drew tears with it out of the dryest eyes. Now, losing in part the control of his voice, he has lost something of his power of expression; yet no one can see that the delicacy of his feeling is impaired, though his muscles may refuse to obey his will. He sings with extreme care, slipping over the high notes and dropping the highest altogether. His voice was a little too husky before he had finished; but he was recalled, and gave the pretty song which Hatton wrote for him, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye." It was a sad thing to hear; yet how beautifully he used what resources time had left him, how much tenderness and elegance the old man threw into those familiar lines! We are glad to say that his welcome grew heartier and heartier as the evening wore away. He deserves the highest testimony of our respect; for he is one of the few really great singers of our generation, and it will be a pity if he do not carry away with him a substantial mark of the esteem in which Americans still hold him. Of Miss Carlotta Patti we do not know that we need say a great deal. She has come back just what she was when she went away. The "radical transformation in her style and manner," which Mr. Strakosch announced, is not perceptible to the average listener. We have the same astonishing tricks of vocalization, the same airy trifling with the mechanical difficulties of art, the same phenomenal purity and compass of voice, and the same lack of real sentiment which always characterized the singing of this extraordinary artist. She is not everything that a great singer must be; but in her own line she is unsurpassed, and her popularity is as great as ever. She rivalled Madame Peschka-Leutner in a part of the famous "Variations di Bravoura," by Proch, which the German *prima donna* sang so often in Boston and New York, and in the more florid variations Miss Patti showed decidedly the more facility of the two. She sang the *Ardon gl' incensi* and *Spargi d' amaro lagrime* from "Lucia," and almost put the flute obligato out of countenance; and she amused the audience with one of her favorite ballads, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." Miss Cary was also cordially received, and sang, as usual, very naturally and sweetly.

## The Zapfenstreich.

The most impressive of all the festivities in celebration of the meeting of the three Cæsars was the Zapfenstreich, or Tattoo, in the Lustgarten. The time was night. In front of the Old Palace, an oblong parallelogram was marked out by temporary bouquets of gas, and inside it were gathered together twenty-two military bands, all belonging to the Guard Corps, the heroes of the morning, containing 775 musicians, together with 350 drummers and fifers. They should have been in their places by nine o'clock; but starting, as they did, from the Statue of Blucher in the Linden, and getting mixed up with and considerably delayed by the crowd, they did not commence their performance till fully half an hour later. How, it will be asked, is time to be marked, and are musical directions to be given, for such an orchestra, by night? The mere gas torches were not enough, as you may suppose. The difficulty was thus got over. A master conductor was perched aloft, on a high table, and he wielded a bâton with a lantern in the head of it. Minor conductors, equally well placed in their different positions, took their cue from him and waved smaller bâtons similarly illuminated. It cannot be said that the thousand and odd performers were always together as perfectly as a Costa or a Manns would have wished; but the deviations from time were few and transitory, and only such as might have been expected. Precedence was to be given on every occasion to the Kaiser, and accordingly the first piece performed was the Austrian National Hymn. Its solemn and lofty character contrasted favorably with the Alexander March which followed in deference to the reigning Czar, and which is light, trivial, and commonplace. Perhaps it was well inserted between the Austrian Hymn and the famous march from "*Tannhäuser,*" which was executed with great effect. The merry but admirable March of Radetzky was introduced between it and that fine piece of thoroughly religious music the Russian National Hymn, and was executed only by the cavalry bands. But how about the Zapfenstreich?

Digitized by Google

Surely very familiar airs, played by it matters not how many performers, do not constitute a "tattoo by torchlight?" They do not. Listen to that short shrill call of fifes and drums, that seems to break off almost as soon as it begins. The troops are being summoned to the bivouac fires. There is a pause. Then the cavalry trumpets rehearse pleasant music of a less barbaric character. Another pause, and then the drums and fifes again, with the sudden breaking off or snap and relapse into silence once more. Comes next an Evening Prayer played by all the regimental bands present, not unlike other music in this world, save for its strange introduction. But it was splendidly given. It ceased. And was that to be all? There was absolute silence. Surely a drum was struck? No, but many drums were tapped. So softly, how softly! Thunder waxes louder too suddenly for any comparison here. The tapping grows to beating, the beating to rolling, the rolling to rending, with tremendous sound, your ears asunder The great wave of din is at its height; then, like every other wave, it must descend from the summit it has ascended. From *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, from *crescendo* to *diminuendo*, you hear all those drums. The twenty bars of which this terrible performance consists have more significance than mere melody could impart. They may be called a perfectly musical interpretation of the military spirit of Prussia. Monotonous and sharp, sober and withal inspiriting, they translate the special characteristics of the service of this country into articulate, though, perhaps, not over artistic sound. When the twice repeated *c c f* with which the martial strain begins resounded in the vast arena, the public, who had listened to the softer pieces of the serenade in comparative silence at once broke out into cheers, and adopted an animated attitude more suited to the thunders of war than to the gentle inspiration of the Delphic god. The louder the drum beats, the shriller the fife rent the air, the more boisterous grew the crowd, until the steady beat of the tambour was drowned by deafening hurrahs. Then silence once more, and a glorious burst of light instead From the roof of the Palace five electric lights flooded the Lustgarten with night's sunshine, and at the same moment brilliant Bengal lights were thrown on the Museum opposite, 300 paces away, so brilliant that, standing at the windows of the Palace, one could not only make out, but actually study each separate figure in the celebrated frescoes executed by Cornelius from Schinkel's designs. Thus, in a blaze of glory, came the Zapfenstreich to an end.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 5, 1872.

## Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Tremont Temple, clean and bright with fresh paint and ornament, casting off its old gloomy aspect, and much more comfortable as to seating, was re-opened on Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, with a concert on the part of the new "National College of Music," just established within the walls of the Temple, Mr. THOMAS RYAN, Director. A large audience were assembled, eager to enjoy the first music of the season, and curious to see and hear the new members of the Club, as well as the artists who are to preside over various departments of instruction in the school. —Why not *School*, as well as "College"? A rose by any other name, &c., and in *these* days the least pretension is the best distinction.—The programme, having for one object to introduce so many persons, could not of course have all the unity of a programme purely musical, and it was very long; and, as is the way with long, miscellaneous, personal programmes, sure to become still longer through encores. The consequence was that many went out before the concert was over, and some of the best things did not get their fair share of attention. These eager clamorers for the doubling of a song never seem to consider that they may be spoiling the effect of all that is to come after on the programme,—which in this case was as follows:

First Organ Sonata—Last movement.......Mendelssohn.
G. W. Sumner.
"The Two Grenadiers".....................R. Schumann.
M. W. Whitney.
"Souvenir de Spa." Solo for Violoncello........Servais.
Rudolph Hennig.
Recitative and Air, "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro."....................................Mozart.
Miss Edith Abell.
Liszt's Trans. of Weber's Polonaise in E min......Weber.
B. J. Lang.
Stradella's Prayer, "Per pietà Signore"........Stradella.
Signor Vincenzo Cirillo.

Quintet in C, op. 29 ......................Beethoven.
Ballad, "The Young Mountaineer" ..........Randegger.
Composed expressly for M. W. Whitney.
Ballad, 'My Queen"...........................Blumenthal.
Miss Edith Abell.
"Ballade et Polonaise de Concert" for Violin Vieuxtemps.
Charles Hamm.
{ "Barcarole," composed by................Sig. Cirillo.
{ and "La Mandolinata"....................E. Paladilhe.
Vincenzo Cirillo.
Concerto for Three Pianos, in C ..............J. S. Bach.
Messrs. Adams, Sumner and Tucker.

The Organ Sonata did not sound altogether clear. The Quintette limited itself mostly to accompaniment, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Heindl putting aside their violas for the clarinet and flute, making, with the reinforcement of a double bass, an orchestral abridgment. This accompaniment, good on the whole, was sometimes too prominent and not always in perfect accord with the singer. But it did seem good, and like the good old times, to hear for once a part of the old Beethoven Quintet for strings! Considering that the Club is newly organized, and that there has been no time for practice, for the assimilation of the new materials, the piece went smoothly, and the fitful alternation of Adagio and Presto was as vividly brought out as one could well expect in a hall of course too large for chamber music. The two new members (Mr. HENNIG and Mr. HAMM), made an excellent impression by the artistic rendering of their solos; and we may congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of so admirable a violoncellist and so good a violinist to our Symphony orchestra as well as to the classical chamber concerts. Mr. LANG played Liszt's brilliant amplification of the Weber Polonaise in E, with the minor introduction from the one in E flat prefixed, wisely without accompaniment, since there was no orchestra, and played it with consummate skill and facile, finished grace, upon a "Chickering" which gave out the most musical quality of tone with remarkably clear and equal resonance and freedom. And Mr. Lang's triplet of pupils, Messrs. ADAMS, SUMNER and TUCKER, for whom was reserved the best task of the evening to the last, —pity that half the audience had already gone home, while those who waited were too weary to listen to a Bach Concerto with such attention as it has a right to claim!—acquitted themselves right nobly. Those who *did* wait for it were rewarded by the quickening spirit of such a healthy, hearty, perfect composition, reproduced so faithfully and so effectively. The only drawback was a little want of due subordination in the quartet string accompaniment at the beginning; but the heavenly Adagio (middle movement) was altogether most enjoyable.

MR. WHITNEY if hardly in his *best* voice, confirmed the impression he produced in Mr. Osgood's concert of improved quality of tone in the upper notes, greater solidity in his grand deep tones, and greater freedom, ease, artistic finish and vivacity in the delivery of his voice and rendering of his music. The "Two Grenadiers" was nobly sung. The other song, with two more for encores, one nautical, one serio comic, seemed child's play for a singer of his calibre. Miss EDITH ABELL, of whom we could recall no distinct impression, appeared for the first time since a period of three years' study in Europe. With a clear, pure, evenly developed soprano, neither very sweet nor very powerful, but agreeable, and with good phrasing and expression, she sang Mozart's "*Dove sono*,"—a little disturbed now and then by the imperfect unison of a wind instrument,—which was received with considerable favor. For an encore she sang "Bonnie Dundee" to her own accompaniment. The greatest curiosity was felt to hear Signor CIRILLO, the new baritone from Naples, who comes so highly commended to fill the place of principal professor of Voice Culture in the "College." Neither his selections nor the accidents of his condition (for he seemed to screen some natural embarrassment under a cool exterior), seemed to us quite favorable to a complete impression of his artistic powers. That his voice is round and sweet and even, thoroughly well trained, and that he phrases with intelligence, and sings altogether like a man who understands himself and his art, we believe every one was convinced; yet some untoward influence seemed to affect the truth of pitch. Doubtless he will do himself more justice.

MISS ANNA FINKENSTAEDT. A very pleasant matinée (semi-private) was that held at Chickering's rooms last week on Wednesday. The young lady, who is of a German family resident in Newport, R. I., and who has a decided talent for the pianoforte, has been studying for six years abroad, mostly at the excellent school in Stuttgart, and recently for some months with Liszt, who has shown much interest in her. A pretty large circle of musical people were invited to hear her here, after the good report of her concert performances in Newport, to whom, with the assistance of a cultivated singer, her relative, Mrs. LOUISE LUDECUS WERTH, from Alabama, she presented a choice programme:

Ballade, G minor..............................Chopin.
Hear ye Israel ..............................Mendelssohn.
{ a. Etude....................................Heller.
{ b. Fantasie. Impromptu......................Chopin.
Song: "Mignon"....................................Liszt.
Rondeau Brillante ................................Weber.
"Erlking"......................................Schubert.
Fantasie: "Tannhäuser"..............................Liszt

The appearance of the young lady,—modest, unassuming, gentle, and poetic even,—bespoke sympathy at once. The room, close upon the noisy street, was very bad for sound. Nevertheless her rendering of all her pieces was very much enjoyed and elicited warm commendation. Her technique is excellent, brilliantly shown in the Rondo by Weber and the Fantasie by Liszt; and her interpretation of the Chopin *Ballade* and *Impromptu* showed a true sense and feeling of the music. All was clear and refined in style; and there was a musical, a genial spirit, something more than the ambitious mastery of difficulties, pervading it. Without having yet reached the level of the foremost lady pianists of the past three or four musical seasons, she gives indication of the gifts and of the earnest spirit which, when matured by further study, may rank her with the best. We are sure, all who heard her will watch her career with interest.

Mrs. Werth proved herself a refined and cultivated singer, and gave an appreciative rendering of her three selections. Liszt's setting of "*Kennst du das Land?*" might be called a study upon Mignon. For he has not treated it as a song, simply and briefly, or as addressed to any one, but rather a soliloquy, a reverie indefinitely prolonged. It is unique and interesting in some respects, but it leaves you (at least after a single hearing) not quite sure that you have heard the song of Mignon.

THE STRAKOSCH CONCERTS. The concerts of Saturday and Monday evening, and the Matinée of Wednesday have presented an uncommonly rich combination of artists,—even without MARIO himself, the great remembered and expected,—and programmes freighted with good things enough to pass for a fair tribute to the supposed musical taste and culture of our city. Here is the first:

Overture. "Oberon"..................................Weber.
Orchestra.
Violin solo. "8th Concerto".........................Spohr.
M. Emile Sauret. (with orch. accomp.)
Aria. "La Calunnia," from "Il Barbiere di Seviglia."
Rossini
Signor Ronconi.
Aria. "Caro nome," from "Rigoletto"..............Verdi.
Mlle. Carlotta Patti.
Piano Solo, "Concerto in G minor"..........Mendelssohn.
Mlle. Teresa Carreno. (with orch. accomp.)
Duet, "Si la stanchezza," from "Il Trovatore"....Verdi.
Miss Cary and Signor Mario.

Violin solo. "Fantaisie" on Hungarian airs.......Ernst.
M. Emile Sauret
Aria, "Or la sull' onda," from "Il Giuramento"
Mercadante.
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Romanza. "M' appari," from "Martha"..........Flotow.
Signor Mario.
Variations de Bravoure..............................Proch.
Mlle. Carlotta Patti.
Piano Solo. "Grand Fantaisie" on themes from Gounod's "Faust".......................................Liszt.
Mlle. Teresa Carreno.
Quartet. "Chi mi frena," from "Lucia"......Donizetti.
Mlle. Patti, Sig. Mario, Sig. Ronconi and Barili.

Mario! It is now almost eighteen years since the prince of tenors, then in the fulness of his power to

charm, with Grisi, Balfe, and the rest, was singing to delighted crowds here, in *I Puritani*, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, in *Il Barbiere* (who of the few hundreds only present will ever forget that Saturday afternoon performance, when all the actors were inspired by the delicious music, and when we heard the exquisite grace and sweetness of the Almaviva melody for the first, perhaps the last time, wedded to an equal grace of action and impersonation!), in the *Favorita*, the *Sonnambula*, and *Don Giovanni*, and the *Stabat Mater*. Those treats began in January, 1855, and were over before March. Then, in voice as well as art, was Mario incomparable. Six years after that, in London, the sensitive voice appeared to us still fresher and the man more perfectly himself. But now! He is sixty-four years old, they say, though looking hardly fifty, well preserved and handsome. And they say that as a voice, a singer, he is but a wreck, a ruin. Well is not Rome a ruin, and is not Rome poetic, fascinating? Doubtless in one sense it is a mistake for him to start upon a new career of concert singing, and count upon so late an after summer. But we cannot agree with those who find it only painful to listen to his moderate and cautious efforts now, to his short flights of old familiar song. It is painful, to be sure, that he soon touches the limit of his power, that in a song like that from *Martha*, or in Beethoven's "Adelaida" he must only indicate or leave out altogether now and then the high and climax note which he is too conscientious to transpose; that the voice breaks sometimes, is so soon fatigued and often husky. But on the other hand, there is a marvellous sweetness left in many of his tones; whole passages at times, of rich, round, resonant and golden tone enough, together with his still perfect phrasing, his inimitable method, his faultless, pure expression, and the charm of his whole manner, to bring back most vividly the singer of old times. The soul, the art, the ripe ideal indication of the song are there. Does he not still sing "*Spirto gentil*" (second concert), as no younger tenor can sing it? From first to last in tones all rich and full, and with a style, a chaste refinement of expression that must be the despair as well as quickening incentive of all younger aspirants? "*Adelaida*" (in the Matinée) was indeed a trying task for him; the voice was hoarser than usual, and several times he only *looked* the high tone upon which the stress should fall; and then would he smile, good-humoredly, as much as to say: "That is Time, the envious, the resistless! What can we do about it?" Nevertheless, any younger man, in full possession of a good tenor voice, with any brains and earnestness, who heard him do it, must have learned a priceless lesson in the rendering of that song.

In some smaller things,—the little French chanson which he gave for an encore the first night, the Duets with Miss Cary; "Mira la bianca luna," by Rossini, and "Per valli, per boschi," by Blangini, and in the quartets, &c., he must have charmed even those who heard him for the first time. It is a privilege to hear so great an artist, while the art, the poetry survives, even after the organ has become "a ruin."

There was a fitness in enlisting Sig. Ronconi in this troupe, for he was one of Mario's comrades in the great group of Covent Garden Opera. He was as droll as ever in "*La Calunnia*," and afterwards in Leporello's "Catalogue" song, and his voice was uncommonly round and firm.——So we have used up our space in tribute to the Past, and must leave the Present and the Future to the future, with not a word now of the vocal virtuosity of CARLOTTA PATTI, the admirable honest singing of Miss CARY, the brilliant pianism of TERESA CARREÑO, and the very decided mark made by the young violinist M. SAURET. We must come back to them next time.

## Mario in New York.—The Rubinstein Concerts.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 30.—A large and attentive audience filled Steinway Hall on Monday evening, Sept. 16th. Every seat was taken both in the body of the house and in the galleries, while the lobbies were thronged with the critics, journalists and notabilities of the city. The occasion was the long looked for appearance of Mario and the Strakosch concert troupe. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "William Tell"........................Rossini.
Duet, from "L'Italiana in Algeri"................ "
Miss Cary and Signor Ronconi.
Piano Concerto in G minor........ ........Mendelssohn.
Mlle. Teresa Carreño.
Rondo, "Ardon gl'incensi," from "Lucia"......Donizetti.
Mlle Carlotta Patti.
With Flute Obligato.
Violin Solo, "Fantaisie on Hungarian Airs"........Ernst.
Mons Sauret.
Quintet, from "Un Ballo in Maschera"; "E scherzo od è follia"........................ ..........Verdi.
Miles. Carlotta Patti, Cary, Sig. Mario, Ronconi and M. G. Gottschalk.

—

Polka, "Pizzicato"................................Strauss.
Aria, "La Calunnia," from "Il Barbiere"........Rossini.
Signor Ronconi.
Romanza, "Spirto Gentil," from "La Favorita".Donizetti.
Signor Mario.
Variations di Bravoura.............................Proch.
Mll. Carlotta Patti.
Romanza, from "Mignon"..................Thomas.
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Piano Solo, Grand Fantaisie on Themes from Gounod's "Faust"......................................Liszt.
Mlle Teresa Carreño.
Quartet, from "Martha"..........................Flotow.
Miles. Patti and Cary.
Signori Mario and Ronconi.
March......................................Strauss.

Those who came to hear Mario had to wait patiently until the end of the first part, when he came upon the stage leading Carlotta Patti, and followed by the singers who were to take part with him in Verdi's Quintet. He was greeted with a round of applause, which was kindly but not enthusiastic, and then the audience listened in perfect silence; the young striving to catch every note of the voice that was once so famous; the old trying to recall the voice they once heard: both applauding at the close and both disappointed.

He sung with extreme care, managing the broken voice which remains to him as none but a great artist could do. But the voice is only a ruin and affected with a hoarseness which, one feels, will not pass away. In the second part he sang the great air from *La Favorita*, which has won him so many triumphs in Europe; but I liked him best in the ballad by Hatton; "Good bye, Sweetheart," which he gave in response to an encore. This song was, I believe, written expressly for him, and the warmth, the tenderness, the delicacy with which it was rendered were in accordance with our preconceived ideas of the singer.

Carlotta Patti is unchanged and her feats in vocal gymnastics continue to be the delight of the general public and the wonder of all. She is the princess of *executantes* and can do absolutely anything with her voice—except *sing*. Auber's "Bright du rire," one of her encore pieces, requires precisely her voice and nature; her rendering of it is perfect. The same remark applies to the "Variations" by Proch, but her rendering of the song "Within a mile of Edinboro'," another encore piece, was utterly parrot-like and devoid of even the little sentiment which belongs to that threadbare ballad.

You doubtless remember "La Teresita," the child pianist who charmed us all nine years ago, and whose talent (as say the handbills) "Even Boston and Dwight deigned to praise."[!] During her long sojourn in Europe she has played everywhere, pleased everyone, and now comes back to us, a child no longer, but a graceful, beautiful woman. The artist, too has developed, apparently; before, it would have been a fantaisie by Gottschalk or Thalberg which awakened our praise; now she greets us with Mendelssohn's great Concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra. There is perhaps only one woman who can play this Concerto exactly as it should be played, and the remembrance of its wonderful beauty as it took shape and grew under the fingers of Clara Schumann came to my mind with the thought that perhaps our fair pianiste might have made a wiser selection for her first appearance in her new character. But she played with more taste and feeling than I expected, and, though not with quite that fine, delicate shading which indicates a *perfect* acquaintance with the composer, yet in a manner which elicited an encore from the audience, and expressions of satisfaction from the critics. The *Faust* Fantaisie brought another encore, to which she responded with a waltz by Chopin, (D flat) played, I thought, somewhat hurriedly, and with a carelessness of which that composer's works do not well admit.

The bold, free style, skillful bowing and pure intonation of M. Sauret, the violinist, took us by surprise, for although we should look for these qualities in the pupil of Vieuxtemps, we were unprepared for so much excellence. His execution reminds one of the stories told of Paganini, and his polyphonic playing is something like Ole Bull without any of Ole Bull's *scrappiness*. Feeling and expression are manifested in his playing to a high degree, and his popularity is assured by his first performance here.

Miss Cary sang as well as usual, and Sig. Ronconi and Gottschalk were both good. The Orchestra was fair, and altogether the concert troupe is an excellent one. They gave four concerts and one matinée previous to their departure for Boston.

The Thomas Garden Concerts closed for the season on Sunday Evening, Sept 25, when a large and enthusiastic audience listened to a well selected programme, at the end of which Mr. Thomas was called out and greeted with a round of hearty and well deserved applause. On Tuesday evening, 17th, he gave a "Grand Wagner Night" with the following programme:

PART I.—Kaiser-Marsch; Vorspiel to "Lohengrin"; "Eine Faust Ouverture."

PART II.—Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"; Vorspiel and Schlussatz from "Tristan und Isolde"; "Ritt der Walküren" (first time).

PART III.—Overture to "Tannhäuser"; Ballet from "Rienzi" (first time); Huldigungs-Marsch.

The Concert Hall was crowded, and the rapt attention with which people listened to the music proved that the great high priest of a new school has a large number of devoted adherents in New York. The excellent manner in which this difficult music was interpreted by the orchestra deserves the highest praise. The remarkable "Ritt der Walküren" awakened a perfect furor in the audience, which could only be allayed by a repetition of the piece. "Eine Faust Ouverture," however, was evidently too much for the listeners. There is undoubtedly somebody living who understands that overture, but he was evidently not among the auditors that night. Probably he was detained at home.

Every one will remember those admirable "Symphony Soirées" with which Mr. Thomas favored us in the years gone by; and every one will rejoice to hear that they are to be resumed during the season of 1872–73. In response to a request, signed by a number of our leading citizens, Mr. Thomas announces six "Symphony Concerts," to take place at Steinway Hall on the following dates: Nov. 9, Dec. 28, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, March 29, April 26. In announcing these concerts Mr. Thomas states that "while the general tendency of the programmes will be the same as in former years, his special aim will be to restrict them to works of the highest eminence, both of the old masters and those of the present day. Owing to the efficient state of the Orchestra, he will be better able than ever before to illustrate the progress of musical art. Important novelties will be given during the season, which will be announced later."

The most interesting event which I have to record is the appearance of ANTON RUBINSTEIN, who has given three concerts and one matinée at Steinway Hall, under the management of Mr. Grau. These concerts took place Sept 23d, 25th and 27th, with a matinée Sept. 28th, and are to be continued on Oct. 1st, 3d, and 4th. Rubinstein has two great claims to eminence. He is a composer of acknowledged genius and originality, at a time when creative talent in music is in danger of becoming a thing of the past; and he is, moreover, one of the few *great* piano-forte players now living. Liszt, who is said to be his only rival, I have never heard, and therefore cannot compare the two artists. As a composer Wagner is his only rival.

In appearance Rubinstein is said to resemble Beethoven, and there certainly is something in the rugged earnestness of his face and manner which reminds one of the portrait of his great predecessor. As he approaches the piano he is heartily applauded and, in acknowledgment, he makes a low bow, half to the audience and half to the name plate of the piano. Then, with a quick wave of the hand he brushes back the hair which has fallen in thick, unkempt locks over his eyes, and seats himself at the piano. These little details of personal appearance you most notice before he begins to play, for, if you are musical, you will not perceive them afterwards. The piece is his own Concerto in D minor,—a composition which he generally selects in introducing himself to a strange audience, and which, if I mistake not, was performed by Miss Krebs at one of our Philharmonics last winter. As he plays, his face—always grave—becomes as impassible as the sphinx, and his far-reaching eye seems set upon some bright objective point, the culmination of a grand succession of chords which unroll beneath his fingers. He is conscious of no hearers save the unseen, and to him the present moment, life itself, is but one link in the mighty chain of art.

The orchestra however is of the earth, earthy, and sundry nods and signals passing from the pianist to the conductor seem to tone down the too blatant brass, and send a new life thrilling through the violins. The admiration we feel for the player is not such as we bestow, but such as he compels. And when, at the end of the Concerto, he faces a tempest of plaudits and *bravos* with an unmoved countenance, and declines, with a depreciative wave of the head the flowers that are offered to him, we feel for the first (?) time, how extremely commonplace such demonstrations are. Rubinstein's versatility is amazing. In the four concerts given last week he played, always without notes, the following compositions:

Concerto in D minor; Barcarole, G major; Melodie, F major; Valse Caprice; Romance Barcarole, F minor; Etude, C major; Prelude; Barcarole, G minor; Tarantelle; Sonata (piano and violin), RUBINSTEIN.—Air and Variations, D minor, Handel; Rondo in A minor, Mozart; March from "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; Concerto in G major, (with Cadenzas by A. Rubinstein), Beethoven; Gita in Gondola, Rossini; "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," "Erl König," Schubert, arranged by Liszt; Carnival, Schumann; Concerto in A minor, Schumann; Sonata, C major, Beethoven; Nocturne, C minor Chopin; Polonaise, A flat, Chopin; Sonata, F minor, Beethoven; Nocturne, E flat, Field.

If I might presume to criticise his playing in the least, I should say that the Beethoven Concerto, under his hands, was a little too strongly tinctured with the player's own individuality; but to hear him play one of Schumann's pieces is true food for memory.

Henri Wieniawski is an artist of considerable fame and no little merit. His playing has created a decided sensation, and there is no end to the number of newspaper paragraphs written in his praise. But it is injudicious to compare him with Vieuxtemps, or to say that Joachim is his rival. No violinist, now-a-days, can be "good" but he must be "the best."

Mlle Liebhart is a ballad singer of some note in England, and in her cool self-possession contrasts favorably with Mlle. Ormeni, who is subject to frequent attacks of "nerves" when upon the stage.

A *Sun* reporter has "interviewed" Rubinstein, and makes him give vent to a great deal of nonsense on the subject of music in general; but the whole report is to be taken with a grain of salt.

A. A. C.

## Worcester Festival.

(From the London Orchestra, Sept. 13.)

The 149th Festival of the Three Choirs has been celebrated this week and is going on as we write. In its features it differs little from its predecessors. No new work is brought forward to tempt approval and challenge judgment. Nothing more uncommon than Bach's Matthäus Passion in the way of sacred music, and nothing newer than Mozart's "*Idomeneo*" at the secular concerts, is contained in this year's programme. It is much however for Worcester to congratulate herself upon that her Festival is still unimpaired—that the gale of opposition has subsided without even a murmur this year from Lord Dudley.

Digitized by Google

Those, too, who had not seen Worcester Cathedral since the Festival of 1869, have found much to occupy their attention in the progress of the restorations that have been steadily proceeding during the interval. Although these are greatly advanced, there is still somewhat remaining for completion; the chief unfinished portion being the new pavement now being laid down in the choir. Enough, however, has been here done to afford a good notion of the beautiful combination of encaustic tiles with marble. The ancient stalls and miscreres, with their carving, have been restored; and among other improvements will be the restoration of King John's tomb and Prince Arthur's shrine—these two latter to be undertaken by the Government. The exterior, cloisters, Lady Chapel, and nave are finished. When all is done, when the elaborate marble pavement is laid, the graceful ironwork screens are in their places, and the barriers are removed so that the eye can range from the western door down a vista of clustered columns for 400 feet, till it rests upon the tinted marble of the reredos and the gorgeous hues of the eastern window, Worcester may boast an example of religious architecture wellnigh unique. Another feature that is new since the last music meeting is the fine peal of bells placed in the tower. The accomplishment of this work is mainly due to the Rev. Richard Cattley, minor canon, who has found ready co-operation in many cases from members of different religious persuasions; only a comparatively small balance still remaining to defray the cost incurred. The arrangements made for the Festival within the Cathedral resembled those of previous years in every respect: an orchestra being erected at the western end of the nave, and an organ, specially built by Messrs. Nicholson and Co., being placed in one of the aisles. Mr. Done, the organist, has undertaken the direction, as usual, and Dr. Wesley and Mr. Townshend Smith have taken up subsidiary positions, according to the etiquette of the Three Choirs.

The first general rehearsal took place on Monday morning in the Cathedral, where the executants—chorus, orchestra, and most of the principal singers—assembled at half past ten, soon after which time Bach's *Passion-Music* was commenced, and this was followed by other portions of the sacred music selected for the morning performances. A medical certificate was received by the stewards stating that a severe illness would prevent Mr. Sims Reeves from fulfilling his engagement. So far as the morning performances are concerned, this did not necessitate any hiatus in the tenor solo music—Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Edward Lloyd being secured; and efforts were being made to ensure the presence of Madame Trebelli Bettini at two of the evening concerts. With this disposition to make the best of a disappointment, and with the town full and bustling, the hotels crammed, private lodgings at a premium, and the demand for tickets very lively, the cheery old cathedral city entered upon the music meeting of 'Seventy-two.

On Tuesday morning at half past eight the Festival opened with a special service and sermon.

A little after noon the audience were assembled to hear "*Elijah*," sung by Mdlle. Titiens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Alice Fairman, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Details are superfluous of so readily imagined a performance. Orchestra and chorus were efficient; Mr. Done conducted as usual; Miss Fairman exhibited very promising ability, especially in the air "Woe unto them," and of the well known artists the mention of their names suffices. The new peal of bells rang out a delighted audience, that by this time had got over the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose share was divided between Messrs. Rigby and Lloyd. At night rain came on sufficient to mar the gathering at the College Hall, where a Mozart selection occupied the first part of the programme. The overture to "*Idomeneo*" was the first item, a noble work worthily played by Mr. Done's orchestra. Following it were the recitative and aria "Padre! Germane! addio" (Mme. Sherrington); the chorus "Godiam la pace;" the recitative and aria "Zeffiretti" (Mdlle. Titiens); the aria "Vedrommi intorni" (Mr. Rigby); and the chorus with solo (Mdlle. Titiens), "Placido è il mar." Next came "L'Addio" for which Mdme. Patey obtained a recall; the air, "Dalla sua pace," from "*Don Giovanni*," by Mr. Rigby; that from "*Figaro*," "Deh vieni," by Mdme. Sherrington; and the ever popular symphony in G minor, which was listened to with great attention, Mr. Done considerately omitting the repeats out of regard for his auditors' patience. The second part was miscellaneous, including the overture to "*Masaniello*" (encored), Bishop's "Firm as an oak," capitally sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Bevignani's "La Vezzosa," which in the hands of Mdlle. Titiens went most successfully.

The Cathedral was well attended on Wednesday, if not quite so well as the day before. The performance included a selection from Handel's "*Samson*," Hummel's Mass in E flat (No. 2) entire, and the first and second parts of Haydn's "*Creation*." The precedence of Handel caused the lesser lights to pale. Not that "*Samson*," despite its composer's higher opinion of it, can ever hope to rival the "*Messiah*" in popularity; it contains however the impress of the giant's genius—a genius which dwarfs comparisons. The choruses given in Wednesday morning's selection were, "Awake the trumpets," "Then shall they know," "To dust," "Fixed in his everlasting seat," "Weep, Israel, weep," "Glorious hero," and "Let their celestial concerts." Of these the execution was unequal; but "Weep, Israel," and "Let their celestial concerts" were finely rendered and attained a great effect. The solos were admirably taken by Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington's singing of "Let the bright seraphim," with Mr. Harper's accompaniment, was one of the great points of the performance. The pathetic air "Total Eclipse" and the stirring song "Honor and arms" (the latter sung by Mr. Santley) were in selection, which also included the overture and the "Dead March" in D. Hummel's Mass followed the oratorio in solemn and pompous procession. To Hummel's claim as a church composer we have elsewhere referred: remains it to say that the solo parts were sung by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley, in generally irreproachable style, and that the picturesque orchestral accompaniment was well sustained. At half past two commenced the second part of the programme, constituted by Haydn's "*Creation*." The introductory prelude (the representation of Chaos) was admirably rendered, and the burst of sound descriptive of the creation of light resounded throughout the sacred edifice with remarkable intensity. The solos were taken by singers who are frequently associated in this work. Mlle. Titiens sang the solo in the chorus "The marvellous work," the airs "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens;" Mr. E. Lloyd sang the tenor solos, "Now vanish," "In splendor bright," and "In native worth"—the latter with special success; Mr. Lewis Thomas gave the air "Rolling in foaming billows," and the scena "Now heaven in fullest glory" (with preliminary recitative) with much power, the trios having been effectively rendered by the singers just named. The choruses were generally well sung, particularly that grand climax to the first part, "The heavens are telling." The audience numbered 1767 persons, and the amount collected for the charity was £124—a result so far very satisfactory.

The Wednesday evening concert had for its features a long selection from "*L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*" of Handel, a symphony of Haydn, and the "Cornelius" March of Mendelssohn. It is a pity that the whole work of Handel could not be done, as to many of the audience the music was absolutely new, and very few opportunities occur of hearing it well done. A disappointment awaited the audience; Mdlle. Titiens broke down and had to be apologized for. Mdme. Sherrington however stepped into the breach with extraordinary readiness and success, and carried all before her, singing both her own and colleague's share, and netting great praise for the song "Sweet bird," and the air "Hide me from day's garish eye." This lady's conception and rendering of Handel are simply perfect. Mr. Rigby was allotted the tenor music, and the bass was divided between Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Santley, the former having the *ad captandum* air "Haste thee, nymph," the latter "Mirth admit me," and the opening of "Populous cities." The choruses were well given. The symphony of Haydn's was the "Surprise"—well played and decidedly gratifying to the audience. The overture to "*Alexander's Feast*" introduced *L'Allegro*. A number of miscellaneous pieces made up the rest of the programme, which concluded with the "Cornelius" March mentioned above.

The performance of Bach's Passion music yesterday morning was exceedingly satisfactory. The solos were given by Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The work had been well rehearsed, and Mr. Done was judiciously sparing in his introduction of additional accompaniments. We have on recent occasions treated at length of this magnificent work; so that we need do no more than chronicle its conscientious rendering, and the fact that at every hearing its sublime beauty is more and more apparent. Special praise is due to the chorus generally, and notably for their execution of the Chorales, which received the most reverent attention from the audience. In our concluding notice of the Festival, next week, we shall refer to the evening concert, when the "Ruins of Athens" was the chief piece, the Chorus of Dervishes creating an immense sensation. The returns for yesterday were 2071 entrants subscription £123.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Do not wound the Heart that loves thee. 4. D to e. *Benedict.* 40

"If thy blessing will give pleasure—"
A good wholesome song, written by Dexter Smith, and furnished with a very varied melody and accompaniment by the distinguished English composer.

Always look up. 2. F to f. *Wellman.* 30

"Don't take it to heart, but try again,
And always look up, don't look down."
Good advice very agreeably given.

Domenica. A collection of Sacred Pieces. *L. H. Southard.*

Mr. Southard's name is a guarantee of the classic excellence of the six pieces with the above general title, of which

No. 2 As the Hart pants. 4. Ab. 40

will be warmly welcomed by Quartet singers.

Oh, Willie Boy, come home. 3. Eb to e. *Gabriel.* 50

"The white-winged ship went sailing
Across the sunny sea."
A mother's song, and will please those whose boys are "far at sea."

Golden Days. 3. D to f. *Sullivan.* 30

"Once in the days of golden weather,
Days that were always fair."
A very sweet poem, with appropriate music.

Separation. 4. Bb to f. *Kingsley.* 35

"Forget not love, when I am absent,
All the songs I sang to thee."
Evidently meant for the concert-room, in which, skilfully rendered, it ought to be a success.

Mother says I mustn't. 2. D to e. *Hunt.* 35

"When I asked a parting kiss
She always used to say,
'Mother says I mustn't,
O George, please George—.'"
Capital. It is refreshing to meet something so very funny and musical, yet not at all coarse.

I too had found a Heart. (Le Leve Militare). 4. C to *g*. *Vannini.* 30

A lively, piquant Italian air, that pretends to be sad, but is not so at all.

The Happy Old Times. 3. F to *g*. *Geary.* 30

"Then come again, ye merry times
Sweet, sunny, fresh and calm."
A song of rare freshness and beauty—and no mistake.

Te Deum Laudamus in F. 4. *Swartwout.* 75

Another Te Deum, of which we need a great many, and this is a good one.

Near a Fountain's flowery base, or Dreams. 3. F to f. *Rudall.* 30

"Near a fountain's flowery base,
A blue eyed page was singing."
A very sweet song.

Somebody. 3. D to *g*. *Tully.* 30

"There's Somebody tenderly loves you,
Say who can this Somebody be?"
The title has been used before, but this song is new, and the ideas very neatly expressed. Lively music.

At yon distant Hills I gazed. 4. Bb to *b*. *Abt.* 30

"At yon distant hills which tower aloft,"
"Ich habe nach jenen Bergen geschaut."
One of Abt's songs. One can hardly say more, as all are so good. The high *b* named can be avoided by the substitution of a lower letter.

When Summer days are flying. 3. F to f. *Aspa.* 30

A song for Autumn, mellow and musical, and a little sad.

**Instrumental.**

Henry Wilson's Grand March. With Portrait. 3. C. *Jarvis.* 40

It is not such a great thing to be up for Vice President, but to have such a splendid march composed in your honor, and with your face enduringly printed on the title,—that is fame!

Mathilde. Valse Brillante. 3. Eb. *Chassaigne.* 40

A fine waltz, either for the pleasure of the dancer or the player.

Golden Bells. 4 hands. 5. E. *S. Smith.* 1.25

A great deal of music has been rung from these Gol en Chimes within a year or two. The Bells are popular, and the 4 hand arrangement will add new power and beauty.

The Sweet Violet. 1. G. *Smallwood.* 25
The Cowslip. 1. C. " 25

Of the set called "Flowers of May." Teachers of beginners should order the whole 12. You will find no better "first pieces."

Abt's beautiful Songs: I think of thee. 3. Bb *Pratt.* 25
For o'er the Stars there's rest. 3. F. " 25

Mr. Pratt shows a fine taste and skill in arranging these beautiful songs (into "Songs without words) for Piano. Those who cannot sing can play them, and those who can sing the originals, will receive new pleasure from the novel form of the melodies.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 823. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 15.

## The Love of God.

Oh, love of God!
Thou love so far transcending
Each trembling hope,
All poor desert of mine;
And the sweet light
Of thy fair presence lending,
Softly transfiguring
Things the least divine.

As some dark pool,
Deep fringed with bending rushes,
Lies black and sullen
'Neath the starless night;
When from the east
The radiant dawn appashes,
Shines with a glory
Of reflected light:

So my dark soul,
Deep locked within the prison
Of its own sorrow,
Black and cheerless lay;
Till on its night
God's radiant morn uprisen,
Golden and glorious
Shines thy perfect day.

—*Mrs. Richard Greenough.*

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

## Mozart.

Most beautiful among the helpers than!
All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice
Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,
And soul thrill with courage and rejoice
To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound
So sure and clear in this bewildered world,
Till the sick vapors that our sense confound
By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.
O matchless melody! O perfect art!
O lovely, lofty voice that rings so true!
O strong and radiant angel, every heart
Bows down before, with reverence ever new!
Loved shalt thou be, while time may yet endure,
Spirit of health, sweet, sound, and wise and pure!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

## Music in New York.—Italian Opera.—Rubinstein.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The long anticipated debut of PAULINE LUCCA took place at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, Sept. 30, and the house was well filled by an audience which seemed determined to give the new prima donna a welcome that should cause her to forget that she is in a strange land. The Opera was *L'Africaine*, a work with which she is supposed to be identified to an extent which, considering its sombre character and her unfitness for the role of Selika, is certainly extraordinary. If the management and sundry paragraphs are to be credited, she is the only Selika, and Meyerbeer would have no other; but I think any impartial critic would say that Mme. Marie Sass, of the Grand Opera in Paris, has achieved an artistic success in that role which Mme. Lucca did not approach on Monday evening, and to which she cannot attain. But her disqualifications, be it understood, are natural and do not arise from any light sense of the requirements of the situation. The music she sang earnestly and with classical simplicity. Her voice is an excellent mezzo-soprano, broad, powerful and sympathetic, beautiful in the middle range, but a little disappointing in some of the high notes. The impression left by her appearance in *L'Africaine* was that of a really great singer, but one whose genius seemed better fitted for a Zerlina or a Cherubino than for Meyerbeer's passionate and gloomy heroine. The cast was distributed as follows: Selika, Mme. Pauline Lucca; Inez, Mme. Leoni Leviella; Anna, Miss Shofield; Vasco di Gama, Signor Abragnodo; Don Alvar, Signor Lyall; Nelusko, Signor Morianì; Don Pedro, Sig. Jamet; Grand Inquisitor, Sig. Bertacchi; Don Diego, Sig. Lorettti; Priest, Sig. Forzati. The names of Morianì, Jamet and Lyall are already well known to us as associated with some excellent impersonations last winter in *Faust* and *Mignon*. Of the others, the tenor, Signor Abragnodo, made a favorable impression, and is evidently a conscientious artist. Mme. Leviella as Inez, and Sig. Morianì as Nelusko were well received. The Chorus, of course, was heart-rending, and the orchestra no better than it should be. The ship scene, that *pous aninoram* of all managers, was the best which has been produced in America, but that is saying very little.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, we had a rare pleasure in the shape of a RUBINSTEIN concert, No. 6 of the series;—and how we do miss them now that they are over! The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Orchestra.
Concerto, G major, No. 3.....Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein.
Polacca, "Kommt Ihr Schlanker Bursch gegangen."
Freischütz.....Weber.
Mlle. Louise Liebhart.
"Il Pirata," fantasia for Violin.....Ernst.
Henry Wieniawski.
Duet, Per valli, per boschi.....Bisagini.
Mlles. Liebhart and Ormeny.
a. Nocturne.....Field.
b. Menuet, B Minor.....Schubert.
c. Ballade, G minor.....Chopin.
Anton Rubinstein.
Alve Rumes.....R. Wieniawski.
Henri Wieniawski.
Aria, from "Sofia".....Parisi.
Mlle. Louise Ormeny.
{ Songs, without words. A flat, A minor, B major.
{ March, Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.
Anton Rubinstein.

These concerts afford the singular spectacle of a large audience, composed, in the main, of people not truly musical, listening attentively night after night to a programme of classical pieces interpreted by two instrumental artists, both of whom are thoroughly severe in their style of playing, and perfectly free from those tricks and mannerisms which are sure to catch the fancy of an average audience.

From the success of these concerts some people, with more charity than logic, draw the inference that our public has suddenly become "musical," and then they proceed to talk about the career of an artist being "incomplete" until the opinion of Paris and London has been "sanctioned by the voice of New York."

It is only a little while since I heard Nilsson sing "Old Folks at home" in Steinway Hall, and, having heard that lady frequently in "Paris and London," and knowing something of the market which she sings there, I could not help wondering what she thought of us. I suppose she must have been thinking how she would feel when the world's opinion had been "sanctioned by the voice of New York."

And now WIENIAWSKI, being encored, responds with a negro melody, evidently under the firm conviction that it is our national air. The love of art, and most of all in music, is no mushroom growth, and never will be, nor is such a thing to be wished. We have abundant cause for rejoicing in the fact that we are advancing towards a purer taste and a higher standard in music, and that our progress is plainly evident, bringing with it the means of constantly increasing advancement. Let that suffice.

It is therefore not purely an art motive which brings the general public to hear Rubinstein. To an observer it appears that nine-tenths of the auditors are charmed by his *virtuosity*, which alone would be a stock in trade for a dozen ordinary pianists, and that the fine, subtile genius, the real essence of his playing, is by the majority unnoticed. For example, one of the pieces in which he has found most favor is an arrangement of Beethoven's March from the "Ruins of Athens." His first rendering of this brought down the house at once and it has since been several times included in his programmes "by particular request." Now this march, being utterly commonplace and clunky, affords no scope whatever for the exercise of the pianist's finer powers; but its mediocrity is redeemed by a *decrescendo* which I have never heard equalled, or even approached, though all that the piece requires is simply *virtuosity* at the highest order. Compare the applause which follows with the faint praise called forth by a rendering of Chopin's *Ballade*, in which the piano sings like a siren, where the true nature and greatness of the artist are clearly revealed.

At the seventh Concert, on Thursday evening, Oct. 3, he played Weber's Concertstück, a Fantaisie by Chopin, and a Serenade and Capriccio of his own. The eighth concert came Oct. 4, and its greatest feature was the "Kreutzer Sonata" played by Rubinstein and Wieniawski; a performance which, it is safe to say, has rarely been equalled. At this concert Rubinstein played a Sonata by Weber, and two of his own pieces: *Melancholie*, and *Quadrille, de la Fantaisie Le Bal*. Wieniawski played a Concerto by Vieuxtemps in A minor.

At the matinée, Oct. 5, Rubinstein's pieces were as follows:

Sonata, F minor.....Beethoven.
"Warum" and "Abends,".....Schumann.
Scherzo, E minor.....Chopin.
Fugue, C minor, D major.....J. S. Bach.
Rondo. (Bülow's Edition).....Ph. Em. Bach.
Gigue, A major.....Handel.
Romance, F major,
Barcarole, A minor, } .....Rubinstein.
Valse Allemande,

Last week the Rubinstein Concerts were four in number, and the programmes included the following piano-forte compositions:

Concerto, D minor.....Mozart.
Sonata, op. 111, C minor.....Beethoven.
Paraphrase: "Don Juan".....Liszt.
Sonata, D minor.....Beethoven.
Nocturne,
Mazurka, } .....Chopin.
Valse,
"Kosi-herlassa".....Schumann.
"Ständchen" (Serenade).....Schubert.
Valse: "Soirées de Vienne," (Schubert).....Liszt.
Concerto, No. 2, F major.....Rubinstein.
Theme and Variations.....
Song without words.....Mendelssohn.
Ezi Kiug (Schubert).....Liszt.
Turkish March.....Beethoven.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 8, the PATTI-MARIO troupe gave a last concert prior to their departure for the West.

At the Opera we have had three representations of *L'Africaine*, two of *Faust* with Mme. Lucca as Margueritte, one of *Traviata* with Miss Kellogg as Violetta, and one of *Fra Diavolo*, with Lucca as Zerlina. Of these impersonations I will write in future.

It is gratifying to learn, from the Annual Report

Digitized by Google

of the New York Philharmonic Society, that the organization was never in better condition both musically and pecuniarily than it is at present, and that the coming season is one of great promise. The boxes are to be sold at auction on the 28th of October, the plan to be followed being the same as last season, when the boxes were put up at a minimum price of $20 and $30, according to size and location, and sold only to the holders of four or six associate-member's tickets. There will be a strong effort made to prevent persons who may arrive late at the Concerts or Rehearsals from entering the auditorium during the actual performance of music. At the close of each movement, or composition, there will be a pause during which those who may be late can enter and take their seats without interfering with the enjoyment of others. This rule, which is rigidly observed in many of the European cities, is an act of simple justice towards those who are disposed to listen to the music.

A. A. C.

## Wanted: a National Hymn.*

That for which the German people yearned during long, long years, has been accomplished; we again possess a German Fatherland, existing no longer merely in lays and songs; it is really and truly an established fact. If the rejoicing over the work, at length successful and crowned with victory, is not so loudly manifested as might have been expected, it is because our sorrow is still too fresh; it is because the sanguinary struggle out of which the new German Empire has arisen, has already cost, and is still costing, too many tears.

The awakening of Barbarossa is no longer a hope of the Future, and the ravens no longer fly around the mist enveloped mountain; the hero has taken up his sword and shield, and come forward before the people that have had solely their want of unity and their dismemberment to thank for their unhappy fate, and who, if only combined in an offensive and defensive alliance, are unconquerable. The terrible time when Germany knew no Emperor is at present past; the German eagle has again raised its head, and with its mighty pinions will protect all its children as it never protected them before.

The German Empire went to rack and ruin, and nothing remained of its prodigious grandeur but the name; even this became the subject of ridicule. New life can never be infused into a corpse; the utmost science can do, is to cause the corpse to appear alive by a series of galvanic twitches. Just in the same way, the new Germany can never, never arise from out the ruins of the old. It must be built afresh from the very foundations; it can retain none of the ancient combinations and compacts with which such unutterable humiliation and shame were connected. It is not the two-headed eagle, decked out in vain array, and which first sprung up in the course of the fourteenth century, that can be the symbol of the new Empire; it is the original black one-headed king of birds, on the silver field, that must lead the empire on its new career of glory.

We have again a German Emperor; but the new German Empire is as yet deficient in its outer symbols as in other things. Centuries ago, the old and venerable town of Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperors used to be crowned, was changed for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, it being the custom to place the effigy of the newly crowned sovereign in a niche of the Römer. Now it is a remarkable fact that the effigy of the Emperor Franz, the last German Emperor previous to the long, long interregnum, now at an end, was destined to fill the last niche then in the building. It was certainly a strange freak of chance, or, rather, a significant hint of Fate, who, even in this purely accidental accessory, appears to recommend a complete rupture with the past. The pure gold crown of eight fields richly adorned with precious stones; the Gospel upon which the Roman-German Emperors were sworn; the magnificent sword of Charlemagne, a Moorish-Norman work of art of the first class; the coronation mantle, originally made by Moorish artists for the Norman, Robert Guiscard; and, lastly, the sword of St. Mauritius, which, even now, at the solemn reception of the members of both Houses, on the opening of the Reichsrath, is borne before the Austrian Sovereign by the Lord Chamberlain-in-Chief—will these old and venerable insignia be claimed by the new German Empire from those who now hold them? We cannot say, and must leave the question to be decided by others very different from ourselves.

But what is the meaning of all this in this place?—I hear many of my readers enquire. Have a little patience; it is most intimately connected with what follows, and for that this is certainly the fitting place: The German Empire must be reconstructed from its very foundations; there is one thing, therefore, in which it must not be behind other nations, and that one thing is—a German National Song. This may strike many as a trifle not worth talking of; to many it may even appear ridiculous; yet it is of such importance as to be, at any rate, worth a few words.

The Frenchman has his: "Allons, enfants de la patrie!" The Englishman has his "Rule Britannia!" The German has—Nothing!

It is a well-known fact that the world-historical battle-song of the French was written by an officer of engineers, Claude Jos. Rouget de L'Isle, in 1792, before the departure of the French volunteers from Strasbourg for the army of the Rhine. It was consequently at first entitled "The Battle-Song of the Army of the Rhine"—"Le Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin." But in Paris, where its origin was unknown, it was subsequently named the "Marseillaise Hymn"—"Hymne des Marseillais." It is universally known that the French were inspired by it in all their battles, so that Klopstock is reported to have said to the author, on meeting him in Hamburgh: "Terrible man, you have slain thousands of my brothers." We will leave out of consideration the myth-like story of the origin of the Marseillais," how the words were written, and the music composed, in one night, etc., so that the next morning the troops marched off singing and playing it; we will not examine this story, which is certainly improbable, nor investigate how far there is any foundation for saying that we owe the melody to a musician named Stoltzmann, chapelmaster at the court of the Elector Palatine, who lived from 1770 to 1790, at Meersburg, on the Bodensee, and from a mass by whom Rouget de L'Isle annexed, in true French fashion, the "Credo" for his own production. Be this as it may, we cannot deny that Rouget de L'Isle, with his song, hit the right nail on the head, when a fuse was required to set light to the thoughts of freedom lying pent up in the hearts of the great masses. Thousands immediately sang his song; thousands were inspired by it to combat for the freedom of their native land, and it became consequently a thorn in the side of those who wished to keep down the freedom of the people, and smother at its birth every yearning for independent movement, though they had always on their lips fine phrases about the "Grande nation," "La gloire," etc. The Marseillaise was sternly proscribed, and it was not till the utmost popularity was needed for the wicked war planned against Germany, and till every possible resource had to be brought into play against those who still raised their voices in opposition to the cry of establishing the natural frontier between France and Germany, that the gagged and fettered Marseillaise was set free. This time again "Allons, enfants de la patrie" did not fail in its effect. It is true that it cannot holster up a system of mere empty words, and that where nothing is to be had the king loses his right. The boast about marching at the head of civilization sounds like insane sarcasm, now that we see what the French people have become. *They* confer civilization, freedom, and prosperity, upon other nations! It is probably all over with their fine phrases. Let the French, however, only once more possess a sure and firm edifice of state behind them, and the Marseillaise will not fail to attain its object. Though the nation forgot Rouget d L'Isle, and it was the July Revolution which first gave the Pindaric fragment fresh vigor, and invited it to soar upward once more, thus also snatching the author from oblivion; though the author refused the sum voted by the Chamber of Deputies, as well as a pension subsequently offered him by the Citizen-King, Louis Phillippe, his name was once again on every one's lips, and so was, even in a greater degree, his song. Death, with his all powerful "Allons, enfants," called him away, on the 27th June, 1836, from Choisy-le-Roi, where he had long resided in retirement and poverty; but the name of Rouget de L'Isle is inscribed in the Book of Immortality.

The Englishman has his "Rule Britannia," and his "God save the King!" At all times, and under all circumstances, both these national airs have stood him in good stead, and never failed him! Even for England, it was a hard time, when the proud Corsican, like a scourge in the hand of Fate, trod down the plains of Europe with his iron heel. Despite the victories gained by Wellington in Spain, and by Nelson at sea, despite the favorable position protecting England from direct attacks of the foe, the country suffered many a heavy blow, followed by despondency among the people. It was then that "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King" revived their sinking courage. At that time, Angelica Catalani was in London, the great singer who, with her all-powerful voice, moved every one to ecstacy. It was she who by her singing infused the fire of new enthusiasm into men's hearts, and thus rendered simultaneously an immense benefit to the prime minister of England and her manager. Whenever the report arrived of a victory achieved by Napoleon, the premier got the manager to place Mme. Catalani at his disposal. Large posters announced to the people that the lady would sing both national airs, at seven o'clock in Covent Garden, and eight o'clock in Drury Lane, etc. The streets leading to the two houses were black with human beings. Every one wanted to hear her. Every one wanted to revive his courage with her magnificent singing. Like a supernatural being used Catalani to appear before the public, and when her mighty voice rose above even the full sound of the orchestra and of a large chorus, yes, when her notes soared, as though upon the pinions of an eagle, above even the joyous thousand-throated strains of the audience who had joined in; when, looking like Juno descended from Olympus, she raised her hands upwards to the Creator at the words: "Send him victorious, Happy and glorious," there broke forth a storm which shook the whole house, and caused the hearts of all present to pulsate with a feeling of patriotism which raised them above every momentary misfortune.

There can be no question that the principal portion of this patriotic effect must be attributed to Angelica Catalani. An artist like her could achieve the most eminent success with the most meaningless compositions; she really sang hardly anything but the most vapid stuff by Percitta, Portugallo, and other long since forgotten Italians, just as she was the first to introduce Rode's Violin Variations as a vocal piece. Notwithstanding this, there exists in the English National Hymns, a primitive and sturdy power, which carries the hearer away, and which we vainly seek in our German National Hymns.

We say: German National Hymns, for, as the German Fatherland was situated up to the present date, there could not, of course, be only *one* such German hymn. The numerous little Fatherlands stood side by side perfectly independent of each other, and there could be no question of their having aught in common, least of all, a national song; each had to find vent in its own way, for its own especial patriotic feeling. The difference was certainly only a trifle, but each state distinguished itself thereby from its powerful neighbor. And had not even the latter contracted a loan abroad to procure a national hymn? Yes, certainly, for it was the English melody of "God save the King," and some originally Danish words, written by Heinrich Harriers, in 1790, for the birthday of King Christian VII., which supplied the foundation for Prussia's "Heil dir im Siegerkranz."

This annexation was, however, a fortunate one. The German imitation of the verses, written by Gerhard Schuhmacher, in 1793, was certainly a success. And what about the melody sprung from the muse of Henry Carey? It would be difficult to find another, which, for simple and yet grand proportions, is so well adapted for great masses. Can it, however, become a *German* national hymn? Hardly; in the first place there is an obstacle in the fact that several of the smaller states which were formerly independent, as well as of those which are so still, have adapted special words written after the Prussian model, and suited to their own individual requirements, and set them to the music so happily appropriated by Prussia. It would be necessary to substitute a common text for all, and such a substitution is always a ticklish matter, leaving entirely out of consideration the circumstance that this text would have to be written. The attempt has frequently been made, but never with satisfactory results. This was quite natural. Such verses are nothing more nor less than occasional poetry, and what is effected in this line, when the writer has to start by putting his inspiration in the straight jacket of a given strophe, is generally nothing very striking. August Niemann supplied an instance of this a long time ago, when he began his song—which adheres closely to the Hessian imitation: "Heil unserm Fürsten, Heil! Heil Hessen's Fürsten, Heil! Heil, Ludwig, Heil!"—with "Heil unserm Bunde. Heil! Dem deutschen Bunde, Heil! Heil, Deutschland, Heil!" If all these good wishes were fulfilled, Germany would certainly have no cause for complaint.

Spontini's "Borussia"—words by Joh. Friedr. Leop. Duncker, sung for the first time on the 18th October, 1818, in the Opera-house Berlin—deserves as little consideration here as Neithardt's "Preussenlied." Apart from the fact of their both being specifically Prussian, they are anything but national songs.

The notion of remodeling, and of casting into a new shape, the words of Spontini's "Borussia," so as to adapt them to the present day, was circulated in several papers some weeks ago. But it was an

* "Ein Wort zur Zeit," by W. Lackowitz. New Berliner Musikzeitung.

Digitized by Google

unhappy one; the composition was never popular, and never will be. The same may be asserted, in a certain sense, of the "Preussenlied." It is an admirable and peculiarly effective composition—when sung by a Zechiesche; but the instrumental treatment is little adapted for even a simple chorus, far less for great masses. We have ourselves very often heard the people fashion the unpopular melodic progressions to suit themselves, and we know what the song becomes in the operation. We have heard, also, just as often, what the words become, or rather what they do not become. As a general rule, there are some hitches in the machinery, even during the first strophe, and it is most certainly brought to a perfect standstill in the second. The strophes, and even the separate lines, are too long, the consequence being that the words cannot be retained in the memory of the masses.

What remains to be done?—We have a new German Empire, and we have a new German Emperor, but we have no national song. When, in times gone by, the Empire existed in strength and grandeur, it was without such a song, just as it is now, but it did not require one, because song was, at that period, the property of an exclusive artistic class. When song was subsequently beginning to be common property, the splendor of the Empire had long been a thing of the Past; its children were tearing each other to pieces, and their hosts marched to battle to the strain: "Ein' feste Berg ist unser Gott." Once more the times have changed. It would, perhaps, be tolerably easy to arrive at some agreement, if the question turned upon a religious song; but what the masses now want is a national song of a lay character.

Of national minstrels we have certainly had plenty. If we look at the German Parnassus, we find a great number of songs referring with joy and pride to the German Fatherland, and bringing prominently forward this or that of its various characteristics, but there is not one satisfactorily expressing the feeling which, at this precise moment, causes the heart of every German to glow, when he thinks of the unification of his country, which has at last been effected.

What is the German Fatherland? The endless questions to this effect contained in an imposing number of verses are no longer appropriate.

Of the numerous patriotic songs of the Past, there are really only two that hit anything like the tone required, the consequence being that people still sing them far and wide. They are: "Ich hab' mich ergeben," and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." The words of the former, written by Hans Ferdinand Massmann, in 1820, correspond only partially to the vigor which a *German* national song ought to possess; it is the melody which has rendered the composition so popular among the masses. The composer is unknown; his work resembles a Thuringian folk's melody, and can be traced back to about 1819; it is distinguished by the same simple and grand treatment as Carey's Hymn. The second of the two songs was written, in 1841, by Hoffmann von Fallersleben to Jos. Haydn's melody composed in 1797 for the Austrian National Hymn, "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." Do we want to be dependent on the Austrians for a loan? No one probably would agree to this: besides, Hoffmann demands the land "Von der Maass bis an die Memel, von der Etsch bis an den Belt" ("from the Meuse up to the Memel, from the Adige to the Belt").

Nothing, therefore, remains for us but to look round and see what the present has produced. It has been rich enough in instances of grandiose inspiration, and hundreds, including the best names which Germany may proudly call her own, have struck the chords of their lyre.

There was one song which flashed through the land like lightning; it was already somewhat old, but it suddenly resounded simultaneously in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South. Well, indeed, did the composer and the author earn the gold medal, for thousands and thousands, inspired by their song, marched to meet a hero's death on the field of battle. But is Max Schneckenburger's "Wacht am Rhein," with Carl Wilhelm's music to it, the national song we want? Certainly not, for, had it a right to be so, that right would already have been anticipated in 1841, by Nicolas Becker's Rhine-song, "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben." The circumstances to which these songs refer are merely temporary and special. Such songs lose their significance on the cessation of the special cause which gave them birth; to bring this about, there needs no poet to arise and brandish the lash over Max Schneckenburger, as Heinrich Heine whilom poured out his venomous sarcasm over Nicolas Becker.

Whether among the hundreds of songs published in newspapers, pamphlets, small volumes, and entire collections, since the ever memorable July, 1870, there may be one or two adapted to become a German National Hymn is a fact which it is not here our place to decide.

But it is the place of the German composer to do so.

We think that, in the preceding observations, we have satisfactorily shown what we need and what would evidently be received with open arms by the entire German people. Well, then, ye German composers, look around upon the Parnassus of new Germany, and see whether you can find verses which have clothed in words the mighty pulsation of Old Germany, which, simple and unpretending, but grand and true, appeal to the heart of every one among us, let him be noble or humble, let him inhabit a palace or a hut. Look around; it is scarcely to be assumed that you will search in vain. And when you have found the verses you require, marry with them your art which, equally simple and unpretending, but grand and true, is capable of clothing in tone even the mighty pulsation of Old Germany, and your offering will be received with rapturous delight. Unfortunately, simplicity and plainness have become as rare in musical composition as in other things. The eagerness of the time for rapid successes has attacked even the world of art. What is small and simple is left on one side, or even contemptuously trodden down in the dust; the young artist wants to conquer the world at one blow, and heaps Ossa upon Olympus. While he is struggling to carry out grand ideas, for which all possibly available means are called into requisition, he loses sight of what is simple, of what speaks to the heart and fascinates the hearer, and he achieves nothing. The great masters never considered it beneath them to devote occasionally their strength to what was small or simple; it was precisely in such cases that their genius frequently showed the most magnificent bloom, entrancing every one with its magic perfume, and contributing more than aught else to extend the composer's fame in places where nothing was known of his more gigantic works. But let us leave out of consideration the Titans of composition. What made Schubert so great and so popular? It was his songs. His name had already passed among the public from mouth to mouth, when his greater compositions were as good as unknown. To what did Felix Mendelssohn owe his popularity? Not to his grand instrumental and vocal works, any more than Schubert. It was his songs and pianoforte pieces, his art in small and simple things, which rendered him known in every village, and in every house. How simple and unpretentious, yet how artistic and effective, is he in such things! Were it otherwise, how could Mme. Joachim have lately achieved such a success with a modest little song like "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth?"

In cases like this nothing more nor less than an act of self-abnegation is required. A melody for a national song needs no display, no expenditure of artistic resources, but only a *great thought*. This, however, is precisely the thing in which the world is so poor, the thing which only one among thousands can produce from out the deluge of every day trivialities. What we want is a thought for millions, simple and unpretending, but expressed with grandeur and truth, and transfigured in tone.

There has never been a grander period than the present for our native land; never has enthusiasm run higher. This grand period demands from every one of us vigorous action, to whatever grade of society we belong, under whatever circumstances we may be placed. This summons of the period is addressed to the artist as well as to others. The poets first heard, and then the painters followed step by step, the great deeds of the new nation of German brothers, rendering them immortal with pencil and with brush.

Music must not remain behind. As yet, she has done but little, though, certainly, it was she who, among the arts, came forward practically to assist in staving the tears of blood; at innumerable concerts and performances, she placed herself at the service of her native land, and earned the thanks of thousands.

May German composers not neglect the call made upon them; let them show in a German National Song what all compelling power lies concealed within the sphere of tune; let them show that it is this power, which, from generation to generation, can kindle the flames of enthusiasm at all times, and under all circumstances. May Music not forget to contribute her stone to the edifice now being reared in new magnificence and splendor!—*Lond. Mus. World.*

---

## Mr. Lee's Theory of the Voice.

To the Editor of the "Musical Standard."

SIR,—On reading the paper read by Mr. Lee at Brighton, it occurred to me that he had not thrown new light upon the subject of "The Human Voice." The introduction of the laryngoscope has set at rest all theory as to whether the voice is a reed or stringed instrument—it is neither, but essentially a *wind* instrument. The term cord, or string, does not mean a round string like that of a violin harp. They are called cords, because they are capable of being drawn into a state of tension, or relaxed by the operation of muscles, and because they vibrate like the strings of a violin and harp; or perhaps, to make the comparison more strictly correct, the Æolian harp, acted on by the wind. The vocal cords are indispensable to the production of sound. The objection to the *wind cord* does not alter the facts that no person can produce a vocal sound without them, and that they vibrate during the emission of sound.

If the trachea be opened the power of producing vocal sound ceases, and returns on closing the aperture. If the upper portion of the voice again be removed, leaving only the vocal cords so that they can act by tension and approximation, sound can be produced, and whatever impairs these so-called cords impairs the voice, which returns again on their restoration, and unless they move in perfect relationship to one another, called parallel, the sound is imperfect. The lengthening and shortening of the trachea, in the production of grave and acute sounds has been theorized *ab absurdum*. What is regarded as this action in singing is the depression and elevation of the thyroid cartilage, and the action of the muscles pulling backwards and forwards, for the purpose of stretching and relaxing the vocal cords.

The flute or clarionet theory is erroneous, as we do not sing by blowing in at the top of the instrument, but by allowing the air to escape from below, which shows the voice organ to be more like the pipe of a church organ, with a piece of split leather or parchment put over the upper extremity. The talking machine exhibited in London about two years ago, shows this clearly, although being only monotone, it was not vocally a true anthropoglossie.

Mr. Lee alludes to the failure of voices, and to the reed and stringed qualities sought for as erroneous. I regard this property as the fundamental constituent of all cultivated voices, and, as the beads of a necklace hang upon a string, so the various notes of a cultivated voice should hang upon this string, by which continuity of tone is supported in preference to disconnected tones; and thus the vibrative travelling and blending qualities of the voice are secured—it must, however, be understood that I am not advocating hardness.

That there are badly trained voices we all are unfortunately aware; but the decline of voices is not mainly due to improper mode in the great vocalists, stars that shine like meteors for a little while, and then go out. Whatever impairs the health, or weakens the frame, or shatters the mind, acts on the voice, and the arduous work of our public singers often breaks up their voices: while, if a man were to live a hundred years *without bodily frailty*, his voice would last as long, provided no tendency to ossification of the cartilages set in, which is one of the chief causes of vocal declension as age advances.

The physiology of the voice is a very important as well as an interesting study; and I beg to say that I approach Mr Lee with every feeling of respect, believing that his pupils may be rightly trained, and produce even the very stringy and reedy effects which he does not advocate, but which I have studied to secure, and which, I am informed, singers go over to Italy for the purpose of acquiring, as one of the chief desiderata. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

H. KEPLER.

28, Alma Square, St. John's Wood.

---

To the Editor of the "Musical Standard."

SIR,—The very arguments which Mr. Lee puts forward for subverting the established theories as to the production of the voice certainly tend rather to confirming them, at the expense of his new theory.

We have no means of ascertaining whether any sounds are generated below the larynx, but we do know that the ribs and bones of the body vibrate synchronically with the sound produced in the larynx. Mr. Lee advances as a new theory the modification of sound by the pharynx. Why, that is what is explained by any singing master in the first lesson.

1. "The vocal ligaments undergo no appreciable change in length, or otherwise."

2. "That since the action of the vocal ligaments from want of homogeneity cannot be that of strings."

3. "Nor from the absence of the alternating, approximating, and separation peculiar to reeds," &c.

1. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Lee that the same membrane, at a different tension (whether produced by muscular or nervous agency), will give a different pitch and it would be very difficult to detect by laryngoscope or any other means of observation, any alteration in the tension, proving

the length of the vocal chords were not influenced by the tension.

2. That the string theory is to be abandoned, because the vocal chords are not so long, and not influenced in the same manner as fiddle strings, is absurd. We know that the change of pitch is produced more by tightening the string, and exerting a different pressure of wind.

3. Mr. Lee admits that voice cannot be produced without the vocal chords, yet he would almost ignore them in his theory, and lead us to suppose that we should get on as well without a larynx, which he treats as a mere stopper to the pharynx.

When he can prove by experiment what he advances I shall believe it; until then, I am content to consider it "all three,"—a wind instrument, a reed instrument, and a stringed instrument.

I am, truly yours,

WALTER H. SANGSTER.

14, Westbourne Villas, Bayswater.

## Festival of the Three Choirs, at Worcester, England.

[We supplement the partial report copied in our last with the following extracts from the London *Musical World*, Sept. 21.]

Never was a long, great work listened to with more close and anxious attention than was the *Passion* music on Thursday, in Worcester Cathedral church. Whether the congregation will ever learn to join in the "chorals"—that is, sing the tunes to the accompaniment of choir, organ, and other instruments, as was originally intended, is questionable; we must not hurry on too quickly. We may further compliment Mr. Done on restoring certain pieces which it has been hitherto the custom to omit in London. Two especially may be singled out, viz—the chorus, "O man, thy heavy sin lament," which, following the shorter chorus, "Have lightnings and thunder," nobly brings the first part of the oratorio to an end, and the grandly expressive air, "Up, my soul." On the other hand he has sanctioned some omissions, one or two of which (we have no time to specify) are anything but well considered. "Up, my soul" was superbly delivered by Mr. Santley, as was indeed the whole of the music assigned to him—not only that set to the words supposed to be spoken by the Saviour, but that likewise to which Pontius Pilate's sentences are allied—a somewhat irrelevant arrangement. The other principal singers were Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington (soprano), Mme Patey (contralto), and Mr. Lloyd (tenor), who, as well as Mr Santley, are deserving of the highest praise. The orchestra was excellent throughout; the organ part was played in masterly style by Dr S. S. Wesley; Mr. Townshend Smith accompanied the recitatives on the harmonium (in a church far preferable to a pianoforte); M. Sainton executed in perfection the *obbligato* violin part to the air, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord" [Mme. Patey]; and the song directed in the original to be accompanied by two "*oboi di caccia*"—whatever these particular instruments may have been—was accompanied on two violas, [and admirably accompanied] by Messrs. R. Blagrove and Zerbini. The chorals all went well, and the better for being supported by the organ. One of the most successful achievements of the day was the magnificent and long (not too long) spun-out opening double chorus and "choral," the treble voices bringing out the old Lutheran tune of the "choral" with wonderful sharpness and clearness, above all the elaborations of the two choirs and two orchestras that sustain it. It is unnecessary to say more.

Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* followed the *Passion*, with Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. It was a fine performance; but the Bach music was ample for one day; and on a future occasion we cannot but think that the *Passion of St. Matthew*, with an interval of convenient duration, instead of the exhortatory and explanatory sermon which was intended to be delivered between the two parts, should be performed without a single omission, and, like the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, exclusively occupy the day. It would then be heard in all the splendor of its complete form. Who knows but this may come? We are making rapid strides; and we owe no little to our so-called "provincial music meetings." We should have stated that in the *Passion*, as in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, some of the additional accompaniments and modifications of Herr Robert Franz were used.

The programmes of the second and third evening concerts, each contained special features. At the first there was an ample and varied selection from *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the well-known *cantata* composed by Handel, in 1740, a year after *Israel*, and a year before the *Messiah*. The first section a fact with which all our musical readers are cognizant—was set for the greater part to the immortal poetry of Milton; but there is another part entitled *Il Moderato*, the verbal text of which, by one of Handel's co-laborers, Charles Jennens (who helped to "compile" the words for the *Messiah*), was so commonplace that Handel himself could do little or nothing with them worthy his genius. For this reason *Il Moderato* has been justly deemed superfluous, and is most frequently omitted from performances of the *cantata*, which, indeed, can easily dispense with so silly and uncalled for a peroration. More about *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* need not be written, so familiar is it alike to amateurs, to musicians, and to London audiences. The selection was somewhat incongruously ushered in by the overture to *Alexander's Feast*, which, however, being one of Handel's most spirited orchestral preludes, is welcome under any conditions. The solo-singers were Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Lewis Thomas, and Santley—all experienced adepts in the reading and delivery of Handel. Mme. Lemmens had a more than usually onerous task, singing not only the pieces set down for her in the programme, but also those set down for Mlle. Tietjens, who—rare event, where she is concerned—was compelled by indisposition to disappoint the public,—the unwelcome intelligence being conveyed by one of the stewards in terms as complimentary to Mlle. Tietjens as they were satisfying to the audience. Thus, among other things, the two important airs, "Sweet bird," and "Hide me from day's garish eye," both from *Il Penseroso*, fell to Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, who sang them in her most finished manner, and in the first was admirably accompanied by Mr. Ratcliffe on the flute. Mr. Vernon Rigby's "Mirth admit me of thy crew," Mr. Lewis Thomas's "Haste thee, nymph," (with chorus) and Mr. Santley's "Populous cities" (with chorus), each from *L'Allegro*, were also among the noticeable features of a performance generally good.

The second part began with a spirited execution of Haydn's symphony, *The Surprise*; terminated with the march composed by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy in honor of his friend Cornelius, the famous painter; and included a vocal selection—of which it is enough to say that Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Lloyd, and Santley were put down for various pieces, and that Mme. Patey was honored with an *encore* in the late Vincent Wallace's expressive ballad, "Sweet and low." College Hall was literally "crammed to inconvenience," numbers being obliged to stand outside the music room, in the lobbies, and on the staircases.

The third and concluding miscellaneous concert brought together as large an assembly as its immediate predecessor. It began with a very attractive selection from Beethoven's music to *Die Ruinen von Athen* one of two show pieces (the other being *König Stephan*) which the then popular and fertile dramatist, Kotzebue, prepared to celebrate, in 1812, the "inauguration" of a new theatre at Pesth. The dramas of Kotzebue are well-nigh forgotten, but the music of Beethoven, as experience has shown, possesses a vitality which nothing can extinguish. Though intended for the stage, and effective on the stage—as a performance at the Princess's Theatre many years ago convincingly attested—this curious musical allegory is just as attractive in a concert-room. The chorus of the dancing and somersault-turning Dervishes scarcely needs scenic aid to make it understood. It speaks for itself in language too vivid not to be at once apprehended. A more characteristic masterpiece of its kind was never written. This chorus was sung, and the extraordinary orchestral accompaniment in triplets which goes on incessantly to the end was played with irresistible vigor, and an encore quite unanimous was the result. The remaining "numbers" included the light but brilliant overture—a miniature overture for Beethoven; other choruses; the well-known "Turkish March;" the Festive March (with chorus); the duet of the two Greek slaves, sung by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Lewis Thomas; and the air for bass voice, "Deign, great Apollo," sung by Mr. Thomas. The whole was satisfactory. The *Ruins of Athens* was followed by a miscellaneous selection of vocal pieces, in which Mlle. Tietjens (who, happily restored to health, was welcomed with enthusiasm), Mme. Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley were engaged. This selection, which brought the first part of the concert to an end, contained nothing calling for special notice, with the exception of a masterly performance by M. Sainton of his own very ingenious fantasia on airs from *Rigoletto*, which drew forth rapturous applause and a loud "recall." Of the second part, which opened with a brilliant performance of Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell* (the last movement encored), and which, according to custom, terminated with the National Anthem (Sir G. Elvey's arrangement), it is enough to state that piece after piece, one more familiar, if possible, than the other, came in due succession from the lips of the majority of the leading singers; and that the great effect of the evening was produced by Mlle Tietjens, Mme. Sherrington, and Mme. Patey, in the lively trio, "Le faccio un inchino," from Cimarosa's most admired comic opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* [composed in 1802]. So capitally was this sung and acted by the three accomplished ladies that the audience insisted on its repetition, and repeated it was from beginning to end. Of the other items in the selection there is really nothing to say, except that all were applauded and thoroughly enjoyed. The programme was terribly long, and indeed would have been quite long enough without the selection from the *Ruins of Athens*—which, nevertheless, amateurs must heartily thank Mr. Done for producing. That the audience generally did not find the concert over long may be gathered from the fact that very few of them retired until the National Anthem had wound up the ceremony.

The attendance in the church yesterday numbered 2,670 persons. The donations to the charity amounted to £236 11s. 8d.—strange to say, nearly £150 less than was collected on the day of *Elijah*.

## Bach's "Passion Music" at Worcester.

A more striking instance of the growing taste of the English for the severe classical school, especially of sacred music, could not well be adduced than the large audience (we had almost said, perhaps more fittingly, congregation) which gathered in Worcester Cathedral on Thursday week last to hear Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew."

That this work will in future take its place with "The Messiah" and Elijah" as an invariable item in the programme of each successive Festival of the Three Choirs, and that it will form as great an attraction as the two latter oratorios, when it has become better known, there can be little doubt; and we venture to think that its success on its production at Gloucester last September, and again upon its repetition this year at Worcester, will justify the stewards in setting apart a day exclusively for its performance, which should be in its entirety. For although the excisions that were necessary in order to bring the day's performance within reasonable limits, were most judiciously made, and avoided as much as possible interfering with the thread of the narrative, yet many beautiful numbers had perforce to be omitted, much to our regret. There are those who complain of the number and length of the recitatives, which they call wearisome; and to such persons, possibly, the shortened form of the oratorio is a most welcome relief; but these very recitatives are full of beauty, and there is so much variety of treatment in the accompaniments, notably of those assigned to the various personages represented, that it is hard to believe that any one with any pretension to musical taste, and deriving any real enjoyment from the performance of such divine inspirations as the "Passion" contains, could seriously urge such an objection to the whole work being given as suggested.

The number of scores that were visible among the audience is indeed a healthy sign of progress, and seemed to indicate a woeful falling off in the ranks of those who are continually on the look out for their pet singer, and his or her solos, and who, when that bright particular star does appear, crane their necks, hustle those who are quietly enjoying the music, and create a general disturbance in order to obtain ever so small a peep at the object of their curiosity;—and to go very far to establish the proposition set forth at the beginning of this paper, that the art of true appreciation of such masterpieces is rapidly making its way among us.

We incline to think that no finer interpretation of this most difficult work has hitherto been given in this country; and the credit of this is no doubt mainly due to Dr. Wesley, under whose direction it was produced at Gloucester, and whose arduous task it then was to conduct the performance of a work that was entirely new to the majority of the executants. It is therefore no great matter for surprise if the whole went much steadier this year under the *baton* of Mr. Done than on the former occasion under that of Dr. Wesley, who, though he is one of the greatest living composers for the church (perhaps *the* greatest) and certainly the greatest organist now living, is universally admitted to be anything but a good conductor.

To Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was specially engaged for the "Passion," and but for the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves would have sung in nothing else, fell the lion's share of the solos, the whole of the trying tenor recitatives being given by him with all the true feeling of a conscientious artist. The many beautiful alto solos throughout the oratorio were sung by Mme. Patey, whose rich voice and pure style gave especial effect to the aria with its lovely violin obbligato, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." Mme. Sherrington sang carefully, though not with so much feeling as we could wish, and pleased the majority by her finished singing. In that exquisite gem "Break and die," she thought fit to make a protracted *rallentando* in the concluding phrase, of which no indication has been given by the composer, and which is perfectly unwarrantable; the practice has arisen solely through the vanity of many of the singers of the present day, but we rejoice to say that there are artists who evince a laudable reverence for the intentions of the composer, and adhere rigidly to the text. Of Mr. Santley's singing of the bass music little need be said; that he sang well, *cela va sans dire*. But special mention must be made of his delivery of the passages (accompanied, as our Lord's own words are throughout by the orchestra in sustained harmony) descriptive of the institution of the Lord's Supper, commencing, "Take, eat, this is my body," and preceded by narrative recitatives allotted

as usual to the tenor voice. The beautiful recitative "'Twas in the cool of eventide," and the following aria, "Up, my soul," were so finely given as to cause a feeling of regret that more solos, other than recitatives, had not fallen to the lot of this perfect singer.

The band, considerably increased in numbers, and composed, by the way, almost entirely of picked London professionals under the leadership of the veteran Sainton, was everything that could be desired. Remembering the number of former occasions on which the choruses have proved so far the least satisfactory part of the Festival performances, as to make one regret that the singers had not, like the band, been brought in a body from London,—it is gratifying to be able to record that not only was there no actual break-down nor even an apparent unsteadiness in this department, but that the chorus was undoubtedly the best heard for several years. There seemed to us to be a slight weakness in the foundation, and more bass voices and instruments would have been acceptable, but otherwise the parts were well-balanced. It was refreshing to hear the alto parts with such unusual distinctness, and the tenors strong without being boisterous. The employment of a few boys' voices was in places very effective, remarkably so in the first chorus, where there is a *ripieno* part for trebles who sing the melody of a well known Lutheran chorale; and in this case they were clearly heard above the *tout ensemble* of a double chorus with the accompaniments of the full orchestra. With regard to the chorales, opinions are divided as to whether they should be sung, as at the Oratorio Concerts, entirely without accompaniment; as at Gloucester, with organ accompaniment alone; or, as on this occasion, with the full orchestra and organ. There is no doubt that they were originally intended to be, and always were sung (the melodies, at least) by the congregation while both orchestras—for two were usually employed—and the organ, at once supported the voices and supplied the harmony. The organ alone appears to us to be the most fitting and effective accompaniment, and in the hands of such a perfect master of the instrument as Dr. Wesley, who actually was playing at the performance under notice, would it not have been the most satisfactory? As it was, we have to reiterate the complaint that has been so universally made, that too little attention was paid to light and shade in these chorales. It may have been that both conductors (for the same failing was noticed at last year's Festival) thought fit to ignore the *pianos* and *fortes* supplied so modestly in parenthesis by Sir Sterndale Bennett in his edition of the work, and considered that, as Bach had given no indication of his ideas in this respect, no marks of expression should be introduced on the authority of another. In accompanying the recitatives merely narrative, for which Bach furnished a figured bass only, an harmonium was introduced in the place of the pianoforte before used. This was a most welcome change, the former instrument being more in keeping with the sacred nature of the work, and the sacred building in which it was delivered, besides quite giving the effect of the soft stops on the organ, which many persons believed it to be.

To return to the subject of future performances of the "Passion" we will repeat our earnest desire that the whole should be given just as it stands, and, to fulfil as far as possible the conditions under which it was formerly given, and without which it is impossible to give it proper effect, that a sermon be preached between the two parts in the same manner as at Westminster upon its production in the Abbey. To raise it to the dignity of a religious service, and to cause it to be accepted as such by the congregation, instead of allowing it to be merely a performance of the most effective musical portions of the work, is what those who have the direction of the Music Meetings should ever have in view, and we can only hope that these few remarks may come under the notice of the authorities, and have the effect we so much desire.—*Mus. Standard, London.*

## Rubinstein.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT PIANIST.

The New York *Tribune* says of Anton Rubinstein's appearance in that city:

Herr Rubinstein introduced himself with his D minor concerto. The first movement gave a fair but not an adequate idea of his brilliant execution; the second, with its beautiful andante, was a gem of cantabile playing; but in the closing prestissimo the full glory of his tremendous force and the magnetism of his touch burst forth upon the astonished audience. In his subsequent selections he seemed to grow better and better. Handel's Air and variations in D minor never could have had such an interpretation before, even from the old composer himself. Mozart's Rondo in A minor was exquisite. The famous march from "The Ruins of Athens" resounded through the hall with the splendor, one would have thought, of a full band; and Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques* received the most brilliant, forcible and sympathetic handling. It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that force is the predominant characteristic of Rubinstein's playing. He has the strength of a giant, but it is united with the delicacy of a poet. No one else can so completely gather up the full resources of the piano, and pour them forth in a torrent of grand and sonorous harmonies; no one else has so thoroughly mastered the difficulties of the most intricate and rapid execution; no one else is so brilliant, so fiery, so incredibly enduring; yet, on the other hand, no one can teach the piano to sing such soft and tender strains, or touch the keys so gently with a finger of velvet. The soft passages of his music are quite as wonderful as the more showy; the beautiful refinement of his expression is beyond praise, and no opportunity for display ever tempts him to forget it. It would be impossible to imagine Rubinstein glorifying himself with piano pyrotechnics, for he is not only a genuine reverential artist, but he is something more; he has the true fire of genius; and he is the only pianist ever heard in America of whom that could be said. In appearance he is somewhat rude and strange; in manner he is courteous yet abrupt. His stern Tartar face never lights with a smile. He puts away the humbug of flowers and wreaths with a calm, undemonstrative disregard, and sets himself to his work like a man whose heart is in his music, and to whom applause is nothing.

IN MR. WIENIAWSKI.

he has a worthy companion. This illustrious artist surpasses all our previous experience of violinists; we will not say as much as Rubinstein surpasses other pianists, but far enough to leave Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull in some respects far behind. His style is formed more nearly upon the romantic school of Paganini than of any other model; yet he combines with the peculiar fascinations of that school a beautiful classical polish and correctness. He, too, is an artist who reverences art, and knows how to forget the display of his own powers. What could have been more conscientious than his playing of the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor. It was given as Mendelssohn himself would have said it ought to be played. His tones are perfection—clear, sonorous, rich, true, and absolutely free from the occasional rasping which disfigures nearly all violin playing. His technique is phenomenal, and lastly he is sympathetic. Here we have all the requisites of a good player, to which we may add that Mr. Wieniawski's compositions are also excellent.

## Opera in New York.—Madame Lucca's First Appearance.

(From the Sun, October 1.)

One by one the great prima donnas, whose transatlantic fame is so familiar, take their places on the stage of the Academy of Music.

The latest comer, she who made her appearance last evening, is one of the most fascinating, versatile, and talented of all the European sopranos. In Germany they incline to believe that there is none to be compared to her. But though every city has its favorite, and though Mme. Lucca is a Viennese by birth and a Berlinese by adoption, and finds in this latter capital her most ardent admirers, still there is not an audience in Europe that does not listen to her with pleasure, nor an opera house upon whose stage she is not more than welcome.

But Mme. Lucca, charming as she is, does not fortunately constitute alone the company. It has finally come to be understood both by managers and public that a single star of the first magnitude surrounded by half a dozen of the fourth and a little nebulae of chorus singers does not make up an all sufficient operatic constellation.

The directors have gathered together a really admirable company of artists. The chorus is large, the orchestra sufficient, the subsidiary parts well filled, and there is every indication of a season that will be pleasant for the public and prosperous for the managers.

"L'Africaine," the opera that Mme. Lucca selected for her *début*, is one with which she is more closely identified than is any other singer. Meyerbeer always took a strong interest in her professional career, and in composing the music for the *rôle* of *Selika* had her capacities in mind. To her he entrusted the principal *rôle*, on which the success or failure of his work so greatly depended, on the occasions of the first representations of the opera at Berlin and London. And since then Madame Lucca has found no rival in the character.

Her welcome here last evening was as warm as she could have desired. At her entrance she was received with fervor, and the applause grew more earnest and hearty as the opera progressed, efflorescing in unskillfully thrown bouquets at the ends of the acts, and reaching its climax at the close of the opera.

The impression that Mme. Lucca produced upon her audience was beyond question a very favorable one. It would be ungracious to compare her with the great prima donnas who have preceeded her. She has her own methods, and addresses her audience after her own fashion.

Just as singers are of different temperaments, so are their hearers, and so it happens that many who would find Nilsson cold, colorless, or unsympathetic would receive the highest pleasure from Mme. Lucca's intensity and fire. If a comparison might be so far tolerated between our late prima donna and our present one, it might be said by way of illustration that Nilsson's singing stood in relation to Lucca's as the pure white light of the diamond to the warmth and lustre of the ruby.

She is eminently an emotional singer and has a natural dramatic genius. Though small in person, her dignity and grace of manner give her an elegant stage presence. The first impression that one receives from her singing is that her voice is unexpectedly large and resonant and not specially sympathetic in quality, and that her reputation must have been gained rather from the rare combination of the actress and the singer, than from any marvellous qualities of the voice. But the opera may in part be responsible for this impression. Fully recognizing Meyerbeer's immense talent, and the labor and patience that have made his operas a mine of melodic wealth, we still greatly doubt if they set a prima donna before the public in the best light. And Mme. Lucca will, we believe, receive warmer public appreciation in some work of greater inspiration, and appealing more heartily and less intellectually to the hearer.

Of the other singers we can speak but briefly. Signor Abrugnedo, the new tenor, is somewhat of a disappointment. Signor Moriami, the baritone, is a very superior artist, an actor of fine ability and a singer of great purity of style and with an exceedingly beautiful quality of voice. M. Jamet is sufficiently well known. Whatever he did during his connection with the Nilsson company was well and worthily done. His disguise was so complete last evening that the audience failed to recognize him when he appeared, or to give him that greeting that he so warmly deserves.

In Mme. Leviella the company possesses a singer of exceptional gifts.

## New York Philharmonic Society.

For the season of 1872-73—the thirty-first of the society—the following symphonies are promised:—Beethoven, No. 5, in C minor and No. 7 in A major; Haydn, "Oxford," in G major (first time); Schumann, No. 2 in C major; Rubinstein, "Ocean," in C major; Raff, No. 4 in G minor (new); Gade, No. 8 in B minor (new); Berlioz, "Romeo and Juliet"; Liszt, "Dante." Overtures—Beethoven, "Consecration of the House," in C major (first time); Mozart, "Magic Flute," in E♭; Schumann, "Manfred," in E♭ minor; Weber, "Oberon," in D major; Wagner, "Tannhäuser," in E major; Edmannshofer, "Prinzessin Ilse" (new); Maizka, "Galilei," in A major (new). Wagner, Vorspiel from "Tristan and Isolde;" Liszt, Hirtengesang from Oratorium "Christus" (new). The first public rehearsal will take place on the 1st of November, and the first concert on the 16th, at which Rubinstein will play. The rates will be slightly advanced, as single seats for the season will be sold at $15 each, and the minimum prices of the boxes, to be put up at auction, will be $60 and $90 each. The society is more prosperous than ever. The receipts last year were $26,956; the expenditures, including dividends, $25,824; balance on hand, $1,132. As a result of last season's operations the sum of $15,480 was divided among the orchestra, $2,388 was paid to orchestral performers not members of the society, $830 was divided among eight solo artists, the conductor received $1,000, and rent consumed $3,530. The officers are George T. Strong, president; E. Boehm, vice president; D Schaad, secretary; J. G. Beisheim, treasurer; C. Bergmann, conductor.—*Weekly Review.*

The Boston Lyceum Bureau is flourishing. It makes music more of a speciality than formerly, and has engaged many of the best artists.

Arabella Goddard informs us that she will return to the United States next season.

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 19, 1872.

## The Rubinstein Concerts.

The first concert in our Music Hall by Mr. Grau's remarkable troupe,—presenting as it did for the first time two of the greatest artistic celebrities of Europe, ANTON RUBINSTEIN and Herr WIENIAWSKI, with a good orchestra under CARL BERGMANN's masterly direction, and a programme most exceptionally choice and rich for a travelling concert party,—of course excited eager interest in the most musical portion of our population, and was largely attended, though there was by no means a crowd.

After the performance of an Overture, which, after successive announcements of that to *Oberon* and that to the *Wasserträger*, turned out to be that to *Egmont* (either of them good enough), and in the rendering of which the small but select orchestra seemed hardly as yet warmed up to its work, the wierd, barbaric looking master and magician of the piano-forte, with his immense mass of hair and awkward movement, without a smile, or any sign of consciousness apparently of aught beside the single purpose of his music, and with a look upon his face as of one eaten up by the intensity of a life long absorption in his art, as if all the expression had struck inward, and what you saw was but the lifeless simulacrum of the man, approached his instrument, courteous to his audience if not gracious, amid applause which was but the forerunner of the outbursts that were to follow. The piece selected for his debut was the same as in New York and in many of his European concerts, his own fourth Concerto, in D minor. In considering the impression, composition and performance can not well be separated, for he is eminently a composer-virtuoso. We shall not undertake to judge or even to describe such a composition after a single hearing. It certainly did interest us greatly, hardly suffering attention to flag once or twice from the beginning to the end. The Allegro, opening quietly, unfolded steadily and logically, giving you the fullest assurance of an abundance of reserved power. The themes were beautiful and illustrated with great wealth of fancy. Passages most delicate and tender alternated with passionate crescendos waxing to stormy climaxes which made you listen with a sort of awe, wondering what might come next. Beauty, mystery and passion by turns predominated. The orchestration too was strangely beautiful, abounding in fresh and delicate traits. As for the principal interpreter of his own work, everything under the head of execution or *technique* must be conceded in the fullest perfection as a matter of course. The instrument has no difficulties for him; the mechanical is absolutely mastered and need not be considered, not standing for a moment in the way of that which it is meant to serve, the expression of musical thoughts and feelings. His tremendous force is not more remarkable than his exquisite gentleness and fineness; he *strikes* like the lightning (looking like a thunder-cloud), and he sings with the most sweet, insinuating syren melody. (Nor does he seem to know anything of you, or of the place, the audience, while he does it.) The slow middle movement was chiefly remarkable for its lovely *cantabile*:—a melody most humanly and sweetly sung, for some time on the piano alone, to soft accompaniment of opaline and subtile harmonics. Perhaps the spell was lost a little while, the song lapsing into less interesting sing-song; but in the latter part of this Andante he seemed to strike a vein of mystery, which, with the strange orchestral coloring, was singularly fascinating. The Finale, *prestissimo*, was less to our fancy; a wild freak it seemed of uncontainable, long pent up savage humors, fiery, barbaric, full of diablerie; an uncanny true witch element was felt about one, and the man seemed a wonder-working gnome out of the bowels of the earth,—a little dangerous, not a being who could understand you. But for the entire effect, we never saw an audience more electrified. The plaudits were electric.

In the second part Rubinstein was the interpreter of others' inspirations. First, Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, which we had heard done by Perabo and by Miss Mehlig, but never before with such consummate power and finish, such sure and perfect lifting of its every thought out of the tangle of continual thorny difficulties, such unembarrassed, pure, clear, full expression of its essential music, as it was now. It is a very earnestly musical audience which can sit intently listening through that very long, elaborate, profound series of variations, a continual strain upon the deepest faculties of thought and feeling; but this time we perceived no flagging, so perfect was the rendering.

The group of three pieces with which Herr Rubinstein closed the concert showed the great variety of his interpretative resources in still new lights. The Air and Variations in D minor from one of Handel's Suites was performed as no other man could do it, doubtless, and there were marvellous contrasts of beauty and tremendous power. But was all that truly Handel? Some of it seemed essentially modernized; such storms of passion or brute energy as he lashed certain variations into, surely are not obviously suggested by anything in Handel's Suites! The Rondo in A minor by Mozart, one of the little gems of his finest art and fancy, was delicious in this strong giant's nice and tender handling; he refined it to an almost Chopin-like subtlety and grace, yet honestly, importing nothing into it which it did not of itself contain. The "Turkish March" of Beethoven was a transcription, an excessively brilliant piece of virtuosity. He took it at such lightning speed that one is puzzled to conjecture what order of spirits (surely none with mortal feet) could "march" to it; and he hushed the house completely by a *decrescendo* more finely graduated than we ever heard before, more slowing vanishing to nothing.—On the whole Rubinstein appeared to us to realize the larger part of all that has been claimed for him, impressing us as a man of marked individuality and genius both as composer and interpreter, charged with a strange electric fire, master of all that is beautiful and lovely as well as of volcanic forces in his wonderfully various interpretations, but at the same time prone to not a little of exaggeration and extravagance.

In HENRI WIENIAWSKI we were listening to one of the world's *greatest* violinists. To hear Mendelssohn's perfect Concerto in E minor played by such a master was a delight without alloy, unless it came from circumstances not intrinsic to the musical experience as such; nor indeed can we compare it with anything in our memory, unless it be Joachim's playing of the Beethoven Concerto or of Bach's *Chaconne*, &c. We did not understand why Wieniawski was announced as "the only rival to the memory of Paganini," or why he should be placed in such a category. The art which he revealed to us on Monday evening is something of a far nobler, purer character than we have ever associated with the Italian "Wizard of the G string," whose gift was so sensational and so contagious, bewitching younger aspirants into a questionable devotion to the mere tricks of the violin. But here we had classical violin playing in its purity, applied to one of the worthiest and most arduous tasks. Often as we have heard that Concerto played well, we never realized the half of its full beauty until now. Such large, full tone, such infallible truth of intonation, such perfect ease and finish in all points of execution, such breadth and fair consistency of style, and such fine feeling and pervading poetry, instinct with the inmost spirit of the composition, assimilating all the grosser elements that have to enter into its outward embodiment, so that it seemed just to breathe itself upon the air, were proof enough of the consummate artist. In the second part he played a couple of his own compositions: the first a "Legend," full of poetry and a fine fairy atmosphere, which the mysterious mingling of bassoon and brass tones at the beginning, and indeed the orchestral accompaniment throughout, brought home to the imagination. Some of the purest, tenderest expression we have ever heard from strings or human voice, occurred in passages of that performance. It was followed by a fantasia upon Russian Airs, very brilliant and full of virtuosity, but never offensive to good taste.

Of the two singers we have not much to say as yet. Mlle. LIEBHART, who has figured long and favorably in London concerts, showed a clear, sweet, flexible soprano voice of good power, and a great deal of facile florid execution in the old Handel air, "Sweet bird" from *Il Penseroso*, with the bird-like flute accompaniment, which was nicely played by Mr. GOERING. Mlle. ORMENYI, with a large contralto voice, and a rather crude style, conquered a recall by her energetic delivery of *Non più mesta*.

The programme of the second concert, Tuesday evening, was as follows:

Overture, "Don Juan" .......................... Mozart.
Orchestra.
Concerto in G, [with Cadenzas by Rubinstein] Beethoven.
Anton Rubinstein.
Recitative and Aria. "Giunse alfin," "Deh vieni non tardar," .......................... Mozart.
Mlle. Louise Liebhart
Fantaisie, "Faust" .......................... Wieniawski.
Henri Wieniawski.

—

Carnaval .......................... Schumann
[Introduction—Pierrot—Harlequin—Waltz Noble—Florestan—Eusebius—Coquette—Reply—Sphinx—Butterflies—Dancing Letters—Chiarina—Chopin—Estrella—Gratitude—Pantaloon and Columbine—German Waltz—Paganini—Avowal—Promenade—Intermission—March of the Davidites against the Philistines.]
Anton Rubinstein.
Aria, "Il Giuramento" .......................... Mercadante.
Mlle. Louise Ormeny.
Andante et "Carnaval de Venise" .......................... Paganini.
Henry Wieniawski.
a. Nocturne .......................... Field.
b. Erl King, [Schubert] .......................... Liszt.
c. March, "Midsummer Night's Dream" ... Mendelssohn.
Anton Rubinstein.

Beethoven's G major Concerto, the loveliest of the tribe, and made familiar here by so many excellent renderings, was the piece of all others in which a Boston musical audience could fairly appreciate this wonderful pianist's power as an interpreter. It was indeed a masterly performance, showing a poetic, sympathetic insight into all the meaning of one of the most poetic compositions ever written even by a Beethoven, and such a faculty of bringing it all out in tones so pure, phrasing so perfect, accent so fine and true, rhythm so self-sustained, that there seemed to be no intervention of keys or fingers, or even of an individual playing; it was not an interpretation, (as we heard it well said), it was the music itself. We are only in doubt about his very long *cadenza* in the first movement. It did seem to us to wander too far out of the charmed sphere of the original, and in its crises of strong passionate bravura to become somewhat uncouth, speaking a language foreign to Beethoven. Yet its construction was very interesting, in some respects masterly; it not only revolved the themes of the movement out of which it grew, but now and then anticipated thoughts of the Adagio that was to follow. The orchestra, too, under Bergmann's sure and quiet leading, did their part sympathetically and well, with slight exceptions.

Schumann's "Carnaval" of course needs a key to the allusions contained in its twenty or more little pieces. The mere titles are some help, but not in every case. Nevertheless the swift procession of the motley crowd of figures, some of them exquisitely beautiful, some grotesque or enigmatical, is very fascinating in itself, whether you know them all or not. It is properly a piece for a parlor or small hall; the listening circle should be intimate; hence to the necessity of conveying all its subtlest traits to all parts

Digitized by Google

of the great Music Hall we must ascribe the "somewhat heavy hand" with which he brought out, otherwise so perfectly, the whole shifting, delicate phantasmagoria. It was a wonderful exercise of memory, as well as of sustained and seemingly exhaustless strength; and yet it seemed no effort.

It was pleasant to hear one of John Field's quiet, delicate "Nocturnes,"—the prototypes of all that has been done in that form in a much larger way by Chopin, and in a hackneyed way by countless imitators,—sing itself so sweetly, limpidly and clearly through the great hall. What music there may be in very modest flights! Throughout his rendering of Liszt's transcription of the "Erl King" the audience were spell-bound. Through the piano forte the whole story was told, or rather told itself, with the most vivid reproduction of the dramatic dialogue. The last words: "The child—was *dead*!" were actually *spoken*.

*This* concert did bring out the "Paganini" side of Wieniawski, and that mainly. By that side we remember him a dozen years ago in London; so that we were surprised and pleased at finding him so classical in Monday's concert. He too, like Rubinstein, is sovereign master of his instrument, and can play everything that is at all worth playing. His "Faust" Fantaisie reproduced not only the salient points, but many of the more recondite beauties of that opera with a fine sense and great ingenuity; the orchestration being highly suggestive, and his own execution, in every phase and form of technique or expression, beyond criticism. His "Carnival" (why cannot the *great* violinists leave that to the old clothes men of the craft?) certainly surpassed all we ever heard in its droll *tours de force*.

Mlle. Liebhart sang "Deh vieni" sweetly and according to the good traditions; only somewhat too consciously in manner;—the very opposite in that respect from Rubinstein! The Contralto lady has abundance of the raw material of voice, which doubtless might be trained to some artistic use, but much of her song was shouting, and very badly out of tune.

THE PATTI-MARIO CONCERTS. We were cut short in our report last time, after giving what space we had to the great Tenor of by-gone days. We return to speak but briefly of the other artists, each in their way remarkable. Mlle. CARLOTTA-PATTI showed no such marvellous change of style as had been trumpeted beforehand. Perhaps her voice, so smooth and liquid throughout its whole great range, so fine peculiarly in the highest notes, has gained something of fullness and roundness in the lower and middle tones; but she is the same facile, finished, bird-like vocalizer, executing all sorts of runs and trills, arpeggios, echoes, and what not with the precision of a musical box, without much soul or feeling, yet with a good-natured pleasant way. Proch's Variations were warbled even more finely than by Mme. Peschka-Leutner, though in a more slender voice. Very brilliant in the same way were the "Carnival" variations, and Auber's "Laughing Song." "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, "Ah, forse è lui" from *Traviata*, and above all the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, were suited to her best powers. But there was nothing true or simple in her "ballads." Miss CARY, on the contrary, by her almost perfect rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen," almost reconciled us to its hacknied sing-song. Simply and charmingly she bore her part in the little Italian duets with Mario; while in her larger efforts, such as the Page's song from the *Huguenots*, "Orla soll' onda" from *Il Giuramento*, and "Ah quel giorno" from *Semiramide*, she sang better than ever before, in a large, true, honest style of singing, which every one enjoyed.

TERESA CARRENO, the child pianist who excited our deep interest nine years ago (her last concert in Boston was given in the Music Hall, with the Great Organ, "on the occasion of her tenth birthday") comes back to us a tall and beautiful young lady, and an accomplished artist, as her intelligent, clear rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor, with orchestra, proved well enough. So too the *Rondo Capriccioso* and the Chopin Ballade in A flat. There is a certain Spanish fire in her performances and an impatience of manner which somewhat disturbs the pure impression of her classical interpretations. In bravura pieces she has great brilliancy. Her own compositions, mostly in Waltz form, and following in the track of Gottschalk, not without cleverness, were slight additions to the programmes. M. EMILE SAURET, the violinist, pupil of Vieuxtemps and of Wieniawski, is not older than Carreno. He played Spohr's eighth Concerto ("*in modo d'una scena cantante*") like a master, and in all his renderings (Ernst's Fantasia on Hungarian airs; the Ballade and Polonaise, the Reverie, &c., by Vieuxtemps; Wieniawski's Fantaisie on Russian Airs; Ernst's on themes from *Otello*; Paganini's "Witches' Dance"; above all in a remarkably full transcription of the Sextet in *Lucia*), he gained continually on the admiring sympathy of his audience. There was a soulful tenderness and purity in his rendering of certain thoughtful and poetic pieces, quite as rare as his great technical ability. The "Kreutzer" Variations were beautifully played by him with Teresa Carreno; very seldom do we hear a violin ascend into those highest regions with so pure an intonation.

## Symphony Concerts.

The eighth annual series of ten concerts originated by the Harvard Musical Association is now publicly announced. These regularly returning feasts of the noblest orchestral music are so well established, their motive and design and quality so well appreciated, that there is no longer need of any argument to prove them worthy of attention. By their fruits they are known. A glimpse of what is promised now (so far as the arrangements are completed) will give the best assurance that their prestige will be fully kept up, and that the approaching series will be quite as interesting as any that has gone before. One feature of the programmes is the uncommonly rich list of noble concert arias with orchestra, by Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, &c.,—works seldom or never heard here hitherto. Another, not quite certain, but which the Committee are resolved to realize if possible, will be the introduction of some choice vocal works employing a chorus of mixed voices. The list of solo artists will be found unusually attractive. The Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, &c., so far as they can yet be named below, speak for themselves. The star prefixed will indicate the compositions to be given for the first time in these concerts, and the double star those never heard before in Boston.

Mr. Zerrahn's Orchestra will be at least as large as it was last year, and in a number of its elements considerably improved. In the place of Mr. Hertdegen, who has gone to California, we have Mr Hennig, who is probably without a superior as violoncellist in this country; while Wulf Fries, and all the members of the Quintette Club, will be no longer occasional but constant members. An excellent first violin is gained in Mr. Hamm, whom we have heard as soloist in the Thomas concerts. Mr. Eltz, our fine first bassoon, whom Thomas had seduced from us, returns to his old place; likewise the capital viola player, Mr. Heindl. Mr Kutzleb's oboe will not forsake us, and a superior second clarionet (Mr. Whittemore) will be coupled with our valued master of that instrument, Herr. Weber. Mr. Eichberg will still preside over the violins.

*First Concert, Nov. 7.*

Overture to "Athalia"......................Mendelssohn.
**Cantata: "Ariana à Naxos." Scena for Soprano Solo with orchestra......................Haydn.
MME. ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.
*Symphony No. 1, in C......................Beethoven.

Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella." [2nd time] Schubert.
Concert Aria: "Ch'io mi scordi." [with Piano & Orch.] Mozart.
Overture to "Genoveva"......................Schumann.

*Second Concert, Nov. 21.*

Overture to "Medea"......................Cherubini.
**Concert Aria [Tenor]; "Misero! O sogno, o son desto?" Mozart.
NELSON VARLEY.
*Violin Concerto, in E minor......................Mendelssohn.
MISS THERESE LIEBE.

Symphony in E flat......................Mozart.
**Violin Solos: Adagio and Sarabande from the unaccompanied Violin Sonatas......................Bach.
Overture: "The Ruler of the Spirits" [2nd time]..Weber.

*Third Concert, Dec. 5.*

*Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito"......................Mozart.
Aria [Contralto]: Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio......................Bach.
MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.
* Piano Concerto in E flat......................Liszt.
MISS ANNA MEHLIG

**Symphony, No. 5, in D minor, with Pianoforte obligato......................Gade.
**Air, with Pianoforte......................Pergolese.
Piano Solo......................Chopin.
Overture.

*Fourth Concert, Dec. 26.*

Overture to "Faniska"......................Cherubini.
**Concerto for the Oboe......................Rietz.
AUGUST KUTZLEB.
*Symphony in E flat, [No 1 of the Salomon set]..Haydn.

Piano Concerto in F minor......................Chopin.
G. W. SUMNER.
Overture: "Becalmed at Sea, and Happy Voyage." Mendelssohn.

*Fifth Concert, Jan. 9, 1873.*

**Overture to "Ali Baba"......................Cherubini.
Piano Concerto in G minor [second time]......Moscheles.
J. C. D. Parker.
**Aria.

Symphony, No. 6, in C, [second time]......................Mozart.
Songs.
Overture to "Coriolan"......................Beethoven.

*Sixth Concert, Feb. 6.*

*Symphony: "Surprise"......................Haydn.
Chorus, &c., with Orchestra. [?]

**"Ocean" Symphony, [first movement]......Rubinstein.
Piano Concerto.
B. J. LANG.
Chorus. (?)
*Overture to "Preciosa"......................Weber

*Seventh Concert, Feb. 27.*

Overture: "The Hebrides,"......................Mendelssohn.
Piano with Orchestra: "Serenade and Allegro Giojoso." "
HUGO LEONHARD
Aria [Contralto]: "Son confusa pastorella." Scored for Orchestra, expressly, by ROBERT FRANZ......Handel.
Mrs. C. A. BARRY.

*Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro"......................Mozart.
**"Krakowiak," for Piano and Orchestra, op. 14..Chopin.
Songs with Piano.
Symphony, No. 4, in D minor......................Schumann.

*Eighth Concert, March 13.*

Overture.
Aria [Bass]: "Give me back my dearest Master," from the "Passion Music"......................Bach.
M. W. Whitney.
**Piano Concerto, in A......................Mozart.

Overture and Entr'acte from "Manfred,"......Schumann.
Piano Solo.
**Concert Aria [Bass]: "Alcandro, lo confesso". Mozart.
Symphony, No. 8, in F......................Beethoven.

*Ninth Concert, March 27.*

☞ *Anniversary of Beethoven's Death.*

Overture to "Leonore." No 1......................Beethoven.
Aria and Gavotte from Orchestral Suite in D......Bach.
Concerto for Piano, Violin and 'Cello in C......Beethoven.
B. PERABO, &c.

Symphony, No 7, in A......................Beethoven.
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3...................... "

*Tenth Concert, April 10.*

Overture: "Namensfeier," op. 115, in C......Beethoven.
Magnificat in D, for Soli. Chorus and Orch. [?]..Durante.
**Piano Concerto in C minor......................Mozart.

Chorus [?]
Symphony, No. 9, in C......................Schubert.

# Music Abroad.

MUNICH.—The following are the particulars of the "Musical Academy," *alias* concert, given for the benefit of the National-Festival Stage Play enterprise at Bayreuth. It commenced with Herr R. Wagner's *Faust* Overture. This was as good as new to the public, having been played only once previously in Munich, when it was performed under the direction of the composer himself in 1865, at the Theatre Royal. Herr von Bülow was the conductor. On making his appearance, he was received with a storm of applause lasting several minutes. He gave the audience to understand by gesture that he did not take the ovation to himself, but considered it the due of the members of the orchestra, to whom he kept pointing. After the overture, Mme. Mellinger sang the "Prayer" from

Digitized by Google

*Tannhäuser*, and Herr Hartvigson, formerly a pupil of Herr von Bülow, played a Concerto by C. M. v. Weber. It must be mentioned that, with the exception of the first two pieces, there was nothing of Herr R. Wagner's in the programme. This was owing to Herr von Bülow's representing to the Committee that they would act most in accordance with Herr R. Wagner's wishes, if they chose works by the great heroes of days gone bye, such as Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven. Mme. Mallinger then sang the "Letter Air" from *Don Juan*; Herr von Bülow played a Pianoforte Sonata by Beethoven; and Herr Vogl sang the cyclus of songs entitled: "An die ferne Geliebte," by the same master. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's magnificent Symphony in C minor, admirably executed by the band. At the conclusion, the applause was most enthusiastic, and Herr von Bülow had to come forward some half dozen times, and bow his thanks to the public. The members of the orchestra were as demonstrative as the audience, and presented him with a silver laurel wreath as a parting memento, for Herr von Bülow is about to leave Munich again very shortly. Loud cries of "Hurrah, Bülow! Bravo, Bülow! Stop here! Stop here!" were heard from the spectators. Herr von Bülow was moved to tears. He attempted to speak, but words failed him. By the way, it appears that since then, an arrangement has been effected, by which Herr von Bülow will not leave altogether. Though he will not resume his former post, for which Herr Levi of Carlsruhe has been engaged on his warm recommendation, he will act as "Royal Bavarian Chapelmaster out of active service," and conduct every year several operatic and other musical performances.—A new medal for distinguished merit in the domain of Science and Art was founded by the King on his last birthday, and conferred by him on Herr Sigl, operatic stage manager, and Mlle. Sophie Diez, *Kammersängerin*. For the way in which he sustained the part of the hero in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, on the occasion of the centenary festival of the University, Herr Vogl has received from his Majesty a magnificently carved tobacco-pipe mouthpiece, representing the Knight of the Swan. We are afraid the celebrated bird will soon lose its whiteness and become nigro (que) simillima cygno," as the Eton Latin Grammar has it.

---

COLOGNE.—The new Stadttheatre was opened on the 1st inst., with Weber's "Jubel Ouverture;" a Dramatized Prologue by Dr. Wolfgang Müller; a Symphonic Prologue for full Band, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller; and Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's Prologue, to a certain extent, a piece of Programme Music in the best sense of the word, was most warmly received.—There is a report that Herr R. Wagner has promised to superintend the getting up of *Lohengrin* here, and to conduct the public performance himself. Hereupon the *Kölnische Zeitung* remarked: "Herr Wagner will, to a certain degree, resemble a bold knight who rides into the camp of his declared opponents." The following day, the subjoined answer from Dr Ferdinand Hiller figured in a conspicuous part of the paper: "To the Editor of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Your respected local reporter speaks of Herr Richard Wagner's courage, in resolving to come here into the camp of his opponents. Nothing could have less of the Heroic about it. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have been played and well received here for years past, and the composer may look forward with the greatest certainty to a complete triumph. As, however, Herr Wagner's party have done me the honor of considering me as one of his opponents, and of pronouncing against me, as such, a sentence of outlawry [and I by no means deny that the greater part of what Herr Wagner writes, composes, and undertakes, is repugnant to me], I must be allowed to remark that I have presented his concert compositions [the Overture to *Faust*, the "Kaisermarsch," and the Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*,] admirably performed to the public. To see Herr Wagner conduct one of his own works must interest his opponents as well as his adherents, the more especially, as he employs for the purpose a conducting-stick, and not German prose. I remain, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant, Ferdinand Hiller, *Kapellmeister*."

---

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The 17th music meeting followed, as usual, within a week after the Worcester Festival. The first two days were largely devoted to original English compositions. We copy from the *Orchestra* of Sept. 20.

After a general rehearsal on Monday the Festival proper commenced at eight o'clock in the evening of the same day. The doors of St. Andrew's Hall were opened an hour previously, and the seats were rapidly occupied. Sir Julius Benedict took his position at the conductor's desk, and the National Anthem was given with full orchestra and chorus—the solo portions by Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Florence Lancia, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Patey. An extraordinary demonstration of loyalty followed: cheering, clapping, and ejaculations of "God bless the Prince of Wales," displayed Norwich in a leal and exuberant mood. Then Sir Julius resigned his baton to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, whose province it was to conduct his own "Te Deum." There is no need to traverse trodden ground in criticizing this work, the solos of which were sung with excellent effect by Mlle. Titiens, and attentively listened to by the audience. "To thee Cherubim and Seraphim;" and "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man" had a specially happy issue, thanks to the great art of the vocalist. The "Te Deum" over, Sir Julius Benedict resumed the baton, and the performances recommenced with Haydn's "*Creation*," first and second parts. The soprano solos of the first part were assigned to Mlle Titiens, and those of the second part to Mme. Florence Lancia. The tenor and bass solos of the first part were sung respectively by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley; those of the second part by Mr. Cummings and Mr. Patey, Mr Kerridge taking the tenor part in the trio, "Most beautiful appear."

Tuesday was a secular day, the chief features of the evening programme being Mr Macfarren's new Cantata, "Outward bound," and Mr. F. H. Cowen's Festival Overture, both works being written *ad hoc*.

Mr. Macfarren's music is built upon Mr. John Oxenford's verse. The action is carried on by three characters—a mermaid, a sailor, and a sailor's wife—with chorus of sailors and their lasses. The work consists of six divisions—"The Embarkation," "The Sailor's Wife," "Weighing Anchor," "The Mermaid," "The Sailor and his Messmates," and "The Storm." The scene is laid in Yarmouth Roads. There is a chorus (in D major) expressive of the hopes of the sailors starting on their voyage. Then comes a contralto song (in G minor) for the sailor's wife—a simple, plaintive melody expressive of grief at the husband's departure. Admirably sung by Mme. Patey, it was stormily received, and when published is likely to be welcome in drawing-rooms. The next number is a short chorus in G major for male voices representing the weighing of the anchor and treated as "yo-ho" songs are conventionally treated on the stage. Number Four is a more ambitious piece of workmanship—the Mermaid Song, "Hark to me." The elaborations of this composition are somewhat in excess. The orchestral devices are ingenious and the voice part wrought out with florid effect and passages of immense difficulty. Mr. Macfarren's view of a mermaid is evidently as of one who has

Suffered a sea-change
Into something new and strange,

and whose singing should consequently be marvellous. But the "*wundersame gewaltige Melodei*" which his mermaid has to sing is beyond the capacity of most singers, though Mme. Florence Lancia came nobly out of the ordeal. The instrumentation however was the chief feature of the number. The following piece, "The sailor and his messmates," is a tenor song and chorus of commonplace character inserted sandwich fashion between the two important efforts. For No. 6, "The Storm" is even more aspiring than No 4, "The Mermaid's Song." Storms have been done ere now in symphony and opera and overture; and Mr Macfarren has hardly an thing new to paint. We have the familiar drum-thunder, chromatic lightning, and staccato hail; the wind gathers its forces together on the dominant of D minor and discharges itself on the chord of B-flat major, in which key the rain swells, the waves smash, the men shout and the women scream. Over it all glints the mermaid, whose voice is nearly drowned by thumping drums and resonant brass. The result is in fact chaotic; Mr. Macfarren however knows that sea-storms are usually that, and therefore his picture is successful. Amid the hubbub comes a call for the lifeboat, wherein the crew embark and are rescued. A short duet of felicitation between the sailor and his wife, a general choral prayer, and a jubilant coda, bring the Cantata to a close. Some wholly irreconcileable opinions have been put forth as to the merit of the Cantata as a whole. The truth lies between two extremes: the work is neither a masterpiece nor a fiasco, but a composition in the well known manner of Macfarren—reminiscent as to style, familiar as to phrases, nowhere out of the way, in nothing startling and in nothing contemptible. The hand of the skilled musician is visible in all, and the workmanship only becomes feeble when too much is attempted. "Outward Bound" may probably be repeated in concert-rooms: the storm however is a mistake.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's Festival Overture is a lively work, in which he reverts frequently to the dance rhythm, rendered still more attractive by bright and clever instrumentation. Written for a festival, it does not belie its jubilant claim. A chorus by Mr. Hugh Pierson formed another feature of this concert. Mr Pierson is a Norwich man—one of those rare prophets who are appreciated in their own country. "Ye mariners of England" was sung with will and kindly received. Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" overture in E opened the concert—finely. Mdme. Trebelli sang Mercadante's "Or sull' onda" to rapturous applause, and Mlle. Albani came, saw, and conquered Norwich in the mad song from "*Lucia*," while Mr. Santley gave in magnificent style Hatton's setting to Herrick's poem "To Anthea." The good service lent by Mr. Cummings as the sailor in the new Cantata must not be left out of mention. Indeed Mr Cummings, Mme. Lancia and Mme. Patey were all *sans reproche*, and invested their respective numbers with all possible interest. As much can scarcely be said for the chorus.

(To be continued.)

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Slumber Song. 4. B to f. *Franz*. Arr. for 4 voices by *Dow*. 60

"Rest thee, my Sweet, in the shadow
Of the greenly glimmering grove."

It required some hardihood in Mr. Dow to touch, with an idea of improvement, one of the perfect works of Franz. But the arrangement into 4 parts is very skilfully done, and the result is a beautiful quartet. Indeed, considering that the chief beauty in Franz's songs lies in deftly woven harmonies, it may be doubted whether one would not enjoy them more in this style than the other.

Meeting! For Soprano or Tenor. 4. *Eb* to *g*. *Millard*. 50

"I watch for thee at evening,
And chide the weary time."

Very much in the style of "Waiting," which has been extremely popular. More properly a *scena* than a song, and is well calculated for success in a concert.

Fly, little Song, to my Love. 4. *Db* to d. *W. A. Smith*. 30

Sing to him. "Love and Lover must part,
True love is stronger than death."

Very pretty. Charming sentiment and sweet melody.

Thoughts. 4. *Ab* to *g*. *Gabriel*. 35

"I sit in the old loved nook
When the moon, like a silver sea."

Quite elaborate in its arrangement, and "Gabriel-like."

Oh, would that I were there. 3. G to f. *Millard*. 35

"My thoughts all fly to thee
Like joyous birds!"

A beautiful ballad.

The Meadow Stile. 3. A to f. *M. F. H. Smith*. 30

"The royal purple light died out
Upon the silent sky;—

Very well *written*, which is half the battle. A very good specimen of the "gate" "stile" of ballads.

Star of the Twilight. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. *Emerson*. 30

"Star of the twilight,
Beautiful Star!"

Words familiar, but the arrangement of the music (by R. S. Crandall) is new and very good.

We will vote as we pray. Song & Cho. 2. C to f. *Miss Morris*. 30

National Song of the Good Templars. Song and Cho. 2. G to e. *Miss Morris*. 25

"Rally, rally, this is the way,
To vote as you pray."

Very good Temperance songs, as they are very easy and melodious, and such ones are always in request.

Little Maud's waiting for me. 3. *Ab* to f. *Geary*. 30

"In the dell where the brooklets gently flowing
On the bench neath the old Willow tree."

One of Mr Geary's perfectly charming ballads, with pretty accompaniment.

From the Cross uplifted high. Hymn Anthem. 3. F to *g*. *Miss Boyd*. 35

"Spread for thee the festal board,
See, with richest bounty stored."

This very beautiful, but not difficult piece has been sung with marked success, previous to or during Sacramental occasions, and should be in possession of all choirs.

### Instrumental.

Cupid's Heart Mazurka. 3. *Bb*. *Lowell*. 30

A neat, natty, Cupid's quality to this, out of the line of common Mazurka music, and which is very pleasing, and renders the title very appropriate.

Fleur des Champs. Bluette Musicale. 4. *Bb*. *Clara Gottschalk*. 40

The direction, *con delicatezza*, in one part of this charming piece indicates its general character. It is indeed a delicate, sweet bluette (or little flower) of melody, such as a refined, delicate lady should compose, and other ladies like. Try it.

Juristen Waltz. Quartet on 2 Pianos. *Strauss*, arr'd by *Hahr*. 1.50

The way to make anything sell, just now, is to put the magic name of Strauss on the title. The fine waltz loses nothing by the 2 Piano arrangement, and appears just in time for Seminary scholars, who need something brilliant for the next *soirées*.

Fourth Barcarolle. With Portrait. 5. G. *Rubinstein*. 50

In the common style of a marked melody with accompaniment in both hands. The running accompaniment in this case consists principally of successions of 3ds and 6ths. General effect, smooth, melodious, classical. Possibly should be marked 6 instead of 5. Within the reach of a common player, but of course receives new grace from the practiced hand of a master.

Belle Espagnolle. Fragment de Salon. 4. *Db*. *Krug*. 50

Very elegant.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 824. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1872. VOL. XXXII. NO. 16.

## Moscheles in London.

[Further Extracts from the Memoirs. Translated for this Journal. Continued from page 314.]

1822.

The Paris season is at an end, and now Moscheles readily follows the invitation of friends to return to London. "There I found J. B. Cramer just on the point of giving his annual concert. He showed me two pieces of a Sonata which he would like to play in it with me, and he expressed the wish that I would compose a third piece to it for a Finale; only I must please put none of my octave passages into his part, as he cannot play them. I can refuse him nothing, so I must exert myself to make something analogous to him, the disciple of Mozart and Handel. He let me hear a portion of his new Piano Quintet dedicated to me; a genuine Cramer composition. I had to play over to him the three *Allegri di bravura*: 'La Force, la Légèreté et la Caprice,' which I dedicate to him."

The piece which Moscheles wrote, in all haste for Cramer's concert, as an appendix to his Sonata, is the Allegro of the well known "*Hommage à Händel*," to which he afterwards gave a completeness in itself, by composing an Introduction to it; and in this form he published it for two pianos, and then again for four hands upon one piano. This novelty made a *furore* on its first performance in Cramer's Concert on the 9th of May. "Glorious John" and Moscheles, of whom the newspapers asserted that "his execution is most wonderful, and more wonderful because he always makes the right use of his genius,"—to hear these two play *together*, and in a composition at which both had labored—that was "an unrivalled treat, an unprecedented attraction." Each had chosen a Broadwood instrument for the purpose; Cramer as usual, Moscheles only for this occasion. "The strong metallic plates which Broadwood uses make the touch heavy (as Moscheles remarks), but they give the tone a fulness and a singing character admirably suited for Cramer's *legato*, for his finger gliding from tone to tone so softly; I, on the contrary, for my repeating notes, leaps and passages in thirds and sixths, use Clementi's more flexible mechanism." Cramer's D-minor Concerto and the new Quintet, accompanied by his brother François, the favorite 'cellist Lindley, besides Dragonetti and Moralt, pleased infinitely. This Fr. Cramer was a good musician, a great admirer of his brother, with no power of original production.

* * * *

Moscheles played his G-minor Concerto, which he had subjected to some alteration, for the first time in the Philharmonic and afterwards in his own concert, receiving much applause. In the latter he was supported by the charming Cinti, Kiesewetter and Dizi, the excellent harp player. All went well and effectively together. "But we have rehearsed things in a very different way from what is customary here; for often they have no rehearsal at all; often half an orchestra runs through things once. So what do the singers do? They sing incessantly the few pieces which the orchestra knows and which the public are never tired of hearing."

A few days afterwards he writes: "What are all other concerts in comparison with that of the harp-player charlatan Bochsa! I have only heard a little rehearsal of it, but I here write down the programme, although even that is a gigantic labor." In fact the incredible length of that concert is worth recording as a curiosity: here is the programme:

1. Overture to the Oratorio: "The Redemption," by Handel.
2. Aria, sung by Bellamy.
3. Air from "Joshua," Miss Goodall.
4. Duet: "Israel in Egypt."
5. Chorus.
6. Air from "Judas Maccabæus."
7. " "Semele."
8. " "Theodora."
9. Chorus from "Saul."
10. March from "Judas Maccabæus."
11. Air from "The Redemption."
12. Chorus from "Israel in Egypt."
13. Duet from "Figaro."
14. Alexander Variations ("played by myself.")

SECOND PART,

[To which the Public were admitted for half price].

15 to 20. Six pieces from a musical Drama: "Bajazet," the music by a Lord Burghersh.
21. Violin Concerto by Viotti, played by Mori.
22. Recit. and Chorus from "Moses," by Rossini.
23. Quintet.
24. Duet from "Figaro," by Mme. Camporese and Cartool.
25. Air from "Jephtha."
26. Duet from "Tancredi," by Mme. Vestris and Begrez.
27. Rec. and Air from "The Creation," sung by Zuchelli.
28. Rec. and Air from Handel's "Il Penseroso," sung by Miss Stephens, with obligato flute accompaniment by Nicholson.
29. Final Chorus from Beethoven's "Christ at the Mt. of Olives."

This gigantic programme throws even Astley's theatre into the shade, where on one evening they produce "a Scotch Hercules, divers rope-dancers, two Laplanders, two dogs and a bear."

The grand soirées to which Moscheles was invited, "to play before the high and highest nobility," were utterly against his taste. "What a different thing," he exclaims, "is music making in these hot, crowded places, before an unappreciative public, from our reunions among brother artists! Thank God! I never fared so badly as poor Lafont, whom the Duke of Devonshire tapped on the shoulder in the middle of a piece with '*C'est assez, mon cher*;' I am applauded if I tickle their ears."

The bright side of the picture was good pay and the making of a career. There is also something honorable in being invited to a Chateaubriand's; and it is always very interesting to have taken part in the soirées of the great world. There one meets everybody, princes, statesmen, men of science, and has an opportunity to come in closer contact with interesting persons. Moscheles enjoyed particularly the acquaintance of the celebrated *tragedienne* Mrs. Siddons, and the distinguished actor Young, whom he praised as an extremely cultivated, amiable man.

* * * *

1823.

The year begins with preparations for a new journey to England, on which he started in the middle of January. As in the preceding year he had moved about between Paris and Versailles, Rouen and other French cities, so now he hovered between London, Bath, Bristol, &c., being sought for both in the great metropolis and in the provinces. Young ladies wished in a few lessons to learn a fragment of his astonishing way of playing. They could not, to be sure, catch his gift of improvisation by listening to him "in a few finishing lessons;" for that required, besides the greatest musical reading, his inborn talent for letting the given theme vanish and reappear kaleidoscopically in ever new, surprising turns. But the repeating notes, thought these gentle ladies, and the rolling uniformity of the running passages, they also could acquire; and so the provinces gladly disputed his possession with great London.

To enchain him the longer, in their eagerness to learn, the ladies in Bath and in the environs of this great watering place, besides his engagements with concert managers, arranged soirées in the first private houses. He had only to come, to play, to pocket his laurels loaded with golden blossoms, and occasionally give a few lessons. In Bath he praises particularly the hospitality of the family of Barlows. "I am like a son in their open house; always my chamber is ready for me, and Miss Barlow is my most talented pupil too." Farther on we find some remarks about a Concerto in E major, which he began in this house and diligently wrought out.

But there is no lack also of droll notices. Thus among other things we find a ludicrous *quid pro quo* which happened to him, as a novice in the English language at the table of the Barlows. "I was asked to-day at the dessert, which of the fruits standing on the table I would take. 'Some sneers,' I innocently replied. Then followed first amazement, then loud laughter from all present who guessed the connection. Drawing my English with great labor then from conversation books and dictionaries, I had found '*not to care a fig*' defined '*to sneer at a person*,' and so supposed that *fig* and *sneer* were equally synonymous at the dessert (whereas the form was only figuratively used in the first instance)."

. . . . Later we find Moscheles in London again: He writes: "I was at a so-called Oratorio Concert, one part Sacred, the other Secular. The public seemed to find the former rather too much for them, for they raved and stormed because certain pieces promised from the *Donna del Lago* were omitted." He was engaged for three of these concerts, and was satisfied with his success. "The public," he adds, "this time could be in good humor, since not only the recently omitted pieces from the *Donna del Lago*, but whole numbers of the opera were served up to them." Another time he writes: "To-day the Oratorio Concert gave, among other things, along with a deal of secular music, the whole Oratorio "Palestine" by Dr. Crotch. How are the nerves organized, that can endure so much heterogeneous music? And yet this Dr. Crotch, this English celebrity, seemed to me but a very weak cast of Handel." Later, when Moscheles hears *La Donna del Lago* at the Italian Opera, he finds that the music contains much that is beautiful; "the most beautiful, unquestionably, the charming Ronzi de Begnis with her lovely singing."

His chief occupation at this time was the composition of the E major Concerto; besides which the Scotch Fantasia, the altered F-major Concerto and the four-hand Sonata were prepared for the engraver. "I wrote a *Gigue* for the supplement to the musical journal, the *Harmonicon*, the publisher of which, Mr. Walsh, proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, begged me to send him what I pleased; he pays 5 guineas for such a little thing. The '*Charmes de Paris*' brought me 20 guineas, and the first part of the '*Bonbonnière*' the same. In spite of this I let much manuscript music lie unpublished; mere pecuniary advantage is not all I want; I must feel that there is progress, that there are no special faults in the new things; else I would rather not let them go out." In leisure hours he made a new arrangement of the *Egmont* Overture, and he used to call anything of that sort his "manual labor."

Every one who stood near Moscheles, knew what accuracy he required in the engraving of his compositions. His engravers had the most careful instructions as to where the leaves might be turned over; every note head had to stand precisely in its place, every pause to be distinctly legible. "A little," he used to say, "contributes to precise playing, as well as to the

right understanding of the piece; and if a man affects the rôle of a great genius, and writes so indistinctly that no engraver can read him, and his piece comes out full of faults, he is still no Beethoven by a long shot. *He* may do anything, but he has also his own engraver who knows how to read him. They should all in the first place compose like Beethoven; then they may write as they please."

[To be Continued.]

## Our Theatre Orchestras.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November).

Among other questions of more or less vital importance to the musical cultivation of our people, there is one which forces itself irresistibly upon our notice, namely, the musical performances at our theatres. There is probably not a theatre in the country that does not boast something in the shape of an orchestra, which, besides furnishing such occasional music as may be required in the course of the drama itself, regales the audience with "choice and varied selections of new and popular music" between the acts. As a subject for æsthetic contemplation, the theatre "orchestra" is at best a dispiriting one; but in spite of the fact that it is, as at present conducted and constituted, in nine cases out of ten an almost unmitigated evil, we are not inclined to look upon it as a wholly hopeless case. The question whether music ought or ought not to be introduced between the acts of plays is an interesting one for abstract æsthetic discussion, but is unfortunately of no practical value. Whatever may be our opinion as to what ought or ought not to be is little to the purpose in this case, as playwrights, managers, and orchestral players have long since settled what *shall be*. Dramatic authors from Shakespeare down to the sensationalists of our own day have introduced music into their dramas; musicians cannot be hired for less than a whole evening, and managers can never be persuaded to support an orchestra without "getting their full money's worth," or, in other words, making them play as much as possible. The theatre orchestra may then be regarded as an unavoidable fact. But it is the vile quality of the thing that we must principally protest against, rather than its possible inappropriateness. With lamentably few exceptions the musical interludes at our theatres are very poor, both as to the music performed, and the manner of performance. To be sure the management of the theatre have, at the outset, little reason to suppose that the audience is of a particularly musical cast. They have not come together with any distinctly musical intent, and whatever of music is introduced during the evening will no doubt be regarded by most listeners as merely a conventional make-weight in the entertainment. But it may be fairly supposed that a certain proportion of the audience are in some measure musically cultivated, or, at the very least, musically disposed, and we cannot see how the theatre management would lose by furnishing music that would be enjoyed by the more cultivated portion of the public, instead of more than boring them by such musical trash as is merely tolerated by the unmusical portion to whom good and bad music are equally indifferent. Of all perverted developments in the fine arts, bad music is the most insufferable. We can shut our eyes against bad drawing or false combinations of colors, and can turn away from bad sculpture and architecture with contemptuous indifference; but when bad music comes upon the field, there is nothing for it but patient suffering or ignominious flight. The "music" that the audience is doomed to listen to at many of our best theatres is beyond all doubt a serious drawback to the enjoyment of quite a considerable portion of our theatre-going public. The musical part of the audience constitute indeed a minority, but a cultivated minority have rights that are to be respected, especially where the uncultivated majority are manifestly indifferent.

To look at once at the darkest side of the picture, there is one point in our theatre orchestras about which the many are unfortunately *not* indifferent, and that is the cornet à pistons. It would be difficult to estimate the harm that has been done the popular musical taste and to musical performances in general by this, we had almost said diabolical, little instrument. Through its great popularity with the masses it has gradually crept from the lowest place in the orchestra up to the first and highest. It dominates the whole orchestra, and everything has to give way before it. A good cornet soloist draws a higher salary at some of our theatres than any but the leading violinist. As a solo instrument, the cornet has the smallest pretensions to anything beyond a certain penetrating brilliancy of tone, fascinating at first, but inexpressive and, after a while, most tediously monotonous. By means of modern mechanism the flexibility and power of rapid execution of the instrument have been greatly increased, but only just enough to tempt the skilful performer to try to push his instrument out of its proper sphere and to do things with it which no composer in his senses ever intended to be done. What the Rev. H. R. Haweis says of the amateur flute and cornet may be applied with equal force and justice to the professional cornet player:—

"There is a composure about the flute and cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done."* In listening to some of the difficult variations, full of rapid running passages, *fioriture* and prolonged double-tonguing, that are attempted by cornet players, even such masters of the instrument as Levy, Sylvestre, or our own admirable Arbuckle, we cannot help a sympathetic recall of Dr. Johnson's: "Difficult, madam! Would that it were impossible!" Hector Berlioz, in his work on instrumentation, speaks thus of the cornet: "The cornet à pistons is very much the fashion in France to-day, especially in certain musical circles where elevation and purity of style are not considered as very essential qualities; it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for contra-dances, galops, airs with variations, and other second rate compositions. Continually hearing it, as we now do in ball rooms, orchestras, executing melodies more or less wanting in originality and refinement of style, combined with the character of its *timbre*, which has neither the nobility of the tones of the horn nor the haughty brilliancy of those of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet à pistons into the high, melodic style of considerable difficulty. It can figure there, however, with advantage, but only rarely and on the condition of having only to sing phrases in a broad, slow movement and of an incontestible dignity. . . . Joyous melodies on this instrument will always risk the loss of much of their nobility, if they possess any, and if they are wanting in it, a redoubling of their triviality. A phrase which might seem tolerable when executed by the violins or the wooden wind instruments, would become odiously insipid and vulgar when thrown out into relief by the pungent, flaunting, unabashed tones of the cornet à pistons."

If this were the only evil, it might be perhaps bearable; but the cornet having, as we have said, gained almost undivided supremacy over all other instruments in the orchestra, has, very like a prime minister in office, given prominent positions to some of its less lucky relations. When any instrument plays a solo, the rest of the orchestra naturally expects to be thrown into the shade; but human lips are not made of cast-iron, neither are human lungs made of leather, and there is a limit to even a cornet player's powers of endurance, and he cannot play solos all the time. If when not dazzling the public by his lovelorn screaming and pyrotechnic flourishes in a solo, the cornet could only be allowed to repose on his hard-earned laurels, and give the rest of the orchestra a chance! But no. Like the *comprimario* singer in our opera troops, who, "when not required by the business of his part, will please help in the chorus," the cornet, when not playing solos, must take its natural place in the body of instruments and do duty with the rest. But one cornet in an orchestra of the size we usually find in our theatres, is like Walter Brown pulling a fourteen-foot oar on one side of the boat and half a dozen children paddling with shingles on the other. The equilibrium of forces is destroyed. Thus we find that one cornet cannot exist without a second, and last, but by no means least, a trombone.

We might fill a volume in detailing the various abuses that this latter instrument has been put to, but will content ourselves with again quoting from Berlioz: "Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others have understood the whole importance of the *rôle* of the trombone; they have applied with perfect intelligence the various characters of this noble instrument to painting human passions and reproducing the sounds of nature; they have consequently preserved its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it, as a crowd of composers do to-day, to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases, less worthy of the sacred temple than of a tavern, to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is only question of a dancer's *pirouette*, to strum chords of the tonic and dominant for a little song which a guitar would suffice to accompany, to mingle its Olympian voice in the poverty-stricken melody of a vaudeville duet, or the frivolous noise of a contra-dance, to prepare in the *tutti* of a concerto for the triumphal advent of an oboe or a flute, is to impoverish and degrade a magnificent individuality, to make a slave and buffoon of a hero, to discolorise the orchestra, to render impotent and useless all rational progression of instrumental forces, to undo the past, present, and future of art, to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or show a want of sentiment and expression that approaches to stupidity." This has more direct reference to the abuse of the trombone in writing for full orchestra, but applies with double force to our small theatre orchestras, where the ridiculously small proportion of strings and reeds gives additional prominence to the brass. But bad as this arrangement of orchestral forces is, many not altogether bad effects might be drawn from it, were the music performed only well arranged for the number and quality of the instruments employed. This however, is rarely the case. The music performed is generally written for full orchestra, which means an orchestra capable of filling at least eighteen and often twenty-four *instrumental parts*. When such music is played by only twelve or fourteen instruments, it may well be asked, What becomes of the remaining parts? The answer is simple: They must shift for themselves, and the piece do without them as best it can. In some cases music composed for full orchestra, such as light overtures, potpourris, dance music, etc., is published with a view to being performed by a smaller number of instruments than it was originally written for, and some arrangement has been made by which one instrument can take the place of another when absolutely necessary. But these "arrangements for a small orchestra" are very rarely well done; the only object seeming to be to prevent an awkward silence in the middle of a piece where the absence of some solo instrument would leave a disconcerting gap, little or no attention being paid to restoring the dynamic balance of the harmony which the absence of so many instruments from the orchestra must unavoidably destroy. Exceptional combinations of instruments, which our theatre orchestras most certainly are in the history of orchestration, require exceptional treatment, and where instruments have double duty to do, they cannot be treated as if they were only filling their normal place in the orchestra.

But we have dwelt long enough upon this side of the question, and are in truth rather sick of fault finding. In spite of the many and great imperfections of our theatre orchestras, we can see even now indications of how great improvements could be made in them with very little trouble, and how the musical part of theatrical entertainments might be made no despicable agent in improving the popular taste in music, instead of being as they now are a mere drag on popular musical education. And here let no enthusiast for "popular music" imagine for a moment that we would preach the playing of Beethoven symphonies, Bach fugues, or Haydn quartets between the acts at our theatre. We are always glad to hear Strauss waltzes and some of the better class of polkas and mazurkas, many of which can be easily brought within the executive scope of a few instruments. Operatic potpourris we would heartily protest against, as being in the first place an insult to the composer of the opera, and secondly as being perhaps the lowest conceivable form of music, if that can be called a form which has no form or logical development whatever. We have called the operatic potpourri the lowest musical form, but we had almost forgotten those most hideous agglomerations of tunes known as the "medley of popular airs" and the "burlesque overture." The two forms of composition are really one and the same, differing only in name, and are in fact nothing more than the vulgarest popular airs, such as we hear whistled in our streets by bootblacks and newspaper boys, thrown together without rhyme or reason, and most villanously put upon the orchestra. Far better than these are the German "bouquets of melodies," Conradi's "Melodiensträusse," for instance, which are keenly enjoyable even by cultivated musicians. These "bouquets" consist of bits of different melodies, often not more than four or five bars of each one, thrown together pellmell, and following upon each other's heels in such quick succession that it often requires the closest attention on the part of the listener to detect where one air changes to another. Thus little bits from operas, symphonies, oratorios, national airs, waltzes, sentimental ballads, and Scotch hornpipes are reeled off before the audience in most bewildering confusion and often with irresistibly comic effect. The "bouquet" arranger has of course an eye to the most glaring and ridiculous contrasts in these sudden changes of theme, and the way in which one air merges into another is at times quite startling. We have heard Handel's *Lascia ch'io pianga* followed so closely by Arditi's *Il Bacio* that it was impossible to tell where the one stopped and the other began. Of course these things have no more form than the potpourri, but they are written

* Music and Morals, p. 441, New York edition.

with manifestly comic intent, and we would no more quarrel with their formlessness than with Artemus Ward's spelling or Hans Breitmann's grammar. That musical wit and humor should be so well appreciated as it actually is by the mass of our audiences is in itself a hopeful sign for the future. Comic variations on any well-known theme are always keenly enjoyed whenever heard. Those astounding bits of musical humor where the piccolo, flute and trombone play a theme in alternate bars, where an air is tossed about all over the orchestra from the first violin to the kettle-drums, where the man with the clarinet "quacks" up from a low note to a high one in most sea-sick *portamento*, and the double bass squeaks in high harmonics, to be answered by an angry growl from the depths of the bassoon,—are cheap means, perhaps, from any high artistic point of view, for raising a laugh, but more grateful to our ears than cornet cavatinas, badly arranged overtures, or vulgar dance hall music.

When the play performed is of such a nature as to make things of this sort out of place between the acts, the question what to play becomes one of very serious difficulty. Light music of any kind is out of place between the acts of Shakespeare tragedies or in fact of any serious plays, and we shudder at the thought of confiding any really fine music to many of our theatre orchestras. Some of them, to be sure, are capable of producing fine compositions of the simpler sort in quite a passable manner, and they have this advantage over most of the orchestras at our classical concerts, that they are accustomed to play together seven or eight times a week. In some cases it is only a deficiency in numbers that prevents them from being quite good and effective orchestras. The only way that we can see out of the difficulty is, that whatever good music they are called upon to play should be *arranged by a competent musician especially for the instruments at his command, with a view to combining those instruments to the best advantage.*

## Anton Rubinstein.

The following sketch of Rubinstein is the work of an eminent German critic and writer upon dramatic subjects. This English version has been prepared for the *Advertiser* by a gentleman of great culture and of marked skill as a translator.

Anton Rubinstein was born in the village of Wechsvetynetz in Russian Bes-Arabia on the 30th of November (18th O. S.) in the year 1830. Early in life he exhibited marked musical talent, and at the age of six years he was placed under Villoing for instruction. In 1840 he went with his teacher to Paris: but failing, on account of his foreign birth, to secure his admission to the *Conservatoire*, then under the leadership of Cherubini, Villoing had recourse to the bold measure of introducing the young pianist to the Parisian public in the concert room; this at a time, too, when the public had the opportunity of hearing Chopin, Thalberg and other celebrities, and when Franz Liszt was there in the zenith of his fame. But the bold venture proved a most brilliant success. At once favorably impressed by his Beethoven-like head and the grave, mature dignity of his bearing, the audience followed him with rapt attention, and when Liszt first nodded his head approvingly and finally caught up the little fellow in his arms and, kissing him, joyfully exclaimed "*Das wird der Erbe meines Spieles*," the enthusiasm of the public broke forth in a thunder-storm of applause and the name of Rubinstein was established.

After spending a year and a half in Paris, engaged in the comprehensive study of music, he went to London, where he made the acquaintance and won the regard of Mendelssohn. His youth induced his father to call him home for a time, but in 1844 he was placed under the instruction of "Old Dehn," the celebrated contrapuntist in Berlin. While studying thorough-bass under Dehn, he enjoyed the society of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, both of whom took an earnest interest in him and endeavored with kindly sympathy to confine the rushing and unbridled talent of the young son of the Steppes within moderated and regulated bounds. This double influence was most beneficial to Rubinstein's genius. The wild grandeur of his "Asiatic" nature, that involuntarily struggled to break through, found under the wise moderation of "Old Dehn" the path to truth, and, assisted by the fine discrimination of Mendelssohn, the path to beauty.

A sonata for piano and violoncello (the manuscript of which was lost by Dehn) and a series of songs and piano *morceaux* published in this period, testify to the chastened taste of the young composer.

Upon his father's death in 1846, young Rubinstein, now 17 years of age, was left to his own resources. He formed the plan of going to America, but first sought counsel of his old master, Dehn, who strongly dissuaded him from his purpose, and induced him to remain in Berlin, where he gave instruction on the piano until 1849, and composed his first notable works. The six "Songs of the People," after texts of Löwenstein, are still reckoned among his most original compositions. Much that was written during these years in a feverish impulse, Rubinstein subsequently recast, or, with the severe self criticism peculiar to himself, condemned and destroyed. From this period, however, date the charming "*Persische Lieder*" (Persian Songs), and his two important piano concertos. A singular adventure overtook him soon after, when on a journey home to see his mother. His pass, together with many manuscripts, all contained in his trunk, were lost with it, and the Russian police sent the suspected stranger to St. Petersburg under a strong escort, and from there conducted him—though not to Siberia—yet to a fortress or some similar undesirable locality to which passless individuals are sent in Russia. The romantic expedient which Salvator Rosa had successfully used with the Italian brigands, and which Donizetti after him is said to have repeated in improvising the "*Elisir d' amore*" to establish his identity, failed with the Russian police, who, although Rubinstein offered to prove his identity upon the piano, remained stolidly immovable. At last the Grand Duchess Helene happened to hear of his adventure, and, effecting his release, the noble, art-loving lady sought to draw him to the musical circles of her court, and permanently attached him to it as chamber virtuoso. Here he had opportunities for a three fold development. As pianist he shone in the courts and public concerts. The imperial government had never (as has been erroneously stated by biography) given him an opportunity to show himself as a director. But he founded a conservatory in St. Petersburg in combination with an institute for larger orchestral renderings, at the head of which he stood for nine years, a service which merits the undying gratitude of his native country. He now found occasion to study and penetrate into the very soul of the great classic symphonies and oratorios of the masters, in the artistic production of which he is now hardly excelled by any living director.

His most important achievements, however, were as a composer. A national Russian opera, "Dmitri Donski," was brought out in 1850, and three lesser operas, "Die Sibirischen Jäger" (the Siberian Hunters), "Toms, der Narr" (Toms the Fool), and "Die Rache" (Revenge) were produced in the two succeeding years. The mighty piano sonata, op. 41, the sonata for piano and 'cello, and the Ocean Symphony, with its first movement of unsurpassed grandeur, all date from this period. His excellent string quartets, op. 47, the superb trios in G-flat and B sharp,* and several collections of most charming "*Klavier-Stücke*" and songs that soon formed with Schubert's and Schumann's song compositions an inestimable treasure of the entire musical world, followed each other in rapid succession. His oratorio, "*Das verlorene Paradies*" (Paradise Lost), that records, though in the most independent manner, his sympathy with Mendelssohn, places him in this field also with the foremost of his predecessors. His great opera, "Die Kinder der Haide" (The Children of the Heath), produced in a masterly manner at the court opera in Vienna, was enthusiastically received. A second German opera "Feramors" (the material from "Lalla Rookh") met with high appreciation at the court theatre in Dresden and in other German theatres. His musical character sketches, "Faust" and "Iwan the Cruel," his quartet for piano and three-string instruments and his oratorio "Der Thormbau von Babel" (The building of the tower of Babel) have more recently fully established his reputation. At present he is at work upon a biblical opera, "Moses," and upon one of a romantic, fantastical character, the materials for which are taken from Sermontof's "Demon."

His stay in St. Petersburg suffered but one interruption, in 1854, when he made a concert tour through Germany, England and France, which was one unbroken triumph.

Celebrated as an artist, and satisfied by the flourishing success of the conservatory founded by him, he yet felt that in St. Petersburg he was too far removed from the focus of artist life and action, and he therefore determined upon removing either to Paris or Vienna. The events of the year 1870 decided him to take his family to Vienna, where he accepted the honorable post of director of the "Gesellchaft der Musikfreunde" (Association of the Friends of Music.)

Rubinstein, as stated above, is 41 years old, but his appearance does not indicate his age. His lithe, elastic body bears a head with a massive brow, crowned with luxuriant hair. Although the somewhat depressed nose and the comparatively small eyes proclaim the Russian type, the head, especially in moments when as conductor or at the piano every nerve of his countenance plays with inspiration and enthusiasm, reminds decidedly of Beethoven. But it is by no means to be supposed that Rubinstein is one of those nervous, fidgety artists who wear the expression of their animation and enthusiasm purposely or inconsiderately on the surface in order to make a theatrical impression on their audience. Nothing is farther from the character of Rubinstein and more abhorrent to him than outward show. On the contrary he carries his severe simplicity and freedom from all affectation so far, looking only to the just interpretation of the work he may be playing or conducting, that he has repeatedly been accused of puritanical severity.

But it is this very unadorned genuineness and unpretending simplicity which is the leading trait of his character, and by which he regulates his whole life. Although a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, he and his house, which is always open to the highest and most cultivated society, are of the simplest, most unassuming modesty, and his manner in every exigency of his life shows a modest adaptation to the situation and a total absence of personal vanity—yet combined with the most determined self-reliance and the most utter sinking himself in his task—qualities that contrast favorably with the well-known pretentious manner of many "artists." But while he shows the most amiable affability with his colleagues and with young artists and amateurs, he delights in treating the so-called "great" in society with sovereign artist pride. Wholly insensible to all external marks of honor, titles, orders and flattering praises, he nevertheless demands with iron determination the proper respect and attention due to a true artist. It is well known that he abruptly cut short a piano recital at the Russian court, when the conversation of their highnesses interrupted; and to a northern potentate, who played whist while Rubinstein performed, and who sent him a decoration on the next day, he returned it with the message that he could not have merited it, since Serenissimus had not listened to him at all. The personal apology of the sovereign was tendered upon the succeeding day.

He delights in receiving friends in his own house, which, however often he may change his residence, at once becomes the centre of attraction and gathering-point of all music lovers. His wife, the daughter of a Russian counsellor of state, Tchikonanoff by name, who has presented him with three charming children during the six years of their married life, stands worthily by his side as most amiable of hostesses and highly cultivated art-connoisseurs. She accompanies him to the scene of his new triumphs.

Of his piano playing it is difficult to speak adequately. Moscheles in his day was lauded as the founder of a new school of piano technique. From his school date the energetic attack—the "volubility" of the fingers, the conquest of technical difficulties—in short, the whole dazzling apparatus by means of which so many pianists have attained to universal celebrity. In Rubinstein everything that manual technique can present is concentrated. There are no difficulties for his fingers; he even invents difficulties never dreamed of, in order to conquer them in his playing, and some of his compositions can therefore be played adequately by no one but himself. When Thalberg held his triumphal march, it was the elegance and grace of his delivery which entranced the whole world. Under his aristocratic fingers the keys gave forth melodies like song. Now hear Rubinstein sing Chopin or play Rossini's *Gondolier*, and you seem to hear the magic of the song itself accompanied by the softly tremulous chords of the mandoline. One is led to expect his titanic strength from his mighty hands and his massive head: and it is in the massive, the grand, one might say the *symphonic* of piano playing that Rubinstein has found his true domain. Beethoven rushes forth from under his fingers like a gigantic torrent, a piano sonata becomes a symphony, a symphony played by him on the piano sounds like an orchestral rendering. The listener fancies he sees a Briareus with one hundred hands, for the *forte* rises above itself and mounts to an overpowering volume of sound. Yet each phrase is clear and intelligently expressive, and there is an affinity between the great tone-poet and his interpreter, who bodies forth thoughts not dreamt of in the interpretation of others.

Here Rubinstein is aided by an almost fabulous memory, playing the entire classic *repertoire* from recollection, and his recitals thus seem like improvisation. Then when you hear him accompany some song of Schubert or Schumann you will ask yourself in amazement whether it be the singer or the accompanist who sings. It is this unbounded versatility of his genius, furnishing perfection in every requirement, that has made him sole monarch in the realm

* Probably a mistranslation for *G minor* and *B-flat major*.—Ed.

of the pianoforte. A concert of Rubinstein's needs no other artist's assistance, no other numbers. The charm of variety in his rendering has made it possible for him to give unaided and alone four concerts in one season that filled the vast Concert Halle in Vienna to the dome. Yet though no numbers but his own were on the programme his audiences were never weary and never satisfied, demanding *encores* at the close of each concert with perfect storms of applause.

---

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* is responsible for the following: "The celebrated pianist, Leopold de Meyer, gives his experience at the Turkish Court in a letter, which is going the round of the papers. "It was,' he say, 'no easy matter to play music in the seraglio. You are sent for at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his Highness is doing. His Highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told that his Highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His Highness is dressing—you reprostrate yourself. His highness is taking his coffee, and you reprostrate yourself at each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turks! The wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. 'Why,' you say, "I can't play on a five-Turk piano." It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization, the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salaams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his Highness.' M. de Meyer suppresses one detail which, however, is current here as authentic. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when, at the end, the Sultan thought he must be very tired, M. de Meyer convinced his Highness of the contrary by moving round the gallery on his hands."

---

## The Star Spangled Banner and National Songs.

[Read at a meeting of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, October 21, by the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, President of the Society.]

As a slight cloak of propriety, if not of dignity for a subject that may be considered of little importance, to which I invite the attention of the society for a few minutes, I will offer a familiar quotation from Andrew Fletcher of Soltown, which is of some value to Fletcher, for it has given him his best hold on the memory of modern times. He writes: I know of a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who made all the laws of the nation." If this should be thought to be exaggeration, it will not be doubted that national songs, in some degree, form and indicate the character of a people, and are therefore worthy of historical notice. I am not aware that there is more important proof of this power of music than is found in the influence of the song entitled "The Star Spangled Banner," during the struggles for the life of our nation in the last twelve years. In the efforts and suffering of the camp, the battle field and the prison, and in the discouragements and sacrifices of those who upheld the national arm at home, the untiring repetition of their inspiring strains and the "marching on" of a more humble and more energetic chorus kept up by the strength and enthusiasm of confident hope. Thus the "Star Spangled Banner" has become a favorite of our people. It is well known that it was written by Thomas Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, in September, 1814, and it was begun on board of a ship of the British fleet lying near Fort McHenry, to which he had gone to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. To prevent his giving intelligence to his countrymen of the intention to make the combined attack by sea and by land on Baltimore, he was detained as a prisoner of war. There he anxiously watched the flag of his country floating over the fort through the day, and in the darkness of the night caught occasional glimpses of it, in the explosion of the shells and rockets by which it was assailed, and when morning dawned, he saw with thrilling delight, that the beautiful ensign still waved over its brave defenders. This scene and the emotions that it excited he has painted and expressed in this pathetic and inspiring song. The origin of the appropriate tone, that gives strength and deeper feeling to the words, is not so well known. Every one can readily say that the tune is taken from the old English song, entitled, "To Anacreon in Heaven." But I have inquired in vain of the most learned belles-lettres scholars that I know or could approach, for the author of the words or the music or the date of either. The song, as printed in "The Universal Songster," published in London, from 1825 to 1834, has the name of Ralph Tomlinson as the author. Multiplied inquiries and research in all biographies and indexes, that I can consult, have not discovered the name, yet the song has grace, beauty and wit, and is enriched with happy classical ornaments, and it seems to be a thing that could not be disowned or forgotten. It existed to be the model of the song by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., called "Adams and Liberty," at the period when Thomas Moore was first known as a poet, and it is almost worthy of his pen, but it has never been attributed to him. It is commonly called an old English song, but the earliest imprint of it that I have seen, is in my copy of "The Vocal Companion," published in Philadelphia, by Mathew Carey, in 1796. The Nightingale, printed in Boston, in 1804, has the words and the music, but not the name of the author. It seems, then to be a case in which the best of evidence must be obtained from the party on trial, and the song must speak for itself. Its first words are:

"To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent their petition,"

and the last line and the chorus are:—

"May our club flourish happy, united and free;
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

We have here the facts that the song was written for a musical club, called the sons of Anacreon. Of this club I can find no other mention. With a general resemblance to the poetry of Moore, there are sentences that have not his choice English, as for instance, the line above, "May our club flourish happy, united and free," which is more like the language of the republican contemporaries of Robert Treat Paine, than the verses of the wits of the earlier time of the first George, or of Queen Anne, to whom the song has vaguely been attributed.

The Historical Magazine, vol. 3 p 23, states that the tune was originally set to the song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," by Dr. Arnold. Many notices of Dr. Samuel Arnold, who lived from 1739 to 1802, do not support this statement, though they mention inferior music. This accompaniment is more remarkable than the poetry. Its character is strong and decided, yet it is graceful and flexible, and adapts itself with equal success to the sport of the revellers, to the anxious thoughts of the patriot prisoner and to the exulting tones of national strength.

As an apology for this research of much length and little fruit, it may be remembered that the investigation of authorship of subjects of intellectual entertainment is not a waste of time for idle curiosity. The enjoyment of the works of our greatest favorites is increased by a sense of personal gratitude.

The song to Anacreon is always admired on first acquaintance, but it has not gained a place among verses which make men stronger and happier in remembering them. Though it is free from grossness, it is a bacchanalian song, and, like the subject, it must be a transient pleasure at the best. It is said that, in the first flash of popularity, its rhythm and music were used for poetical efforts more short lived than itself. I do not discover that it was a favorite when Robert Treat Paine, Jr., used its measure in his spirited song, entitled "Adams and Liberty," which was written for and first sung at the anniversary of the Massachusetts charitable fire society in Boston, on June 1, 1798.

Its first words:—

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstai ed from your sires have descended;

And the energetic chorus—

For the sons of Columbia will never be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves—

Will bring to mind its high sentiments and swelling sound, well suited for musical expression and enthusiastic effect. Though it was brought out in a time of great party bitterness, and it was exclusively claimed by one of the parties, it has nothing but the language of the broadest patriotism. With all its merits, it was never universally accepted as a national song, and the recent "Library of Poetry and Song," published under the sanction of the honored name of William Cullen Bryant, has rescued from oblivion "Sally in our Alley," but has no room for the sons of Columbia. Some reasons for this failure may be briefly stated. The name of the wise patriot at the head of the government, which was a part of the title of the song, did not recommend it. The broad waves of democracy, which had begun to carry Mr. Jefferson to the highest place, for a time submerged the merits of Mr. Adams and his federal associates, and federal sentiments and federal songs lost their popular pre-eminence. This political movement, though partially unjust, was not wholly evil, since it severed the last rope that bound our nation to the fast-anchored isle from which it had been launched. Moreover, there was a felt, though unacknowledged, incongruity between the chorus and the condition of an increasing portion of our inhabitants, and the thoughts and feelings of the song are peculiar to the recent struggle and the escape from national peril; and the ideas of strength, prosperity and progress are not set forth as they should be in a national song.

After sixteen years, in which the tune of the Anacreontic song was seldom heard in this country or in Europe, it was applied to the pathetic verses of Mr. Key. A few words may be permitted concerning this questioned right to use the rhythm and music for an American song. Notes and Queries (2d. s. v. 6, 429,) quotes from "Amusing Letters from America," this passage. The air of "The Star Spangled Banner," which our cousins, with their customary impudence of assertion, claim as their own, is almost note for note that of the fine old English song "When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove." That the song, "When Vulcan forged the bolts," &c., written by Thomas Dibdin, "is very little, if at all, older than the Star Spangled Banner," and its verses are not fitted to the same tune, are to an *amusing writer* facts of no consequence. The quoted passage is a missile that has so often been thrown across the water, that it is worth while to pick it up and examine it for a moment. The English language and its treasures are the property of those who emigrated from the parent country, and of those who remained there. And the emigrants have not been wanting in successful efforts to add something to the common store. When frauds are perpetrated against the individual producer's right to honor or profit, as has occurred on both sides, let the offenders be punished severely, as they will be by shame and loss. But, in this case, there was no fraud and no injury. A musical composition, little regarded, was openly taken up as a neglected estray, and attached to verses with which it was more effective than with the words with which it is first known to us. An advantageous use gives a better right of property than a fruitless discovery or invention. No one reproaches the Protestants of England that they took possession of an obscure French tune, and by a change in its movement adapted it to their taste and their religious comfort and edification, as "Old Hundred."

For a time, the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" were occasionally sung by the cultivated and refined, but they were too sad for the spirit of a strong and ambitious people. But after forty years a cloud of anxiety and peril came over our land, that was faintly shadowed in the night watch of Mr. Key. Then strength and endurance were gladly sought in sympathy with the devoted patriotism and confident hope that he has so strongly expressed. That darkness has now passed, and the music that cheered it will not be heard above the loud and joyful tones of prosperity and ambition. The instrumental accompaniment and the thrilling chorus, worthy of the most beautiful national flag on the earth, will be a constant and untiring gratification to the ear and the heart of an American. But the words now in use will not be accepted as a permanent national song.

The distinction of being the undisputed and most approved American national song is conceded to Hail Columbia, which was written in 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, LL. D., of Philadelphia, for the benefit of an actor named Fox. The Colombian Centinel of May 2, 1798, on the shelves of your library, gives the verses as we have them, and states that "it has been sung on the boards of Philadelphia." The Historical Magazine, vol. 5, page 282, on authority of William McKoy of Philadelphia, in Poulson's Advertiser of 1829, mentions that this song was set to the music of "The President's March" by Johannes Roth, a German music teacher in that city. And the Historical Magazine, vol. 3, page 23, quotes from the Baltimore Clipper of 1841, that the "President's March" was composed by Professor Phyla, of Philadelphia, and was played at Trenton in 1789, when Washington passed over to New York to be inaugurated, as it was stated by a son of Professor Phyla, who was one of the performers. The thoughts of "Hail Columbia" are elevated and refined, but they are peculiar to the circumstances of its origin. They are directed to the conflict that has just ceased, the efforts necessary to secure its fruits, and the possibility of future peril, with a just tribute to Washington and the other heroes and statesmen on whom the nation relies. With these qualities it has never satisfied the demand for a

Digitized by Google

national patriotic soog, end as time goes oo, it is called for in the absence of n better, with increasing infrequency.

Yandee Doodle is a national property, but it is not a treasnre of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims, on which its warmest friends do not rely. It cannot he disowned, and it will oot be disused. In its own older words,

"It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting."

And its easy atterance and its fearless and frolicsome humor make its accompaoiment welcome on fit occasions and preserva its popularity. But it exists now as an instrumental and not as a vocal performance Its voice is never heard, and I think would not be acceptable to America for public or private entertainments. But its music must he sileot when serious purposes are entertained, and men's hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices. As a song, Yankee Doodle has not a national character.

To give an account of the sapphic ode called "The American Hero," written by Hon. and Rev. Nathan Niles, and very popular in Connecticut during the Revolutionary war, and to describe other abortive attempts to furnish a national song, would suit the patience of the study of an antiquary better than the small share that I can claim of this brief session. But I cannot omit to say a few words on the recent efforts to obtain a national song by transplanting the old English anthem God Save the King. The most acceptable of these is the anthem called America, beginoing "My country, 'tis of thee," and following the air and metre of its original. The author is the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, a professor in Colby University, and an eminent man for learning and character in the distinguished class that graduated from Harvard University io 1829. The anthem has much merit of thought aod expression, but when it is sung it excites little enthosiasm, and it is easy to see that it is received with the limited satisfaction with which a man wears a coat that is borrowed and altered. Such imitations will never be recognised as national songs. It is said that the tune of "God Save the King" has beeo adopted by the present Emperor of Germany for state occasions throughoot his domioions. If this be true, the Germans have too much of fatherland to sanction such an adoption. It is more likely that it is sung and played at times there, as in France and this country, for the mere entertaiament of the music.

The weight of evidence is in favor of the claims of Henry Carey, Mus. D., who lived from 1692 to 1743, to the anthorship of the poetry and music of "God Save the King." Of Mr. Carey, his friend Jean Frederic Lampe said: "His musical instruction did not enable him to put a bass to his own ballads." This noble anthem was made for the honor of George the Second, who otherwise received little honor from his subjects and their posterity. Such is the strange origin of the grandest patriotic song in the English language. We may learn what our American national song should be, by observing what the ancient model is in its various parts. The notes are emphatic as a chant, easily learned and distinctly sounded by many, so that the singers hear and are moved by the voices of their companions; and this effect is aided by the shortness of the words. Though the air is simple, it is fitted to rise with the strength of feeling It appeals with power to loyalty, which in a monarchy is devotion to the king, his crown and dignity. It is suited to all the changes of national life, to joy or grief, to peace or war, to anxiety or triumph. It has enough of the progressive and aggressive character to gratify the Anglo Saxon temper and the attractive spice of party spirit is not wanting. And it is pervaded with no expression of religious trust that is more grateful to the mind of man than our philosophers are willing to admit. A patriotic song, equally well adapted to our institutions would be an ornament and a strength to our nation, and an untiring enjoyment to our people.

# Musical Correspondence.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Most of our city papers have announced the fact that it is now a year since the fire. The Almanac confirms their assertion. And as I tried to give you last year some idea of the destruction, I will this year endeavor to give a conception of the restoratioo. During the year there have been built in the central part of the city a little over *ten miles* of business fronts, buildings of brick and stone, from four to seven stories high, costing in the aggregate over forty-three millions of dollars The burnt district of the Sooth side is about half re built. On the North side less has been done. But next year will go far to put them to rights again. At the same time the parts of the city oot destroyed have improved faster than ever before in the same time. The national census of 1870 gave os, I think, a trifle onder three hundred thousand people. Our own school census of October, '71, gave us about 327,000 people. Our school census of '72, just takeo, shows a present population of 367,000. The North Side has about 12,000 less than before the fire. The South Side about 2,000 more; the West Side has now 214,000, or over 50,000 more than a year ago. At the same time all the suburban towns have grown faster than ever before. The Directory for this year gives names enough to imply a population of 400,000, showing that a large proportioo of business men live out of town.

In the way of places of amusement we have two new theatres completed and occupied. McVickers's is a much finer building on the old site, and has seats for 1800 people. Aiken's is at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress St. (one block south of Van Buren St.), and is a very elegant house with a well arranged stage, and seats numbering 1600. I think Farwell Hall will be rebuilt next year, the need of such a building being very pressing. The new Chamber of Commerce was opened this week. It is of the same dimensions as the old one, but finer, and cost nearly $100,000.

Our musical life is killed out by many "cumbering cares" (as Mr. Watts called them). The Oratorio Society have resumed rehearsals, and inteod to produce Costa's "Naaman" We shall have no orchestral doings of our own this year.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck is engaged in a work which I ought to have spoken of before. It is nothing less than the creation of a Conservatory of Music on a broad and liberal basis. In order to get capital he has offered and is disposing of 500 shares or scholarships, of $100 each, good for ten terms of class lessons or five of private instruction. He is meeting with remarkable success in this undertaking. He has bought of Lyon and Healy *The Musical Independent* (suspended since the fire) and is just bringing oot the first number.. I may mention that his advertising patronage is large enough to nearly pay the expense of publication. I think you will be pleased with the paper, though not perhaps with all its views, for it has a well-marked and forcible individuality. He will edit it himself.

Last week there was a benefit concert in honor of Mr. Louis Falk, our best concert organist since Mr. Buck's departure. Many prominent amateurs took part and "spread themselves" ambitiously for two hours in the first part of the programme. The second part was ioteresting, as it contained a very mutilated performance of Mendelssohn's "Athalie." The chorus nombered about sixty admirable voices, and the orchestra about thirty, the whole onder Mr. Batterfield's directing Mr. Falk himself played Schumann's Bach Fugue, and a Potpourri of Meyerbeer's airs. I am watching Mr. Falk's course with very great interest, for he is a yoong man of remarkable talent, a fine organist and pianist (though rather heavy in the latter relation), and a good teacher. If he has the nerve to stand against the popular current which sets against the true and legitimate in music, his career will be a brilliant and useful one.

And this brings me to the best thing I have to say. Namely, that Theo. Thomas and his orchestra are here, and your Mr. Osgood. The programmes are better than he has given os before. We have, for instance, two entire symphonies, Beethoven's 7th and Schumann's in B flat, and two of Liszt's Symphonic Poems, besides movements from other Symphonies, and a variety of important Overtures. The violins number fifteen, and with Listemann at the head why shouldn't they play well?

The concerts are given in Aiken's Theatre, which has been filled. The playing seems to me even better than it was formerly. Certainly it is good enough for us. Then, too, I am especially interested in the work Mr. Osgood is doing in familiarising our public with those beautiful Schubert, Schumann and Franz songs. No one has ever sung them here before, and of course our audiences hardly know what to make of them. But it is easy to see that the idea gains favor, and I have hopes of Chicago yet. The city press might have done better to assist the cause had some paper happened to have thought it worth while. We need here very much some weekly paper of literary and artistic authority, or else more competent attention to these things in the daily press.

We look for Rubinstein early in December, and expect to be astonished and delighted. Thomas gave us the *Adagio* and *Scherzo* from Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony. It was very much admired by connoisseurs. It seemed to me more truly *beautiful* than any of the other music of the future I have heard. Possibly more hearing might change this opinion. The Schumann Symphony is certainly the real thing—something new and lovely.

But I trespass on your space.

Der Freyschuetz.

## Italian Opera in New York. Pauline Lucca, as Marguerite, in Faust.

NEW YORK, OCT. 28.—Up to the present time, the management at the Italian Opera has done little to redeem the fair promises made at the opening of the season. Since my last letter only two additions (Don Giovanni" and "Trovatore") have been made to the repertoire, and, but for the genius of Pauline Lucca, the popularity of Miss Kellogg, and the excellent singing and acting of M Jamet, both of these representations would have fallen below mediocrity. Advantage has been taken of these three names to bring before the public a company of singers which could obtain a hearing in no other way, not even I believe at the Stadt Theatre in the Bowery.

The scenery and costumes give evidence of that "economy" which is penny-wise and pound foolish; and the same spirit has, in many cases, been evinced in dealing with the press. As a natural result some of the papers have taken to telling the truth, and the management, having thus caught an extremely unpleasant Tarter, fills the columns of its programme with long-winded vindications of itself and its policy, quite forgetting the French proverb: "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*"

In spite of these unfavorable surroundings, Mme. Pauline Lucca is constantly increasing in public favor, and it is evident that the task of preserving the enterprise from utter failure rests mainly upon her. Of the four impersonations in which she has appeared, the most dramatic and, as a whole, the most satisfactory is that of Marguerite in *Faust*. I state this in face of the fact that her conception of the character is in many respects directly the opposite of Miss Nilsson's; the one being intensely realistic, while the other is purely ideal. There is a feeling of disappointment when, in the first act, we look for the exquisite vision of Ary Scheffer and behold only Gretchen at the wheel. This feeling returns in the second act at the meeting between Faust and Marguerite. Remembering the gentleness, the calmness with which Nilsson rendered that lovely fragment of melody: "No, Signor, io non son damigella nè bella," we are unprepared for Lucca's touch of coquetry, although her somewhat scornful attitude is quite in keeping with the words she is singing. It is plainly Goethe's Gretchen and not the ideal Marguerite which she aims to reproduce, and in the third act all prejudice is forgotten, and the real merit and genius of the singer are unquestioned. She sings "The King of Thule" absently, as though she were far more intent upon her own thoughts than upon the meaning of her song; and in the jewel scene she attempts to delineate nothing more complex than the delight of a simple peasant girl at such a *trouvaille*. It is in the Duet with Faust, and the subsequent love scene that her true greatness is best revealed. The charm lies quite as much in her acting as in her singing, and both are admirable.

The death of Valentine in the fourth act presents a curious anomaly, his agony and rage are so very stagey, so plainly assumed; while the anguish, the sorrow past bearing of his sister, is so painfully real. In the church scene Mme. Lucca departs widely from her predecessors. Instead of a lonely chapel, the nave of a great cathedral is disclosed, filled with worshippers who kneel before the high altar. The organ peals solemnly; slowly and with faltering footsteps Marguerite enters the church and advances towards the throng of worshippers; she sees their scornful glances; sees them draw back at her approach, shrinking from the touch of her garments as from contamination, and, meekly accepting the ban, takes her place in the nave alone, far from the altar, and tries to pray. Then, in a niche near by, behind the figure of a saint, the

spirit of evil appears dimly outlined, and as he utters his terrible curse, the poor girl cowers before him as though she would shrink into the earth. Still she tries to pray, turning the leaves of her prayer-book with nervous haste and trembling fingers, until at last the book drops from her nerveless hand, she starts to her feet, confronts the demon and falls senseless to the floor.

In the short but trying Prison scene her acting and singing are fully up to the requirements of the situation, and her impersonation of Marguerite must be regarded as among the best that our Academy has ever known.

M. Jamet is thoroughly identified with the role of Mephistopheles, and I need hardly say that he is greatly to be admired both as a singer and an actor, but the other roles were too badly filled to deserve mention.

Three more Rubinstein concerts took place here last week. In the first (Thursday evening) Rubinstein played: the *Chromatic Fantasia* by Bach, *Etudes* by Chopin, and the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Wieniawski. The latter played Bach's *Chaconne* (for Violin alone) and his own *Faust Fantasia*. Mlle. Liebhart sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and two little songs by Pinsuti and Kücken. Mlle. Ormeny was down for an Aria by Stradella and "Il Segreto" from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Friday evening Rubinstein played: Air and Variations by Handel, followed by the "Cat Fugue" and Sonata of Scarlatti; Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses*; some *Etudes* of his own; and, with the violinist, the Rondo in F minor by Schubert. The Violin Solos were: *Elegie*, by Ernst; *Polonaise*, by Wieniawski; Aria, by Bach and Rondino by Vieuxtemps. Mlle. Ormeny sang Romeo's Aria, by Bellini; and Mlle. Liebhart a new song, "Meeting," composed for her by H. Millard.

At the Saturday Matinée, the great pianist gave Studies for the Pedal Piano by Schumann, besides opening the concert with Preludes by himself, and closing it with "Kamennoi-ostroff," No. 7, and an Impromptu, both of them his own. Wieniawski played a transcribed Romance of Rubinstein's, besides a Rondo, an "Air Turc," "Airs Russes," and Mazourka, No. 2, all of his own composition. The Soprano lady sang "*Vedrai Carino*" and an old English ballad; and the Contralto an Aria from *Cenerentola* and a Hungarian song: "*Es a Villag*."

At the first concert Mlle. Ormeny was unable to appear, and Rubinstein was her welcome substitute, playing in addition to the pieces set down in the programme, a Song without Words by Mendelssohn, a Romanza by Schumann, a Nocturne by John Field and Schubert's Erl King, (Liszt).

This week the great pianist is to play in Philadelphia.

A. A. C.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 2, 1872.

## Rubinstein and Wieniawski.

The last three of the five concerts of that most exciting musical week (Oct. 14th to 19th) differed from the first two in being without Orchestra. No more full Concertos, therefore, either for pianoforte or for violin. In fact concerts of (mostly classical) *chamber* music given in the great Hall of Symphony and Oratorio! And herein we note one of the wonders of Rubinstein's phenomenal and sovereign power as a pianist: He could make the finest and the deepest music ever written for the instrument—works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin—clearly heard, felt, appreciated throughout that great hall! Never in the selectest circle of a chamber concert have we perceived a more complete, absorbed attention than was given by that whole audience, not only to the grandiose and fiery A flat Polonaise of Chopin, but quite as much to the "Moonlight Sonata," and (most remarkable of all, unparalleled in our experience of audiences) to one of the most profoundly spiritual and subtly intellectual among Beethoven's Sonatas, the last of all, op. 111. Even that most difficult, strange work, so seldom ventured upon in public or in private, and for which you would hardly expect at any time more than a dozen listeners who could follow it throughout, was so presented by this masterly interpreter,—or rather through this perfect "medium," as to hold the whole assembly spell-bound to the end apparently. In that Sonata and, previously, in the *Etudes Symphoniques* of Schumann we think we felt his extraordinary power of identifying himself with the rarest inspirations of the great composers, and giving them clear, audible, complete expression, the most sensibly. It was at least proved that mere Pianoforte music *can* be made appreciable, can be brought fairly home to one in the Boston Music Hall, although of course a smaller room is better.

—But now to take things in their order. The Matinée of Wednesday afternoon brought great increase of audience, and was an occasion so electrifying that one shrinks in anticipation from the exhaustion very sure to follow upon two or three repetitions of such a draft on one's emotional and nervous energies, as only listening and enjoying so intensely for a few hours must involve. Such listening cannot be passive. What must the expenditure of nervous force be, then, in the performer!—Rubinstein opened the concert with his own transcription of the Overture to *Egmont*, very broad and full, even orchestral in its effect, and keeping up the tempo and the noble rhythm with such a buoyant and untrammelled continuity and freedom, that it seemed wholly self-sustaining, lifted up into the air, never needing once to touch the earth, like earth-born giants, to renew its strength. Then followed, under the vague announcement of "Sonata," the dreamy and poetic "Moonlight," the love poem of Beethoven, so impassioned, uncontainable in its Finale. It was in sooth a wonderfully perfect and poetic rendering, and though we did not sit in intimate seclusion in the twilight hour, even out there in the crowd and the great light hall, the real spell came over most of us. It was a satisfaction to hear the tempi of the several movements so rightly taken; most players make the Scherzo so fast, that it loses all relation to the Adagio that precedes it.

After Mlle Ormeny had sung Handel's "*Lascia ch'io pianga*,"—*not* as we have heard it!—and Herr Wieniawski had displayed his admirable art as a violinist in the *Air Varié* of Vieuxtemps,—and Mlle. Liebhart had sung a couple of Lieder (Mendelssohn's "*Von all schönen Kindern*" and Schumann's "*Du meine Seele*"), Herr Rubinstein came again to the piano (the finest "Steinway," by the way, that we have yet heard) and played as usual a group of three pieces all by Chopin: first the remarkable *Nocturne* in C minor (op. 48); then the lovely *Berceuse*, which never sang itself so limpidly and sweetly upon any instrument before, and finally an unfamiliar *Etude*, in which there is such a startling rush and energy of bold bravura (at least as he smote it out as from a rock), that for the time we fancied it to be a thing of Liszt's or of his own.

Part Second opened with a couple of rather commonplace songs by the Soprano ("I love, my love," by Pinsuti, and "*Guten Morgen*" by Jubilee Abt). Then Rubinstein gave, what is so very seldom heard here in the concert room, one of Weber's Sonatas, a piece severely taxing execution, full of the Weber fire and individuality, at times wearying you, perhaps, by its no end of brilliancy (like one of our torch-light processions), but ending with a charming Rondo. Of course all there was in it was brought out in the very best light, and it gave a good full glance into the wealth of Weber's too much neglected larger pianoforte compositions, for which the curious music lover should be thankful. Mlle. Ormeny sang a fine old air by Pergolese: "*Tre giorni son che Nina*," in a style hardly worthy of its beauty. One of the purest and sweetest moments in these concerts was Wieniawski's playing, as an unaccompanied violin solo, of the lovely, soulful Aria from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D. It went deeply to the heart of every hearer. A brilliant "Capriccio Waltz" of his own followed it. Rubinstein, for a concluding group, gave three short pieces of his own—a *Romance*, a *Barcarole* and *Valse Caprice*, all interesting.

Of Friday evening's concert the two great features were the exquisitely perfect rendering by the two men of the "Kreutzer Sonata," which seemed to unfold a new wealth of meaning and of beauty, and Rubinstein's playing of the whole series of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*, which, enigmatical as much of the music is to many, yet must have had a strange charm for all. One wants to hear all these things when such an artist comes along for once with all the power to show us what they are, and we cannot be too grateful to this Russian man of genius, possessing all the means and all the will, for bringing forth so freely for us out of stores sealed to most of us. Already, of Schumann alone, the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the *Carnival*, the *Kreisleriana!* For the first group of smaller pieces Rubinstein played really what we, trusting to the printed programmes rather than to our own memory, have just been ascribing to the Wednesday matinée; whereas we are quite sure (we write a week after) that he played then what was set down for Friday, namely: several Songs without Words by Mendelssohn and the Chopin *Ballade* in G minor, fully illustrating the individuality of each. For the concluding group he played a *Barcarolle*, a *Mélodie*, and an *Etude* of his own,—the last being the piece which we have heard under the absurd title of *Valse Infernale* "on false notes," though there is nothing false in an accent falling on an *appoggiatura* or *fore-note*, instead of that into which it at once leads.

Wieniawski's solo rôle that evening was mainly on the virtuoso ("Paganini") side; his selections being Ernst's Fantasia on *Il Pirata* and the "Carnival of Venice,' which he makes as marvellous and as full of exquisite surprises as anybody, without forsaking art for vulgar clap-trap; yet we would rather hear him do anything else which he is wont to do. He did, however, (we think it was that evening), respond to a recall by playing his own tender and poetic "Legende" once more; only one missed the fine orchestration.—Mlle Ormeny, in much better tune this time, sang "*Una voce*" with a good deal of florid execution, and we forget what else. Mlle. Liebhart too sang "Angels ever bright and fair" with good voice and expression.

The enthusiasm reached a second climax in the final Matinée on Saturday (19th), when the following programme was performed:

Sonata.............................Anton Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein and Henri Wieniawski.
Hungarian Song, "Esa Villag."
Mlle. Louise Ormeny.
Chaconne, for the Violin.............................Bach.
Henri Wieniawski.
"Vedrai Carino".............................Mozart.
Mlle. Louise Liebhart.
a. Nocturne
b. Mazurka,
c. Polonaise, in A flat, }.............................Chopin.
Anton Rubinstein.

—

{ "Robin Adair."
{ "Ruck, Ruck."
Mlle. Louise Liebhart
Sonata, Opus 111.............................Beethoven.
Anton Rubinstein.
"La Fallatta".............................Marchesi.
Mlle. Louise Ormeny.
{ a. Romanza in F.............................Beethoven.
{ b. Airs Russes.............................Wieniawski.
Henri Wieniawski.
Suite. { Sarabande—Passe-Pied, Courante—Gavotte. }.....Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein.

The two memorable features of this concert were the great *Chaconne* of Bach, played, as originally written, without accompaniment, (for indeed it contains all in itself), and with by far more power and breadth, more fullness and more fineness of interpretation, than we ever heard it before by any one except Joachim (that was a dozen years ago, so that we will not venture on comparison; and it was not in the big Music Hall, but in a hotel chamber before an audience of one!); and that last of the wonderful series of Beethoven's Sonatas, in C minor, so deep and almost mystical in meaning, with its fitful and impassioned Introduction and Allegro, and all the rest consisting in the marvellously subtle, seemingly exhaustless variation of that singing Adagio (*Arietta molto semplice Cantabile*, in dotted eighths, *nine-sixteen measure*). For the first time we felt that we had truly *heard* it. As we have said before, the whole

Digitized by Google

great audience heard it, listened oblivious of all else, whether they understood it all or not. In this sense the achievement was almost unprecedented in a concert room. More than that, we know not when a piece of music has moved us so deeply. There was something holy in the tones which he brought out; sometimes they seemed to answer from another world, like a transfiguration of the theme or phrase once struck. Let us not despair now of any real inspiration from however deep a source, however complex and thick-set with difficulties in its development, —of any utmost reach of any Bach's or Beethoven's imagination and profoundest science, being communicable to any real music-lover. It strikes us, men like Rubinstein are sent into the world to show us that all this is possible, and prove to us, through our own feeling,—cords set thrilling in a deeper deep within us than we had before suspected,—that the last Sonatas of Beethoven are not the helpless wanderings of a brain diseased, but are divinely beautiful and full of meaning worth the searching for.

The specimens presented of Rubinstein's own compositions were very interesting. We unfortunately lost most of the opening movement of the Sonata Duo, but we heard enough to convince us that it is worth hearing more than once, and is by no means the production of an ordinary man. The four movements of the *Suite*,—particularly the *Sarabande*, were fresh and genial, with a sufficient flavor of the antique quaintness, and furnished very agreeable proof of the great versatility of the composer.

The little Violin *Romanza*, in Beethoven's earlier style, is always pleasing, and of course doubly so when played by Wieniawski; but we would rather not have heard it *then*, nor anything else, unless it were some wholesome, tranquillising bit of Bach, right after such a Beethoven Sonata! Both the singers gained upon their audience that day.

The visit of these two great artists is an event in the musical history of Boston. Nothing that may occur this season, or perhaps in several seasons, will eclipse it. Our public has been electrified, and deeply moved. The power of genius, personally manifested, has been realized as not before. We have had more insight into the possibilities of music and acquired a new respect for its accomplishments. And the return of RUBINSTEIN and WIENIAWSKI,—we understand that we may look for them at Christmas time—will be hailed with genuine enthusiasm; for the more *such* artists are heard, and in such music as such artists choose, the stronger is the desire to hear them.

---

MR A. P. PECK'S CONCERTS claim our hearty recognition, if only for the reason that they have successfully set the example in miscellaneous concerts, which it was much easier to establish in the Harvard Symphony Concerts, of *no encores*. The special notice at the head of the programmes was resolutely carried out, and on the whole cheerfully acquiesced in by an audience largely made up of the partial friends of each of the several artists. Every newspaper of any character endorsed the policy the next day. So let us hope that hence-forth "no encores" will be the rule, accepted by an instinct of propriety, and that repetitions shall be so rare as to be exceptional. We do not wish the prohibition in the long run to be absolute; but perhaps it had better remain so while the spoiled child is still too weak in self-control to be indulged in those *exceptional* liberties which sometimes may be quite legitimate and safe. If only abstinence will lead to temperance, we go for abstinence for the time being.

But this was not the only merit of these concerts. The spirit which dictated that "special notice," naturally shows itself again in the uncommonly (for miscellaneous popular concerts) well selected programmes. Mr. Peck has found out what pleases people of some real musical taste, that these in the long run, more and more, do give the tone to concert audiences, and that the day for catering to no *taste*; at the risk of boring or disgusting all who have at least some taste, has gone by; and he has earned the reputation of arranging about the best miscellaneous popular concerts that we have. The elements, however, were against him this time. The Presidential Election, and the oppressive vague presentiment of too much in the way of Music and all sorts of entertainments, have made the sale of tickets dull for every sort of concert so far, even affecting those of Rubinstein. Added to this, bad weather and our sudden deprivation of horse power, came in, not only to reduce the audience, but to render it impossible for Mr. Peck to give more than two of the four concerts advertised. The last two he has prudently postponed a month. Already in the second one, the Matinée of Saturday, Miss MEHLIG, who had played the evening before, still in the city, could find no conveyance to the Music Hall. Why will not Mr. Gilmore convert the Coliseum into a hospital for horses, gather them there by thousands, and see if music cannot cure them! That were a Jubilee worth while, if it succeeded!

The first programme (Friday evening) was as follows:

First Movement of Quintet in E flat.........Beethoven.
Beethoven Quintette Club.
Aria, "Di quella pira." Trovatore.............Verdi.
Mr Packard.
Cavatina. "Regnava nel Silenzio." Lucia....Donizetti.
Mrs Moulton.
Piano Solo. Rhapsodie Hongroise.................Liszt.
Miss Mehlig.
Aria. "Per questa bella mano"..................Mozart.
Mr Whitney. ('cello obligato by Wulf Fries)
Aria. "Non conosci." Mignon...............Thomas.
Miss Phillipps.
Quintet. Op. 160 (Flute, violins, &c.)........Schubert.
Duet. Crown Diamonds..........................Auber.
Song. "Evening"....................................Clay.
Song. "Ma mère était Bohémienne",..............Massé.
Song. "The Mariner"...............................Diehl.
Arietta. { a. O Fatima.........................Weber. / b. Son leggier......................Donizetti. }
Piano Solo. { a. Nocturne.......................Chopin. / b. Impromptu.................." / c. Soirées de Vienne ...Schubert—Liszt. }
"Waldscenen"..................................Schumann.

The new Quintette Club (Mr. C. N. ALLEN, first Violin; Mr. WEISS, second, do.; Mr. J. M. MULLALY, first Viola; Mr. CHAS. KOPPITZ, second Viola and Flute; and Mr. WULF FRIES, 'cello), made a very good impression, considering that the place was altogether too vast for anything of that kind. The movement from Beethoven went very smoothly; and Mr. Koppitz's flute playing was masterly in the arrangement which he had made from Schubert's flute and piano variations on his song "*Trockne Blumen.*" Mrs. MOULTON looked and sang more beautifully than ever. Her *cantabile* was delicious, and the liquid fluency of her execution in the three florid pieces, as well as all the phrasing and expression, won a cordial response from all the audience. Miss PHILLIPPS was in excellent condition and won an easy victory in every effort; her "Mignon" aria was full of feeling. Mr. WHITNEY's grand basso did not fail him, and the Mozart Aria, with the 'cello *obligato* played by Mr. FRIES, gave true artistic pleasure. Mr. PACKARD has returned from Europe with his fine tenor voice considerably equalized and strengthened, and sang his two pieces in a chaste, sweet, honest style, once showing that he can command a very musical and full high C in the chest voice. Miss MEHLIG was welcomed with the warmth that always greets her, and her performance was as brilliant and as fine as ever. The Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt was not the one we had so often heard, but almost quite as interesting, and it was admirably rendered.

We could not be present at the next day's matinée, and have only room to say that the programme, but for the involuntary absence of Miss Mehlig, who was to have played the "Moonlight" Sonata, was as good as the first one.

---

POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The first series of concerts (by whom given it does not appear), essentially similar to those formerly given for so many years by the musicians themselves, under the name "Orchestral Union," took place at the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The plan is: 1. A small orchestra, composed of about three-fifths of the Harvard orchestra, being the same musicians with the same conductor (Carl Zerrahn), and in great part prepared by the same rehearsals; 2. popular prices; 3. programmes in which lighter music is mingled with classical. There was a very fair attendance, and the execution of the following really choice programme, on the whole quite successful, though there was some roughness and some thinness, and the instruments were too loud in accompanying the singer, was evidently much enjoyed.

Overture. "Meeresstille"..................Mendelssohn.
Song. "The Tear."..............................Stigelli.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Concerto in D minor.......................Mendelssohn.
Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
Symphony in D....................................Mozart.
Cavatina. "Il suave a bel contento"...............Pacini.
Polacca in C, for Piano and 'cello.................Chopin.
Messrs Parker and Wulf Fries.
a. Waltz. "1001 Nights"............................Strauss.
b. Polka. "Sylphiden"..............................Bietzel.

---

## Next in Order.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The first SYMPHONY CONCERT of the subscription series of ten will take place next Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, preceded by a public rehearsal on Wednesday at the same hour. The Symphony will be the No. 1 of Beethoven, in C,—the only one of the nine which has never yet been heard in these concerts, and the revival will be interesting. There will be three of the finest overtures: namely, the noble *Athalia* of Mendelssohn, the short and brilliant *Alfonso and Estrella* by Schubert, (both of these for the second time only), and the ever welcome *Genoveva* of Schumann for a Finale. The two grand Concert Arias to be sung with orchestra are worthy of the best powers of Madame RUDERSDORFF, who is perfectly at home in such great music. The first, Haydn's famous Cantata "Ariadne at Naxos," never yet sung in this country, will surprise most hearers by an intensity of dramatic passion which they would hardly expect from Haydn. The other, by Mozart, "Ch' io mi scordi," is the one that was first introduced here last year, having with the orchestra a pianoforte *obligato* part which Mozart wrote for himself to play.

MESSRS. HUGO LEONHARD AND JULIUS EICHBERG will give another series of their delightful classical matinées at Mechanics' Hall, beginning on Thursday, Nov. 14, and alternating fortnightly with the Symphony Concerts. Lovers of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, &c., need but a hint to feel the magnet.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA has resumed his Piano Recitals before the pupils of his Music School and friends at Wesleyan Hall. His first programme, Wednesday, Oct. 30, was as follows:

Capriccio Brilliante. Op. 22..............Mendelssohn.
Andante Favori.................................Beethoven.
Polonaise, Op. 46, No 1.........................Chopin.
Etude, Op 23, No. 2..........................Rubinstein.
Cradle Song...................................Gottschalk.
Caprice Hongroise...............................Ketterer.

THE NEW-ENGLAND CONSERVATORY continues its Recitals with its usual frequency, at Wesleyan Hall. This is the programme of the *two hundred and forty-seventh*, Oct. 26, at 1 P. M.

Quartet for Piano, Violin, &c......................Mozart.
Messrs. Butler, Ford, Eichler and Fries.
Song, "Non è ver"..................................Mattei.
Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen.
Clarinet Solo, "Elegie"......................August Kiel.
Mr Gustav Rudolphsen.
Trio in G, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello............Haydn.
Messrs. Butler, Ford and Wulf Fries.
Song, "Medje"......................................Gounod.
Mr J. F. Rudolphsen.

MR. EUGENE THAYER'S Free Organ Recitals are continued every Friday, at 3 P. M., at the First Church (Berkeley and Marlboro' Sts.). They present a great deal of the best of organ music, on one of the best of organs, in a masterly way. Here is the first programme of the season (Oct. 4), a fair sample of all the rest.

Toccata, in D minor...................................Bach.
Vorspiel: 'Wir glauben all'.......................... "
For two manuals and double pedals.
Fugue, in G minor, Book 2.............................Bach.
Mr. Frank Donahoe.
Fifth Organ Concerto................................Handel.
Vorspiele: { a. Herzlich thut mich, / b. Es ist das Heil } ..........Bach.
Mr. Donahoe.
Variations in A Major, Op. 47.......................Hesse.

---

## Professor F. L. Ritter.

Professor and Mme. Ritter have returned to the city after a summer tour at the seaside and among the mountains. We learn that Prof Ritter brings with him, as the fruit of summer leisure, the completed score of a Third Symphony, composed in illustration of one of Victor Hugo's finest poems; and also a fantasia for bass clarionet and orchestra, written for Mr. Boehm, the well-known clarionet player, and Vice-President of the New York Philharmonic Society. The second volume of Mr. Ritter's "History of Music" will be issued during the coming winter, and it is the author's intention to deliver these lectures orally, in New York and elsewhere, prior to publication. Our readers will remember with what success Prof. Ritter gave the lectures that form his first volume three winters ago, at Association Hall, Weber's Rooms, Vassar College, and other collegiate institutions, in and out of the city. This second volume will be especially interesting. It includes, among other subjects, lectures on the serious opera, the comic opera, and instrumental music to the present day, with a critical resumé of the whole field of musical literature, and a catalogue of the best works that have been written on the subject in the principal European languages.

The New York *Musik Zeitung* thus reviews Prof. Ritter's recent article on "Music," in the German American Encyclopedia. We translate:

"Schem's German-American Encyclopedia."—The sixty-eighth part, just issued, of this work, contains, among other excellent articles, one eight-page article on "Music," as we perceive from the editorial remarks, by Prof. F. L. Ritter (who, our readers may not be aware, wields the pen with equal facility in the

French, German and English languages). This article contains everything on this rich subject that it is possible to say within so small a space, and it is quite of especial value, giving, as it does, toward the close, an account of all that has been produced and reproduced in music in America. With comparatively few strokes, in a strictly condensed style, so clear and complete a picture of American musical life is given that more is scarcely to be desired. And it is of the more value since, as far as we know, no such article has hitherto appeared in any German-American musical work. Beginning with the old-fashioned psalmody, imported by the English Puritans, Mr. Ritter gradually leads us onward to the present day, in which Europe sends to us her greatest artists, while instrumental music is worthily cultivated within the country itself; in short, he gives a just insight into all that interests us as regards the development of music here. We have no doubt that the latter part of this admirable article will be republished as an addition to all articles on music in scientific European publications."—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

## Musical Convention and Festival at Worcester, Mass.

(From the Palladium, Oct. 16.)

The Musical Convention commenced on Monday morning, under very flattering auspices; rehearsals were immediately commenced, and continued during the day and evening, with the exception of the "social hour," which was postponed from the afternoon. Tuesday was similarly occupied, and work has gone on to-day also. This evening the first concert takes place, the programme consisting of miscellaneous selections by the chorus, with solos, duets, &c., from favorite performers. Miss Ingraham, formerly soprano singer at the Church of the Unity, is to be the leading attraction; her singing always gives delight to Worcester audiences, and it will be a pleasure to again listen to her after her long absence. Master Van Raalte, the promising boy violinist from the Boston Conservatory, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, are excellent attractions, and other performers are also announced. Thursday evening, the quartet of soloists will appear for the first time; Mrs. Moulton will sing Meyerbeer's "Shadow Dance," and a popular ballad; Miss Phillipps "*Una Voce Poco Fa,*" and the "Laughing Song" by Bendelari; Mr. Simpson selects Stigelli's "Isolina," and "Sunshine and Shade" by Randegger; Dr. Guilmette Scena ed Aria" "Le Chalet" by Adolph Adam, and two exquisite Scotch selections, with accompaniments by Beethoven, for violin, 'cello and piano.

### FIFTH DAY.

(From the Spy, Oct. 19.)

All are unanimous in the verdict that yesterday closed the most successful and complete musical demonstration that ever took place in Worcester, and, in fact, we think good judges will award it a position among the very first which ever took place in the state. Differing from the festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, in presenting grand miscellaneous vocal and instrumental concerts, including entire symphonies, and similar in producing entire oratorios, with a large and well drilled chorus, with solos and concerted music by the best artists in the country, and conductors having no superiors. Increasing interest from day to day, and decided progress in the choral preparations, finally culminated in the presentation of two magnificent entertainments, sufficient without any others for the week's work. The morning session was given to Mr. Zerrahn in a rehearsal of "Elijah," with the orchestra and solo artists. We are pleased to know that Messrs. Zerrahn and Emerson are gratified with the abundant success attending their labors, and that the chorus are unanimous in acknowledging the great benefit derived from their valuable instructions. It now only remains for us to report as faithfully as possible the two closing concerts.

### THIRD GRAND CONCERT.

The Symphony concert is always anticipated with delight by every lover of good music; in fact, to many, it is the principal attraction of the week. The Boston Orchestral Union appeared with full numbers, including some of the first instrumental performers in Boston. Among the number we noticed Wulf Fries, Suck, and others no less distinguished. Notwithstanding a drenching rain, another crowded house of eager expectants were present, and promptly at three o'clock Mr. Zerrahn appeared, and in obedience to his magic wand the entertainment commenced with the overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," by Schubert. It was soon evident that the orchestra were never in better condition, and a sympathetic chord between orchestra and audience was at once apparent. The faithful and effective rendering of this charming overture, so full of beautiful melodies and intricate harmonies, was a happy prelude to the good things which followed. Rode's famous air with variations was next given by Mrs. Moulton, in which she fully sustained the honors awarded her on Thursday evening. The exquisite beauty of her voice, and delicate and bird-like vocalization, were, if possible, nearer perfection than exhibited on her first appearance. An encore of course followed, and without delay she responded with the fine ballad, "Marjorie's Almanac," in a style characteristic of her wonderful powers.

Two movements from the concerto in E flat for two pianos, with orchestral accompaniments, by Mozart, were executed in a superb manner on the two "grands" by Messrs. Allen and Story. This was to us one of the most enjoyable pieces in the programme. We regretted the omission of the third movement, which was done on account of the length of the programme. "Ave Maria," by Cherubini, received a chaste and truly noble rendering by Dr. Guilmette. It was sung with a tender and impressive style, seldom attainable except by a good contralto. The orchestral accompaniment added greatly to its beauty. We are glad our Worcester audiences are beginning to appreciate this kind of music. Dr. G. appeared in response to an encore and sung with great depth of feeling a Scotch ballad entitled "Sunset," with beautiful obligato accompaniments for piano, violin and violoncello, by Beethoven. It was a charming little *morceau*, and almost too choice and rare for the concert room. The symphony in D, by Mozart, was the great production of the afternoon, and elicited strong marks of admiration at the close of every movement. We have not heard for a long time such fine instrumental effects from an orchestra of this size. Their playing seemed to us very much improved since last year.

Miss Phillipps rendered with almost regal splendor the rondo, "O, mio Fernando," by Donizetti, in the opera of "Favorita." Such gushings of melody and harmonious combinations of orchestra and voice were truly a treat seldom enjoyed.

In response to the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, she returned and repeated the last movement. Mr. Simpson was the last although not the least of the great artists to appear. His selection was the Romanza, *Spirito gentil*, by Donizetti, with organ accompaniment. It exhibited in a striking manner the rare beauty of his voice and his pure and chaste method. The concert closed with a concert waltz, "Thousand and one nights," by Strauss, which was charmingly produced, eliciting rounds of applause.

### THE MENDELSSOHN ORATORIO.

The great musical demonstrations of the week culminated in the representation of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio of *Elijah* last evening. In defiance of the storm, which had steadily increased during the afternoon another large audience assembled, and the great chorus appeared with full ranks, much to their credit, and performed the choral parts of the oratorio in an admirable manner. Very decided improvement from last year's representation was evident, showing most conclusively the propriety and importance of giving the same oratorio two years in succession. Although some of the choruses lacked power, and there was hesitation in taking up the parts which were in the fugue style, still the great efficiency of others more than atoned for these little deficiencies. We were particularly pleased with the rendering of "Yet doth the Lord," "Baal, we cry to Thee," "Thanks be to God," and "He watching over Israel." The double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," was a fine illustration of concerted music. The blending of the voices of the great artists, and the ladies and gentlemen who took the subordinate parts, was very fine. The choral, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was impressively performed. The angel trio, "Lift thine eyes," sung by Mrs. Moulton, Miss Phillipps, and Mrs Munroe, was performed in a style worthy the beauty of the music. Their voices were well adapted to a proper rendering of this exquisite little tone poem of the great composer.

It now only remains for us to notice the solo parts of this favorite oratorio. Knowing that Mrs. Moulton had had but little experience in singing oratorio music, and that this was really her first attempt in sustaining a complete role, we were interested to note whether she would be as successful as in the concert programme. She at once manifested her ability to interpret this style of music. Her success was decided and gratifying. Her recitatives and airs were rendered in a style appropriate to the character of the music, and gave entire satisfaction. The great soprano aria, "Hear ye, Israel," was one of her happiest efforts, and equal to any of her performances during the week. We hope to hear her again in oratorio.

Of the great merits of Miss Phillipps in oratorio, it is almost superfluous to speak. She has long been known at home and abroad as an exponent of oratorio music, having no superior. Every little recitation and air was given with a perfection leaving nothing to be desired. The aria, "O, rest in the Lord," was sung with a beauty of style which all must long remember. She conferred a great favor in repeating it in response to the desire of her listeners. Mr. Geo. Simpson, ever true and artistic in all he undertakes, has, we believe, no superior in this country in his department of oratorio. Where everything was well done it is not necessary to mention particular pieces, and we will only refer to the solo, "If with all your hearts," as one with which we were specially delighted. He fully sustained his role throughout and position in the quartet of eminent artists. Of Dr. Guilmette we write with a feeling of sadness, because this was to be his last appearance in public as a vocalist. Devoted as he is to his profession, he thinks it his duty to abjure music in a public manner for the more important duties which he owes to himself and family. * * * * Although all was good, we will only refer to the great solo of the oratorio "If with all your hearts," as a masterly effort.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I'm fair Titania. (Io son Titania). 6. B♭ to c. *Thomas.* 50

O, light winged, happy Swallow. (Leggiare rondinel). Duet. 6. D to a. *Thomas.* 60

These belong to a set entitled "Beauties of Mignon," and are filled with light, fairy or bird-like music, requiring, of course, considerable ability to execute it.

The Laugh of a Child. Quartet. 3. E to f. *Dr. Maurer.* 35

—The laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild.
Pretty and easy glee or 4 part song for mixed voices.

The Answer. 5. E♭ to g. *Fossier.* 30

"Fair spring was mine,—it would not stay!
Bright youth was mine, —I dreamed it away."

The Myth. 5. D to g. *Fossier.* 30

"The birds sleep from their singing,
The roses from their bloom."

The above two songs are distinguished by careful elaboration of the air and accompaniment. The poetry is of a high order. Music difficult, but will pay for study.

Ave Maria. Trio. Soprano, Alto, Tenor. 4. B♭ to b. *Gilbert,* 40

A sweet Catholic hymn, with Latin and English words.

Have mercy, Lord, on me. Quartet. 4 E♭ to a. *Deems.* 60

"Mercy alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry."

Very sweet, gliding music like Italian solfeggios in character, and blending perfectly with the smooth poetry of the hymn.

When the Milk goes round. Comic. 2. D to d. *Connolly.* 30

We'll go home with the milk in the morning.

### Instrumental.

12 Beautiful Compositions of Concone. Selected and Fingered by *G. D. Wilson.* ea. 30

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Le Ruisseau. | 7 | L'Elegante. |
| 2 | Scherzetto. | 8 | Crescendo. |
| 3 | Souvenir de L'Exile. | 9 | Extase. |
| 4 | Tarantelle. | 10 | Espérance. |
| 5 | Simple History. | 11 | Nuit Mysterieuse. |
| 6 | La Nacelle. | 12 | Riant Reveil. |

The above 12 compositions are well worthy of careful examination by teachers. They are about on the plane of Heller's and Czerny's Studies of expression, but the melodies are more refined, and while they produce the same effect on the taste of players that good solfeggios do on that of singers, they also have many passages admirably qualified to develop a smooth and even style of execution.

12 Characteristic and pleasing Compositions by Concone. Selected and Fingered by *Wilson.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | La Fileuse, | 30 | 7 | Anxiété, | 30 |
| 2 | Moissonneures, | 40 | 8 | Réverie, | 30 |
| 3 | Conte d'Enfant, | } 50 | 9 | Ronde des Archers. | 30 |
| 4 | Mélancolie, | | 10 | Marche Triumphale | 35 |
| 5 | Papillons, | 30 | 11 | L'Hirondelle. | 30 |
| 6 | Doux Souvenirs, | 30 | 12 | Nuit Etoilée, | 30 |

All that can be said of the other set may be said of this, as one is a continuation of the other. The pieces are of the 3d or 4th degree of difficulty.

Gottschalk Waltz. 5. A♭. *Teresa Carreno.* 75

A composition of the (now) very distinguished pianist, when she was perhaps 12 years of age, and now again brought to notice, as a remarkable composition for a child, and one of which no one should be ashamed, as it is really very fine.

At Rest. Notturno 4. E♭. *Chaminque.* 40

A little brighter than average Nocturnes, but one can "rest" awhile in playing it with much pleasure.

Oakwood Waltzes. 3. A♭ *Mc G. C.* 30

Will please, played at Oakwood, or anywhere else.

### Books.

Gems of Strauss. A Collection of Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c. By *Johann Strauss.* Boards, 2.50 Cloth, 3.00

The publishers almost fear to continue advertising this attractive book, the demand so far exceeds their expectations. But all are welcome to purchase it. It has 250 large pages, filled "to the brim" with the best works of the great Master of Dance Music.

40 Vocal Exercises. By *Vincenzo Cirillo.* 3.00

This book of Vocalization, just issued, is to be used in the New National College of Music, established by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Likely to be widely introduced.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 825. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 17.

## The Ballad of Boston Fire.

NOVEMBER 10, 1872.

BY G. P. LATHROP.

Oh! that deep shout! The impassive, sparkling sky
Gives it a keen rebound,
And sends it swift through every heart—the cry
Of helpers nearing. Fiercely they drove by,
And echoes swept the ground.

All night the wild flames wrapped the eastern vault,
Blasting the chilly stars:
And on the prostrate town the fierce assault
Of fire smote blow on blow, and without halt,
In broad, red-streaming scars,

Till morning's brimming light rose o'er the marge.
Then smoke as from the pyre
Of some slain host floats slowly, dark and large,
Against the dawn. Hark to the bursting charge!
Oh! Boston is on fire!

Now human deeds meet human needs, for now
Self is no longer known.
Unconscious right gives godlike strength to bow
The furious foe. And in this hour, I trow,
No man is weak or lone;

For all partake a common heritage
Of sympathy and power;
Proud piles laid low, these make a noble stage
Where men their equals know by Nature's gauge,
And none need cringe or cower.

The next day passed; the night, with tumbling swells
Of resonant bells, and gleams
Of deadly fire, and shouts—sounds like shattering shells,
Earth-muffled—tumult that the morn dispels;
Then all is o'er, it seems.

Great hours and sad! What splendor swept away!
What brave wounds won, what death!
Yet great; for to have shared such griefs, I say,
Is priceless gain. Oh! to have bled that day
And drawn a hero's breath!

—*The Independent.*

## Moscheles in London.

(Further Extracts from the Memoirs. Translated for this Journal. Continued from page 320.)

1823.—We have spoken of the conscientiousness with which Moscheles corrected the proof of his published compositions as something unique, perhaps, in its way. He was not less particular about his lessons; so he was a good deal annoyed that winter by a lady pupil well advanced in years. She had already seen her 60 summers and was, like her somewhat older brother, unmarried. "Both of them are dressed according to the fashion of *their* youth, which gives the short and thick-set pair a comical appearance. Her tall head-dress, his nankeen trousers, blue frock and gilded buttons are enough to convulse one with laughter—especially the old maid. She seems determined not to learn, for is often as I urge her to play during the 45 to 50 minutes which I devote to her, I can scarcely bring her to it. The good woman is a great talker, but she is also hospitable. I have to breakfast with her every time, and while I am eating she narrates, until I finally compel her to try her gouty, gristly little fingers on a modern piece. My conscience does not permit me to pocket the guinea, which she hands me neatly wrapped up every time, if the pupil and I have not been industrious together."

Moscheles was much astonished at the English custom, in orchestral concerts, of seating some celebrated musician at the pianoforte in front, and on the occasion of a Philharmonic concert we find the question: "What do they mean by 'Conductor, Mr. Clementi'? He sits there turning over the leaves of the score, but without his marshal's staff, or baton, so that he cannot lead his musical army. That is done solely by the leading violinist (*Vorgeiger*), and the conductor is a nullity. And think now of this programme! C-minor symphony of Beethoven, played here for the first time; and right after this sublime work—this feast for the gods—a set of flute variations, a violin concerto, and various arias. Added to this, Mozart's G-minor symphony, and, for the conclusion, an overture by Romberg—a programme which I write down here so that I never may forget it." . . . .

Many were the English dilettanti who made it an especial honor to themselves to be in intercourse with artists, and let themselves be heard in competition with them in their grand soirees. Thus Sir W. Curtis on the 'cello, Mrs. Oom on the piano, and likewise Mrs. Fleming; Prince Leopold and Princess Sophia, the sister of King George IV., were constant and attentive listeners. But Moscheles complains: "I have to make and hear too much shallow music."

As a peculiar and edifying festival, he describes the annual musical service of the 6,000 charity school children in St. Paul's Cathedral. "The moment when the whole crowd of children rise at once, is imposing. But (he adds) how could *all*, with that powerful organ accompaniment to the psalms, which they sang in unison, also get out of tune *unisono?* In fact, they fell every time a quarter of a tone! From this one may infer the small musical endowment of the nation." . . .

1825.—Moscheles and his wife commonly passed their Sundays at Clementi's, in Elstree, not far from London, where there was a chamber always kept in readiness for them. "Clementi is one of the most vigorous septuagenarians one can meet. Very early in the morning we observed him from our window, with his bald head uncovered in spite of the morning dew, running about in the garden. His lively disposition never lets him rest. At the table he is never weary of talking and joking; he can also become violent, for he is a hot-blooded Italian nature. He can seldom be induced to play any more. He declares that he has had a stiff hand ever since he fell from a sledge in Russia; there are people who think he is unwilling to play any more, because the *bravura* has made such progress as to be beyond his reach. His wife (it is his second wife) forms the greatest contrast to him. She is English, and as moderate and calm as he is sparkling and vivacious." Clementi was at that time proprietor, with the brothers Collard, of an enterprising piano-making business. Moscheles ascribes to the instruments of their make a lighter touch than to those of Broadwood, on which account he used them by preference for his performances in public; he also found their tone more brilliant, whereas Broadwood, with a somewhat duller sound and heavier action, aimed more at fulness of tone. William Collard, the younger brother, he calls "one of the cleverest men he ever came across." He was the intimate friend and adviser of the young couple; he, too, was regularly to be found at Elstree. When the friends were together Clementi used to say: "Moscheles, play me something." Then M. would choose some sonata by his host, who, during the performance, swayed his little thick-set figure to and fro with a satisfied smile, his hands behind his back, and often exclaimed "*Bravo!*" and patting Moscheles, when he had done, upon the shoulder, overwhelmed him with new bravos.

At length "the season has been fought through;" they can leave London and taste the sweets of real rest. They accept an invitation of the Fleming family to Stoneham Park (Southampton). The lady of the house was a pupil of Moscheles. Both she and her husband, simple and genial people, with all their wealth and luxury, zealously exerted themselves to make their stay as agreeable as as possible to their guests. So far as personal intercourse was concerned they succeeded perfectly; but the "high life" did not always agree with Moscheles and his wife. "We cannot enjoy the wonderfully beautiful park so fully, because we only get to bed between one and two o'clock after midnight; so we have to spend the morning hours in sleep, and it is almost eleven o'clock before the toilet is made for breakfast. After this meal I am left to myself, for composing or practising, only until two o'clock, when luncheon is served. (The *Etudes* in E flat major and A-minor were composed here.) My Charlotte practises with Mrs. Fleming in the splendid music-hall, where the grand piano sounds like an organ, or they pass the time reading and working in the boudoir tapestried with bright blue silk, in which are heaped all the last books that have appeared in the literary world, while the lovely group they form with the Fleming children is reflected back upon them from eight mirrors. At luncheon the question is asked, what carriage is—what horses are desired? Mrs. Fleming lays claim to my wife for her pony carriage, in

which she is her own coachman; so I ride with some gentlemen. The second toilet, for the dinner, must be finished by eight o'clock in the evening." Further on he writes: "Just now Lord Palmerston, his brother, Mr. Temple, his sister, Mrs. Sullivan, and her husband, too, are here. It is interesting to be so near his Lordship and to hear the Parliamentary conversation that is carried on at the table, of course all in the interests of the purest Toryism. Well that the art I represent may stand on neutral ground!" Again we read: "To-day new guests, this time from the neighborhood, although not from the nearest, since all the land for ten English miles around belongs to our host; besides which he has an estate on the Isle of Wight. When dinner is over and the gentlemen remain by themselves, then politics begin in earnest; but towards midnight in the drawing room Art gains the upper hand again; then there is music-making until one or two o'clock; no wonder that the first rays of the morning sun do not wake us."

1826.—On the 7th of April Moscheles performed, for the first time publicly, his "Recollections of Ireland," which were warmly received. The concert room was crowded to excess, probably owing to the presence of CARL MARIA VON WEBER, who directed an aria of his own, sung by Mme. Caradori, and his overture to *Euryanthe*. The great man had been in London for a few weeks when this concert occurred. He stayed at the house of his friend, Sir George Smart, where Moscheles often saw him, though he was not accessible to the curious crowd that wished to call on him. His seriously shattered state of health required that rest, for which he could have little opportunity. "How it must have affected him when he appeared yesterday, for the first time, before an English public, in Covent Garden Theatre! The thundering applause with which he was received touched us all deeply; how much more *him*, the honored guest, the object of all this enthusiasm! Weber directed on the stage an abridgement of his *Freyschutz*. The overture was repeated with jubilant applause. Braham, Miss Paton and Phillips sang the principal pieces of the opera with inspiration. Weber reached out his hands to the singers during the enthusiastic applause to express his gratification. At the end of the performance the whole pit stood upon the benches, waving hats and handkerchiefs and cheering the master. I saw him afterwards utterly exhausted in the foyer of the theatre; he was already too sick to enjoy this unwonted triumph in a foreign land so fully, as we, his countrymen, enjoyed it for him:—besides me, above all his own and our own poet, Kind, the flute-player, Furstenau, who had travelled with him, the good old harp maker, Stumpff, who had been settled for years in London, and the often mentioned Schulz."

On the 12th of March, Moscheles heard Weber improvise in a party at the house of Braham, the singer. He interwove some themes from the *Freyschutz* in the most interesting manner, although without any special manifestation of power. This, alas! his physical condition would no longer allow, and yet he hurried off at 11 o'clock to a second great soiree at Mrs. Coutt's, because she had paid him well. After he had left Braham's his melancholy condition was much talked about."

On the 13th of March Weber is a guest at the dinner-table of Moscheles. "What a pleasure! But even there our sympathy was most deeply moved, for he entered our sitting-room speechless: the one short flight of stairs which led up to it had completely taken away his breath. He sank into a chair that stood near the door, but soon recovered himself, and was then the most amiable, most bright and genial of companions. In the evening we drove with him to the Philharmonic concert, the first which he had heard, and where a Haydn and a Beethoven symphony were given satisfactorily."

The next Philharmonic concert, on the 3rd of April, was conducted by Weber himself. This was the programme:

Overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Freyschutz."
Aria by Weber (composed by Mme. Milder) sung by Mme. Caradori.
1. Cmharp Minor Concerto by Ries; 2. E-flat do. by Beethoven; 3. Hungarian Rondo by Ries (this *Piece* was played by a German, Schmidt, under the direction of the great German master!)

"On the 11th of April I attended the general rehearsal of *Oberon* in Covent Garden Theatre, which was as full as if it were the performance, and without interruption; the costumes, too, as well as the splendid scenery with the rising moon in the "Ocean" aria, were remarkably fine. This Aria, which Weber wrote in London for Miss Paton, made a grand effect, as well as the great Aria in the part of Huon, composed for Braham. To both singers was given the opportunity to display their powerful voices and produce certain striking effects, which caused great enthusiasm in the pit. Weber at his desk must have felt that the whole English nation cheered him in that assembly, and that here his works are bound to live."

Of the first performance the papers had nothing but what was excellent to report. But the poor master himself whom Moscheles visited almost daily, was growing weaker and weaker in the midst of these triumphs; yet he kept up his active London life and directed in several concerts, in which Moscheles also took part, his overtures to *Freyschutz*, *Oberon*, &c.

"On the 18th of May (say Moscheles) we co-operated in an original manner in behalf of Braham. It was his annual benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and he, the most popular of English singers, always knew how to delight his third gallery (called, on account of its dizzy height, the 'seat of the gods') by sailor songs. To-day it was the same as usual on like occasions. Morever, that popular coquette, Mme. Vestris, found a willing audience in those 'gods,' who rule the house, in an operetta called 'The Slave,' and in divers nursery songs, like 'Goosie, Goosie Gander,' &c. So far, all went splendidly; but Braham had missed his reckoning when he undertook to set before *this* company a concert of *good* music as a second part, which he named 'Apollo's Festival,' and which, after all the *fadaises* that had gone before, began with Weber's Overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*. Did no one observe that Weber himself conducted? I know not; but the shouting and screaming of the gallery, amid which it was played through unheard to the end, enraged me; and, already much excited, I seated myself at my instrument upon the stage and gave a sign to the orchestra below to begin my 'Recollections of Ireland.' Immediately, during the somewhat serious introduction, the rude gallery crowd began its unruly conduct—whistling, hissing, applauding, and calling out: 'Are you comfortable, Jack?' &c., &c., accompanied by salvoes of sucked orange peels. I saw and heard it all in alternating *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, and it seemed to me as if all the elements were at war, and I should have to succumb to it. But God be praised, I did not succumb, for in this new and unexpected situation I conceived the resolution not to break off suddenly, but to show to the better part of the public that I was prepared to fulfil what I had promised. I leaned down to the violin leader and said: 'I will keep moving my hands to and fro as if I were playing; let your orchestra do about the same. After a while I will give you a sign, and then we will cease together. No sooner said than done. As I went bowing off the stage, I was overwhelmed with a storm of applause. The 'gods' were jubilant at getting rid of me. And now came on Miss Paton with a serious concert aria, and had a similar fate. She stopped three times, came back again at the call of the better audience, who demanded 'silence,' and tried to sing, but finally went off weeping with the words: 'I cannot sing.' This demonstration was followed by thundering applause; and now began new street ballads, sailor songs, &c., &c., and new satisfaction and attention in the galleries."

The affair was talked of in the newspapers a week long, and Moscheles won much praise for his cool behavior, while poor Miss Paton had much to suffer for her tears.

(To be Continued.)

---

**From Goethe.**

*Goods* gone—something gone!
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
*Honor* gone—much gone!
Must go and gain glory;
Then the idling gossips will alter their story.
*Courage* gone—all's gone!
Better never have been born!

J. S. D.

---

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**Science.**

O Science! with thy cold, gray, piercing eye,
How grand and startling are thy mysteries,
Making the earth unveil her histories,
Searching creation's secrets far and nigh!
With joy I follow thee, and read thy ways,
In flower and leaf, in sun and planet shown;
No farthest star-dust but to thee is known,
No meanest atom can escape thy gaze.
But the great thoughts that bid our spirits pause,
Those words before whose meanings, deep and high,
We bow in silent awe, and baffled lie,
Life, Death, Eternity—the great First Cause!
Before them mute thou liest with the rest,
Nor canst or doubt dispel, or hope suggest.

X.

Digitized by Google

## My First Meeting with Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

[From the German of Prof. J. C. Lobe.]

### A QUARTET AT GOETHE'S.

It was in the beginning of November, in the year 1821, that three members of the Court Chapel at Weimar (I, the writer of these lines one of the three) were ordered to the presence of Lord Geheimrath von Goethe, and conducted by his servants to the well-known apartment, arranged in the front in the following manner. Three desks stood by the side of an opened grand piano ready for us. Upon these lay a roll of notes. Inquisitive as I ever was and am now in anything relating to music, I eagerly turned over the leaves and saw: Studies in double counterpoint; another part had Fugues written over it; a third, Canons; then came a Quartet for Piano, arranged with accompaniment of violin, viola and 'cello. Upon every part stood the name of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The notes were written in a firm, elegant hand, and as well as I could learn from a hasty glance, showed the work of a capable and accomplished artist. The name Mendelssohn, like the music, was unknown to us.

We took our instruments in our hands, and as a preliminary step were putting them in tune with the piano, when in walked a tall man, who from his military, erect bearing might be taken for a Guard master of former days. To me he was no stranger, for I had visited the year previous in Berlin. It was Prof. Zelter, the well-known director of the Singing Academy at Berlin, Goethe's true friend.

He greeted us kindly, and me as an old acquaintance. "I am going, dear sirs, at the very outset, to make a request of you. You will become acquainted with a boy 12 years old, my scholar, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. His skill as a performer on the piano, and better still his talent as a composer will make you enthusiastic. The *shouting* of amateurs affects him not; but for the opinion of *musicians* he listens eagerly, and takes each one for a bright pure coin, for the young boy is naturally too inexperienced to distinguish between *well wishing encouragement and merited acknowledgment*. Therefore, my dear sirs, if you should become stirred up to a song of praise,—a thing I can at the same time wish and fear,—be moderate, not too enthusiastic, but let your praise be in C major, the sincere tone. Up to this time I have warned him of over-estimation of self and conceit, the cursed enemies of all artistic success."

Before we could return anything to this in some measure remarkable speech, Felix came bounding in, a beautiful boy with decidedly Jewish features, slender and supple, with long wavy black locks, flowing down his neck. Spirit and life sparkled from his eyes. He looked at us one instant with an inquisitive glance, then walked up and gave each a friendly confiding grasp of the hand like an old acquaintance.

Goethe, who entered with Felix, returned our respectful bows with friendly greeting. "My friend," nodding to Zelter, "has brought with him a little Berliner who will give us a great treat in his performance. Now, shall we learn to know him as a composer, whereto I request your assistance. So let us hear, my child, what thy young head has brought forth." With this Goethe stroked the boy's curly head.

He immediately ran to the notes, laid the parts for us on the desks, placed the principal part on the piano and hastily took his seat upon the stool. Zelter stationed himself a little behind Felix; Goethe a few paces to the right, with his hands crossed behind his back. The little composer gave a hasty glance at us; we laid on the bow; a motion from his curly head, and the play began. Goethe listened with the closest attention to every part, without making any more particular demonstration than a "good" to one part, to another a "Bravo," which he accompanied with an assenting nod. We, remembering Zelter's admonition, showed to the boy, whose color mounted higher and higher, only by our countenances our delighted approval.

When the last part was ended Felix sprang up from his seat, and looked around the circle with a speaking glance; but Goethe (probably at a sign from Zelter) spoke and said to Felix: "*Very* well, my son; the countenances of these gentlemen," pointing to us, "speak out plainly enough that thy work has pleased them well. Now go out into the garden, one awaits thee there, and amuse and cool thyself. Thou now glowest with heat."

Without anything farther Felix sprang to the door. When we raised our questioning looks to Goethe to know if we should leave, he said: "Tarry a little, my masters; my friend and I wish to hear your opinion of the boy's composition."

It is now so long since that entertainment that after the lapse of so many years I may not be able to give a full and particular account of it; especially as I find no record of it in my note book. But some circumstances I have ever remembered, which my later nearer relations with Mendelssohn served to fix in my memory.

Goethe regretted that we had only learned to know the little one in a quartet. "The wonderful musical children," said he, "are in respect to technical skill not so great a rarity now-a-days; but what this little man can do in improvisation, *that* borders on the marvelous, and I had not believed it possible in one so young."

"And yet," said Zelter, "thou hast heard at Frankfort Mozart play in his seventh year.

"Yes," replied Goethe, "I myself was just twelve years old, and was like every one else greatly astonished at his extraordinary skill. But what thy scholar has just done is in comparison like the perfect speech of an adult with the lisping of a child."

"But the question with me," said Zelter, "is of the boy's creative talent;" and turning towards us, "what do the gentlemen think of his quartet composition?"

We on our side spoke with the entire conviction that Felix had produced as much of real worth as Mozart had at the same age. "Now one could dare to predict that the world would hold this boy as a second Mozart."

"It may be so," said Goethe, "but who can say how a spirit may develop itself in the end? We have seen so many of such promising talents pursue the wrong course and thus disappoint our high hopes."

"I am very much in earnest with the young one,"- said Zelter, "and keep him, besides his own original works, ever curbed by the rigid Counterpoint studies. But how long can this continue? I can really teach him nothing more, and once free, it will at once be seen in what direction his real talent lies."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that which an artist does of great and real merit must be created from himself alone. What teachers must Raphael, Michel Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, and all other distinguished masters thank for their undying creations?"

"Truly," remarked Zelter, "there have many begun like Mozart, but yet none equal him. Felix has fancy, sentiment, and apt technical science in an eminent degree; he has throughout good, sometimes charming boyish conceptions and nothing less; but yet it is only pretty music; the spirit of genius moves not in it, therefore I will not delude myself. Do you not think as I do, gentlemen?"

When he had thus spoken we could not but agree with him. "Yet," I added, "neither in Mozart's *boyish* compositions did the spirit of genius show itself."

Here I asked whether this quartet which we had just heard was produced by the boy alone!

"Yes, yes," answered Zelter, "all in his own hand and style. What you have just heard he brings completed without any assistance. I know well how most masters do. In order to deify their art as teachers, they scribble over the works of their scholars so that little of the original thoughts of the scholar remain, and then give it out as the work of the pupil. This is base swindling and charlatanry, which deceives not only the audience but the scholar himself, who deludes himself with the idea that it is his own work. It is an evil which has already destroyed much really fine talent and checked it in its onward course. I leave him then to discover and do what he can do. There always remains ever fresh the love of creating, and his joy in the work is not embittered by the critic. This comes soon enough of itself. The discernment awakes, and with it the impulse to new and better works. As for that, this twelve-year old boy has done more than many thirty years of age. Now, may Heaven guard this rare plant from all disturbing influences, and a splendid example will develop itself."

These were the circumstances which I now remember of my first meeting with Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

### TWENTY AND SIX YEARS LATER.

Little could it be known that the strong, healthy, lively, ever cheerful and in every relation happy man was sometimes depressed with presentiments that an early death would be his fate. When he played his 'Paulus" in the Weimar City Church, we sat alone together after a rehearsal in the chamber of the crown prince, and I, at that time a great hypochondriac, remarked that I should enjoy few of his later works. "Oh my friend," said he, "you will long outlive me."

I would often jest with him about his presentiments, but he would repeat his fixed assurance in these words: "I shall not grow

Digitized by Google

old." But then he would repent of such a speech, and his face would assume the most cheerful expression, and he would go to deliberating over his next rehearsal, during which was made prominent in an eminent degree the friendliness and willingness with which all his co-operators came to meet him.

How could I, with that man, beautiful in form, and in the fullness of health before me, a little over thirty years old, how could I think that in a few years his prophecy would be fulfilled?

I moved to Leipzig in 1846, found him gay, lively, on every side uninterruptedly active, had the delight of many learned, instructive conversations with him, one of which I have recorded. One year later, in 1847, just in his eighth and thirtieth year, six and twenty years after my first meeting with the beautiful, genial boy at Goethe's, they bore this great Master of Melody from his dwelling to the Church Paulina. Near his coffin walked countless mourners, the writer of these lines one of the number.

## Musical Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Oct. 26.—On Thursday evening Mr. David D. Wood, the highly talented and efficient organist of St. Stephen's Church, gratified his numerous friends and admirers by giving an Organ Recital at the Church. The programme was a rare one.

Fantasie et Fuga, G Minor .................. J. S. Bach.
Symphonia Pastorale, from the "Christmas Oratorio" J. S. Bach.
Recitative and Aria, tenor ("Deeper and Deeper Still," from "Jeptha"... ....Handel.
Chorale, with variations, "By the Rivers of Babylon." J. S. Bach.
Twenty-third Psalm (for two soprano and two alto voices).........F. Schubert.
Allegro Maestoso, wind instruments (W. T. Best's arrangement) ..........Mozart.
Aria. Soprano, "Hear ye, Israel"........Mendelssohn.
Sonata No. 6..........Mendelssohn.
Aria, alto, "O pardon me, my God" (with violin obligato)..........J. S. Bach.
Serenade Trio (by request).......... ....Beethoven.
Quartet, Benedictus, from "Requiem Mass"..Mozart.
a. Nachtstuck, op. 23 } b. Waldscenen, op. 82 } ..........R. Schumann.
Recitative and Aria, bass, "Arm! Arm! ye brave!" from Judas Maccabaeus"..........Handel.
Chorus, "Acis and Galatea" ..........Handel.

The organ is a superb instrument, made some five or six years ago by Mr. Simmons of your city. The mechanism is very intricate, but its effects are perfect. Mr. Wood's playing throughout the whole programme defies the subtlest criticism. His pedal execution is beyond that of any other organist I have ever heard, and his manual performance is not excelled.

The enormous difficulties of the Bach Fugue seemed to be so completely overcome that it appeared child's play in his hands. So, too, in the "By the Rivers of Babylon" chorale, written for two pedals, the lightning rapidity and crispness of the pedal part were surpassingly great. Once more, in the "Acis and Galatea" chorus, did we have a chance to notice Mr. Wood's remarkable accomplishment.

That lovely serenade of Beethoven's received an exquisitely delicate rendering; so different from the sweeping massiveness with which the Grand Chorale poured on our ears, this truly seemed like the "Benediction that follows after prayer." Again into the "Pastorale" Mr. Wood infused such a poetic sentiment that, blending with the holiness of the place, it carried us back through the dusty centuries to the silent first Christmas eve. The Mozart "Allegro Maestoso" was the least grateful of all. It seemed not to assert itself as amply as the others; but it too was mightily handled by the artist. The Schumann pieces were arranged for the organ by Mr. Wood himself, and consequently they were all that one could desire in effect and performance.

Miss Lauderbach's singing in "Hear ye, Israel," was slightly marred by her indistinct pronunciation of the words, a quality so essential to oratorio singing; but her voice was delightful, especially in the major portion. Miss Young's interpretation of the Bach aria (from the St. Matthew Passion) was entirely satisfactory; her voice is rich and pure, her method graceful. Mr. Hahn performed the violin obligato neatly and efficiently. Mr. Briscoe in his solo was remarkably successful; his style is crude and methodless and voice somewhat throaty, but his declamation was intelligent and distinct. Mr. Hamilton's singing was bad, uncertainty and misconception of the aria were not atoned for by his naturally fine voice.

---

Oct. 30.—On Monday last the long looked for Rubinstein made his first appearance in our city; the vast Academy of Music was well-nigh crowded with an intelligent and brilliant audience. The Orchestra, under Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, opened the concert with the *Egmont* overture. It was only passably well done, lacking light and shade.

Then came Rubinstein; shaggy and reserved, he walked on through the rolling applause and began his D-minor concerto. This much I can say, that it interested and aroused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. The opening allegro is a perfect bouquet of effects; tenderness growing out of stormy passion and passion dying out through tenderness. The Andante was exquisite, and the finale seemed a very Niagara of force and startling wonders. The audience was carried away, and roar after roar breaking forth showed that Philadelphia homage too was given to Rubinstein. Mr. Wieniawski introduced himself to us in the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto. The same perfect purity and graceful accuracy which characterizes Rubinstein's style is Wieniawski's. Never did we hear so gratefully this perfect concerto. In his own "Legend" we were still more delighted; it is a lovely fairy piece, and, followed as it was by "Airs Russes," brought on a storm of applause, recalling the artist some six times. The closing pieces were from Rubinstein: Handel's D-minor aria and variations, Mozart's A-minor rondo, and the march from the *Ruins of Athens*, each winning a tribute of fresh admiration. The lady singers I did not admire. Mlle. Liebhart sang "Angels ever bright and fair," with poor phrasing, but her voice is rather good. Mlle. Ormeny sang the everlasting *Cenerentola* air with great spirit, but with indifferent method. At the second concert, on Tuesday, the 29th, another immense audience assembled. Herr Rubinstein gave us Beethoven's G-major Concerto. This was by far the most attractive of all his performances. The Cadences, I must say, are unrivalled in execution and have their own intrinsic merit; but this was Beethoven's Concerto, and the introduction of another's work seems like writing Washington's name with a middle letter. The Schumann "Carnival" was such a novelty here that each quickly succeeding air of the harlequin lot was more admired than its predecessor. Rubinstein was certainly Schumann for the time, for example, in the "Sphinx" and "Chopin"; it was as if he was creating as he played. Of the closing pieces, Liszt's Schubert's "Erl King" was the noblest in expression; the words seemed to be in every note; and in the closing chord, "Das Kind war todt," the very strings of the piano seemed to enunciate.

Wieniawski in his "Faust" fantasie was very great; the "Salve dimora" and "O notte splendor" were as if some celestial "Faust" was singing to him and inspiring him to his divine and tender execution. For encore he gave a well known popular song in the same clear, conscientious way as before. The Paganini "Carnival" being "encored," he played, deliciously, "Ernst's *Elegie*."

The selections of Rubinstein at the third concert were Schumann's A-minor concerto, a sonata of Weber's, and his own "Barcarole," "Etude," and "Melodie."

The Concerto, of course, was *the* event of the evening. To me it is the greatest of all piano concertos; the decisive introduction, the beautiful and delicate second movement, and the laughing Finale, all were given as only Rubinstein could do it. Wieniawski contributed his D-minor concerto. Of course it was delightful; but once or twice a lumbering blast from the French horn in the *pp* passages seemed very much to annoy the performer, and hence marred the particular effect. The Orchestration is exceedingly tasteful, and indeed the entire work is one of undoubted merit and worth. Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" by Paganini, and his own "Legende," were productive of tremendous applause. His marvellous chromatic passages seemed in the Paganini fantasia to show to greater advantage than at any of the previous performances. M'lle. Liebhart sang Arditi's "Bacio" with much more *savoir faire* than she had hitherto showed, and in the encore, "Within a mile of Edinb'ro," she was positively naive. M'lle Ormeny, in the *Giuramento* aria was not successful, as she was persistently out of tune.

Nov. 9.—We have been favored with three more of the Rubinstein Concerts," the first on Thursday last, and the third and last, a matinee, this afternoon. Owing to the total withdrawal of street cars and hacks, the audiences have been much smaller than those of last week.

On Thursday evening Rubinstein gave us his transcription of the *Egmont* overture with the vigor and effect of an orchestra. Then came the mellow, hallowed "Moonlight Sonata," softly bathing all things in the Adagio, gleaming in the Allegretto, and almost flashing in the Presto Agitato. I truly can say I had never before *heard* the "Moonlight Sonata." The centre of attraction of the evening was the "Kreutzer" Sonata. Often as I have heard it and as well as I imagined I knew it, it seemed as though I had read but the title before these two artists had explained it all. Chopin's C-minor *Nocturne*, *Berceuse* and *A flat Polonaise* were Rubinstein's contribution at the close of part first; and the end of the concert was reached through his attractive presentation of his own *Romance*, *Barcarole* and *Valse Caprice*.

Wieniawski's offerings to the audience were Vieuxtemp's *Air varie*, and an aria and prelude of Bach's. In response to the tremendous applause which greeted these two, he gave Ernst's "Elegie" and a composition of his own.

M'lle. Liebhart sung "Robin Adair" and "Ruck, Ruck," and M'lle Ormeny the Hungarian song "Esa Villag. Last evening, announced as Rubinstein's benefit, attracted a much fuller house than that of the previous evening.

The great composer-artist gave Schubert's Fantasie on the "Wanderer," to me one of the most thoroughly enjoyable performances I have heard of him. At the close of Part I. two of Chopin's *Etudes*. Part II, he opened with his own Sonata for piano and violin in A-minor (?). The effect was to arouse a desire to hear it again. Wieniawski gave Ernst's Fantasia on Bellini's *Il Pirata* and wrought the audience up to the boiling point of enthusiasm; they were hardly to be restrained during the marvellous performance, and when it ended round upon round of applause mingled with cheers (!) rushed through the house. After Bach's "Chaconne," in response to

Digitized by Google

the encore he gave Paganini's "Carnavale di Venezia"; and on the score of that performance I think it may be justly decreed that he is indeed a "rival to the memory of Paganini." M'lle Ormeny sang "Una Voce," and M'lle. Liebhart "Leise, Leise," from *Der Freischutz,*" rather well, but marred the effect by her performance of "Home, Sweet Home." Rubinstein closed the concert with four transcriptions by Liszt: Rossini's "*Gita in Gondola,*" Turkish March from the *Ruins of Athens*: Schubert's "*Auf dem Wasser,*" and again the "Erl King." Every note in the last sang forth the word it is given to express far better than it is sung by very many classical singers.

This afternoon the matinee and last concert was given. The day being very clear and fine, the house was quite full. Rubinstein gave, as his opening number, three pieces of Chopin's: a *Ballade* (G minor), *Nocturne* and *Scherzo.* His second appearance was with some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and "Variations Serieuses." Wieniawski played Beethoven's fresh Romanza for the violin and a sparkling, dashing Polonaise of his own. For encore he played a "Slumber Song." In Part II. he gave us Ernst's "Elegie," a valse and a mazourka of his own; the latter was especially attractive. The Schubert "Rondo" for piano and violin was the "*piece de resistance.*" The ladies sang their parts as usual—Miss Ormeny a trifle better in her "Non piu mesta," and M'lle Liebart not so well in "Ruck, Ruck" and "I love my love." The last number was for Rubinstein, consisting of his "Melancholie," "Tarantelle," "Romance," and "Valse Capriccio"; and as they sparkled from his fingers they seemed as a bouquet thrown to us, saying "Au revoir."

Next Saturday Mr. Wolfsohn's second Orchestra Matinee takes place. On the 19th Theo. Thomas begins a series of concerts; and on the 27th our Handel and Haydn Society sing *Elijah* with Mme. Rudersdorff, Simpson and Whitney.

EUSTACE.

## Music in New York—Thomas and his Orchestra at Steinway Hall.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The musical events of the past fortnight have been so numerous that I can only briefly touch upon each one, although many of them deserve extended notice. To begin with the Italian Opera—which, musically, is of the least importance—we had on Monday, Oct. 28, a wretched representation of the *Trovatore,* with Miss Kellogg as Leonora, supported by a cast the most pitiable which I ever saw. The Prima Donna I will not criticize, as she was weighed down and depressed by the coldness of the audience, and would have sung better had her surroundings been different. On the Wednesday following Mr. Maretzek gave us a novelty in the shape of "La Favorita," with Mme. Lucca as Leonora and Sig. Abrugnedo as Fernando, Sig. Sparapani took the role of the King. On Friday, Nov. 1, we had *Don Giovanni,* with Mme. Lucca and Miss Kellogg. This was followed, Nov. 2, by a matinee of *Fra Diavolo,* an opera in which Mme. Lucca has appeared with great success. On Monday, Nov. 4, *La Favorita* was repeated, and Mme. Lucca gained much applause in the air, "O mio Fernando," and the duet "Vieni, ah! vieni." On Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, Miss Kellogg sang in "Crispino e la Comare." Sig. Ronconi played the cobbler to perfection. I cannot say that he sang it equally well, for his voice is long past recall. The opera, without any musical pretension, has the merit of novelty, and, if not heard too often, is an agreeable diversion. The plot, based upon a fairy tale, is, of course, full of inconsistencies, but the interest is sustained and the bright sparkling music flows smoothly through it, rarely descending to the commonplace. True, it is not an inspiration, but I have seen an audience very enthusiastic over worse music. Miss Kellogg, as Annetta, was charming in voice and manner; and, thanks to her singing and to the acting of Ronconi, who was irresistibly funny, the opera passed off very well; but the audience was the smallest I ever beheld in the Academy, and it was far easier to count the full boxes than to estimate the empty ones.

Last winter, under Strakosch's management, seats which cost four dollars were frequently sold in front of the Academy for five and six dollars. Now they can be bought there at half price, and the owners of boxes frequently make the best of a bad bargain by sending their tickets to be sold on the streets for what they will bring. Look on this picture and then on that.

The other operatic representations were as follows: Nov. 8, *Nozze di Figaro,* with Mme. Lucca, Miss Kellogg and Mme. Leoni Lavielle; and Nov. 9, Saturday Matinee, at which *La Favorita* was given for the third time.

The Concerts I will mention in the order in which they came.

First there have been two rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society, on Nov. 1st and 8th, respectively, the central portion of which was Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The other pieces are the inevitable *Tannhauser* overture and the *Prinzessin Ilse* overture (new), by Erdmannshofer. Then there was the rehearsal of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, which, with an orchestra of sixty and Carl Bergmann as conductor, rivals our New York society. The works in rehearsal here are the 5th symphony of Beethoven, Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Liszt's "Mazeppa." The first concert will take place on Saturday evening, Nov. 30, and the remaining concerts will be on Jan. 11, 1873, Feb. 8, March 29, and May 10. The concerts of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society will be given on the following dates: Saturday evenings, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Jan. 18, 1873, Feb. 15, March 15 and April 19. Many of our amateurs will not fail to attend the concerts at the Brooklyn Academy as well those in New York.

Two concerts were given on the evening of Nov. 7. One at Steinway Hall by our excellent resident pianist, Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, whose pianoforte recitals formed so agreeable a feature in the musical record of last winter. He had the assistance of Mme. Izora Elder and the support of a full orchestra. The programme opened with Mozart's *Zauberflote* overture, hardly to be recognized through the treatment which it received. This was followed by an aria from *Faust,* sung by Mme. Elder. The main feature of the evening was a symphony by Herr Bonawitz (No. 3, in A minor), of which I cannot speak critically, as I only heard the last movement. It seemed to be well scored, and the finale abounds in fine delicate passages which did not receive justice from the violins in the orchestra. A free use was made of the various ill-mannered brass instruments and members of the cymbal and the triangle tribe, which, in my opinion, ought to be seen and not heard. The fine pianism of Herr Bonawitz was the main attraction of the evening. He played an Introduction and Scherzo of his own, with Orchestra; Mozart's Fantaisie in D minor; a *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by Liszt (one which is seldom played here), and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. (Does not the last selection come a little too soon after Rubinstein's performance of it?)

Herr Bonawitz's playing is characterized by a simplicity of style which is almost severe at times; a firm, clear touch, and great facility of execution, combined with a poetic fire and grace of expression which was shown best in his rendering of Mozart's Fantaisie. The audience was a large one.

The Bonawitz pianoforte recitals, to take place during the winter, will be three in number. The first one will come on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4, on which occasion Miss Antoinette Sterling will sing.

The other concert, on the same evening (Nov. 7), was given at the Academy by Mrs. Charlotte V. Winterburn (nee Hutchings), who is favorably known as a singer in Oratorio. This concert was really entitled to be called "grand"—as a miscellaneous entertainment, it could hardly be surpassed. Mrs. Winterburn was assisted by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, of Boston; Herr Benno Walter, Solo Violinist to the King of Bavaria (his first appearance in America); Adolphus Lockwood, Harpist, from London, and G. W. Colby, Accompanist; but the crowning glory of all was Theo. Thomas's superb orchestra, looking as fresh as though they had not travelled half over the United States since last summer, and playing, it seemed to me, better than ever.

The overture to *Tannhauser* opened the programme. This was followed by the air "Que Sdegno," from the "Magic Flute," splendidly sung by Mr. Whitney. This gentleman made a marked impression by his fine voice and artistic delivery.

Herr Benno Walter followed with Spohr's long Concerto in D minor. His playing, though not remarkable for breadth of tone, evinced a fine and musicianlike spirit, and a remarkable purity of intonation, which, together with the beautiful manner in which the orchestral parts were rendered, made this concerto one of the most interesting numbers on the long programme.

Mrs. Winterburn sang Handel's lovely air, "Lascia ch'io pianga," and was warmly applauded. Selections from the "Midsummer Nights Dream" by the Orchestra and two songs by Mrs. Winterburn, which I could not remain to hear, closed the first part of the programme.

Part second opened with Weber's *Oberon* Overture by the Orchestra, who played also Liszt's Rakoczy March. Mrs. Winterburn sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster," very dramatically. Mr. Lockwood played "La danse des fees," by Parish Alvars. Mr. Whitney sang "The freshening breeze," by Randegger; and Herr Walter played Ernst's grand Fantaisie on "Othello," confirming the good impression he made by his first performance. The audience was larger than at the Opera on the night previous, and received an adequate return for their money, which those who attended the Opera did not get.

This brings the record up to Saturday, Nov. 9, when the first of the six Symphony Concerts to be given by Theodore Thomas took place at Steinway Hall. A glance at the hall at five minutes before 8 o'clock was all that was needful to settle the question whether these series would pay. The hall was filled to the highest gallery, and the small hall at the back, only used on special occasions, was thrown open to accommodate those who were unable to find seats elsewhere. The programme opened with Gluck's noble overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis,* played with all the fire and fervor of a company of artists. A better rendering could scarcely be possible.

Mr. Geo. L. Osgood then made his bow to us and sang the aria: "Costanze," from Mozart's *Seraglio.* His uncertain rendering of the recitative and a slight huskiness in his voice showed that he was suffering from nervousness; which, however, wore off when in part second of the programme he gave us five songs by Schumann, written to Lenau's Poems, namely:—

"Lied eines Schmiedes," with its curious hammer and anvil-like accompaniment; "Meine Rose;" "Kommen und Scheiden;" "Die Sennin;" and "Der Schwere Abend."

These were beautifully rendered, and the audience, although they had little relish for such solid musical food as Schumann's Songs, could not refuse an encore to the sweet voiced tenor, and in the selection with which he responded he appeared to the best advantage. The great seventh Symphony by Beethoven, in part first of the programme, was played as I have never heard it, save in the Conservatoire at Paris. From the first note of introduction to the end it received the most masterly treatment, and the beauty of the Allegretto never seemed to me so divine. This work was wisely placed just before the intermission, for we needed the repose after such sustained attention. The orchestral pieces in part second were: "Wotan's Abschied," from Wagner's "Die Walkuren," and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz"—pieces which I will not attempt to describe. Indeed I could only say of the latter, "I know that it is ugly, but I feel that it is great."

The second Symphony Concert will be given on Saturday evening, Dec. 28, when Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony will be performed.

This week all our thoughts and plans are swallowed up in one topic of absorbing interest, and if we think of music it is the music of voices tremulous with tender feeling for a suffering city to which we are bound by every tie of sympathy and brotherhood; and we do not forget that, were we similarly afflicted, Boston would be the first to extend the right hand of fellowship. A. A. C.

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 30, 1872.

☞ Our readers have all heard of the Great Boston Fire. They have readily imagined, no doubt, that even our small quiet nook of journalism was not wholly undisturbed amid the wholesale ruin; and if they missed their paper of Nov. 16, they have guessed the cause. It is true the flames came very near us; had they not been stayed within a narrow street's width of our publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co., there might have been no DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC for some time to come. As it was, our worthy printer, Mr. Spooner, was the sufferer; half of the matter for the missing number stood already in type, when the devouring monster pounced upon him, and almost in no time he was "swept out clean," his types ran molten lead, his presses collapsed under an unwonted pressure. But with courageous enterprise he has picked himself up and improvised another office, procured what types were to be got for love or money in these times, and now, after a fortnight's delay, sends us out in a new dress, new type throughout. But as you will see, he is still "out of sorts"—not in any moral or metaphorical, but in a *literal*, printer's, equivalent in this case to a *typical*, sense. You will miss varieties of type, accents, &c., and altogether you must take the present number, hurried out in such confusion, simply as a sign that we "still live." Henceforth the paper will resume its steady course.

## The Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The eighth season opened on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7,—very auspiciously from the artistic point of view, less so from the material. For this opening fell upon a day so rainy and so chilly, in the midst of the horse epidemic, that all the street cars had to be taken off, sadly to the disappointment of that large proportion of our music lovers who dwell in the suburbs. Yet there was twice as large an audience as one could expect to see at such a time, and made up of the kind of people on whom what is best in music is not wasted. All within looked genial,—the Music Hall in the soft sheen of its fresh adornment; the bronze Beethoven seemingly alive and sympathizing there in front of the majestic Organ; the inspiring presence of the intelligent and happy audience; a fine orchestra, a noble singer, and a programme to excite most pleasing expectations.

Overture to Racine's "Athalie," Op. 74. . Mendelssohn.
**Cantata . "Ariana a Naxos." Scena for Soprano Solo, with Orchestra. .................... Haydn.
Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff.
*Symphony, No. 1, in C, Op. 21. [Comp. 1800]. Beethoven.

—

Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella". ......... Schubert.
Concert Aria. No. 5. Recit. "Ch'io mi scordi"; Andante and Rondo: "Non temer, amato bene." With Piano and Orchestra. ........ ........ Mozart.
Overture to "Genoveva". .................. Schumann.

Mendelssohn's religious Overture to "Athalie" made a stately prelude for a grand series of concerts. The sweet, rich blending of the wind instruments in the vigorous opening choral strain at once gave assurance of sound material and discipline in what had been regarded as the least sure portion of the orchestra; and the strings on their part made the promise good. There were nine first violins (the tenth being absent), headed as usual by Mr. EICHBERG, and including Mr. Schultze, the leader, and Mr. Hamm, the valuable new member of the Quintette Club, besides Messrs. H. Suck, Ford, Allen, Torrington, &c.; eight second violins, under the old lead of the brothers Eichler; six violas, with a new life infused into them by the return of Mr. Heindl; six remarkably good 'cellos, among them Wulf Fries, Hennig [newly of the Quintette Club), A. Suck and A. Heindl; and six strong contrabassos. Never before have we been so fortunate in our wind instruments. With Mr. Goering still for the first flute; with the rich and lovely clarionet tone of Mr. Weber, matched with a new and worthy second in Mr. Whittemore; with Kutzleb's sure and beautiful first oboe; and an admirable pair of bassoons (Eltz, happily regained, and Becher),—there is very little more to be desired, whether of tone-color, or clear execution and expressive phrasing, on the part of the gentler double quartet of the wind band; while all the brass,—the double pair of horns, the pair of trumpets, even the three trombones,—with no lack of vitality and strength, are noted for a smoother, more subdued, harmonious blending than has been characteristic of our orchestras before. We will not have the rashness to call it a *great* orchestra; and doubtless it is still far from perfect for one of its moderate size. But it is a great gain on the past, and may without presumption address itself to its high tasks. Mr. ZERRAHN may now feel happy in a pretty reasonable assurance that he has men to deal with by whom his intentions, and those of the composer, will for the most part be quickly understood and realized.

This first Overture made a fine impression, deepening that of last year, when it was first introduced into these Concerts. So too did the second, and the third. Schubert's to "Alfonso and Estrella," with its broad, grandiose introduction, and its bright, fascinating theme in the quick part, was all too short. It is a brilliant and exhilarating composition, uniting noble grandeur with a wholesome and vivacious buoyancy of spirits; a splendid piece of instrumentation, without any of the modern extravagance; beautiful, refreshing, henceforth ever sure to please. The vital quality and temper of the orchestra, its satisfactory ensemble, exhibited itself nowhere more palpably than in this work. The "Genoveva" Overture could be relied on as a sure card for a finale, which no one, though it has been given every season in these concerts, would be willing to lose. Uniting so much of the Schumann individuality, so much delicate, poetic sentiment and pathos, so much ever fresh romance, with an unflagging force and brilliancy, it charms likewise by perfect unity of form, directness and certainty of movement, and subtlety of texture. This too was in the main well rendered.

Beethoven's earliest Symphony, in C, had never before had place in the seventy or more programmes of the Harvard Concerts, and it was only fit that it should at last be given to complete the nine. Familiar as it once was through smaller orchestras, we think it proved more fresh and full of beauties upon this revival than many had anticipated. If it moves mainly in the smaller forms of Haydn and Mozart, and reflects their very style of thought, partakes of their naive and happy spirit, yet it shows many an intimation of the traits so grandly, wonderfully developed in his after works; the Beethoven individuality already peeps out; here is a new man, an original, all must have felt who heard its first performance. And is it not most interesting to meet for once the strong, long suffering giant, the brooding deep-souled poet, in his youthful freshness rejoicing in the beauty of the world! For one we must confess we never before half realized the loveliness of this too familiar early work. And the orchestra played it as if to them too it was a new delightful revelation in what they had considered an old story. The whole rendering was characterized by great delicacy and clearness, and good light and shade; especially the Andante with its charming variations. The only question would be whether one or two of the tempi were not taken a little too fast.

The novelty, the memorable feature of the concert was the "Ariadne" Cantata by Haydn, a composition of such dramatic progress and intensity, traversing so wide a range of emotions, from the blissful, tender dream of the deserted maiden awaking with her lover's name upon her lips, through the gradual realization of her solitude, to the calling down of heaven's vengeance on the betrayer,—containing a whole history in a single scena,—that one becomes alive to a hitherto unsuspected power in Haydn, and is inclined to think the world has met with serious loss in the destruction of those Operas of his by fire. Ariadne is supposed to be lying on a bed of moss upon the rocky isle of Naxos, just awaking from sleep. The words, superior as poetry to what we commonly find in the Italian texts to those things, invite to the largest and most varied exercise of all the powers of musical cantabile and recitative, as well as graphic instrumentation. We give the close translation, made for the programme by the singer herself, which greatly helped the understanding of the hearers.

*Recitative.*—Theseus, my love! where art thou? Ah, where art thou?
To me it seemed thou wert near me;
But a flatt'ring, yet fallacious dream deceived me!
Already the heav'ns o'erspreads the rose-colored morn,
And the grasses and flowers are tinted by the rays
That crown the brow of golden Phœbus.
Oh spouse, oh spouse adored, whither are turned thy steps?
Perhaps, to chase the forest deer thy noble ardor called thee hence.
Oh hasten, return, beloved one.
And sweeter prey to thee I'll offer!
Thy loving Ariadne's heart that faithfully adores thee.
Ah! clasp with closer embrace to thine own,
And let with all resplendent fire shine forth our love!
To be from thee divided for but one instant, passes all endurance.
Oh, the desire again to behold thee fills my whole soul!
All my heart yearns for thee! Come then, thou, my idol!

*Largo.*—Where art thou, my life's best treasure?
Who withholds thee from this fond heart?
If thou linger'st, all joy, all pleasure,
Changed to woe, for aye depart.
Oh ye gods, bend down in mercy.
Grant this pray'r to you ascending:
Let my love to me return!

*Rec.*—No one listens! My sad words echo but repeats!
Theseus hears me not! Theseus answers not,
And the waves and the breezes carry hence my accents!

*Andante.*—Yet not distant from me ought he to be!
Let me ascend the highest of these Alpine rocks,
From there discover him!

*Allegro vivace, Recitative.*—
What see I? Oh heavens! Unhappy me!
Those are the sails of the Argosy! Greeks are those yonder!

Digitized by Google

Theseus! 'T is *he* stands at the prow!
Am I deceiving myself? No, no, 't is no error!
He flies me! And here, all alone, abandons me!
Further hope there is not:—I am forsaken!
Theseus! Theseus! Hear me! But alas, I am raving.
The sea, the winds bear him away forever from my sight!
Ye gods, be just to me, and punish the traitor!
Ingrate! Why did I save thee from death?
How couldst thou thus cruelly traduce me, thy own promises, and all thy sacred vows?
Betrayer! Deceiver! And hast thou the heart to leave me?

*Adagio.*—To whom can I turn me, from whom for pity hope?
Oh—I am fainting—my strength forsakes me!
In this dread, this bitter moment,
I feel my inmost soul failing and trembling.

*Andante.*—Ah! how for death I am longing,
In this most fatal instant!
But to suffer these fierce torments,
The gods condemn me to live.

*Allegro presto.*—Woe's me! deceived, betrayed,
Earth holds no consolation!
Whom I so loved, forsakes me,
Heartless, unfaithful, cruel!

Here certainly is scope for a musician and for a great singer. Haydn has made a noble composition out of it, for him surprisingly dramatic and intense, full of variety and contrast and of delicate transitions, rich in broad, flowing melodies and in the noblest recitative, and with most beautiful, suggestive use of the full orchestra. The work as a whole has not the rounded form of the Mozart Aria; indeed scarcely any form at all; it simply shapes itself to all the ins and outs and changes of the words; continually new melodies separated by long passages of recitative, during which however the orchestra is frequently melodious; nor is there any unity of key preserved; it begins in E-flat major, a soft symphonic prelude hinting the dawn of day, and ends in an impassioned Presto in F minor; but there is plenty of poetic unity and the true modulation of emotion. Mme. Rudersdorff was equal to her arduous task, entering fully into the spirit of the work, and reproducing all its meaning, power and beauty in a style and with an effect of which we doubt if any other singer now before the world is capable. It was a noble instance of the great old art of song, which has become so rare. It is true, her voice is no longer fresh and youthful, and some things cost her obvious effort, which come out with careless ease from a young singer. But the voice is still a large and rich one in the greater part of its compass, which is very great; it still has tones of the very sweetest,—what could be more so than the long pure note with which the scene begins, calling in blissful reverie the name of "*Te-seo!*" Her recitative was altogether nobly expressive, now full of tenderness, now of alarm and fear, and then of burning scorn and indignation; while in those large, broad passages of pure *Cantabile*, her middle and lower tones had a voluminous rich diapason calibre and quality, with a significant tone coloring, more satisfactory than is hardly ever heard in a soprano singer in these days. Both melody and declamation were superb. If now and then an impassioned and emphatic high tone was a little harsh, it was easily forgiven to the mature consummate art of such a singer, —a singer who even in her singing shows how musically she includes in her conception not the voice part alone, but everything which goes to make up the whole composition, orchestral and vocal. It would be impossible for a Conductor to *know* such a work more thoroughly than she does. Such singing renews the tradition of the great days of song. From such a performance every singer ought to learn. And with all its intensity, all the *abandon* of the singer, it had the repose of Art; there was nothing overdone, nothing extravagant; the fire was there, but it was kept in strict control within the bounds of Art.—We may say all this safely, for we are not alone in our opinion. So far as we could see, or have been able to learn since, the impression on that audience was profound. Witness the glowing criticisms, fair specimens of all that have appeared, which we transcribe on our last page. We are the more moved to copy them, considering the harsh disparagement which some even of the same journals have been wont to heap upon this lady's singing ever since she was so unfortunately out of place, as every real artist could but be, in that vain-glorious Babel tower, the "Coliseum." Now she has reclaimed her true, legitimate position as an artist, and all the lovers of sincere high Art welcome her back to it. —The Mozart Aria in the second part was another instance of superb interpretation; for the air was better suited to her voice than it was to the singer of last year. The *obligato* pianoforte part was beautifully played by Mr. Hugo Leonhard:—a part by no means unimportant, for Mozart wrote it, as he says upon the score, "*for Mlle. Storace and me.*"

---

The second concert, Nov. 21, had a much larger audience, though not up to the mark of last year; nor could it be expected so soon after the Great Fire. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Medea"....................Cherubini.
Violin Concerto in E minor, op. 64......Mendelssohn.
Miss Therese Liebe.

—

Symphony in E flat.............................Mozart.
Violin Solos:
a. Adagio.........................Tartini.
b. Minuet and Trio.....................Mozart.
Overture to "The Ruler of the Spirits," ("Rubezahl"). Weber.

The ever welcome "Medea" Overture by Cherubini, a work of pure classic beauty, and the romantic early one by Weber, full of anticipations of the wild, mysterious *Freyschuetz* element, as well as of fresh, fragrant melodies for flute, oboe, clarinet, were given with precision and good light and shade, and were listened to with close attention and true satisfaction. Mozart's lovely E flat Symphony, always a favorite, was more appreciated than ever; its charm is perennial. The stately introduction, in which the instrumentation sounds so full and large without the modern extra brass, followed by an Allegro in no way disappointing; the perfectly lovely Andante, with its delicious comminglings of soft reed and flute tones, and the exquisite bringing together of a first and second motive; the witching little Minuet and Trio (taken rather too fast for the clear effect of the low clarinet arpeggio); and the hilarious, airy, graceful Finale (again a whit too fast perhaps), were clearly and expressively defined, and a true Mozartean warmth of coloring suffused the whole.

The Fraeulein Therese Liebe is a young German girl, the daughter of a musician of Strassburg, not 18 years of age. For several years she and her family have made their home in London, whither the young girl violinist was sent with a warm letter of commendation by Rossini to Sir Julius Benedict. Mme. Rudersdorff has taken a sincere artist interest in her, and has enlisted her in her American concert party. She has a fine musical organization, is wholly unspoiled by applause and unsophisticated in her musical direction, being partial to the best and loving to play Bach and the old masters of the violin better than the brilliant effect pieces. Her graceful, modest, unaffected manner and appearance, her intellectual, fine-cut features, bespeak a cordial interest at once. Her playing of the Mendelssohn Concerto was very sure and pure and delicate, showing a truly musical conception and right schooling. Her execution for one so young is very remarkable; her tone sweet and true, with slight occasional swerving, rather than very broad and powerful. Some have complained that she did not play with more fire and intensity, and have been so unjust as to compare her with the greatest of mature virtuosos of the violin. "She does not play like Wieniawski," one says! Nor does she *look* like him; what then? From a true standpoint of appreciation, this chaste, delicate, virginal style of playing is not a negative quality, but is to be considered as a positive virtue. The intensity, the fire, the passion, which could be only imitated and affected now, can only truly come of much experience, not of Art only, but of life. One must have suffered to be strong. Goethe has a parable which begins:

"The patient Muses would impart
To Psyche their poetic art."

It went on slowly; the teaching did not thrive, till "Love came by with look and fire, and the whole course was learned outright." For "Love" read the whole heart's experience, human life with all its great excitements and its sorrows, and the parable applies. The two small solo pieces were given with string quartet accompaniment. The Adagio by Tartini is a choice strain of sweet religious melody, which was beautifully expressed; and the bright, piquant Mozart Minuet—from one of his Divertimentos for an orchestra of strings and two horns,—with its tripping staccato, was so neatly, tellingly performed, that the young lady had to come back and repeat it.

The third concert comes next Thursday (Dec. 5), when another young lady of Mme. Rudersdorff's troupe, Miss Alice Fairman, contralto, will sing Bach's Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio, with orchestral accompaniments as completed by Robert Franz, besides some choice old Italian melodies. Miss Anna Mehlig, too, will play the Liszt Concerto in E flat, a Nocturne by Chopin, and a grand Prelude and Fugue by Bach. The Overtures will be Mozart's to "La Clemenza di Tito" (first time for many years) and Mendelssohn's to "Ruy Blas." The Symphony will be a new one (here) by Gade, No. 5, in D minor, of which the instrumentation is unique in the employment of the Piano as a member of the orchestra. (Possibly, however, after rehearsal it may be deemed wiser to substitute the same composer's *second* Symphony, in E.)

---

And now come Theodore Thomas's "Unrivalled Concerts," to lend a musical halo to the coming week! Besides these, the Harvard Concerts with their Public Rehearsals, and the *Messiah* at Christmas, little is certain in the way of music before New Year. The great fire proves a damper (pardon the Hibernicism) upon concert enterprises. Many have retired from the field. Whether even Rubinstein will venture back at present remains to be seen. The Matinees of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg are postponed,—we trust not for long,— the lovers of *such* music cannot well afford to go without it; and in dark times we need the heartening religious cheer of real divine music.

---

In the scramble to get out a paper without the printer's usual conveniences, types too large, &c., we have entirely miscalculated our space. This we discover when it is too late for long, monopolizing articles to move up, or move out, and make room for other matters equally entitled to a place. Some interesting chamber concerts of the Conservatories, some good Organ concerts, a word more about Rubinstein, later Correspondence, &c., &c., are crowded out for the present.

Digitized by Google

## What they say of the First Symphony Concert.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

The cantata was the novelty of the day, it never having been given here before. It is a work of great breadth and power, and quite out of Haydn's general style, save in the regularly formed melodies, which are marked with his peculiar terms of expression, and his now old-fashioned final cadences. It is remarkable in its impassioned intensity, and its instrumentation, in its fulness, vigor and dramatic fire, irresistibly reminds one of the thoughtful and solid scoring of Gluck. The work, though brief, is a masterpiece, and were it not for a certain faint breath of quaintness that now and then appears, it is as fresh as if it had been written to-day. The recitatives are unusually fine, and are strikingly impressive in their sympathy with the sentiment of the text. . . . . Madame Rudersdorff interpreted this exacting and expressive work in a style whose nobility and breadth it is almost impossible to describe. It was one of the most superb pieces of musical declamation to which we have ever listened. There is no living singer we can call to mind who can give so grand a coloring to this work as it received at Madame Rudersdorff's hands. In its dramatic force, intensity of expression, clearness of conception, unity of design and the extraordinary vigor and intellectual refinement that distinguished the whole performance, it was an effort never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. The earnestness and enthusiasm which Madame Rudersdorff brought to bear upon her work, her evident love and admiration for the composition, her conscientious care and artistic fervor, were as remarkable as they were above all praise. In her rendition of this fine work, Madame Rudersdorff proved she was one of that race of great lyric artists, whose wonderful dramatic powers have become a tradition, and of whom now there is no representative save herself. The voice is certainly worn, but the power, expression, fire and intelligence of the artist are almost in their pristine vigor, and enabled her to give one of the most brilliant, satisfying and intellectual vocal performances to which we have listened for years. It affords us great pleasure to be able to speak thus favorably of Madame Rudersdorff's effort of yesterday afternoon, as we had not previously heard her in that class of music in which she excels, and had consequently misjudged the extent of her powers. Her singing of Mozart's concert air was marked by chasteness of style and purity of sentiment, and was, in point of taste, and in breadth of style and sympathy with the composer, a fitting pendant to her previous grand effort.

The orchestral part of the programme deserves high commendation. Mendelssohn's "Athalie" overture was given with great clearness and beauty of expression. The delightful Beethoven Symphony, with its exuberance of animal spirits, its delicious youth and freshness, its wealth of melody and gorgeous coloring, was an exquisite feature in the concert. In this work we see Beethoven before he had entirely emancipated himself from the influence of Haydn and Mozart. The whole symphony was plyaed with spirit and delicacy by the orchestra, whose heart seemed to be in its work. The slow movement in particular was charmingly interpreted, and the care and attention that seemed to inspire the performers one and all throughout, resulted in a highly finished and artistic performance. The "Alfonso and Estrella" overture was vigorously rendered, but it has never been a favorite with us. Schubert does not seem to have worked here with his usual freedom and enthusiasm. There are some fine outbursts of orchestralism, but the principal themes are weak and commonplace. It sounds as though the composer was jaded and uninspired when he set about it, and completed it as a necessary task rather than as a labor of love. The glorious "Genoveva" overture, which brought the concert to a close, was brilliantly and effectively played, its picturesque instrumentalism and careful working receiving every justice at the hands of the orchestra. The opening concert was a complete artistic success, and proved a noble prelude to the series to come.

[From the Globe.]

About the quality of the instrumental performance there could hardly be two opinions. The corps have certainly gained in every good quality and have largely corrected their faults, if they are to be judged by their work of yesterday. A general strengthening and inspiriting of the orchestra seem to have taken place; the "attack" of the stringed instruments is cleaner and sharper than we have ever known it, and an obvious advance has been made both in precision and vitality of style. In the overture to "Athalie," the brass instruments were put severely to the proof in a number of long and trying passages, and did their work with a cleanness and a brilliancy to which we have not been too much accustomed in the past.

The programme was admirable, both in the intrinsic excellencies of its numbers and the agreeableness of their contrasts. The symphony—granting all that may be said of its comparative deficiency in the stronger and deeper beauties of Beethoven's later and more completely original style—is a treasury of choice things, of sweet, pure and beautiful music which charms the senses and delights the fancy, if it does not stir the soul. The fresh loveliness of the *andante*, and especially of its exquisite second melody, can scarcely be matched outside of Mozart and of the Master himself, and the *minuetto* ranks with the best music of its order in brilliant ingenuity and abundant life. In the performance of the symphony the orchestra acquitted itself admirably, distinguishing nicely in the styles of the different movements but not failing to convey a sense of unity in the whole. In the overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," however, their work showed the best of its warmth and power.

Madame Rudersdorff surprised even the warmest of her admirers by her renderings of the Haydn cantata and the concert aria by Mozart. The former of these works was presented for the first time in Boston, and so abounded in beauties as almost to confuse and puzzle the enjoying faculties of the listener. We must confine ourselves, however, to briefly mentioning the great dramatic power and propriety of the music, which touched the heart even more than its sweetness pleased the ears. Madame Rudersdorff in rendering the number displayed a splendid breadth and finish of style and a degree of dramatic insight which would have been worthy of the first of artists. The emotions of the cantata, which pass from the fanciful dreamings of an enamored maiden through almost every form of anxiety, alarm, longing, the grief and agony of insulted love, and, finally, of despair and dissolution, demand the highest power of passionate expression as well as the nicest adaptation in the expression of shades of feeling; and Madame Rudersdorff cannot be more highly praised than by being declared equal to the exigencies of the work. The listener even forgot to be displeased with the hard tones which now and then exhibited the wear and tear to which her voice has been exposed. The aria by Mozart was given with great delicacy and tenderness of feeling and with nice taste.

[From the Commonwealth.]

The elements, although very unpropitious, did not prevent the attendance of one of the usual large and select audiences that a Harvard concert invariably attracts. The conspicuous feature of the programme, and a real novelty, was the cantata, "Ariana a Naxos," by Haydn, sung by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff.

We are under great obligations to the lady and to Mr. Dwight for the opportunity of hearing this superb work, which exhibit's the composer's genius in a new phase. For a piece of its length we know of no other contemporaneous work of its class comparable with it in dramatic fire, nobility of style and depth of sentiment. A fine translation of the text made by Madame Rudersdorff, printed upon the programmes, made the spirit of the music at once familiar and comprehensible. The artist's rendering was superb beyond comparison. The music presents singular and intricate difficulties in its recitative and in its contrasted movements. From the opening note expressive of Ariadne's hopeful waking to the despairing gloom of the tragic *finale*, the artist's conception was impressively majestic, and her rendering magnificent in the grandeur of its declamation, the breadth and beauty of coloring, and the refined delicacy of expression. We are more than pleased to record the unequivocal triumph of Madame Rudersdorff in the highest sphere to which a vocalist can attain, and one in which she has not had previous opportunity to exhibit the splendid developments of her best powers. The Mozart aria in the second part was comparable with Madame Rudersdorff's previous effort in breadth of interpretation and purity of style.

The orchestral portions afforded a rare treat, of which the most delectable dainty was the Beethoven symphony No. 1 in C.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Be sure you're right. Serio Comic Song. 3. D to f. *Younker.* 30

"This maxim always keep in view."

A comico-moral affair. Good music to a good saying.

Jeannette. 3. F to *g*. *Tully.* 30

"Who has eyes of deepest blue?
Who has hair of golden hue?

Kissing at the Door. 3. Bb to *g*. *Tully.* 30

"I'm sure you've staid quite long enough
I've told you so before."

Two fine ballads, the first pretty as Jeannette's blue eyes, and the second neatly comic.

Good Night to thee. 2. Bb to f. *Bliss.* 30

A pleasing good-night song.

Baby's Garments. Song and Chorus. 2. Bb to f. *Gorham.* 30

"Little shoes, whose earthly wearer
Star-crowned, treads the shining shore."

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing. Anthem for Christmas. 3. G. *Wilson.* 80

It is time to practice for Christmas, and these ever sweet words, with their new and bright music are just right for the occasion.

Do you remember? Song and Cho. 2. Eb to e. *Webster.* 35

"Do you remember, Kitty,
What you said one year ago?"

The words, by "Hope Ardor" are very neat, and the whole very cheerful and pretty.

I waited for the Twilight. Lithograph Title. 3. *Albites.* 40

"He said he came to find me
Do you really think he did?"

One of Miss Ridgeway's songs, and can hardly fail to be a favorite, if it is not one already.

Ah! were I but a flitting Bee. 3. G to *g*. *Abt.* 35

"All day and night I'd ceaseless sing
The glorious budding charms of Spring."

Has German and English words; and in addition to being a good song for everybody, is excellent for young singers.

Kitty and Ben. 2. C to f. *Webster.* 30

"As Kitty was walking one morning so early
When over the meadow came Whistling Ben."

A charming, merry half-comic Irish ballad.

**Instrumental.**

Down in the Coal Mine Waltz. 3. D. *Knight.* 30

The way that songs and airs become *the* popular ones, is mysterious enough; but the Coal Mine *is* now one of the chief favorites, and this instrumental arrangement will be acceptable.

Birdie's Song. Nocturne. 4. Eb. *Devlin.* 35

A very pretty "warbling" melody, and is graceful throughout.

Silver Ripples. *E. Mack.* each. 30

The Ripples are 20 in number, and are all just the things for Teachers and Pupils. At present we notice,

No. 3. Charming Lily Waltz. 2. F.
4. Starry Night Galop. 2. G.

Both are very neat, melodious and useful.

Galop Militaire. The Review. 3. G. *Wand.* 40

The Galop has a general brilliant military style with some of the "calls" of a review, and is novel and pleasing.

1001 Nights Waltzes. Violin & Piano. *Strauss.* 75
Kuenstler Leben (Artist Life). " " " 75
Loreley Rhein-Klange. " " " 75
Life let us cherish. " " " 75

The every where popular Strauss Music, arranged for Violin and Piano, in which form it will be more brilliant than for piano alone. Belongs to a set of pieces called 'Echoes from the Ball Room."

**Books.**

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION FOR THE VIOLIN, On Scientific Principles, with German and English Text. Vol. 3. *Charles Henning.* 2.50

The "on Scientific Principles" indicates very clearly the nature of these 3 volumes. They impress one as being thorough violin instruction books full of well arranged exercises and airs. The "Master is provided with an accompaniment, so as to substitute for studies agreeable duets.

PRACTICAL METHOD OF ITALIAN SINGING for Contralto or Bass Voice. By *Vaccai.* English Text by *Barker.* 1.50

This new edition is for *Contralto* or *Bass Voice.* While the method is practical, it must also be quite agreeable, since, with the exercises and solfeggios are Italian and English words, changing dry exercises to pleasant songs.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 826. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 18.

## Parables.

FROM GOETHE.

Poems are colored window glasses.
Look into a church from the market square;
Nothing but gloom and darkness there!
Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so:
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and inside we'll go!
Now round the holy chapel gaze;
'Tis all one many-colored blaze:
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you:—'tis a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized,
With hearts exalted and surprised!

---

The sister Nine full early chose
To Psyche their poetic art
With patient method to impart.
Pure soul! her most of song was prose!
Not thrillingly rang out her lyre
E'en in the fairest summer night;
Till Love came by with look and fire,
And the whole course was learned outright.

J. S. D.

---

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY HIS ENGLISH PUPIL.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the death of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Each succeeding anniversary of this sad event finds his name and his works in greater repute, and any details of his life and character, both as an artist and as man, are eagerly sought for as interesting not only to the musician, but to the large body of amateurs, whose admiration of the greatest composer since Beethoven is as genuine as it is unbounded. Having for some years (1832 to 1847) had the privilege of Mendelssohn's friendship, and of constant and personal intercourse with him, I have been often solicited to give some account of that period, and I now venture to lay before my readers the following slight sketch of the happiest portion of my artistic life. I do so with the hope that the interest of my subject may in some degree excuse the many imperfections in the execution of my task.

Before, however, commencing my observations upon Mendelssohn's life and works, it may not be out of place briefly to glance at the extraordinary progress that Music, both as a Science and an Art, has made since the birth of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and to comment upon the gradual succession of great men, whose works and influence have raised them far above all other composers of their time, and who in a short space of one hundred and fifty years have placed the Art of Music on a pedestal quite equal to that of Painting and Poetry. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, are the five men to whom I would especially point as having an undoubted right to the title of "Kings of Music," and to their works and consequent influence, the Art of Music is indebted for the position it now occupies. If to these names are added those of Weber, Schubert, Spohr and Mendelssohn, there will be a total of nine, and I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration if I assert that it is to these nine great men that the world is indebted for the greater part of the enjoyment and instruction that has been derived from the practice of music since Bach first became known at the commencement of the 18th century. If it is asked why I name only nine great men, and why all these should be selected from one nation? I would reply that, though in France, Cherubini, Auber, Herold, Adam, Berlioz have lived; though England has produced Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Webb, Callcott, Wm. Horsley; though Italy was as much the cradle of Music as of Painting, and can boast, besides her glorious church composers, of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante and others, and though even Germany will never forget Gluck, Spontini, Meyerbeer, Marschner,* &c., yet these men great as they were, have exclusively devoted themselves to one style of composition; in France, Germany and Italy, to operatic music; in England to Church and Glee writing; whereas the nine I have selected applied themselves to, and succeeded in every known form of musical composition, from the sublimest sacred works to the lightest dance music. This great versatility therefore entitles them to more consideration than those who have only been distinguished in one branch of their art, and it is for this reason that I would urge their claims to the high position in which I conceive they should be placed; and if it has happened that all these nine men were from one nation, Bach, Handel, Spohr, Mendelssohn from the North; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Weber, from the South of Germany, it can only be replied that Art has no country, and that musicians must be judged by their works, and the power they have asserted on the minds of their hearers, without reference to the nation from which they sprang. I should be far too long in arriving at the immediate object of this paper, if I allowed myself to dwell at any length on the individuality of each of the nine composers I have named; but as it will be necessary to relate the extremely happy circumstances under which Mendelssohn lived and worked, so will it not be out of place to refer to the painful struggles and difficulties of at least five of his compeers, the beauty of whose works may almost be said to be enhanced by the troubles under which they were produced. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, by far the most scientific musician the world has yet seen, commenced his career under the most painful circumstances. His elder brother endeavored by every means to quench his genius for music, and by denying him light at the only period of the day which he could devote to self-instruction, laid the foundation of an eye disease which ended in total blindness. In addition to this, his worldly means were of the smallest, and the burden of a very large family must have greatly added to his pecuniary anxieties. In spite of these obstacles he lived the most industrious of lives, and not only produced the most incredible number of works, all of which, be they large or small, are immortal, but he educated five of his sons to be most excellent musicians, and thus proved his name to be a veritable "*Bach*," or stream, of the profoundest depth and clearness.

HANDEL's early life was full of troubles. He wandered from one Italian town to another producing operas, and certainly making a name, but it was not until after he was fifty years of age that he struck out that path of Oratorio writing which has made him immortal; and though at his death he left a large fortune, yet even in England his losses caused him more than one bankruptcy.

HAYDN, to gain instruction, was compelled to perform menial service for his first master Porpora, who compelled him to black his boots and brush his clothes in return for a very small modicum of teaching; and even when in the service of Prince Esterhazy, his position for many years was little better than that of a lacquey. The whole course of MOZART's life was beset with troubles. The Archbishop of Salzburg, into whose service he entered at the age of 16, seems to have delighted in plaguing the composer's life with every species of petty tyranny, and when at last he broke through his toils, and as it were escaped to Vienna, his greatness raised him up hosts of enemies, and his good nature, his kindness in assisting others, and his genial temperament and love of society, brought him into so much pecuniary difficulty that his funeral expenses had to be defrayed at the cost of the parish in which he lived.

The saddest case of all, however, was that of BEETHOVEN. Although his father seems to have been a very morose, hard-hearted man, yet being himself a musician he soon discerned the dawning genius of his son, and gave him every facility for learning the first principles of his art. At an early age he went to Vienna, studied under Albrechtsberger and Haydn, and it was pronounced by Mozart on hearing him extemporize: "The world will hear of that young man." Each succeeding year proved the truth of this prophecy; but towards the beginning of 1800 the dreadful malady of deafness commenced and increased daily, and for the last twenty years of his life, till 1827, when he died, Beethoven never heard a note of his music, and excepting by the means of sight, was quite unable to conceive the effect his sublime inspirations had on his hearers. So great a calamity is unexampled in the annals of the Art, and if anything could raise the opinion of such a man's works, it would surely be the knowl-

* No mention, then of SCHUMANN? At least as worthy of a place among the "nine," as Spohr.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

edge that in spite of the direst trial that could befall a musician, his indomitable will, courage and industry triumphed over a misfortune which would have crushed many others, and caused them to succumb to the evil, without seeking a remedy for it in the exercise of the talent entrusted to them.

Schumann during his life time appears to have been known more as a song writer than as a composer devoting himself to the higher branches of his art. The last few years however have proved the fallacy of this opinion, and the resuscitation of Symphonies, Sonatas, Quartets, Overtures, Operas, Masses, &c., has proved beyond dispute the right of this great man to the place he most deservedly occupies, Weber's comparatively short life was sorely tried by domestic troubles and constant sickness caused by pulmonary disease, and yet he struggled against both, and in all branches of the art proved himself worthy of a high place in the musical Walhalla. A similar position will surely be allotted to Spohr. I look forward to the time when this truly great man's works will be more appreciated than they are at present; for not only as the greatest violinist of his day, but as a composer of the utmost individuality he may be said to have invented the "Chromatic School" of writing) his works, though excessively difficult to imitate, are most worthy of study, being full of most lovely melody clothed in superb harmonies, in many instances quite reaching sublimity.—I have now at length arrived at the immediate subject of this paper, and if I have been somewhat lengthy in doing so, I trust that it will be remembered that my object was to show that a musical succession of great men have been raised up one after the other, during a period of a century and a half; that these great men have, so to speak, kept the artistic faith "pure and undefiled" in spite of the greatest difficulties, and that Mendelssohn, a true disciple of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, followed most worthily in the glorious steps of his predecessors, and that at any rate, for the present, he closes the list of great composers, for in a cosmopolitan sense, with his death and that of Spohr, the race became extinct. Let it be hoped that the fiftieth anniversary of this sad occurrence may find a successor placed on the throne. Since 1847, the interregnum continues.

It is by no means my design to attempt anything approaching to a life of my friend and master. Some day this will be written by far more competent hands than mine. Various attempts have already been made, but the most valuable contribution exists in Mendelssohn's own letters, one portion translated by Lady Wallace, and the earlier account of his boyhood, recently published under the editorship of his son, Dr. Carl Mendelssohn, Professor in Heidelberg. It may suffice to state that Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born in Hamburg, on February 3d, 1809, and was the son of an eminent banker in Berlin, and the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish Philosopher. This learned man was possessed of very liberal opinions, and caused his children to be brought up in the Christian faith, and consequently Felix's father was only of Jewish descent, and in religion belonged to the Lutheran Church. I well recollect the old man. He dined at my father's house at Kensington, near London, at the time his son's reputation was daily increasing. On being congratulated on his son's success (this was after "St. Paul" had appeared) I remember his saying: "I am very unfortunate; I am the son of a great man and the father of a great man; I really believe I am the man who, sitting between two stools, has fallen to the ground." With such parents (his mother was also a most excellent person) no pains or expense were spared in the education of their children. Felix had every advantage that money and position could procure. Moscheles, Berger and Hummel were his pianoforte instructors. Zelter (Goethe's friend and correspondent) undertook his musical and theoretical education; he learned Latin and Greek so as to translate their classics; he exhibited great talent for drawing and to almost the last day of his life delighted in sketching. My sister has in her possession a drawing, from memory, of my father's house at Kensington, which is wonderfully executed. From the age of seven years he began to compose, and although it may be a fair subject of question as to the advisability of publishing his early works, as has been done by Novello & Co., yet they are so far interesting that they show the extraordinary precocity of the boy, a precocity only perhaps excelled by Mozart. But Mozart had none of Mendelssohn's advantages; from his earliest years he was hawked about England and France by his father for the purpose of money making; whereas Mendelssohn, although in many respects the idol of his family, was always under the strictest control of loving but sensible parents, who afforded their son every opportunity for study and the improvement of his wonderful powers, without heedlessly parading his gifts before a general public, always prone to exaggerate youthful talent, and to applaud the system of forcing a genius, which, except in very few instances, is more harmed than benefitted by the process.

In the summer of 1832 I saw Mendelssohn for the first time. I was then a mere child barely ten years old, but I well recollect the occasion. My father's house was the rendezvous of all great artists both English and foreign, and invitations were immediately given to all who either brought letters or were introduced to my father by his numerous professional friends. My father himself, the most distinguished tiles writer and soundest musician that England has yet produced, was the most genial host, and it is to his constant desire to collect around him all that was good and great in his own profession, as well as the cream of the painters and literary men of the time, that his children owed the privilege of seeing all those whose genius and talent so largely contributed to the art progress of England since the commencement of the century. Thus among the musicians constantly at the house, were Moscheles, Hummel, Paganini, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Thalberg, Benedict, Sir George Smart, Mr. Neat, Mrs. Anderson, and many others; amongst the painters, Sir Augustus Calcott (my mother's uncle), Sir Thomas Lawrence, F. R. A., Collins, Wilkie, Etty, Redgrave, Mulready, Webster, Stone, Dyce, Sir W. Boxall, Uwins, &c. Our most intimate friends in literature were Dr. Rosen, the celebrated Oriental scholar, Carl Klingemann, Secretary to the Hanoverian Embassy, Mr. H. F. Chorley, Hogarth, &c., &c.; and of engineering celebrities, we constantly saw the Brunels, father and son, the latter having married in 1836 my eldest sister. Thus I may truly say that I and my family were constantly surrounded by an atmosphere of art, literature and science; and to this fact is of course traceable the great love of Music and Painting which seems almost hereditary amongst us.

My father was always anxious to promote and to encourage our childish amusements, and at Christmas we invariably had a performance of a play written and acted by ourselves. I believe there are three of these pieces written chiefly by myself, still in my mother's possession, but the last was the most ambitious of all. It was a melodramatic Opera called the "Magician." I wrote the words of the songs and the dialogue; my youngest sister, Sophy, composed the music, and my brother John Calcott Horsley, now a Royal Academician, painted the scenes. Of my own performance as a disciple of Grub Street, I recollect little or nothing beyond a keen sense of having perpetrated fearful doggerel; but I well remember that the music, especially an Overture in B minor, and some melodramatic interludes were especially effective, and, knowing her great natural gifts, it has always been a source of regret to me that my sister would never study the theory of music. Had she done so, I am convinced she would have ranked high amongst the English female composers; (there are only three that I am aware of, Miss Kate Loder, Mrs. Tom Taylor and Miss Macarooni); for in addition to her undoubted creative talent, had she chosen to improve it, she is by far the best amateur pianist even now to be found in London. My brother's scene painting was also much praised on this occasion, and he has since amply fulfilled all the promises of his youth by a constant supply of most talented pictures, the production of which has placed him in a high place amongst his fellow artists.

But what have all these family details to do with Mendelssohn? In the summer musical season of 1832 Mendelssohn arrived in London. He had previously, I think in 1829, been for a short time in the English metropolis, but it was in 1832 that his music was first played, and his magnificent Piano and Organ playing first became known to the British public. His Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and his Concerto in G minor were produced during this year, and the first concert at which he appeared as a composer, a pianist and a conductor, showed, as has been before stated, that a legitimate successor to Beethoven had appeared, to preach the true faith of real music. During this season, the first of many brilliant ones of which Mendelssohn was the hero, he several times visited my father's house. At one of these visits the music of the "Magician" was shown him, and as a great favor he begged that a special performance might be given. It was then midsummer, and the heat was very great, but my father and mother immediately gave their consent, and a grand performance took place in exactly the same manner as at the first production the previous Christmas. About that time the Chevalier Neukomm, a talented

Digitized by Google

man in every respect but music, but who imagined himself a great composer, was deluging London with second rate songs, the words chiefly by Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall. Amongst these was one, worthless as music, called "King Death was a rare old fellow." It occurred to my brother to paint some scenes illustrative of the various incidents imagined in this poem, and my youngest sister represented the principal character in a manner which proved she possessed considerable histrionic as well as musical talent. This representation was given as an afterpiece to the "Magician." Although I was a child at the time, I never shall forget Mendelssohn's delight at the performance both of the melodrama and of the afterpiece. It was a grand thing to witness the varied expression of his beautiful face; but the greatest treat of all was after supper, when, the temporary stage having been cleared away, he sat down to the grand piano and electrified all by an extemporary performance on the themes contained in my sister's music. Such playing, such ingenuity, and such a display of marvellous musical memory, had never been heard before, and yet it was only the first of many similar and greater triumphs.

(To be Continued.)

## Goethe's Songs.

[From a Note to Translations of "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller." Boston, 1839.]

A song is but a breath. It came out whole, just as it is, as much a mystery to the poet as to any one. Its dress cannot be torn away from its substance; the rhythm, the tones, the coloring, the imagery, the very length or shortness of it, are determined by a sort of inward necessity—that nicer instinct, by which the soul, in all its genuine productions, instantly chooses out of Nature whatever will serve it for a language. A song is a feeling which has found utterance in a beautiful form, and satisfied itself. The form is not the container of the spirit of a song; the form is thoroughly instinct with the spirit, and, in fact, grew out of it. The spirit, therefore, or essence of a lyric piece cannot be transfused out of one form into another. Imitation always fails, and would, even if it were possible to effect an exact literal copy. The translator's only hope, then, is to reproduce, to reoriginate, to repeat, as near as may be, in himself, the very experience in which the song first had its birth. . . .

Goethe's songs are all *occasional* poems. They are the poet's diary, written in beautiful emblems. A stanza, in itself apparently trifling, a mere breath of melody, stands over more than is fathomed at a glance. A deep background of real experience lies behind them all. The mightier inward workings, whence these drops of beauty are distilled, we do not see. Similar experience, to which any hint is enough, must be the key to their full meaning; and yet to all, more or less, they speak by their mere melody, which, like the sweet wink of Nature, tells us there is meaning, but never tells how much. It is said to be one capital secret of master-artists, that they "*paint deep;*" they lay on color over color, to produce one simple color to the eye. In copying from Nature, they paint more than the surface which is seen, but also much beneath it, which is not seen. Thus the deep blue sky, which looks so real in the best landscapes, is, in fact, coat upon coat of various colors, the blue last and outermost. So sincere is all true Art; it must know something of the depths, before it can effectually copy the shows of Nature. Such pictures, like Nature herself, present an inexhaustible novelty and depth; for both are living creations of the spirit, and not vulgar manufactures. The same thing holds not of Painting alone, but of all Art—poetry, literature, and whatever pretends to creative genius. The superficial, over-refined literature of the day may be said to want reality and backgroud; it tells all that is meant, and more, and so wants the look of life. In the works of genius, what is written is but the sign of vastly more, concealed, which cannot be spoken. It is eminently so with Goethe. A long study of the whole man—not a criticising, but a simple and trustful study—finally makes every little rhymed trifle interesting, as unaccountably so as the favorite tunes of boyhood. One is surprised, looking over his works, that he should have preserved, with such avaricious fondness, scraps and trifles of every sort, which to the indifferent reader stand for nothing. He seems to have cherished every line left from his pen, as if they were his children. The fact is, these lines are all realities. One who has long read Goethe, reads with perfect confidence that everything he finds, however minute, is something real and significant, or it would not have been there.

The habit of embodying all his experiences in emblems, of turning his life into poetry, joys and glooms alike,—redeeming the former from their transitoriness, to shine as ideal stars above him, cheering his Present with the best of the Past,—converting the latter into triumphs, making the memory of sorrows sweet, seems to have been his strong tendency from childhood. His mother wrote of him,* "My son has said, that when anything lies heavy on us, we must work it off; and that whenever he has had a sorrow, he has got a song out of it." Poetry was his life. He saw, as soon as he turned himself to writing his own biography, that poetry is by no means the least real part of history, and that, in fact, it is the imagination which writes histories; and he entitled his Memoirs "Fiction and Truth out of my Life" —*Dichtung und Wahrheit aus meinem Leben.*

Here we have the great charm of Goethe's songs, as well as of all he wrote. It is the poetry of experience; the poetry of everyday life; the poetry of the Present, and of memory and hope as part of the actual Present. Hence their freshness and reality. Hence the author's own fondness for them: if he does not love them, who should? A true song the poet feels to be no property or manufacture of his; he receives it gratefully as a gift, as it springs from his own wondering brain, and he hastens with eager joy to impart it to his fellows.

Trusting his own experience in this way, and living in the Now, in full faith that it is good, because it *is*, he, more than almost any man, solved the great problem of finding the Ideal in the Actual. Total occupation of himself, heart and soul, in the object nearest him,—living *in* it, and identifying himself with it for the time,—left no room for sick yearnings, made each little sphere a world, each moment an eternity. This is evidently what he meant by "living in the Whole," by finding "All in One, and One in All." It seems to have been his mission, like Wordsworth's to reveal to us the poetry of this very world around us, and to present us with fresh flowers of poetry, of no hot-house growth, but from the true soil of Nature, our common inheritance—beautiful witnesses and pledges of life's higher meanings, which preach to man that *here* or nowhere is his heaven; that *here* grow the flowers of Paradise. Wordsworth's *nature*, however, seems often too intentional; in him the reflecting philosopher predominates often over the simple bard. In Goethe it is Nature herself who speaks.

This habit of living in the Present with such a child's interest easily explains the "many-sidedness" of the mind, which shows itself in the wonderful variety of these little poems, as in his whole life. Each song is an imbodied mood, a little world in itself; and from one to another we pass, as it were, into a new being, into the atmosphere of another mind. Nor is it easy for the genial reader to admit the common remark, which attributes all this to the *artistical* habits of the man, as if he viewed each thing, each human interest, nay, each inward feeling, only with the æsthetic sense of an artist, seeking to represent it as it is, himself coolly above all interest in any thing. On the contrary, he will imagine that this was the most natural thing in the world with Goethe, and that a hearty interest in all things—such true interest in one thing always sending the mind with fresh interest to another—was the secret of his Art. It has been said that he let his Art correct his inspiration, when his inspiration should have corrected his Art. It were simpler to suppose that his Art *was* his inspiration.

As it regards outward form and beauty, these pieces are distinguished for the characteristic above named, as essential to a true lyric, namely, that perfect identity of form and substance, so that one cannot be lost without the other. Some of them remind us of the songs of Shakspeare, by their simplicity of sentiment, by the small quantity of thought in them, and the strange charm with which they haunt us notwithstanding—wild Æolian harp snatches, which melt into air, while the hearer translates them into words. His love-songs, by their tenderness, whether gay or sad, and their sincere depth, which seems unwillingly betrayed, win us to their mood, like those of Burns. They are among the best poems for music of modern times, and are the favorite themes of German composers. Zelter, particularly, composed a great part of Goethe's Songs and Ballads, and entered warmly into their spirit. They discussed principles of Art and worked together, the Muses of Poesy and Harmony presiding over their joint labors. Far more completely have Goethe's songs and ballads yielded up their essential music to such inspired tone-poets as Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz. To such music the translator has been sometimes not a little indebted. The verbal form seemed to defy translation; but being held some time in solution in this subtler element of music, it shaped itself again in his own language more readily. Walking about with the melody ringing through him, while he pondered the sentiment, a literal imitation came out in a manner quite spontaneous and unmechanical.

In point of diction, their style is the absence of all style. There is never a word too much; and those used so completely answer the end, that one cannot imagine others in their place, or that there could have been any choice of words. Brief, definite, simple, and transparent, they just transmit to you the mood or sentiment, while of the words themselves you never think. The verses "*To the Moon*" are a good instance; the thoughts, images, and words, are of the simplest, but the verses seem steeped in moonlight,—they are an embodied sensation.

But all this is better said in Mr. Carlyle's preface to the fourth volume of his "German Romance."

"Goethe is nowhere more entirely original, more fascinating, more indescribable, than in his smaller poems. One quality which very generally marks them, particularly those of a later date, is their peculiar expressiveness, their fulness of meaning. A single thing is said, and a thousand things are indicated. They are spells which cleave to our memory, and by which we summon beautiful spirits from the vasty deep of thought. Often, at the first aspect, they appear commonplace, or altogether destitute of significance; we look at the lines on the canvas, and they seem careless dashes, mere random strokes representing nothing, save the caprice of their author; we change our place, we shift and shift, till we find the right point of view; and all at once a fair figure starts into being, encircled with graces and light charms, and by its witcheries attracting heart and mind. In his songs, he recalls to us those of Shakspeare; they are not speeches, but

* Goethe's *Briefwechsel mit einem Kind*, [Correspondence with a Child,] Vol. i. p. 33.

Digitized by Google

musical tones; the sentiment is not stated in logical sequences, but poured forth in fitful and fantastic suggestions; they are the wild wood-notes of the nightingale; they are to be sung, not said." J. S. D.

## Schumann's Overture, "Genoveva."

[To the Editor of the London "Musical World."]

Sir,—This overture, to the only opera which Schumann ever attempted, was composed in the year 1847, and stands as Opus 81 in the catalogue of his works. It is not built upon the themes of the opera, like those of *Don Giovanni*, *Der Freischuetz*, *William Tell* or *Leonora* (indeed it was completed before the opera itself was begun), but appears to be an attempt to portray the general spirit of the story, more after the model of Beethoven's overtures to *Egmont* and *Fidelio*. The story is one which, in some form or other, exists in almost every nation and language. Genoveva is married to a knight, who is compelled to leave her and go to the wars. They are tenderly attached. His absence is taken advantage of by a friend to attempt the ruin of the wife. Failing in this, he has recourse to lies, and accuses Genoveva to her husband of infidelity. The husband, furious, orders her to be turned out of her castle, and left to perish in the woods. Here their child is born, and nourished by a doe. The husband returns, and while hunting in the forest encounters first the child and then his wife; an explanation takes place, and Genoveva is restored to her home and happiness.

In what measure this story of passion and distress is reflected in Schumann's music every hearer will judge for himself. To me the sombre *Introduction*, with its sharp dissonances and plaintive violin figure, well expresses the inconsolable grief of Genoveva in her lonely banishment; while the *Allegro*, in the restless unhappiness of its principal subject—the cheerful melody given out by the horns, and repeated by the flutes, oboes and clarinets—the charming second subject—the sudden and striking changes of key, and the exulting joy of the conclusion, reflect forcibly the anguish of the innocent sufferer, her occasional gleams of hope, and her final triumphant return to her former happiness. The overture abounds with fine points, and is a truly original and characteristic work. A. M.

## A Card from Mr. Charles Mathews.

Sir,—Will you oblige me by giving publicity to the following note, which explains itself? I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Gaiety Theatre, Oct. 15. C. J. Mathews.

"Mr. Charles Mathews presents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow-creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily receives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologize for not entirely supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object. He has had quite enough to do to fight through his own difficulties, and has been and is still laboring at a time of life when many men would be glad to be sitting quietly by their firesides, in the hope of acquiring a small independence for his old age, which endeavor would be completely frustrated were he to devote all his hard earned savings to the necessities of others. He hereby declares, upon his oath, that though he has lately travelled thousands of miles, and met with all the success he could wish, and is at the present moment basking in the sunshine of public favor, he is not a millionaire; and though warmly attached to his species in the plural, he has at last learnt to value it in the singular—his specie having become equally dear to him. It is not that he 'loves Cæsar less but that he loves Rome more.' He admits the force of the old quotation: 'Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco' but he offers this new translation: 'Having so long suffered distress of his own, he has learnt—though rather late—to feel for the necessities of the one who is most in want of assistance—namely, himself!'"

## Prince Juri (George) Galizyn.*

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

Prince Juri Nikolejewitsch Galizyn, who died, last September, in St. Petersburg, and was known by the concerts he gave, with a company of Russian singers, in Germany, England, and America, was descended from an old Boyard family, which spreads over all Russia, and to which belonged Prince Wassili Galizyn, minister of the Zarewna Sophia; Prince Boris Galizyn, tutor of Peter I., the first Russian Senators, members of Peter I.'s Superior Privy Council, General Admirals, and Ambassadors. In the time of Lipinski and Boehm, his father, Prince Nikolai Borissowitsch, was (up to the age of thirty) a zealous and skilful member of the Quartet Society in St. Petersburg. It was in his house that Lipinski tried the E flat major Quartet which Beethoven dedicated to the Prince, after Franz Boehm had given it up as something impossible to play; Lipinski, on the other hand, was ravished, and entranced with it. The Prince gave more than four hundred concerts. He was a *fanatico per la musica*. His comprehension of Beethoven was not profound; the great thing for him was taking a part in the performance; playing; playing a great deal; consequently he performed at very many concerts, all over Russia, especially in Charkow and Tambow, though he was not such a master on his instrument as Count Wielhorski. This Prince died some years ago. He perceived very soon a decided taste for music in his son. That son, Prince Juri, who had as much *embonpoint* as Lablache, merely pursued music as a dilettante, and till the latter years of his life, if, indeed, at all, did not study it theoretically. He was never master of a large fortune, because his father, in his character of a Mecænas, had greatly diminished the hereditary property, or, probably, spent it entirely. It may be mentioned that his father paid the price fixed by Beethoven for the three Quartets (in B flat, in A, and in E flat, Op. 130, Op. 132, and Op. 127), which he commissioned Beethoven to write ("which he had ordered" is a detestable expression) and dedicate to him; but he paid only a part to Beethoven himself, and the remainder to his heirs.

Prince Juri lived, as was the custom of those of his own rank and age, carelessly from day to day, and it was not till his fortune was completely dissipated that he came before the public as a conductor, at the head of a number of Russian singers whom he had collected and trained. For spreading Russian compositions far and wide abroad, he is undoubtedly entitled to high credit. In the important musical library inherited from his father are Beethoven's three Quartets in manuscript (small quarto, in parts, not in score), with corrections in the composer's hand. The latter have been transferred to the plates. The overture for the *Weihe des Hauses*, Op. 124, was also dedicated to the father. It is in no way true that Prince Juri was deserted by his nearest relatives as our Press asserted; it is by no means true that he sacrificed his property for others; he simply expended too much of it in keeping up great show and magnificence as Marshal of the Nobility at Tambow. I knew both the father and the son for thirty years, and cultivated music a great deal with the former; I am, therefore, in a position to affirm that neither understood much of Beethoven. Beethoven's Violoncello Sonatas, Op. 102, especially, were beyond the father's comprehension. Prince Boris played in very poor style, and for reasons easily imagined, unwillingly, the Quartets dedicated to him by Beethoven. They were too difficult for him: "C'est mal doigte," he would frequently say; "C'est tres incommode," he always said. Never at any period did Prince Boris, or his son, an amiable and affable man, exert any influence upon musical matters. They were contented with the character of Mecænases at home, and figuring everlastingly as executants.

*The Voice* (*Golos*), the paper enjoying the largest circulation in St. Petersburgh, publishes the following not uninteresting particulars concerning Prince Juri:—"It was abroad that the Prince entered upon an artistic career. A report circulated among us here that a Russian Prince, whose name was not mentioned, had, *horribile dictu!* appeared in public, conducting-stick in hand. People attached but small credence to the report. The more astounded were they, therefore, when, one day, monster posters announced, very seriously, a concert to be given by the Prince in Pawlowsk (the Kroll's of St. Petersburgh). The public besieged the railway station; train after train was despatched to Pawlosk, where all the 'high life' of St. Petersburgh had assembled. The best places at Vauxhall were filled by ladies belonging to the first society, and by old gentlemen, from whose foreheads the clouds of state cares had only just disappeared; the sides of the hall contained the flower of the infantry, and cavalry officers of the Guard leaning upon their swords. English and French phrases jostled and commingled with each other: 'Mais, comment? He, the member of an ancient princely family! Voila on nous en sommes, mesdames! Shocking! Very shocking, sir!'—Grey-haired old ladies shook their heads, and grey-haired old gentlemen laughed derisively; the young ladies seemed astonished; the young officers tried to twirl their moustachioes in embryo. There appeared upon the stage a portly, corpulent man, with the 'head of an Assyrian king,' as Herz so admirably expressed it. He made a slight obeisance to the public. The applause was rather shy. The chorus burst forth, under the Prince's conducting-stick, wielded impetuously by the Prince. The *debut* did not produce a *furore*; the audience had not assembled in such numbers to hear the '*chansons russes*,' but to see a chorus conducted by a genuine Russian Prince! a Prince whose genealogical tree formed a part of Russian history from the earliest times. What puzzled them most was the category under which the occurrence was to be ranged. They thought of nihilism, a disease then prevalent everywhere, and now simply ridiculous; but the conductor's high and aristocratic bearing, which clung to him all through his life, did not agree with this theory. They thought of want of money, but it could not well be that; with the Prince's family connections, he might, supposing him incapable of really doing anything, which was not the case, have obtained some appointment with nothing at all to do, which would have raised him above want. The audience decided in favor of the Prince's passionate fondness for music; but there was nothing so very reprehensible about this, and they wanted to lay some kind of transgression to the charge of one who had thus wounded aristocratic pride. 'High life' was most dissatisfied at the sympathy which the event found among the general public. After much debating, it was decided that the Prince's eccentricity, and his yearning for popularity, had induced him to take such a step. There was some truth in this. Amidst the colorless society to which he belonged, he was distinguished all his life for decided originality and energy, which latter, unfortunately, was not invariably devoted to a proper object; for a tendency towards the grandiose in outward things, while the other members of his own class were contented with empty splendor and the strict practice of traditional customs. It is certain that the Prince was no ordinary man. The light-heartedness with which he went through some most difficult moments of his eventful life really borders upon geniality. More than once did Fortune raise him above his difficulties, and more than once did he stand upon the brink of ruin. Out of a luxurious carriage with powdered lackeys did the Prince step into the prison for debt in London. One day he would give a dinner fit for Sardanapalus, and, the next, he would have nothing to eat. He mixed in every rank of social life, and was acquainted with every kind of privation, to which he was continually being reduced by his carelessness for the morrow. His entire existence was one series of obstacles over which he triumphed, simply to become again involved. He was made up of contradictions. His efforts to gain money equalled his extravagance. Kind by nature, he often did wrong, and then repented and confessed his fault. Brought up among those who possess no notion of genuine nationality (?), the Prince was, to the last, a man of the people (?), a true Russian, with all the good and all the bad qualities of such an individual. He knew very well that he possessed more enemies than friends, and blamed no one for this but himself. He never concealed his faults, and listened quietly to reproaches, in which neither friend nor foe were ever deficient. One thing, however, is incomprehensible, and that is how it was that, with the energy of which he gave such frequent proofs, he never would combat against himself. 'I have no worse enemy than myself,' he used to say. We cannot attribute everything to the circumstances in which he was placed; but, under different circumstances, he would have been a different man. Nature had not behaved like a stepmother in her gifts to him; led astray, when young, he could not succeed for a long time in finding the right path, on which he did not enter until nearly the close of his life. The lost time, however, was not to be recovered, and for that reason it is not likely that the Prince will ever hold a place of honor in the history of the development of Russian art."

Other organs of the Russian press, which derive their information from the *Memoirs* he has left, tell us that the Prince was brought up in the corps of Imperial Pages, and for mere amusement taught his comrades choral singing, as he afterwards taught others as a serious means of subsistence. In London it was from the prison for debt that he went to conduct his concerts, returning to prison after he had finished conducting, and being accompanied both to and fro by a policeman (?).* In America he did not make money; the principal sphere of his efforts in Russia was at the concerts of the Zoological Gardens, Moscow, where he was popular, which was not the case in St. Petersburgh. Only once, we

* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

* This ("?") is mine; the others belong to the original Russian article quoted by Herr von Lenz.—Translator.

are told in his *Memoirs*, did he burst into tears over his misfortunes. In London he set his colleagues against him by his aristocratic bearing. At one concert he gave the signal for beginning the overture to *Zampa*, and the orchestra obeyed by bursting out into a horrible medley; they were playing from the parts of a number of different operas, which had been substituted for the proper ones. The public hooted and jeered, the spectator cried off his bargain, and the Prince stood alone in the great foreign capital, not even able to speak with Bacey the language of the country.—In our opinion it was simply the wish to show himself and be talked about which brought the Prince before the public; he deserved a better fate, and was not without natural gifts. W. von Lenz.

—*Lond. Musical World.*

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, Nov. 21.—As I have already taken a large allowance of your space, I will restrict myself to a brief record of the concerts which have been given since the date of my last letter. Last week Mr. Grau gave us three soirees of chamber music and one matinee. Messrs. Rubinstein and Wieniawski were assisted in those concerts by Mr. F. Bergner, Mr. Matzka, Mr. Goffrie and others. Mlle. Liebhart was the vocalist. The concerts were given at Steinway Hall, and, although the auditorium was too large for chamber music, a small room would not have contained the audience, which was uniformly good both in number and kind. The first soiree (Nov. 12th), opened with Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, played by Rubinstein, Wieniawski and Bergner. Then Mlle. Liebhart sang one of Mendelssohn's songs, which was followed by a Beethoven Quartet for two violins, viola and 'cello, played by Messrs. Wieniawski, Matzka, Goffrie and Bergner. Mlle. Liebhart then gave us a Cradle Song by Taubert, and a bright little melody by Schubert. Hummel's celebrated Septet in D minor ended the programme. It was played by Messrs. Rubinstein, Rietzel, Ohlemann, Lotze, Goffrie, Bergner and Raeder.

I give, below, the instrumental pieces played at the succeeding concerts in the order in which they came.

*Nos.* 13. Quintet, E flat, Schumann; Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Bergner. Quintet, B flat, Mendelssohn; Messrs Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Matzka, Bergner. Trio, B flat, Beethoven; Messrs. Rubinstein, Wieniawski and Bergner.

*Nos.* 15. Trio, B flat, Schubert. Anton Rubinstein, Wieniawski, F. Bergner. Quartet, Haydn, Messrs. Wieniawski, Matzka, Goffrie, Bergner. Trio, G minor, Rubinstein; Anton Rubinstein, Henri Wieniawski, F. Bergner.

*Nos.* 16. Quartet, E flat, Schumann; Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Goffrie, Bergner. Quintet, G minor, Mozart; Messrs. Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Matzka, Bergner. Trio, B flat, Rubinstein; Anton Rubinstein, Henry Wieniawski, F. Bergner.

There is nothing in our concert record to equal these soirees in the classical character of their programmes and the talent of the performers.

One addition has been made to the repertoire at the Opera; namely: *Les Huguenots*, which was performed last night for the first time this season, with Mme. Pauline Lucca as Valentine. The morning papers speak highly of her singing, although they give but faint praise ©. the other performers. In fact the Italian Opera is generally acknowledged to be a dismal failure, and there are predictions that the management will have to retire ingloriously from the field at the close of the present season.

At the first Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 16th, the following orchestral pieces were performed; Overture to "Tannhaeuser," Wagner; Overture, Prinzessin "Isle." Erdmannsdorfer; Symphony, No. 7, Beethoven.

Anton Rubinstein was the soloist and played, first, his favorite Concerto in D minor; his other selection being Chopin's "Preludes" Liszt's "Erl King," and, for encore, the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." A. A. C.

Dec. 7.—Mr. S. B. Mills and Dr. Leopold Damrosch have given two very agreeable chamber concerts at Steinway's smaller hall; and it must have been gratifying for the artists to see the room so well filled with people whose musical culture was evinced by the manner in which every nice point or fine turn of expression made by the performer was appreciated and applauded. At the first concert, Nov. 21, they were assisted by Mlle. Anna Drasdil, contralto (from London), and by Mr. F. Bergner, whose presence is almost a necessary thing when chamber-music is to be played here. Beethoven's Sonata in G, op. 96, for piano and violin, opened the programme, and received a masterly interpretation at the hands of Mr. Mills and Dr. Damrosch. The former displayed to perfection the beautiful legato style which Beethoven's music requires, and though his playing was at times a little cold, no other fault could be found by the most critical. Dr. Damrosch is an admirable violinist, severely classical in style as well as graceful and poetic. He makes no claim to virtuosity, but his facility of execution, particularly in polyphonic passages, is remarkable. His soli were a Prelude (in E) by J. S. Bach, and an Adagio by Spohr, which brought an encore. Mr. Mills played Chopin's *Scherzo*, op. 20, which was also encored.

Miss Anna Drasdil made decidedly a favorable impression. Her voice is a deep, clear contralto of great power, and somewhat metallic in timbre. Her phrasing is very fine, and she has evidently studied to great advantage. Her selections were F. Hiller's beautiful "Prayer" and Mendelssohn's "Herbstlied". The first piece was so well sung that it had to be repeated, and, being recalled after the "Herbstlied," she sang another German *Lied*.

The concert ended with a very noisy and uninteresting trio, by C. Frank, (F sharp minor), which did something to obliterate the pleasant impression made by the other selections.

The second soiree came on Thursday evening, Dec. 5, the instrumental pieces being the same as before, while the place of the vocalist was taken by Mr. Geo. A. Dennison. Joachim Raff's Sonata in G minor, op. 129, for piano and violin, was first on the programme. Then Mr. Dennison sang Schubert's "Wanderer." His voice is a very fair baritone, but lacks cultivation, and his singing was somewhat labored.

Mr. Mills followed with a splendid interpretation of Schumann's *Intermezzi*, op. 4, 2nd book, revealing clearly the strange beauty of this wierd and wonderful tone-poem. On being encored he gave one of Chopin's *Nocturnes*. The next piece was an Adagio for Violin by Mozart, played by Dr. Damrosch. This brought an encore, to which Dr. Damrosch responded with a transcription for the violin, (his own I believe) of Chopin's waltz in D flat. This was indeed gratifying, inasmuch as Chopin carefully avoided writing for any thing but the piano, and many of his pieces sound infinitely better on some other instrument. I have already heard one of his funeral marches "played on to a flute" (!), and have no doubt that some enterprising musician will give us the Adagio of the second Concerto on the cornet a piston.

Mr. Dennison sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the concert ended with the quaint and beautiful Trio, in E flat, op. 70, by the same composer, played by Mr. Mills, Dr. Damrosch and Mr. F. Bergner. All three of the instruments were nicely handled and the performance was as good as could be desired. These soirees have already taken very high rank, to which they are entitled by the excellence of the programmes as well as by the distinction of the artists.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave their first concert for the season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Nov. 30. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was performed by an excellent orchestra under Carl Bergmann. The other orchestral selections were Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture, and Liszt's "Mazeppa." Miss Kellogg was the vocalist and sang the "Letter Aria" from *Don Giovanni* remarkably well. Also a scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Miss Mehlig, at the piano, played Schumann's great Concerto, and a *Rhapsodie*, by Liszt. Her performance was very effective. The audience was a large and brilliant one and the prospects are good for a successful season. A. A. C.

Philadelphia, Nov. 22.—We have had an unbroken chain of highly enjoyable musical entertainments. Mr. Wolfsohn's second orchestral matinee, which took place at Horticultural Hall last Saturday afternoon, being the first in order, let me briefly review it.

Haydn's sprightly little "Surprise" Symphony was the main feature, and it was delightfully played. The lights and shades were well marked, and the expression carefully observed. The Andante (in C major) was especially to be admired for the precision and crispness that it so essentially requires. The only other pieces given us of any moment were Nesvadba's clever arrangement of "Lorelei," and a saxophone solo by Mr. Lefebre. On Tuesday the 19th, Theodore Thomas began a series of six concerts. The Overture to Cherubini's "Water-Carrier" and Weber's "Oberon" Overtures were most faithfully rendered. But the "Brook Scene" in the Pastoral Symphony was the highest exemplification of absolutely perfect orchestral playing I ever heard; the executive powers of every performer seemed for the time being to be completely governed by the will and sentiment of the conductor, and hence the result I described. Mr. Osgood made his first appearance with an aria from "Belmonte and Constanze," and for encore Schubert's "Serenade." In Part II. he sang four songs of Schumann and in "Up from my tears" he displayed most excellent qualities as a singer; but his voice lacks power, and is quite limited in compass. Nevertheless he sings honestly and clearly. Miss Mehlig was warmly welcomed on her appearing; she gave us a Ballade of Chopin's. Mr. Jacobsohn, the new violinist, selected for his debut here the Andante and Finale of Mendelssohn's Concerto, op. 64; but he did not give the opening with enough certainty and vigor; yet in the closing movement he exhibited considerable sentiment and refinement.

The majestic Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was the attraction at Wednesday's concert. The whole work was given in a way without a flaw in the spirit or act of presentation. The "Scherzo" was superb. Mr. Osgood sang "Comfort ye," and "Ev'ry valley." I do not think his performance of the air was entirely happy; his main difficulty appears to be that he can not hold his breath for any time, and this marred his performance. Franz's "Slumber Song" he gave with a tenderness and delicacy that was truly delightful. Miss Mehlig won for herself an encore by her exquisite playing of Liszt's "Weber's Polonaise."

On Thursday evening "Elijah" was given by the Handel and Haydn Society. The soloists were Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman, Messrs. Simpson and Whitney. Mme. Rudersdorff sang her recita-

Digitized by Google

tives with true dramatic intensity. And to the airs also she gave an honest construction: for example, the widow's despairing cry for aid in "Help me, man of God," the credulous "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead," and the Angel's exhortation: "Hear ye Israel" could not have received a more dramatic portrayal from a Ristori. But her manner on the stage is not what we are accustomed to. Whitney was very great in his airs, but his recitatives were not given as Dr. Guilmette used to speak them. "It is enough" he sang exquisitely. Mr. Simpson sang as usual. "If with all your hearts" suits his style, and hence shows him in his best colors. But "Then shall the righteous" requires the vigor of a Sims Reeves to give it effect. Miss Fairman was for herself the only solo encore of the evening for her pleasing performance of "Rest in the Lord." Her voice is a rich and smooth Contralto. The tempo at which she took this solo was a great improvement on what is generally heard. It is marked "Andantino" and is sung "Largo." The choruses were generally good, but the orchestra quite bad.

To night Thomas's Orchestra gave their third concert. Berlioz's "King Lear" Overture and Liszt's "Symphonic Poem" [which one?] together with the "Tannhæuser" Overture were the principal Orchestral pieces. Miss Mehlig played the first movement of the G major Beethoven Concerto. Mr. Osgood sang Schubert's "Erl King" exceedingly well; and in Part II. he sang a song of his own, "John Anderson's gone." It is a pleasing little morceau in the Scotch style. Mr. Listemann gave us Paganini's "Witch Dance." The matinee to-morrow and the concert in the evening will close the season.

Nov. 30.—Theodore Thomas closed his series of concerts last Saturday with a matinee and an evening performance. At the former, Rubinstein's "Dmitri Donskoi" overture, Raff's "Dame Kobold," Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, (Larghetto), and the third act of *Lohengrin*, were the orchestral part of the programme. Mr. Osgood sang three songs of Franz with great and tasteful expression, and Mr. Jacobsohn gave us a Notturno of Kraus's and a piece by Hauser. Miss Mehlig was rapturously applauded for her fleetfoot rendering of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise." At the evening concert, (the last of the season), Mozart's G-minor symphony heeded the remarkably rich programme. The "Andante" was perfectly interpreted and indeed so was the whole work. In Chopin's Concerto, op. 11, Mehlig shone forth, particularly brightly in the "Rondo." The "Andante Cantabile" of Beethoven's Trio, op. 97, adapted for the Orchestra as the Introduction to Liszt's "Beethoven Cantata" was new to me; but the orchestration is so skilful, and the execution was so good that it was a great treat. Berlioz's orchestral arrangements of *Invitation a la Danse*, Liszt's *Hallgrengo Marsch*, and selections from Wagner's "Ring of the Niebelungen," together with Mr. Osgood's most acceptable singing of Schubert's Serenade, completed the programme.

EUSTACE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 14, 1872.

## Theodore Thomas's Concerts.

Boston is glad when her turn comes to be revisited by this distinguished leader and his admirable orchestra. That it is the most perfect orchestra on this side of the Atlantic, in all respects except in numbers, is clear enough, and has been clear for several years,—indeed from the time that it began its annual circuits through the music-loving towns and cities East and West. We have always welcomed these seen, both for the stimulating example they have brought us of what may fairly be called model orchestral performances, and in no small degree also for gratifying our curiosity about the new composers whose names are prominent before the world, although confessing to less sympathy with most of these than we had hoped to have. But though we have become familiar with Thomas's admiration of the works of Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner, which he so heroically persists in bringing forward season after season,—in spite of rather cold reception from the general audience, and very cold from those who are most musical, with few exceptions,—yet none the less we thank him for trying to acquaint ourselves with the, without his orchestra and his peculiar advantages, should find it poor economy, indeed a waste of better opportunities, to try ourselves.

The problem so conspicuously solved by Mr. Thomas is naturally a somewhat different one from that presented to a local organization,—say our own Symphony Concerts. With him it is to keep complete, and in prime working order at all times, a thoroughly assimilated, perfect band, equipped and ready for all instrumental tasks, omnipresent like a battery of flying artillery, and nowhere suffering the energy to slack off; but it is to have always in training, and to carry everywhere a shining specimen of what we may call *orchestral virtuosity*. For any local organization (i.e. in this country) this, even if it were possible, as it is by no means, is not the problem, not the chief end sought. Here the point is to build up something permanent, out of our own resources, which shall be as independent as possible of outward influences, competitions, fashions, just to make sure of hearing every season, at fair intervals, some programmes of the best standard instrumental music; so that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, &c., may never go too long without a hearing; to have them presented in fit combinations and in a true artistic spirit, and as to execution, why as near to the ideal as local circumstances will permit; but these can never be entirely favorable, because as orchestras made up for ten or a dozen concerts in a winter can never hope to rival an orchestra which is *always* an orchestra, living for that and nothing else. Both problems are legitimate; society would be the loser if either were neglected. We need the permanent supplies at home, unfailing fountains springing in our midst; we need also the fresh surprise and stimulus of brilliant visitations from without. But the first need is vital, indispensable; so much more important than the other as is the home life more important than the fickle, changeable outside society. It is suicidal for a musical community to cease to cherish, with something like religious zeal and constancy, its own musical institutions, in which its own best artistic aspirations are embodied, even for all the brilliant novelties which all the travelling artists in the world can bring one after another, in a perpetual round of brief distracting "seasons." But so long as we keep on building for ourselves,—loyal to the true ideal of our own Orchestra, our own Oratorio Society, (would we might say, too, our own Opera!), in spite of all the drawbacks and short-comings of each given moment, so long are we in a condition rightly to profit by the bright examples and the extra holidays which men like Thomas bring to us. We think that his performances have had a quickening influence on our own Orchestra from year to year; and we shall think his mission wasted on us, if it do not help us in the long run to establish ourselves musically upon our own foundation, which shall be self-centred and enduring; so established, we can afford better to be hospitable.

Moreover they have earned one special gratitude just now, by coming to us this gloomy season after Boston's great calamity, and filling a whole week with harmony and sunshine (in strong relief against black thunder-clouds of Liszt and Wagner?). Without these splendid concerts,—six of them (seven, counting the one given in the Bay State Lecture course),—more than a week would have gone unchecked by music. They came with full ranks, armor furbished bright, in perfect training, fresh and full of ardor. That is to say, the orchestra was better than ever,—if that were possible,—which we are inclined to doubt, even in spite of our own last impression. Most of the excellent members of past years were gladly recognized again, with several new and valuable accessions to their ranks. The number, of violins at least, was somewhat increased,—to 10 first violins, as in the Harvard,—the 'cellos and basses being fewer;—but the extra instruments (harp, piccolo, bass tuba, triangle, &c.) required by the new music, swelling the muster roll considerably. The very first sound was electrifying; such pure and brilliant intonation, such perfect ensemble af tone color; such sure attack and vital unity in the violins, all bowed alike. And then as the work progressed one felt the charm and individuality of each several instrument, and admired the habit or the instinct that they had of keeping themselves subordinate to the general harmonious effect. Such a crystal clear, true ring to all the brass, too! Such precision, faultless phrasing, light and shade,—in short all that pertains to perfect execution;—why need we name these qualities again, all of which have always been accredited to the Thomas orchestra, and which may now again be predicated generally of the whole week's performances, without specifying in detail how well this or that particular piece was rendered.

And *ought* it not to be a model orchestra? It is the only orchestra in this country that can be said to have a chance. For in the first place Mr. Thomas has his pick of artists; he can offer them year-round engagements, with good, sure salaries, so that they can make this their sole and constant occupation, playing always in one orchestra, under the same superior Conductor, always "up" in all the music old and new of any high pretensions, and kept aloof from damaging association with tasks less artistic. With that power, what can not a man do, if he have it in him? Whereas, in any given city, so small as our's for instance, a musician plays once a fortnight in a Symphony concert (for a few months only), and all the rest of the time perhaps must earn his bread and butter in a street band, or a theatre, or by playing all night for balls and parties, to come back jaded and sleepless to the next rehearsal of a Symphony. For local Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras there can be no sure hold upon the best musicians, because these offer them no constant and supporting occupation, but only seek their services for six or ten concerts in a winter. Thus the travelling orchestra can not only be made up of first-class material, but in the nature of the case it keeps itself in perpetual rehearsal and in practice before critical publics every day almost in the whole year,—in the hot months giving delicious garden concerts at the Central Park,—a thing which we trust our "Puritanism" will feel the need of before many summers.—Besides, preparing for this endless round of concerts, they can afford to spend time and breath upon the trial of new works, can venture into the "Zukunft" as far as they like; and here again they gain a knowledge of the new effects of instrumentation, often brilliant or otherwise interesting, and in which Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner are masters, if in nothing else; all this keeps up their virtuosity, as difficult *etudes* do with the pianist, and makes all their tasks more sure and easy.—Now we do not say

Digitized by Google

that, given these advantages, it does not need a man of mark to use them. Not every one, nor one in a thousand, probably, could wield them with the power and the intelligence and subtle facultv of Mr. Thomas. He is rarely gifted for the master spirit of an orchestra; in a singularly cool and quiet way he has his forces perfectly in hand. We only marvel sometimes at his taste. And this brings us to his programmes, of which we may now speak disembarrassed from all necessity of further allusion to their admirable execution, except now and then a question of interpretation.

The programmes were made up of essentially the same elements, in about the same proportions, with most of the Thomas concerts heretofore: namely, about one-third classical (a good overture or two, now and then a symphony, or part of one, a short entr'acte, or an arranged movement, and sometimes a Concerto); one-third, sometimes a full half, of the Liszt-Wagner-Berlioz kind; and one-third of Strauss Waltzes, solos, lighter overtures and variations. This time the new element of solo-singing, by Mr. George L. Osgood, tenor, (whose speciality is the German Lied, of the higher kind, by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, &c.), was introduced, with dubious response at first, but to the growing satisfaction of appreciative listeners. Then there was the ever welcome piano playing of Miss Mason.

Under the first head the principal features have been: first, a wonderfully vivid, clear, precise, exhilarating performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. As a piece of orchestral virtuosity we have heard nothing like the way that the Finale was played with lightning rapidity, and yet all clear. Whether Beethoven so meant it, he to say the least, a fair question. We feel very certain that the first Allegro also was too fast, indeed these tempi appeared dictated by a common theory about this Symphony: that it means joy, festivity and nothing else; whereas that first Allegro (and not the second movement only) contains thoughts of weight and dignity as well as joy, which, to maintain their character, should move with some degree of moderation. To the Allegretto and the Scherzo we take no exception; their rendering was altogether admirable; only in that sublime episode, the Trio, where the heavens seem to open, and the A is sounded and through, it seemed that some of the grandeur was lost by not holding back the time a little more. Then the G minor Symphony of Mozart (with clarinets not found in Mozart's score), which was of course well played, but without any particular intention or fervor, seeming to show some want of interest in the old masterwork. We mean that this exquisite Symphony seemed to go by rote, mechanically well, but uninspired; and the bold, strong Minuet was hurried through. The "Scene by the Brookside" from the Pastoral Symphony, in the first concert, was indeed most beautifully rendered. But would not the exquisite tone picture have been still more enjoyed and felt if it had been preceded by the first movement, in which after all the real inspiration of that Symphony resides, its theme giving the key to the whole work, instead of being isolated like a picture hung and unrelated although very worthy neighbors?—Of classical Overtures the list was rich and choice, and all were admirably effective in the rendering. It included Cherubini's "Water-Carrier," "Weber's "Oberon," Mendelssohn's "Meisina," Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Weber's *Freyschutz*, Rossini's *Tell*, and Beethoven's *Egmont*. Gluck's noble Overture Mr. Thomas followed the suggestions of Richard Wagner, who not only put to it a conclusion, which it lacks originally, running directly into the opening scene of the opera, and who did it well and wisely, simply bringing back the solemn, plaintive Introduction, which also forms the introduction to the scene; but who also, after consulting the old French edition of the score, and finding "Adagio" at the beginning of the Overture with no other mark occurring afterwards, made up his mind that the whole piece should be played through at that very moderate tempo; whereas it is usual to double the speed to an Allegro when the more exciting theme sets in. In spite of the old printed score, we cannot (as yet) feel that it is in the nature of the work to be played so slow and stately pace. But we should like to hear both renderings before deciding.—The favorite "Promethens" selection (Beethoven) was played, a new 'cello (Mr. Hermann), with a beautiful tone and style, taking the *obligato* melody. Liszt's arrangement for orchestra of the *Andante Cantabile* of the great B-flat Trio of Beethoven (forming the introduction to his "Beethoven Cantata") made a deep impression, both by the rich, full, broad effect of all the strings in the *cantabile* itself, and by the skilful way in which the melodic phrases in one or two of the variations were distributed amongst the reeds, flutes, &c. The Berlioz transcription of Weber's "Invitation," was as delicious as ever. Selections of this kind were fewer than usual this time; there were none of those admirably effective movements from classical quartets, the Beethoven Septet, &c., by all the strings, which formed so fine a feature of the last year's concerts (with the single exception of the Beethoven Variations in the "Lecture" concert); while the "everlasting" *Traumerei* and Haydn "Serenade" seem to have got their quietus altogether; (high time, we should think, if it be true that *fifty thousand dollars* worth of piano copies of the former have been sold in this country through the magic of the Thomas *pianissimo*.)

Under the second head we were treated in the first concert to very wild, tumultuous selections from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," including Senta's spinning song; to a *Menuet des Follets* and *Ballet des Sylphs*, from Berlioz's "*Damnation de Faust*," compositions of a very wild and ingenious playing with musical sounds, but little of intrinsic music, the marvellously fine execution being two-thirds of what charm there was in it; and the Rakoczy March by Liszt. The next day's matinee brought Liszt's "Tasso," for the fourth or fifth time here, which does seem less impressive and dismal to us, or a whit more original after the "Preludes," by repetition; and a not very edifying "Hubliguess," or Fairy Dance, by Berlioz, the third day we had selections from the *first* act of *Lohengrin*,—by no means so effective as those which Thomas used to give from the *third* act,—at least when cut out from the drama on the stage; and for a night-cap, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," the coarse second in the trilogy (in Thomas's *Faust*, which we had once last year, and which, if it be music, seems to us such music as is "not fit for ears polite." The "King Lear" Overture by Berlioz, the next night, and the new specimen of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems": "*Die Hunnenschlacht* (Battle of the Huns), illustrating Kaulbach's fresco, here and bringing in the Organ (Mr. J. K. Paine), it was our misfortune (perhaps) not to hear. The *Tannhauser* Overture, which in the last concert, was the only striking novelty remaining of this class was (preceded by the *Lohengrin* Vorspiel, which we have always found interesting): *Der Ritt der Walkuren*, the Ride of Odin's Maidens, messengers of death in battle,—a strange, wild, rushing, howling movement, multitudinous and weird, which might be "awful and beautiful beings" with streaming hair on ghastly steeds, or witches riding upon broom-sticks, or a herd of buffaloes, or the wine glass of a fine tone possessed by evil spirits, or a fierce mob of sans culottes, for aught that the sounds suggested to the imagination of the hearer. The oddity of the movement, almost laughable, made it not easy to regard it seriously as music. The picture had not the imaginative quality, the tenacious, the aerial perspective, so to speak, of something mythical, poetic, but rather seemed conceived and drawn in the spirit of a most materialistic realism. So at least it seemed to us; perhaps we might receive a different impression were we to hear it in the opera brought out under all the Wagnerian conditions.

—We must pass by an agreeable variety of lighter orchestral pieces, &c., for the present, to save room for brief mention of the two principal solo artists. Miss Mehlig's selections were old favorites and of the best: the Last Appetto and Finale from Chopin's Minor Concerto; first movement of the Beethoven Concerto in G, with von Bulow's cadenza; the Weber Polonaise, arranged by Liszt; and the Romance and Rondo of the E minor Concerto of Chopin, were her pieces with orchestra. And for piano alone: the Chopin Ballade in A flat, Schumann's "*Des Abends*," the "Soirees de Vienna" (Schubert-Liszt) "Gnomen-Reigen" by Seeling, &c. All of which were rendered in that admirable manner which is sure to charm her audiences.

Singing in a new feature in the Thomas concerts. Mr. Osgood's sweet and sympathetic tenor voice, though not of power enough to sing with perfect ease in the great Music Hall, yet made itself clearly heard in all parts; and more and more, as one became accustomed to it, and to his whole individuality, as well as to the peculiar class of songs to which he most devotes himself, was its charm felt. His lower tones are not very pure nor is his compass great; the effort, too, to overcome the disproportion of the place to so delicate an organ caused some tremolo. But the fervor, the expression, the refinement of a genuine, an intelligent and conscientiously cultivated singer won their way, if slowly, surely. His larger efforts were: "Comfort ye," from the *Messiah*; the lover's aria in Mozart's *Seraglio*; Schubert's Serenade and Erl King. The Serenade was given with orchestra,—rather too delicate and elaborate for the light guitar-like accompaniment in the original. But the singing of all these pieces was artistic, and full of fervor, although the strong tones not seem to have biassed so fully in his song as doubtless he would do in a smaller and more sympathetic audience. The smaller songs (*Lieder*) were: Schubert's "Frühlingslied," which seemed particularly suited for him; "Good morning, maiden" and "Die boese Farbe," from the *Schoene Muellerin*, and "Dream of Spring." Of Schumann: four of the little beautiful *Frauen-Liebe und-Leben*, from the *Dichterliebe* of Heine; five little poems by Lenau, charmingly contrasted, one of them ("*Meine Rose*") most exquisite, and rendered to a charm. Of Franz: "Abendlied," "The dark green leaves," and "In the Woods;" "The Rose complained," and "Slumber, thou art mine." Of Mendelssohn an old German *Minnelied*, and Moore's charming "Wheel Thou Goest." Some of these he sang in English, with remarkably distinct enunciation, and some in German. Many will not be reminded to such songs, so declamatory, and always so dramatically in respect to melody, except in a parlor. For the concert they desire the living creature; whereas these little songs are composed upon another principle: that of simply giving musical expression to the words; liberating, as it were, in the latent soul, the utmost essential music of the little poems. Mr. Osgood, and Mr. Thomas, nevertheless are to be thanked for giving the public a chance for some acquaintance with gems so brilliant with poetry and genius, so fresh and full of individuality.

---

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT. The audience was the largest and the best of any seen in the Hall this season. Gade is a composer whose Symphonies, now eight in number, fall off in strength and inspiration as he goes on. The second, in B, which was constituted for the fifth, after its trial in rehearsal, is the next best to the No. 1, in C minor. It had been heard here only once before, four years ago, when it was not appreciated as it deserved. It has all the Gade individuality, the romantic Northern sea-shore character; bold, old hardie, Vikkelied in one, with a strong nationality and a heroic ring to them, contrasted with charming fairy measures. The instrumentation is very rich and graphic. The Andante is very grand, containing material for a superb national hymn; and so is much of the Finale. It was played with spirit, if with some roughness, and was greatly enjoyed by many, if not by all. The opening Overture, Moscht's to "Titus," has only one fault, and that is that it is too short. Lalo and the exceedingly one by Mendelssohn, to "Ruy Blas," was finely played.

Miss Alice Fairman, by her large and smooth contralto, and her good honest *cantabile* style of singing, made a good impression in Gounod's *Ave Maria* of Bach, which with orchestral accompaniments as completed in Bach's very spirit by Robert Franz formed a most lovely whole. In the Aria: "*Cangio d'aspetto*" from Handel's *Ariodante* with piano accompaniment, she had more room for effect, and won a great hearty recognition. Mr. Berlin played Liszt's half romantic half ancient Concerto in E flat wonderfully well; if anything could reconcile us to the work it would be her performance. The Chopin *Nocturne* seemed to us a little over-sentimentalized; but the great Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor, transcribed by Liszt were played with masterly distinctness, vitality and power, and elicited attention, giving great delight.

Next Concert, three weeks from the last, Dec. 28.

---

The musical prospect brightens! but we have no room to name the things promised us.

## Foreig : Correspondence.

Berlin, Oct. 26.—This week has been quite an eventful one. It began on Monday with the funeral of Prince Albrecht, the youngest brother of the Emperor, a very imposing spectacle, of which I had an excellent view from a wagon which was drawn up to overlook the procession. There was a roadway of wood carpeted with black, built from the royal castle to the Dom, over which the funeral array was to pass. We waited about an hour before it came along, but we were pretty well amused by the gorgeous equipages and liveries of the different diplomatic corps which went flashing past. We were on the opposite side of the canal, and so were separated from the square in front of the Dom, which is flanked by the castle on the right, and the Museum on the left hand. All this square was surrounded by troops; for as Prince Albrecht was a field-marshal, the funeral had a military character. They were beautifully arranged, the cavalry on one side and the infantry on the other, and the different uniforms were contrasted with each other so as to make the best effects in color. Both horses and men stood as if they were carved out of marble, with the greatest precision of position.

A little before eleven the royal carriages rolled by from the palace to the castle with their occupants. Presently the bells began to toll, and exactly at eleven the procession started. The Garde du Corps, which is the crown prince's regiment, preceded the coffin, dressed in white and silver uniforms, with glittering brass helmets surmounted by silver eagles. The coffin itself was borne on a catafalque, and drawn by eight horses covered with black velvet trappings. It was yellow and was surmounted by a crown of gold. On it was laid the Prince's sword, helmet, etc., and some flowers. I was too far away to distinguish the personages that followed; of course the Emperor was nearest, and all were on foot. The band played a Chorale, "Jesus my refuge"—I believe—and the bells kept tolling all the while. Behind the coffin the prince's favorite horse was led, saddled and bridled. All the servants of his household walked together in silver livery, and with large triangular hats with long bands of crape hanging down behind. At the door of the church the procession was received by the officiating clergy. The coffin was so heavy that it was rolled from the wagon down a platform of boards put up for the purpose. Then it was lifted by sixteen bearers, the glittering *cortege* closed round it, and they all swept in at the open portal. We waited until the end of the service, as it was a short one, in order to hear the eight rounds of firing by the artillery. It was interesting to see how exactly they all fired the instant the signal was given. First the musketry on one side, and then that on the other side in answer to it. The officers galloped and curvetted about on their fiery steeds, and finally the cannon went boom, boom. The sharp crack of the rifles made you start, but the sullen roar of the cannon made you shudder. It gave you some idea of a battle. A friend told me that the scene within the Dom was magnificent, and that the music was perfectly heavenly. I can imagine that the uniforms stood out most beautifully against the black draped church, and the catafalque was surrounded with burning wax candles. The coffin was left in the church until night, when it was carried out to Charlottenburg escorted by the royal family, and buried in the royal vault there.

Tuesday night I went to a concert given by one of the newer stars in the musical world, the young violinist Wilhelmj. He is only twenty-six years old, and is already said to be one of the greatest virtuosos living, perhaps *the* greatest of the romantic school, for Joachim belongs to the severe classic. All the artists and critics and many of the aristocracy turned out to hear him. It was his first appearance in Berlin, and as I looked around the audience and picked out one great musician after another, I fairly trembled for him. Joachim and De Ahna were both present, and my adorable Baroness von Schleinitz swept in late, looking more exquisite than ever in black lace over black silk with jet ornaments, and her lovely hair curled and done high on her aristocratic little head. She was all in mourning for the prince, even to a black lace fan with which she occasionally shaded her eyes, so that her peach-bloomy cheek was just to be discerned through it. When her face is in perfect repose she has the most charming expression, a mixture of piquancy and sentiment, and a sort of celestial look in her deep-set blue eyes. She is what the French call *spirituelle*, and the Germans *geistreich*, but we've no word in our language that just describes her. She is the best amateur in the court circle, and the friend of all the great artists, and at concerts I enjoy gazing at her from the distance as on a bright particular star.

Well, as I was saying, my head got quite dizzy with thinking what it was to play before such an audience, but Wilhelmj seemed to differ from me, for he came boldly down the steps, and took his stand with the dignified self-poise of an artist who is master of his instrument, and who knows what he can do. He was extremely handsome, with regular features, massive overhanging forehead, and with an expression of power and self-containment. He looked like a perfect picture as he stood there so quietly and played! He hadn't gone far before he made a masterly cadenza that took down the house, and there was a general burst of applause. His tone, (which is the grand thing in violin playing) was magnificent, and his *technique* enormous. He did not play with that tenderness of feeling and wonderful variety of expression that Joachim does, but it was as if he did not care to affect people in that way. It made me think of Tausig on the piano. He played with the greatest passion and *aplomb*, and the strings seemed actually to seethe. People were simply carried by storm.

The second piece was a Concerto by Raff, in three movements. Wilhelmj was in the midst of the *Andante*, and was sawing our hearts out with every stroke of his bow, when suddenly a string snapped under the strain of his passionate fingers. He instantly ceased playing and retired up the steps to the back of the stage, where he sat down to put on another string. After a pause he came down and began again, but the string was so out of tune that he retired a second time. [He probably did'nt execrate a little inwardly just about then—O no!] But he came down the third time with the utmost imperturbability, and got through. He had to omit the last two pieces on his programme though, and instead he played a little *Suite* by Bach so wonderfully that I was really startled. I never shall forget the *nuances* he put into his trill; I afterward heard that it was a piece he scarcely knew at all! In short, Miss B. and I went "perfectly distracted" over Wilhelmj. But I was surprised myself to see how he excited *me*, for I kept dreaming all night that I saw him standing there and playing on his violin, and kept waking up with a start. There must have been a striking individuality about him to make such an impression on an old "Musiker" like myself who am steeped in concerts all the while. He is great, and I hope you will hear him some day in America.

A. F.

---

Leipzig. Fourth Gewandhaus Concert: Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; Aria, Beethoven, (Mlle. Orgeni); Violoncello Concerto, A minor, Goltermann (Herr Rendsburg; Songs; Adagio for 'cello, Bargiel; fifth Symphony, Beethoven.

Fifth Gewandhaus Concert: "Michel Angelo" Overture, Gade; Hymn from *Pandora*, B. Scholtz (Herr Gura); E-flat Concerto, Beethoven (Herr Urspruch); Duet from *Der Fliegende Hollaender*, Wagner; Symphony, No. 4, G minor, Raff; Organ Toccata, Bach-Tausig (Herr Urspruch); and Songs.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

**LATEST MUSIC,**

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

Note. During the fortnight in which the Journal was not published a large number of new pieces appeared. We regret that limited space compels the briefest mention of these and of others issued during the past two weeks. A number of columns might be filled with descriptions of such excellent compositions.

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Christmas Music.

Angels from the Realms of Glory. Solo and Quartet. 4. E*b*. *R. C. W.* 30
Christmas Carol. In 3 parts for children. 3. G to *g*. *R. C. W.* 30
Glory profound and grateful praise. Solo and Quartet. 3. A to *g*. *Arctic.* 30

*A Fire Song.*

Lost in the Fire. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to e. *Christie.* 35

*Popular Ballads.*

Mother's dead and gone. 2. G to f. *Percy.* 30
I'll meet you at the Oak Tree. Song and Cho. 3. G to f. *Christie.* 30
Beware of the Widow Cliquot. 3. C to e. *Knight.* 30
I leaned out of the Window. 2. D. *Claribel.* 30
Sunshine and Shades. 4. C to f. *Randegger.* 30
Ellen Dale. 4. E (major and minor) to f. *Heap.* 35
Sweet Eyes watching. 3. F to f. *Berg.* 30
Down among the Daisies. Song and Cho. 3. B*b* to f. *Huntley.* 30

*What Mad. Lucca sings:*

The Violet. (with portrait). 4. G to *g*. *Mozart.* 50
Slumber Song. " From *L'Africaine.* 6. G minor to a. *Meyerbeer.* 50

*Concert and Opera Songs.*

See the Pale Moon. (Mira la bianca). Duet. Sung by Mario and Miss Cary. 4. B*b* to *a*. *Rossini.* 40
The Post. (La Posta.) Italian and English words. 4. C minor to f. *Vannini.* 30
Queen of Love. 3. E*b* to f. *Phillips.* 40
Message from the Battle-field. (Auf Widersehen.) 3. D to e. *Hullah.* 30

*Geary's admirable Ballads.*

In my dreams, love, kiss me. 3. B*b* to f. *Geary.* 30
Merry Waters. 3. C to *g*. " 30
Heart for Heart. Song and Cho. 3. C to f. " 30

*A Brace of Comic Songs.*

He's such a lovely Waltzer. 2. G to e. *Schwensech.* 30
I never was so happy in my life. Song & Dance. 3. B*b* to f. *Gibson.* 30

**Instrumental.**

*Turner's easy and popular pieces.*

Raging Flames Galop. 2. B*b*. - *Turner.* 30
Maverick Waltz. 2. F. " 30
Echo Vale. Polka Redowa. 3. E*b*. " 35

*Brilliant Arrangements of Favorite Airs.*

Potpouri from "Le Roi Carotte." 4. *Ascher.* 75
Still I am not happy. Polka. 3. G. *Lyle.* 30
Galop from Flotow's "Ombre. 3. F. *Knight.* 30
Quadrille " " 3. " 30
Waltz " " 3. D. " 30
Good-bye Charlie. Waltz. 3. F. 30
After the Opera. " 3. F. 30

*Four-Hand Pieces.*

Children's Galop. 4 hands. 2. C. *Lippitt.* 35
Air du Roi. Louis XIII. 4 hands. 3. D. *Jungmann.* 60

*Brilliant Galops.*

Mocking Bird Galop. 4. F. *Wels.* 50
Tartaren Galop. 3. G. *Zikoff.* 30
Arcadian Galop. 3. D. *Vandewater.* 35
Lucca Concert Galop. 4. A*b*. *Markstein.* 40

*Easy Instructive Pieces.—*

Flowers of May. No. 10. Buttercup. No. 11. Pink. No. 12. Woodruff. *Smallwood, ea.* 25
Silver Ripples. No. 1. Clarion Quickstep. No. 2, Harum-Scarum Scottische. No. 5. Green-Leaf Mazurka. No. 8. Youth's Delight Polka No. 9. Many Thanks Polka. No. 10. Home Pleasure Galop.
Stars and Stripes. *Deems.* 4. E*b*. Var. *G. Grobe.* 50

---

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 827. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1872. VOL. XXXII. No. 19.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY HIS ENGLISH SERVI...

[Continued from page 347].

From this time Mendelssohn became the most intimate friend of my family. He used to come to us at all times when in London, and especially to breakfast, generally accompanied by his friends above named, Rosen and Klingemann. We had a small garden attached to my father's house, and it was Mendelssohn's great delight to spend hours in this, sketching the trees, &c., and talking not only about music, but about his travels in Italy, his intimacy with Goethe and Zelter, and his future plans for his works. During these mornings we frequently heard the first germs of compositions that have now become immortal. The beautiful overtures to "Melusine" and "Isles of Fingal" were played at Kensington some years, I may say, before they were performed, and my sister possesses a copy of the first MS. totally different from those now published. In like manner we heard scraps of "St. Paul," which was not produced till 1836, and many other works which then only existed in the great composer's head; and it was a matter of wonderment how so small a body could contain so many ideas, each belonging to a different composition, and yet all arranged in the most perfect and symmetrical order.

In 1832 the west end of London, especially that part commencing at Tyburn Gate and continuing down the Uxbridge or Oxford Road, wore a very different aspect from the present. From Hyde Park Terrace to the "Swan" down at Bayswater, was a wild waste of scrub and fields, partly occupied by market and nursery gardens, and also by low shanties similar to those yet to be found in the neighborhood of the Central Park in New York. To those who now see the magnificent squares and terraces on this spot called "Tyburnia," it is difficult to imagine that forty years ago the Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were almost as wild and neglected as the place I am attempting to describe. This part of London for many years after 1832 remained in a most desolate condition; but at the end of Albion St., Hyde Park, a church was built, which for a long time was the solitary oasis in this desert of suburban solitude. This church, dedicated to St. John, belonged to the Parish of Paddington, and contained a small but effective organ by Bishop. The revival and improved method of organ building in England had not then commenced, and this most desirable consummation was undoubtedly initiated by Mendelssohn. My friend Mr. George Maxwell, a pupil of Hummel, and a most talented pianist and organist, was appointed to this church, and it was at my father's house that he first met Mendelssohn. A conversation happening to turn on the then existing organs in London, Mendelssohn expressed a wish to try the instrument in St. John's. Compared with the large organs of the present day, this was a very poor affair. It possessed but one full Manual, and a Swell down to Tenor C, and what is technically termed a G organ; that is, the Pedals commenced on G, instead of the now indispensable compass of C; and there was only a 16 ft. open Diapason in the Pedal Organ. Such were the small means placed at Mendelssohn's disposal, but he made the most of them, and many happy afternoons were spent in hearing his interpretation of Bach's Fugues, his wonderful extemporizing, and the performance of his own Sonatas, and other Organ pieces, then only existing in his memory. As the reports of these meetings became spread through the town, other and larger organs were placed at his disposal, and at St. Paul's Cathedral, Christ Church, Newgate St., St. Sepulchre's, and many other London churches he played on several occasions, giving the greatest delight to all who had the good fortune to hear him. I have heard most of the greatest organists of my time, both English, German and French, but in no respect have I ever known Mendelssohn excelled either in creative or executive ability, and it is hard to say which was the most extraordinary, his manipulation or his pedipulation,—for his feet were quite as active as his hands, and the independence of the former, being totally distinct from the latter, produced a result which at that time was quite unknown in England, and undoubtedly laid the foundation of a school of organ playing in Great Britain which has placed English organists on the highest point attainable in their profession.

After the production of "St. Paul" at Düsseldorf in 1836, Mendelssohn came again to London and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. His oratorio was hailed with delight as opening a new phase of the art; his appearance at the Philharmonic and other London concerts was the signal for crowded houses and enchanted audiences, and his presence at all social gatherings of his many private friends was the assurance of the certainty of most delightful evenings, where his geniality, his great kindness in displaying his extraordinary gifts, both in music and general accomplishments, were the very life and soul of the entertainment.

It was by no means an unnatural consequence that Mendelssohn's frequent visits to my family should have increased the longing aspirations I felt towards endeavoring to become a musician. Mendelssohn frequently listened to my attempts, and feeble as these were, he often gave me kind encouragement. Many years after I returned from Germany, I learned for the first time that it was by his advice my father made arrangements for me to go to Cassel, the capital of Hesse Cassel, which city during the Napoleon dynasty had been the metropolis of Westphalia, with Jerome Bonaparte as King. This town had always been celebrated for its opera and for the great men who had been its Kapellmeisters. The position of music-director had at one time been offered to Beethoven, but declined, as his friends refused to allow him to quit Vienna. Since 1823 Dr. Louis Spohr had been at the head of musical affairs, and at his instigation that most learned musical theorist, Moritz Hauptmann, joined Spohr in Cassel, and resided there until his appointment, some thirty years after 1824, as Cantor of the Thomas Schule in Leipzig, a post which had been formerly held by John Sebastian Bach, to whom Hauptmann was a most worthy and legitimate successor. Accordingly to Cassel I went and remained there for three years, having not only the advantage of the soundest theoretical studies with Hauptmann, but also of receiving much benefit from an intimacy with Spohr, which was of the greatest use to me, and which continued until his death. During these years of my art-apprenticeship I saw nothing of Mendelssohn. In those days railways were not in Germany, and travelling was difficult, expensive and fatiguing. He was, however, constantly in England, and especially in 1840 he went to Birmingham to conduct the "Hymn of Praise" for the first time. This visit was attended with the usual success, and when in London he was constantly with his own friends. In the winter of 1841, having so far completed my studies with Hauptmann, that I was, to use his expression, able to "run alone," I finished my residence in Germany by a long visit to Leipzig, and it was there that, having attained an age when I could observe "men, music and manners," and apply my observations to some purpose, I saw most of Mendelssohn, and became intimately acquainted with his artistic and social life. I shall not easily forget our first meeting on my arrival. The month was January, the cold intense; I had travelled all night through the bitter frost, and when in Leipzig, I went at once to the house of my friend, Ferdinand David, the brother of Mme. Dulcken, and a most excellent violinist and composer, one of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends. I was received most cordially by David, and on inquiring for Mendelssohn's house I was told that if I would wait half an hour I could see him, as he had fixed that day for seeing David on some business. The time had hardly expired when a ring was heard and the "Herr Doctor" appeared. I of course only saw the same familiar kind face that I knew so well, and I sprang forward to greet him. But what was my astonishment when I was received with the most frigid coldness. He drew himself up in his winter cloak, and said in German: "Sir, I have not the honor of your acquaintance." For a moment I was completely stunned, but happening to turn round I saw David was convulsed with laughter. I then for the first time recollected that, though Mendelssohn had remained unaltered, I, during three years, must have grown, like Tom Hood's wise pig, "quite

Digitized by Google

out of knowledge," so that it was no wonder he did not recognize me; besides which, during the time I was in Cassel, I had heard no English, and had so completely learned the German language that I never thought of speaking anything else. The mystery was soon explained. Hardly had I told him my name, than Mendelssohn, who had been ice itself previously, thawed into the most genial sunshine of welcome, made a thousand inquiries after my studies, my prospects, and my intentions, made me free of his house, and immediately planned arrangements for giving me all the advantages that his high position in Leipzig placed at his disposal.

The first step Mendelssohn took was to find me most comfortable lodgings in the same house in which his sister-in-law, Madame Schunk, lived. This house was situated in Gerhard's Garten, in a most historical and interesting part of Leipzig, being close to the spot where Prince Poniatowski was killed, during the three days battle of Leipzig, in 1813. He then made me acquainted with three of his "children" as he called them, young men like myself, who were ambitious to become musicians. All of these friends have made their mark since that time. Carl Eckert is well known in Germany as an excellent composer and conductor, and is now, I believe, Musik-Director in his native city, Berlin. Ferdinand Kufferath is the principal resident musician in Brussels, and is highly esteemed by all who know him as very eminent in his profession. Julius Klengel, the son of a most respected violinist and professor in Leipzig, was the third friend to whom Mendelssohn introduced me. He was full of enthusiasm for the great "Bartholdy," and had, apart from his high musical acquirements, a great talent for poetry. All these friends are still living and flourishing, and should these lines ever meet their eyes, I trust they will reciprocate the hearty pleasure I feel in mentioning their names, and in recalling the pleasant days we passed under the direction and guidance of our dear friend and master.

Although it is by no means my intention to write anything like an autobiography, yet in endeavoring to give some account of my intimacy with Mendelssohn, it is unavoidable that I should constantly refer to myself and my life in connection with the subject I have attempted to illustrate. This I may safely say in extenuation of speaking in the first person. Any position that I have gained in my profession, was attained long after Mendelssohn's death. When I was with him I always felt in great awe of so eminent a man. I looked upon him with the same feeling with which a young lawyer holding his first brief might contemplate a Chief Justice of the highest Court of his own country. I could never play before him, or show him any of my crude early attempts at composition without thinking with what contempt he must look upon these puny efforts. I was always under the impression that, kind as he was, sympathizing as were all his ways, and great as were his wishes to do all in his power to render my life in Leipzig happy, he constantly thought that I had little or no talent for the path I had marked out for myself; and it was nearly eight years after he had gone to his rest, that by pure accident I obtained a proof in his own handwriting, that all along I had been in error.

At the time I was in Leipzig, the fame of Mendelssohn was at its zenith. He was director of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts. He was in constant consultation with the King of Prussia concerning the progress of music in Berlin. Leipzig was the centre of music during his life time. No artist of any repute as a composer, a performer, or a singer visited Germany without paying homage to Mendelssohn. His orchestra, though not numerically great, was certainly by far the best in the North of Germany, and its performances of all the greatest works, especially Beethoven's Symphonies, were celebrated as the most complete that up to that time (1841) had been given. The Gewandhaus concerts took place every Thursday from Michaelmas to Easter. The management of these was entrusted nominally to a committee, but the direction was really in the hands of Mendelssohn, David (the orchestral leader), and a most intimate friend of Mendelssohn, Schleinitz. The concert programmes, according to notions prevalent now-a-days, were short. The first part, as a rule, contained an overture, a vocal piece, either solo or concerted, and a pianoforte or violin concerto, or a solo with orchestral accompaniment on some other instrument. The second part invariably consisted of one Symphony. Thus the ear was not tired out by a selection of incongruous pieces, and the Symphony being placed at the last, the audience were not wearied by the length of the concert, and able to return home with a perfect sense of enjoyment of the feast of sound which had been so discriminatively set before them. In addition to these full orchestral concerts there were two weekly rehearsals, and an evening devoted to Chamber Music, at which stringed Quartets, Trios, &c., formed the programme. These were also under Mendelssohn's direction, and he frequently played at them, but generally speaking young artists were allowed to appear, and both my friends Eckert and Kufferath had many opportunities of distinguishing themselves on the violin and piano. One great characteristic of Mendelssohn's disposition was his large-mindedness towards other musicians. Not only was his house and table open to all who knew him or brought letters to him, but his advice and in many cases his purse was at the disposal of all who required either; and had any artist written a work which pleased him, it was sure to find its way into the concert programmes without reference to the nation from which the composer sprang. Thus, Bennett and Macfarren as English writers, Miss Dolby and Mme. Clara Novello as English vocalists, Gade from Denmark, and a whole host of German composers were encouraged to write and appear, with the certainty of having an admirable interpretation of their works and performances under Mendelssohn's direction; and I have always considered that it is to his generosity and open-heartedness to my countrymen, as well as to his frequent visits to England, that the foundation of that large re-action in favor of classical music, especially as regards the whole of Sebastian Bach's works, and the later compositions of Beethoven, which has taken place within the last forty years in the British Empire, may be traced. When those who had the right to call themselves pupils of Mendelssohn, assert the fact, it must not be thought that he gave lessons in the ordinary acceptation of the word. In the first place I do not believe there is a single instance in which he received pecuniary recompense for his advice. Next, his instruction was not imparted in a formal manner. Speaking of myself as an example of the course he followed with others, I generally went to him three times a week. Previous to fixing an hour he would advise me to practice certain pieces, generally by Bach or Beethoven, and when I played them to him he would either criticize the performance, or more frequently play them to me. His favorite mode of giving advice was, however, by taking a walk during which he would invariably talk on musical subjects. One of his favorite haunts was a little Inn in a small forest near Leipzig, called the Rosenthal. I have frequently walked with him there, and during our wanderings he would invariably select for consideration a Symphony by Beethoven, an Opera of Mozart, or an Oratorio of Handel, or a Fugue of Bach. He would analyze these, point out the various beauties of their ideas, the ingenuity of their instrumentation, or the subtleness of their counterpoint in a most masterly manner. At the rehearsals of the Gewandhaus, to which all his pupils were free, he would always provide us with the scores of the larger works, and we had generally afterwards to undergo a pretty keen examination as to the construction and peculiarities of each. On one of the occasions of a visit to the Inn in the Rosenthal, I recollect a rather amusing incident. The weather was bitterly cold (it was February) and we had spent the afternoon in speaking of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and playing at billiards. In the course of the evening David joined us, and, it growing dark, we sat out on our journey home. Mendelssohn discovered in a cupboard of the billiard room some Dresden China dessert plates and dishes, which, as he was very fond of such things, he soon concluded to purchase. A bargain was completed with the landlady, and then came the question as to the conveyance of the acquisition to Leipzig. The ground was covered with hard frozen snow, and was very slippery. However, as Mendelssohn insisted on surprising his wife with the new present that evening, he took some of the plates, divided the rest between me and David, and we started in Indian file through the forest on our way home. We had many a hearty laugh at the difficulties of walking on the frozen ground without slipping, but Mendelssohn declared that if either David or I broke one of the plates by stumbling, he would immediately renounce our acquaintance! This of course was said in joke, but I must confess I was heartily relieved when we arrived safely with our burden at Mendelssohn's house, charmed Mme. Mendelssohn with the gift, and spent the rest of the evening laughing over the adventure.

I do not remember a single instance in which his compositions failed to meet with great and lasting success. I do not however think that full justice has yet been done to his marvellous powers as an executive musician. As an Organ and Pianoforte player he has never been excelled. His playing on the Organ has been al-

Digitized by Google

ready mentioned, but his management of the Piano was if possible still more marveilous. His mastery over the instrument was little short of miraculous. His powers of execution were quite as great as those of Rubinstein and Liszt; his delicacy of touch and tone was not exceeded by Thalberg or Chopin; and when to all these qualities are added the wonderful scope of his own mind in grasping the Pianoforte music of all schools, I do not in the least exaggerate when I assert that, of all pianoforte players of and since his time, Mendelssohn stands by far on the apex of greatness. During my stay in Leipzig various great pianists arrived on visits, and it was refreshing to observe the great attention paid them by Mendelssohn, the great deference and admiration showed to them by him, and the eagerness with which he sought to make himself acquainted with their peculiarities of style and method. One day I received a note from him asking me to come to dinner, as Thalberg had arrived the previous evening, and would be his guest. We were a trio, and after dinner Mendelssohn asked Thalberg if he had written anything new, whereupon Thalberg sat down to the piano and played his Fantasia from the "Sonnambula," then very recently composed, and in MS. This composition is one of the most individual and effective of all Thalberg's works. At the close there are several runs of Chromatic Octaves, which at that time had not previously been heard, and of which peculiar passages Thalberg was undoubtedly the inventor. Mendelssohn was much struck with the novel effect produced, and greatly admired its ingenuity. When we separated for the evening he told me to be with him the next afternoon at 2 o'clock. When I arrived at his study door I heard him playing to himself, and practising continually this passage which had so struck him the previous day. I waited for at least half an hour listening in wonderment to the facility with which he applied his own thoughts to the cleverness of Thalberg's mechanism, and then went into the room. He laughed and said: "Listen to this, is it not almost like Thalberg?"—and he proceeded to play all sorts of passages founded on these double scales. He never introduced the effect, however, in his writings; but the last "Lied ohne Worte" in Book 4, which he dedicated to my sister, Sophy Horsley (1st Edition published in London and Leipzig), contains an accompaniment somewhat founded on this idea, which was written about the time I am describing. Mendelssohn's life in Leipzig was that of a true artist. He was an early riser, and generally in his library by nine o'clock. He had a very large correspondence, both professional and private, and was most regular in answering all letters addressed to him. In accordance with German early hours the concert rehearsals were always in the forenoon, and his usual time for his own pursuits was after the early family dinner at 1 o'clock. His evenings, when not publicly engaged, were always spent with his wife and children.

Mendelssohn's home was truly happy. Mme. Mendelssohn was a charming lady, very beautiful in person and very accomplished in mind. She was devoted to him; of a calm, unexcitable temperament; and as he was of a precisely opposite disposition, the extremes in this case met to mutual advantage. His children were admirably brought up, and have now all become most excellent members of society, though strange to say, none have in the least inherited a taste for music. Perhaps this is well, as neither of his boys could have been placed in the position of Mozart's surviving son, who, though a really sound and learned musician, (this on Hauptmann's authority, who knew him in Milan) constantly complained of want of success in his profession, alleging as the reason, that the superlative greatness of his father caused every one to imagine it impossible that any scrap of the Mozartean mantle could have fallen on the shoulders of his son.

[Conclusion next time.]

## Form in Music.

I.

In treating of this subject one is met at the outset by the fact that to the vast majority of the non-professional mind, even the meaning of our title is not fully comprehended, and yet "form" is an important essential which true music cannot dispense with. Hundreds of pseudo-composers rush into print, perfectly unconscious that there is such a thing as "form" in music. Whether the neglect of form by many of our writers is to be ascribed to what is termed in cant language "aspirations after liberty," or whether it is to be set down to modern superficiality, we are unable to determine. In comparing music with sister arts, one is forcibly reminded of the discrepancy of treatment which lies at the root of this evil. In painting, form meets us at the threshold of study. Before the tyro dares to think of imagery, color or effect, he must master the principles of outline, with its correlative study—perspective: without this all other branches are valueless. A picture may abound in creative art: yet, if it be faulty in geometrical consistency, if its perspective be irregular, in a word, if it wants form, it is simply ridiculous and intolerable. Whereas,—to adopt a *reductio ad absurdum*,—if a designer had drawn a dog's head on a man's body, or a fowl with four legs, with green sky and yellow grass, and yet had produced a picture in lineal and perspective completeness, the effect would offend a practical eye far less than if the subjects were badly drawn. Thus the comic designs of a Leech or a Tenniel satisfy even the connoisseur, because they comply with the requirements of form. In poetry, too, vivid conceptions, with unsymmetrical quantities, offend the practised eye in a moment; while completeness of proportion without powerful imagery is at once understood and accepted.

Yet, in music, this order is exactly reversed. The general public, including—we are sorry to say—too many in the profession, does not apprehend musical form at all. Ears are attuned to melodic and harmonic sounds, and minds to appreciate particular effects; but as to the general structure of a composition (what perspective is to drawing) no more idea exists than would be found in the inner consciousness of an Aztec or a Bushman. The general deficiency of sound musical education is the cause of this ignorance. An intending composer goes through a course of harmony; on ending which he fancies he can write, and forthwith rushes into print. Filled with vanity on finding himself "a composer," flattered also, perhaps, by friends and pupils, he produces sheets of vapid nonsense (author's property, let us hope for the publisher's sake), when really he is only on the first step of the ladder to musical proficiency. Harmony and counterpoint are necessary to the musical student, just as a knowledge of the properties of color is to the painter; but it is as absurd to assume that one educated only so far is a composer, as to suppose that a mere student of shade blending is a painter. The evil, we repeat, is the assumption that the mere knowledge of harmony and counterpoint is any more than means to an end; and that one who is simply proficient in them has any pretension to being a composer without having studied musical form.

Form, then, lies at the threshold of the study of musical composition properly so called. Before the word "composer" can be fitly applied, the student must know the quantities of a phrase,—the phrases necessary to any particular movement; the characteristics of the various kinds of time,—and must be perfectly acquainted with the song, ballad, rondo, sonata, and symphonic forms. How many, even of popular composers have really mastered this part of the musician's art? Writers of songs, pianoforte pieces, anthems, services, cantatas, and operettas, spring up daily; yet how few obtain really permanent hold of the public mind or achieve anything like lasting reputation! We say to every aspirant to musical honors, in proportion to your acquirement of the principles of musical form, so will be your ultimate success as a composer; and, as sure as you neglect the acquirement of the principles of musical form, so sure will your name speedily pass into oblivion. We have in our mind's eye at this moment, a "composer" who has lately achieved much public notoriety through the sheer influence of advertising and over-confidence, (the Americans use a stronger word), but who has not yet mastered the simplest requirements of musical form. Of his popularity, like that of many others, it may truly be said:

> Like Jonah's gourd, it sprang up in a day,
> Like Jonah's gourd, so will it waste away.

We strongly advise every student to read Dr, Marx and other writers on this subject; and also to make our best classical works the subjects of close analysis. Not that we would have our composers mere imitators or stereotypers of forms, but that we wish to impress on them, with all the force of which we are capable, that true liberty of thought springs alone from the previous observance of rigid discipline.—*Mus. Standard, London.*

## "St. Paul" in St. Paul's.

[The following curious article appears in the London *Orchestra* of Nov. 22. Although it treats of religious music from rather a conventional and ritualistic point of view, it tells some interesting facts about the hold which the intrinsically great, deep music is getting on the heart of the English people.]

The citizens of London are about to witness the revival of one of the very oldest institutions. In the time of 1370 the masters and scholars of St. Paul's School had made themselves famous for their enthusiasm and zeal in the performance of the sacred oratorio, a drama which in some measure may be considered as of English origin. There is direct record that in 1150 we, as a nation, were excessively fond of the sacred drama; and William Fitzstephen, the Norman monk of Canterbury, gives his tribute of praise to the English for their little care for the ordinary theatrical pieces in vogue, and for their great love for dramas of higher and holier import. Give them a play founded upon a miracle like that of St. Elizabeth or St. Columba, or one upon a noble martyrdom like that of St. Cecilia or St. Lawrence, they are mightily pleased withal, and years not for the pomps and vanities of the lower world. The monks of those days were wise in their day and time. They secured the people by giving them what they liked. They liked scene and music; the monks seized hold of both for the good of the Church and the good of their flock. Music to this day is against law in a parish church. Dr. Tait, our busy and anxious reformer in ecclesiastical matters, has never alluded to this fact in his variegated charges recently delivered in his diocese. Dr. Tait may leave the great Creed alone with advantage, for the orthodox, those who believe in the great doctrine of the Holy Trinity are satisfied with it, and Dr. Tait need not afford aid to unbelievers. They ask not for his help. But music may reasonably call for his support, because it is our Divine

Digitized by Google

Leader's chief weapon in the armory of the Church. We recommend this thought to Dr. Wilberforce and to both houses of Convocation. Let the people of England have a common liberty with all Christendom. At present they have not. Any bishop, rector, vicar, or curate—nay, any churchwarden—can lock up the organ in a parish church and say—"There is your Prayer Book, without a note of music in it; stick to that and hold your tongue." Dr. Wilberforce and our Northern Archbishop, Dr. Thompson, who preach in the chapels or churches of John Knox, are in duty bound to give the fettered Englishman a law of liberty at least as large and free as that bestowed on the Scotsman. The Scot can claim for Divine service his metrical psalm; the Englishman cannot.

We need not inquire how it was that the early sacred oratorio died away in England. The monarch, the nobles, the colleges took away the money for Church music, and left the nation without any music for Sunday. Hence the English had no music for Monday or any of the other five days in the week. This was the sure operation of a higher law. Law against song for Sunday was law against all song worthy of the name. But the monarch retained music for his own royal self and grand court days, and state ceremonies in some degree preserved and fed the Church composer. In the days of Charles the First and our second Charles, the foreigner came here and gave our native musicians a needful lift, and with our Georges came the great Lutheran who had travelled through all Christendom and noted what the wisdom of the Church had supplied, and what the hearts of the people delighted in. Handel brought to life the sleeping taste for the oratorio. In the monkish time England patronized the musical plays of "*The Good Samaritan*," "*Tobit and the Angel*," "*The Prodigal Son*," "*Job and his Three Friends*." Not distinctively to mention the Handelian oratorios, soon after the death of their composer were performed the oratorios, "*Hannah*," "*Ruth*," "*Nabal*," "*Zimri*," "*Rebecca*," "*Alfred*," "*Judith*," "*The Prodigal Son*," "*Expulsion of the Demon from King Saul*," "*Abimelech*," "*Gideon*," "*Jephtha*," "*Force of Truth*," and many others too numerous to mention. But all this effort for Church musical and Scriptural history was as Church music against law. The oratorio legally was the theatrical oratorio. Our bishops would listen complacently to oratorio music at Royal Coronations in Westminster Abbey, at Royal Concerts in His Majesty's Concert Room in Hanover Square, but if sought to be used in parish churches would fulminate their censures against it as so much show or sensational music—undevotional—fiddlers' music. In these days moral sense and common sense have beaten this prejudice, and the people ride over the law. Still there is the law—the scandalous law forbidding Church music, which an ill-natured bishop or rector with cure of souls may and can use, and this ought to be repealed and music set free.

The Church season now opening will be made memorable by a rendering of Mendelssohn's oratorio of "*St. Paul*" in St. Paul's Cathedral; a Passion Service, that by Sebastian Bach, the St. Matthew history, in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey; a Passion Service in the Church of St. Anne, Soho, that by Sebastian Bach according to the history of St. John; Handel's oratorio of "*Theodora, the Martyr of Antioch*," in the Hanover Square Rooms; and the oratorio of "*Belshazzar*," by Handel, in St. James's Hall. We rejoice to be able to record these introductions of "the orchestra in churches," and it is both our pleasure and duty to award the meed of praise to the deans of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, for this glorious issue. For years we have been contesting the point and the principle, and at last "the orchestra in church" is a recognized fact. But it is the people of England that have done this great thing. It is the sympathy of the amateur mind with the artistic mind, and the reverence of both for the Bible histories, and the prevalence of the old Catholic faith throughout this great nation.

The St. Matthew "Passion" will probably be given in Exeter Hall by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The Bach is being remodelled [!] by Sir Michael Costa, and no doubt it will prove a great attraction, the Costa mind being so differently constituted [!!] from that of Herr Franz, whose score has hitherto been adopted in the performance of this composition in this country. We have for many years given it as our opinion that the Bach "Passion according to St. John" is the real rendering to work in this country. The oratorio is more scriptural and less encumbered by interruptions, the style more condensed, the form more simple, the melodies more attractive, the feelings more sympathetic. Possibly it might be improved by a few additions from the St. Matthew "Passion." Some few of the short and highly dramatic choruses would bear transplantation, and the "Thunders and Lightnings" would beyond question add much to the interest of the shorter work.

The oratorio of "The Passion," when properly set to music, must present the first and most essential feature of all dramatic composition—that of deep personal feeling. The vocalists sing the belief of the musicians in the narrative contained in the biographical statement of the Evangelist. Whatever of emotion may arise from the beautiful or sublime character of the music, persuaded belief lies at the bottom of all. And the cause—the basis of this revival of English love for the drama of the Passion, of which we have records for seven hundred years past, is the revived and increased faith in the great mass of the English nation. The people have called for the oratorio of "The Passion" just as they call for Handel's "Messiah;" they have Handel, and they demand Bach. It is no question of art, of service, of adoration, but it is the conviction all round that the grandest of music can never enter the heart or intellect of the composer unless associated with the grandest of all themes that can fill the human being. The same belief which called for the drama of the Crucifixion in England in 1150, in 1370, in Rome in 1264, in Padua in 1243, in Friuli in 1298, in France in 1300, in Germany in 1320, and which led Luther to retain the service in 1530, is now strong and mighty in this country, and the hearers of this drama are becoming daily more and more numerous. Every young man of ordinary respectability is now a singer, and can read choral music. There is not an English girl, decently educated, but can take her part in an oratorio. Nothing short of the true, the real, the beautiful, can satisfy the young heart when engaged with oratorio music; youth yearns for this, and finds it in the Passion music of Handel and Bach. For this cause we find their music at St. Paul's Cathedral, in Westminster Abbey, and as a corollary, the "*St. Paul*" of Mendelssohn.

We cannot but deplore the discontinuance of the sacred concerts given in the Royal Albert Hall by M. Gounod, concerts in many respects most remarkable, attended with great artistic results. M. Gounod has taught our amateur to sing in pure and sustained tone high class music unaccompanied by either organ or orchestra. He is in many respects the foremost musician of the age, and the only one to be coupled with the illustrious [!] Verdi, but he has been most grievously ill advised by those who know nothing of English tastes and English feeling. His artistic virtues are manifold, his errors comparatively small and few. But he did this—he dressed his choir, put the girls in proper paraphernalia—white, red and blue; and before long we hope to see at all such gatherings the girls in white, the men in surplices,* and the band in crimson cassocks and the black sash. Nothing short of this at the large concerts at Exeter Hall, nothing short of this at the bigger festivals at the Royal Albert Hall. The public will at once perceive the propriety and beauty of the change, and bestow their patronage on those who so wisely and artistically call upon them for the preference. No one wants the choir of a thousand voices, the men standing up like so many ministers and deacons in a Dissenting chapel, and the girls like those in a flower manufactory, or where paper collars and dickeys are made, or the sewing machines kept all a going. The public really wants a change in these sumptuary arrangements, and will willingly pay for it.

* Here's "Ritualism" with a vengeance!—Ed.

## Mendelssohn's Death.

[The *Kölnische Zeitung* has been enabled to give the following extract from the second volume of "Moscheles' Life," by Mrs. Moscheles, now in the press:]

On the 17th of September (Moscheles writes in his journal) the Mendelssohn family returned from Switzerland. Mentally our delightful friend is just the same, but physically he seems to me changed; he has aged, he is languid, and his walk is less quick than it used to be. And yet if one sees him at the piano, or hears him talking about art and artists, he is all life and fire. His friend Julius Rietz is just entering on his post of Capellmeister at Leipsic, and that is a great delight to him. "There's another," said Mendelssohn, "who really loves good music, who can produce good things himself, and can bring the productions of others to the highest pitch of perfection, and now the Gewandhaus concerts will have quite the genuine ring about them. And then what quantities of music we will have at home! Rietz plays the 'cello so well, it will be a splendid winter." * * *

On the 9th of October Mendelssohn called for Charlotte and me to take a walk with him; we saw him coming slowly and languidly through the garden to the house. When my wife affectionately asked him how he felt, he answered: "How I feel? Well, I feel all gray in gray." She tried to cheer him by saying that the sunny weather and the walk would do him good. And really, during our stroll through the Rosenthal, he became so bright and lively that we forgot his indisposition. He told us about his last stay in London—his visit to the Queen; how prettily she had sung to him, when he had played to her and the Prince; how she had then said in such a kind manner: "He had so often given her pleasure, was there no way of giving him any?" how he had begged to see the children, and she had conducted him into the beautifully arranged nursery department and shown him the little princes and princesses, all so well brought up and so good that it was quite a treat to see them. Then he spoke about his wife's coming birthday, for which occasion he had bought her a cloak. Another invaluable present he had also himself prepared for her for this birthday. On a tour that he and Klingemann had made in Scotland they kept a journal together, Klingemann writing verses, Mendelssohn drawing. These hasty sketches he has now worked out, collected, and bound together, but when he presented this gift to his wife, hoping to please her with it, he was already at death's door!

We separated (continues the journal) at about one o'clock, in the best spirits. But already that same afternoon, in the Freges' house, he became very unwell.

He had gone there to try and again persuade Frau Frege, that artist whom he so highly esteemed, to sing in the approaching performance of "Elijah." "She shrinks from appearing in public," he had said to us a few days previously, "because she has been suffering a great deal from her throat; but nobody can sing it as she does; I must inspire her with courage." The literal account which here follows his visit to Frau Frege on the 9th of October, we owe to a personal communication. He entered the room with these words: "I am coming to-day, and every day, till you give me your consent, and now I bring you again the altered pieces (of 'Elijah'). But I feel dreadfully low-spirited, so much so that I actually cried the other day over my trio. But, before the 'Elijah,' you must to-day help me to put together a collection of songs; Härtels are pressing me so much for it.' He had brought the set, op. 71, and as the 7th song, the "Altdeutsche Frühlingslied," which he had already composed in the summer of this year, but only written out on the 7th of October. "I knew," said Frau Frege, "about in what order he would arrange them, and laid them out on the piano one by one. When I had sung the first he was greatly moved and asked for it again, and added: 'That was a serious birthday present for Schleinitz on the first of October; but it is just how I feel myself, and I cannot tell you how sad it made me to see Fanny's still unaltered rooms in Berlin. And yet I have so much to thank God for—Cécile is so well, and the little Felix (his youngest son and a delicate child) too.' I had to sing all the songs several times, and stuck to the point that the "Frühlingslied" did not seem to go very well with that set. So he said: 'Very well. The whole set looks serious; let it go forth into the world as it is.' Though he looked very pale, I had to sing him the first song for the third time, and he said all kinds of nice and affectionate things to me about it. Then he asked: 'If you are not too tired, couldn't we just sing the last quartet out of 'Elijah'?' I went out of the room to order lights, and when I came back he was sitting in the other room in the sofa-corner, and said his hands had got quite stiff and cold, and he thought he would rather be well-advised and just take a run round the town, for he felt too bad to play properly. When he got into the open air he felt it was best to go straight home, and there sat down in the sofa-corner, where Cécile found him again at seven o'clock, his hands again quite benumbed."

THE NEXT DAY

the doctor applied leeches to relieve the severe headache from which he was suffering; he took it for disorder of the stomach, and it was only much later that he declared it to be an excessive irritation of the nervous system. I had for a long time—even

Digitized by Google

before Fanny's death—been struck by his paleness when he was conducting or playing—everything seemed to tire him more than formerly. The whole town was terror-struck, his friends trembled, when the news of his illness spread abroad, but when he began to amend they again believed in his ultimate recovery. A few days afterwards he received visits from his friends, was in good spirits, and made plan after plan. He even wanted to go to Vienna to fulfil his promise of conducting the "Elijah," but his friends dissuaded him from this exertion. To Frau Frege, who went to see him, he said: "Well, I gave you a pretty fright; I must have been a cheerful looking object." By degrees the convalescent felt better and better, and was allowed on the 28th to take a walk with his wife. He even wanted to go out again, but the careful wife persuaded him to rest, and he consented; and, alas! immediately afterwards he sank down. They called it paralysis. The anxiety and sadness of the next days cannot be described. The whole town shared it with relations and friends. Once more an apparent improvement showed itself, but he soon become highly excited, and began talking English wildly; and on the 3rd of November, at half-past two, he had a third attack, which completely shattered his senses. The bulletin is besieged, but the news which it gives tells of no improvement, and so the 4th of November draws nearer.

*Midday.*—The physicians, Dr. Hammer, Hofrath Carus, and surgeon Walther, are with the patient by turns. The bulletin which Schleinitz writes declares the case to be hopeless. Herr and Frau Frege, David, Rietz, Schleinitz, my wife and I, remained anxiously near the sick room. The only words of encouragement that the doctors can give are these: "If there should be no fresh attack, the seeming quiet may bring about a happy change, and he may be saved." But this repose was only the result of the decline of his physical strength.

*Evening.*—From 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when a repetition of the attack was feared at the same hour as the day before, utter unconsciousness set in. All the more delicate organs and mental powers were gone, and he lay quiet, breathing loud and heavily. In the evening we were all assembled around his bed, without fearing a disturbance; his angelically peaceful countenance, the stamp of his immortal soul, impressed itself deeply and indelibly on our spirits. His Cécile bore the terrible weight of her grief heroically—she never once broke down, not a word betrayed her inner suffering. His brother Paul, like a moving marble statue, was continually at his bedside. This tragic scene was still heightened by the vainly expected arrival of his sister, Frau Dirichlet, and his relations, Herr and Frau Schunck. Dr. Härtel had gone off to Berlin to fetch her, and also Dr. Schönlein; but they did not come. From nine in the evening the fatal end began to approach, and the breathing became slower. The doctors counted the respirations as if they wanted to enrich science with new discoveries; his features became transfigured; Cécile knelt by his bedside, suffused in tears; and in the deathly silence Paul Mendelssohn, David, Schleinitz, and I surrounded the bed, in earnest prayer. With every breath that escaped from him, I felt the struggle of the great spirit which was breaking loose from its mortal frame. At twenty-four minutes past nine he breathed out his great soul with a deep sigh. The doctor took Cécile into another room, and supported her in her speechless grief. I knelt by the bed, accompanying the soul of the departed one to heaven with my prayers, and kissed the lofty brow before it had grown cold under the hand of death. We remained some hours together, bewailing the irreparable loss, and then each one retired, with his grief. His children had been sent to bed at nine, and were already sleeping calmly when God called their father to Himself. Even the awful solemnity of the funeral celebration can never come up to the feelings which overpowered me then, and which I shall always carry about with me in remembrance of that beloved friend, a man beyond the possibility of ever being replaced. The whole city mourned, the Gewandhaus had no concert on the 4th of November as usual—and who would have gone to listen to it? That one broken chord had taken the tune out of our own souls.

## Dr. Bellows on Rubinstein.

We have among us now a great musician, a fine composer, and an astonishing performer—Rubinstein. He has drawn to himself a great following of admirers, and has already been seen and heard enough to make an American estimate of him, at least, possible. The first glance at him went far to settle his claims to respectful attention. A broad, ample forehead—indeed, of enormous width—backed by a capacious brain, over eyes large and sad, with high cheek-bones, full of Tartar and Oriental suggestion; a mouth large, sensuous, flexible, but unsmiling and semi-barbaric—such as an Indian chief might wear; gleaming teeth; a strong neck; firm limbs, squarely planted; large hands; a full circulation; a ruddy, even color from brow to finger tips—you have a physique compact, vigorous, full-blooded, and indicative of health and the prime of life. His smooth-shaven face gives only more effect to his copious and strong hair, which he shakes as a lion his mane. In public he is grave, reserved, and distant, treating his audiences with a fine disdain or a fine respect, not always easily distinguished. Clearly he comes neither to beg mercy nor propitiate praise. He seems to take this position: "I offer you my best, for which you have paid your money; and you owe me nothing and I owe you nothing further in this little business transaction, which satisfies us both. And as for gratuitous applause, it pleases me, because it shows sympathy with the music I interpret or the way I interpret it. But I have had the favorable judgment of Liszt and Joachim and of musical capitals and select circles on that, and cannot lay much stress upon it; and am too honest and grave to affect a gratitude I do not feel." The fact is, Rubinstein is too large and serious a personality to be tossed on the ripples of concert-room applause. You feel it to be a sort of indignity to make a show of him and fasten eyes as upon a public performer. When a great orator is pleading a serious and pregnant cause, you do not call him or think him a performer; and when a true artist moves us in the universal direction we forget alike him and ourselves. It is an impertinence to emphasize either his presence or his implements or our admiration and interest. We ought to be lost in the enjoyment or vision of the great realities his art evokes. We reverence the artist most who makes us forget himself in the greatness and glory of his theme, and ourselves in the attraction of his subject.

And this is really the finest tribute Rubinstein compels his audiences to pay—their silence and their restrained applause. His companion, an excellent violinist, but evidently not an inspired man, evokes a stormy applause. The people feel they can and must settle with him on the spot. Open and hearty admiration will pay off his claims in full. He is within reach of the palms. His skill is great, but only of a kind we know and can measure. He is master of all the tricks of his instrument; and the people respect, admire and appreciate his tricks. They deserve applause, and let them have it. But what can applause do for one of Handel's sacred songs ("I know that my Redeemer liveth"), or for Beethoven's dirge in the Seventh Symphony, or for Schumann's best lyrics, or for Rubinstein's deep and subtle concertos? The people evidently feel this, and it is a good sign. It shows his mettle and theirs.

For really it is not what Rubinstein writes or plays that is the best part of him. It is what he is. His compositions and his performances indicate a mind full of original and earnest thoughts, of serious struggles with the spiritual and social problem of the time, of a yearning toward divine beauty, truth, and peace. He is a strong child who has carried his youth with him into his maturity, and lost nothing of the questful gaze and serious curiosity of a first-awakened soul. And clearly, although a man of thought and culture, acquainted with European life, he has much of that Oriental and mystical charm which made Kossuth a sort of poet-prophet-statesman, and gave his utterance, even in a foreign tongue, an eloquence and charm quite unique and unparalleled. We hear the Orient in the solemn and hushed tone, the mystic and half-fatalistic quality, the dreamy and unfamiliar and unpractical essence of his music; but it is the East at its confluence with the West! Rubinstein is on the isthmus that divides the Orient and the Occident. Their spray dashes over into each other; but they do not mix. There is an evident conflict and struggle in his nature and his music. He roars like a lion and is soft as a sucking dove by turns. He springs like a panther, and with his grace and precision, upon the keys. But his hands are claws in velvet. They smite like a hammer, they caress like a mother. But there is a grave moodiness, an unsatisfied seeking, and baffled longing in his characteristic style and manner, which makes it wondrous true to our time of broken relations, when the past has gone and the future has not come, when we are dissatisfied with what is and not clear what is to be.—*Independent, Dec. 7th.*

# Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—(*Crowded out last issue.*) On Tuesday the "Elijah" was repeated by the Handel and Haydn Society, with Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Whitney. The choruses were given with rather better spirit than at the last performance. "Thanks be to God," and "He watching over" were particularly good. The orchestra was bad. Mr. Whitney seemed to be suffering from hoarseness, but it did not interfere much with his singing. His rendering of "I have been very jealous" was most excellent, far better than the opening part of the solo. Miss Fairman was eminently successful in her part and received a hearty encore of "O rest in the Lord." Mr. Simpson was only passable in his solos. He sadly wants *vim*. Mme. Rudersdorff sang with her accustomed dramatic power. "Cast thy Burden" was beautifully sung and was, of course, encored. On Thursday evening "The Messiah" was given before a tremendous audience. The same singers participated as on Tuesday. Mr. Whitney's performance throughout was grand. I never heard more eloquent singing than his "Why do the heathen?" In "The trumpet shall sound" he was somewhat fettered by the acrobatic performances of the orchestra. Mme. Rudersdorff was ill, and her performance was not entirely satisfactory. "Rejoice greatly" was quite beyond her vocal powers. But her conception of "I know that my Redeemer" is eminently worthy. Miss Fairman sang well, as usual, but the alto solos in the "Messiah" are difficult for most female altos to sing. Mr. Simpson took "Comfort ye" twice as slow as it ought to be; and "Thou shalt dash them" was beyond his vocal ability. The choruses were excellent, but the orchestra terrible.

DEC. 14.—On the afternoon of Saturday, the 30th ult., Mr. WOLFSOHN gave his third orchestral Matinée. Mendelssohn's A-major ("Italian") Symphony headed the programme. The *Andante con moto* did not receive as smooth a performance as would have pleased a fastidious critic; but, considering the enormous difficulties Mr. Wolfsohn has to contend with, the whole work was very well interpreted. Wagner's superb "Rienzi" Overture was nobly given. Mr. Wolfsohn played Liszt's "Slumber Song" with that delicacy and taste which characterizes all his performances of music of this nature. Mr. Braun gave a creditable interpretation to a Fantasie for the 'cello by Piatti on *Der Freyschutz*.

On Saturday evening the "Orpheus Club," a male singing society of twenty voices, led by Mr. Michael Cross, gave their first concert. The principal piece was an old English Prize Glee, written in 1811, by C. Evans, and entitled "Beauties, have you seen a toy?" It was exceedingly well sung, but the upper tenor part was not prominent enough. Moehring's "Cavalry Song" was sung with great spirit and accuracy. Abt's "Good night, Beloved," for solo baritone and humming chorus was well received; but the gentleman who sang the solo has a bad method in that he forces his chest voice too high. The rest of the vocal part of the programme were tastefully sung. The only fault which seemed to be continual was that the second bass part did not assert itself sufficiently. Mr. Jarvis played Chopin's F-sharp minor "Impromptu" and *Etude* in A minor, and Thalberg's "Elisire d'Amore."

On Monday, the 9th, Mrs. MOULTON sang at a concert given for a charitable purpose at Horticultural Hall. Her solos were Masse's "*Ma mere etait Bohemienne*," Schubert's "Erl King" and Dolby's "Splendid weather." She was eminently successful, particularly in the last named piece. Her vocalization is perfect, and her appreciation of the sentiment of

Digitized by Google

her song is so good that it is a thorough pleasure to hear her.

Mr. Wolfsohn's 4th matinée was given this afternoon. Beethoven's No. 4 (B-flat) was the Symphony selected. It was only fairly given, the wooden wind instruments being the clog to its perfect performance. Mr. Rosewald, of Baltimore, played Spohr's violin Concerto (No. 8) exceedingly well, and he was finely supported by the orchestra. On Monday Lucca opens a season of two weeks.

EUSTACE.

DEC. 21.—Last Saturday evening the "Abt Male Singing Society" gave its first concert of this season at Musical Fund Hall. The hall was densely filled by a brilliant audience, which manifested great enthusiasm. The programme was rich and deliciously varied, and every piece was rendered with that precision and crispness of tone which has ever characterized the society's performances. Sullivan's "Long Day closes" was most exquisitely sung, and Gade's "Gondola Song" was a perfect example of *pianissimo* singing. Storch's "March" received a loud encore, as did also Hatton's "Letter." The "Village Blacksmith" by Hatton was a fitting close to this brilliant concert. I should not omit to mention the great improvement in the quartet singing at this concert over the former efforts of the Society in this line. Mr. Clarke, the conductor, and the entire Society are to be sincerely congratulated on the success of this concert, which was the undoubted result of their hearty and earnest labor in rehearsing.

On Monday, the 16th, the "Lucca Troupe" opened their season at the Academy. "Faust" was selected as the opera in which to introduce to us the great prima donna. The "Marguerite" of Mme. Lucca is certainly one of the most perfect specimens of histrionic force I have ever witnessed. She throws her whole soul into the part, and this, combined with her passionately powerful voice, has made her so preeminently successful. Her childish delight in the "Jewel Song,' and her dark despair in the church scene, are as different as if each were portrayed by a different artiste. Mons. Jametz as Mephisto was, in singing and acting, entirely satisfactory. Sig. Vizzani in the title role did not do well, his voice is too light for the heavy orchestration of the work.

On Tuesday, Miss Kellogg was the recipient of a great ovation on her appearing as "Leonora" in "Trovatore." Throughout the whole opera she gave strong evidence that her voice is greatly improved in strength, and yet is losing none of its silvery sweetness; her acting too was very good, not as stormy as Gazzaniga's, but all the part requires. Sig. Abradegno as "Manrico" sang and acted fairly. His voice is somewhat worn and sounds rather tame after Wachtel and Lefranc. Sig. Morianni as the "Count" was exceedingly good.

On Wednesday the "Huguenots" was given. Mme. Lucca as "Valentine" sang the difficult music with charming facility, and rendered all her recitatives with great dramatic effect. In the 4th act her scene with "Raoul" was superbly acted. Sig. Vizzani as "Raoul" failed almost entirely; the music is far beyond his ability, and his acting was quite stiff. Jamet as "Marcel" sang with great taste, but the part is too low for his voice. Mme. Leveille as "Marguerite," and Sig. Sparaci as "Nevers" were quite successful in their impersonations.

On Thursday "*Crispino e la Comare*" was the opera. Ronconi, as the lucky cobbler, sang far better than I have heard him for years, and his acting, of course, was irresistibly funny. Miss Kellogg, though harnessed by a severe cold, played her part as of old, with naivete and brilliancy.

On Friday evening "*The Marriage of Figaro*" was announced, but owing to Miss Kellogg's increased illness, could not be performed, and "*Fra Diavolo*" was substituted. Mme. Lucca as "Zerlina" was perfectly bewitching: she is certainly a marvel, so wide is the scope of her histrionic abilities. Vizzani as "Fra Diavolo" sangas well as he can with his feeble voice, and his acting was quite satisfactory. Ronconi as "Milord" provoked much applause. The chorus of the troupe is fair, but the orchestra is not as unwavering as it should be. Next week is the last of this troupe's season here.

EUSTACE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 28, 1872.

## The Christmas Oratorio.

Our people have learned to look forward to a performance of Handel's "Messiah" as regularly and as joyfully as to the return of Christmas. To musicians, and to those of much experience in the hearing of great music, something a little more out of the common, even if not so great,—a Bach's *Weihnachts Oratorium* for instance,—might for once awaken a more eager appetite; but for the great mass whose musical range is limited, although they may love music deeply, and who can feel how vital and profound the harmony between the Handelian inspirations and the significance which the season of the Nativity has to all religious souls, there is no musical work which means so much and is so well appreciated, so strengthening and uplifting as "The Messiah." We are apt to forget, too, that there is always a younger generation coming on, who would be wrunged by deprivation of the glorious opportunity we older ones have had far oftener than we deserved. But then again, upon the other hand, even the most experienced ones, just when they turn again with some reluctance and anticipation of fatigue to the long series of mighty choruses and songs too great for singers uninspired, are often forced to wonder at themselves, as well as at the great composer's genius, when, to their agreeable disappointment (probably not for the first time) they find how fresh it all sounds after all, how grander than ever and more marvellously perfect every chorus proves, and what new beauty and only half-suspected truth and depth of feeling still reveals itself in every Air and Recitative, and every bit of symphony. Many will own that this was signally the case with them last Sunday evening, and well appreciated this sturdy conservatism of the old Handel and Haydn Society, whatever else they may be disposed to ask for at its hands.

Last year's performance of the *Messiah* received unwonted lustre from the participation of the Santley party as soloists, and their presence inspired the chorus singers with a new ambition; so that the crowded audience this time came prepared to measure things by a high standard. In justice we must own that the choral work was even better than before, and that we do not remember so satisfactory a rendering of the series of choruses in Boston. Even those difficult and "catchy" ones, "Good will towards men," "His yoke is easy," (the singers seldom found it easy !), and the like, were clearly made out both in general outline and detail. The tenderly affecting choruses: "Surely" and "With his stripes," in which the tone more resembles Bach, as well as the completion of the group in the bold contrast of "All we like sheep," with the sublime and awe-inspiring conclusion; "And the Lord hath laid on him," were adequately realized. The altos were very rich and full, and the tenors came out with freshness and vitality of tone, as well as sweetness, which has been very rare. The sopranos were efficient, but sometimes rather thin and screamy on the high notes. This was particularly noticeable, as usual, in the "Hallelujah" chorus, otherwise so perfect, where the high *A* falls on the pinched vowel *e*: "And *He* shall reign." Mr. ZERBINI suggests (and why not?) that henceforth they sing: "The *Lord* shall reign." But better yet would be the return to the lower pitch, the French normal pitch; and even that is more than half a tone sharper than the pitch of Handel's time. Some choruses were omitted,—wisely, considering the great length of the work. The orchestra did their part, as is too often the case in such tasks, rather perfunctorily and as if their thoughts were wandering outside of the music; not always, but too frequently, as now and then a solo singer must have felt. The Organ, under Mr. LANG's hands, was a great help.

The quartet of soloists were all interesting, to say the least. At the opening, the Tenor, Mr. PACKARD, placed himself at once in a worthy light as an interpreter of a high theme, and as a performing artist before a public somewhat critical. His delivery of "Comfort ye" and "Every Valley" was a very careful, well considered and consistent effort; in spirit and conception right and adequate. His voice is sweet and of good even calibre throughout, not brilliant but of fair power, and his method excellent. He sustains a tone and swells it admirably. Indeed he has style, and a pure and honest style, free from offensive erudities, affectations or exaggeration. He plainly had a full appreciation of his task and did it earnestly and like an artist. A little stiffness, which (should disappear with practice, was about the only drawback.—The Bass came next in requisition, Mr. Whitney for "Thus saith the Lord" and the Air: "But who may abide." And here again at once was a great step forward into public favor. His majestic organ seemed to have ripened and expanded and become vivified through the whole range of it; alike in declamation, in *Cantabile*, in clear, rotund and even execution of the long *roulades*, he was more satisfactory than ever. There was less dead wood in the performance; it was all alive. He does not yet possess, however, like the Tenor, the art or power of holding out a long tone without wavering in the pitch, and not unfrequently, after a manly and victorious tussle with a trying passage, comes out on a strong last note a little false. These ponderous basses yield to their own weight, we know. But the impression as a whole was grand. "For He is like a refiner's fire" was given with great energy. This solemn warning ended, with the chorus, that so fitly follows: "He shall purify," it is the Contralto's turn, announcing the Nativity, proclaiming the new light. Mlle. ANNA DRASDIL, a native of Bohemia, who has lived for several years in England, a pupil for some time of Mme. Rudersdorff, has made a great mark in the Oratorios there, and it has been a common thing of late to hear her mentioned as the most promising Contralto in England. Her very first tones: "Behold! a virgin," arrested musical attention by the individual *timbre* of the voice, at once rich and reedy, sweet, yet with a singularly penetrating quality. It reached everywhere, and there was a rare charm about it. A true artistic singer was soon manifest; well trained; with something like a genius for it, as it seemed; dramatic too, and full of fire. There was probably some nervousness in that first effort; for in the Air: "O thou that tellest," the lower portion of the voice seemed weak, and the force of certain phrases spent before all the notes had reached the ear. But this was the beginning only; we shall hear more; now we have to listen to another voice, which should be in this Oratorio the choice of voices, the Soprano.

Prepared by all these voices, of prophecy and warning and announcement, and by the Overture and thrilling choruses,—prepared too by that exquisite prelude of the Pastoral Symphony (in the performance of which we must again protest against that poor infringement of the Thomas "*Traumerei*" patent, that hushing of the last repetition to a half audible *ppp*.),—now begins the voice which is to embody as it were the Light to which all has been

Digitized by Google

looking forward, and to sing the great song of Faith. This time it is the lovely voice of Mrs. Moulton. With all her good gifts the singer is not in her element; for she has never sung in Oratorio before and never even heard a full performance of the *Messiah*. She brings to it all her treasury of nightingale and lark-like tones, with the spontaneous, bird-like springing forth thereof (though sometimes there seems to be a struggle in the throat before the nightingale escape); all her finished, fluent vocalization; her versatility of talent and quick apprehension. Nor does she approach the task with levity, or without a sense of its importance, or without earnest preparation. Indeed the nervousness apparent at the first was quite sincere; and this, added to a cold, entitled her to large allowance. Under the circumstances, the degree of success which she achieved was certainly remarkable. The effort won respect throughout, while more than once it charmed and satisfied in a high sense. The Recitative: "There were Shepherds" was not so simply given as one could wish: there was a somewhat forced, unneeded pathos in its tones; just in that narrative, recited as it were from heaven, the Voice should be impersonal, though human,—by no means dramatic. "Rejoice greatly" was in her true vein, and seldom have we heard it sung more beautifully: the serious middle strain, too, was tenderly melodious. Best of all was "Come unto Him," which seemed to reach the heart of the audience. Her rendering of the great air: "I know that my Redeemer" was an earnest, very creditable effort,—one that raised her in her character of artist,—but not yet a triumph. Here too there was a somewhat trammelled and uneasy leaning on traditions (not always of the best), and not that free, assured and noble style,—sure, simple and sublime,—by which that song has maintained its supremacy. But Mrs. Moulton is full of song and full of talent. If a Parisian life could not imbue her with the Oratorio style or spirit, we trust it is not too late for her to learn, and that she will not cease to try her powers in the high spheres of Art. *Paulo majora canamus!*

We can only add that Miss Drusdil's voice and style and earnestness grew upon the audience as she went on. What seemed the feeble tones came out clear and ringing. "He was displsed" was so impressively rendered, that we felt wronged by the omission of the second part. Mr. Packard sustained himself throughout as honorably as he begun; giving "Thy rebuke," &c., with true manly pathos; though he is not yet full grown, even if he be by nature framed, for the severe task of vocalization offered by "Thou shalt break them." His voice is not a ringing one, although it had a manly power and value, besides sweetness. Mr. Whitney continued to give us of his grandest sub-bass as well as his most pure and ringing upper tones, making every piece effective, particularly "Why do the nations rage" and "The trumpet shall sound," in which the startling clear tone and crisp, pure execution of a new trumpet-player won instant recognition.

Mr. A. P. Peck's Concerts.—In the line of miscellaneous, popular concerts, combining always quite a galaxy of "stars," nobody caters half so well as our obliging superintendent of the Music Hall. But this year other "stars in their courses" seem to have "fought against" him. Two of his four rich announcements were fulfilled, to his loss, during the horse epidemic; then came the Great Fire, compelling the indefinite postponement of the other two. But last week Mr. Peck redeemed his promise to the public, on a more generous scale than had been even thought of; for besides Mrs. Charles Moulton, he offered us Theodore Thomas with his Orchestra, and all the brilliant soloists who travel with him. The programmes, too, were of a high order, of interest to any audience; few better are found in the record of the Thomas concerts.

But again the elements could not conceal their grudge; vilest of wintry days was Friday, Dec. 20. The only wonder was that so many people waded through the snow and slosh to the warm bright Music Hall, filling it more than half full. Bronze Beethoven's face shone well; and never could there have been completer contrast with the outer world, or sweeter and more timely cheer, than one felt at the first sound of that very tune of Summer, the opening phrase of the Pastoral Symphony, a theme which seems to have dropped from heaven out of a clear blue June sky, into the composer's most imaginative, prolific brain. This time Mr. Thomas gave us the *whole* Symphony; and in such a setting,—after the Allegro representing "the awakening of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country," which the listening tone-poet stole from the very pulse and breath of Nature,—the "Scene by the Brook" (*Andante molto moto*) was far more appreciable. The "Thunder Storm" episode was given with startling vividness and power; the *Scherzo* ("merry meeting of peasants"), which it interrupts, was finely exhilarating with its crisp, delicate *staccato*, and most rousing when it came to the boisterous swing of the heavy country dance. The sunshine after storm, with the homeward tramp of the flocks, and the rich hymn of joy and gratitude, in the Finale, were for the most part well brought out, although the movement (*Allegretto*) was rather rapid for the clear outlining of some passages.

Mrs. Moulton's smooth, delicious voice, and exquisitely fluent, facile execution, in the rapid, florid violin Variations of Rode's Air were so wholly musical, and so held the listening sense enchanted, that few suspected that she was suffering from a cold. The Air itself was given in a true and broad *cantabile* style, and the Variations lacked no airy grace or *finesse*. Earnestly recalled, she sang a pretty, playful English ballad (by Mme. Dolby, is it): "Don't you think the Summer is better than the Spring?" &c., &c., quite in the humor of the thing. Miss Mehlig followed with Weber's *Concertstueck*,—which, with all its brilliancy and genius, sooner or later comes to one as a production on the uncertain border ground between the classical Concerto and the *cheval de bataille* of concert virtuosos,—but in which every musical person has found pleasure more than once. Of course it suffered very little in the execution, although the fair pianist seemed not in her best strength and spirits.

Part II. was as follows:

Overture. 'Merry Wives of Windsor' ..........Nicolai.<br>
Song, 'Ask me not,' composed expressly for.... F. Abt.<br>
Mr George L. Osgood.<br>
Concerto for Violoncello.........................Servais.<br>
Mr. Charles Hemmann.<br>
Song. 'Ma mere etait Bohemienne'..........Servais.<br>
Mrs. Charles Moulton.<br>
Waltz. Illustrationen.................Johann Strauss.<br>
Traeumerei [By request]...............Schumann.<br>
Hungarian March..........................Schubert.

Mr. Osgood did well in giving for an encore, after the commonplace and sentimental song by Abt, one of the grandest and most poetic songs of Schubert: "*Am Meer*" (By the Sea,) which he sang very finely. Mr. Hemmann has a large, rich tone and great virtuosity on the violoncello; the Concerto, which he played, is an ambitious one, fully scored, but not very edifying. Mrs. Moulton is in her element in such a song as Massé's "*Ma mère*," &c., and sang the half sentimental, half coquettish melody with a seductive subtlety. Schubert's Hungarian March, very much Liszt-ified, impressed by its Oriental and nomadic spirit, and the strong coloring of the instrumentation.

On Saturday afternoon the selections were these:

Overture. 'Der Schauspieldirector'............Mozart.<br>
Allegretto. 8th Symphony. ...............Beethoven.<br>
Song. 'Lo, here the gentle Lark'..............Bishop.<br>
Mrs Charles Moulton.<br>
Concerto. G minor. op 25.................Mendelssohn.<br>
Miss Anna Mehlig.<br>
Selections from the 'Flying Dutchman'........Wagner.<br>
Tuscan Popular Melody.<br>
"Saper l'origine vuol dell 'amore,'..Varisco.<br>
'Will'st know the origin of love?'<br>
Mr. George L. Osgood.<br>
Fantaisie. Solo for Harp ...................Godefroid.<br>
Mr. Adolphus Lockwood.<br>
Air and Variations.................. Proch.<br>
Mrs Charles Moulton.<br>
Waltz. Rudolfs Klaenge ........ Joseph Strauss.<br>
Rakoczy March. .................... Liszt.

The Overture to Mozart's early operetta: "The Theatre Director," is one of his very lightest, but it is Mozart, and therefore it is *music*,—genial, facile, charming, well worth a hearing for once, and more than once. This was a novelty, if quite an unpretending one, for which we can thank Mr. Thomas. The delightful "Clock" movement, the Allegretto from the eighth Symphony, is the one thing which, better than any thing else in his Symphonies, will bear to be given by itself. It was exquisitely rendered, although we did not feel that the fine orchestra was in its best mood for either of these two concerts: how can it *always* be so with such incessant journeying and concert-giving? The human organism, individual or collective, is quite as subject to atmospherical and other conditions as an organ or pianoforte. For Bishop's "Lark" song Mrs. Moulton substituted ("by request") one of the most beautiful of Gounod's tender and impassioned melodies: "O that we two were May-ing!", which was sung with delicacy and with feeling. It showed the sympathetic and expressive qualities of her voice to great advantage. "Robin Adair," most sweetly sung, was the welcome answer to a cordial encore. With what precision, fluency and charm she can use her voice like an instrument, as if it cost her no effort to warble difficult and florid passages, runs, arpeggios, trills, &c., &c., without end, was proved in the Air and Variations by Proch, in which she does not suffer much by comparison with Carlotta Patti or with Mme. Leutner. Miss Mehlig seemed fully herself in the performance of the Mendelssohn Concerto, and seldom have we heard it rendered so effectively both on the part of soloist and orchestra. Mr. Lockwood proved himself a very accomplished master of that now too rare instrument, the harp.

# Music Abroad.

Leipzig.—Fifth Gewandhaus Concert: "Michael Angelo Overture," Gade; Hymn from *Pandora*, B. Scholtz (Herr Gura); E flat major Concerto, Beethoven (Herr Urspruch); Duet from *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Herr R. Wagner (Mlle. Orgeni and Herr Gura]; Symphony, No. 4, G minor, Raff; Organ Toccata, Bach-Tausig (Herr Urspruch); and Songs. Herr Ullmann has been obliged to leave without giving a concert as he intended. Speaking of this fact, the Berlin *Echo* remarks that Herr Ullmann has published his reasons in an advertisement, which does all honor to his bold and ready wit. In a few words he expresses the evils under which the Gewandhaus is suffering, evils which have reduced the Gewandhaus Concerts to below the level of those at any considerable town in the Rhenish provinces. [!] Herr Ullmann's manifesto runs as follows: "The fact of the alterations at the Central Hall being still incomplete was not the sole reason of my giving no concert in Leipzig. Though I could not have cleared my expenses at the Gewandhaus, the Directors demanded 200 thalers for the room, that is: four times as much as any concert-giver ever paid, or as I myself paid at the Patti Concerts; of course I would not submit to such extortion. The members of the committee are, without a doubt, estimable and honorable men, but they have one terrible fault; they cannot bear me. To what circumstances I owe this is something I do not know. I suppose it is because our principles are totally different. This is unfortunately [?] true. I endeavor to render my concerts as interesting as possible, while those of the Gewandhaus are generally monotonous and wearisome. Perhaps, too, the gentlemen are annoyed because more celebrated artists appear at a single one of my concerts than in the course of an entire Gewandhaus season. My fair singers, too, might somewhat damage the gentlemen's young vocal stars, who are still singing solfeggios. In one word: I am a man of progress; the Gentlemen of the Gewandhaus prefer following the old and beaten track. As they are so conservative, it is a wonderful thing that they are not better conservators of the reputation formerly enjoyed by these once so famous concerts. 'We do not haggle,' was the autocratic answer when my representatives offered 200 thalers."—*London Mus. World.*

The sixth concert was to be a celebration of the "golden wedding" of our good King John and his amiable consort the Queen Amelia of Saxony. The programme, prettily ornamented and colored in honor of the auspicious event, was headed with a chorus for male voices by Reinecke, a composition

Digitized by Google

commencing with the words *Salvum fac regem*, breathing nothing but loyalty and love for our sovereign. This was followed by a prologue delivered by a lady, and then came the so-called "Sachsenlied," or "Song of the Saxons," the "God save the Queen" of England, which was sung in the approved English style, *i. e.* the first verse as a solo, the second with only half the strength of the chorus, and the third with full power of soloist, chorus and orchestra combined, an innovation which seemed to produce a very good effect. Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," or "Hymn of praise," a symphonic cantata with words from the Scriptures, occupied the second division of the programme. Mme. Peschka-Leutner, assisted by Mlle Gutzschbach and Herr Woworsky (a worn-out tenor from Berlin) sang the solo parts, the two former with great *éclat*, the latter with a decidedly poor effect. The orchestral portions were, of course, given in the accustomed finished and careful style which has secured for the Gewandhaus orchestra an European celebrity. It is frequently too strong for the power of the chorus engaged, being very strong indeed in numbers.

The so-called "Chamber music soirées" have been recommenced with the customary good patronage of the public. The prospectus issued promises a considerable enjoyment to lovers of the old masters, whose quartets, quintets, sextets, &c., always form the staple items of the programmes. At the first soirée, given on the 26th Oct., Rensburg, David, Reinecke, Hermann, and Hegar assisted, Schubert's quintet (Op. 163) for two violins, viola, and 2 'cellos, being the *pièce de résistance*.—*Standard*.

Darmstadt.—The members of the Grand-Ducal orchestra have begun their operations for the winter. The first concert promised well for what is to come. The programme included Beethoven's A major Symphony; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Beethoven's Romance in G major; and Schumann's "Abendlied," the last three compositions being exceedingly well played by Herr Hugo Heermann, from Frankfort. Mlle. Erl sang several songs, among them being the grand air from Cherubini's *Medea*. The whole wound up with Schumann's overture to *Manfred*.

Munich.—First Subscription Concert of the Musical Society: Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann Air from *Titus*, Mozart (Mlle. Meysenheym); Pianoforte Concerto, with orchestra, Herr Hermann Scholtz (the composer); Song, Haydn, and Song, Beethoven (Mlle. Meysenheym); March for Orchestra, Grimm; Symphony, A major, Beethoven.—For some time, the practice of playing music between the acts, at the Royal Residenz-Theater, was abolished. It has, however, recently been revived, but on the old, careless, and slovenly model. Thus, during a performance, the other evening, of a version of the Spanish comedy, *Lie for Lie*, the interludes consisted of German waltzes. People ask, very naturally, whether it was impossible to find something more appropriate, say, a Spanish dance, or an old Saraband?—The bills of the Opera are almost exclusively monopolized by Herr R. Wagner. Competent and impartial judges say that, sooner than allow matters to go on in this way, the authorities would build a separate theatre for R. Wagner's works and engage separate artists; on the present plan, everything not already ruined cannot avoid being so ere long: the public taste, true singing, artists' voices, etc. Herr Wagner has already engrossed the playbills more than twelve times this season; compared to the composer of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Mozart is a stranger; his *Don Giovanni* is never heard; *Die Zauberflöte* has been played only once, and *Le Nozze* twice, in a long period. Beethoven, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber, are just as scurvily treated. Herr Levy, the newly appointed conductor, from Carlsruhe, is exerting himself zealously to raise the orchestra at the Operahouse to its former efficient state, from which it has greatly deteriorated since the retirement of Herr Lachner.

Bayreuth.—According to the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, Mme. Cosima, Liszt's daughter, and formerly the wife of Herr Hans von Bülow, the pianist, having gone over to the Protestant Church, was married to Herr R. Wagner during the recent visit here of her father, who was present at the ceremony.

Vienna.—The first Subscription Concert for the season of the Society of the Friends of Music (*Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*) took place on the 10th inst. Herr Johannes Brahms, who was greatly applauded on taking his position in the orchestra, officiated for the first time as artistic director. The programme was headed by Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. Then came two old vocal choruses, written by Heinrich Isaak and Eccard, and admirably sung by the Vocal Union. The next piece was Mozart's concert-air: "Ch 'io mi scordi di te?" with *obbligato* piano and orchestra, Mme. Wilt being the singer. The concert wound up with Schubert's Pianoforte Duet in C major, Op. 140, scored for full band by Herr Joachim.—The second Musical Evening given by Herr von Bülow was devoted exclusively to Chopin. It was well attended.

London.—The sixth Crystal Palace concert had the following programme:

Overture "Festal," in C......................Wingham.
[First time of performance.]
Aria, "Vedrai Carino" [Don Giovanni].........Mozart.
Miss Fanny Heywood.
Madrigal, "In the spring time" [Pet Dove]....Gounod.
Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (his last)........Mozart.
[First appearance at these concerts.]
Mme. Arabella Goddard.
Spring Song, "Komm, Lieber Mai"............Mozart.
Miss Fannie Heywood.
Symphony, "The Scotch"..................Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Vedommi Intorno." [Idomeneo]........Mozart.
Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Arietta, "If a youth should meet a maiden"....Weber.
Miss Fanny Heywood.
Overture, "Leonora, No. 2..................Beethoven.

We are much pleased to point out to public admiration so promising a writer of the English school as Mr. T. Wingham, the signal success of whose new symphony at the Crystal Palace concert of March 23rd has more than once been referred to in these columns. We heard the "Festal Overture" when first produced, at the annual grand concert of the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday, the 22nd of July. We much admired it then; and that it improves upon acquaintance may be safely affirmed,—no insignificant fact as a test of merit. Mr. Wingham ranks as one of the distinguished pupils of the Royal Academy, and we expect him to take a high stand as one of our composers for "the future." The overture is bright and melodious, full of variety, and most ingeniously scored for the orchestra. If fault there be, we should mention (but gently) the ordinary one of diffusiveness, and a vacillation of tonality in the second theme. The details of the score will repay attentive examination. Mr. Manns of course did full justice to the work, which was vehemently applauded.

Mozart's last concerto is very variously placed in the *catalogue raisonnée*. In Richault's edition it stands No. 15; whereas in the list of the Ritter Von Köchel it is numbered 595; and the first work of the year 1791, in which the composer died. The total number of his pianoforte concertos was 25. The one in B flat (a favorite key) is scored for the stringed quartet, one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns.

The concerto, as usual, includes three movements; and the style, frequently suggestive of *Don Giovanni*, is unmistakably Mozartean in all respects, the salient characteristics being an earnest tenderness relieved by an effusion of chastened cheerfulness; witness the *larghetto* and the deliciously played *finale*, the theme of which is repeated in the little German song (one of three) entitled "Komm, lieber Mai," sung by Miss Heywood to a pianoforte accompaniment. Mlle. Arabella Goddard interpreted the concerto *à merveille*, playing throughout with a delicacy and sympathy of spirit that moved the least susceptible temperament. The performance was a perfect feast to the *connoisseur*, and equivalent to a lecture on taste, not lost, we hope, on the youthful, and therefore still impressible, portion of the audience, now in a state of (pianoforte) frocks and knickerbockers.

The cadenzas of the concerto were specially written for Mme. Goddard, by Kapellmeister Reinecke, of Leipsic, the pianist at the first matinée of the Musical Union concerts this year. M. Reinecke, known to be a genuine and erudite musician, has religiously adhered to the spirit of his text, whilst allowing the accomplished *artiste* ample opportunity for the display of her brilliant executancy. It appears that Mozart himself wrote some cadenzas, but these are not found in all the editions.—*Standard*.

Here is the seventh programme;

Overture, "Les Abencerages"..............Cherubini.
Aria, "Della sua pace"..........................Mozart.
Symphony in G ("Letter V"....................Haydn.
Recit. and air, "Far greater in his lowly state."Gounod.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, D minor........Robinstein.
Song 'Once again'..............................Sullivan.
Air, "She wandered down"........................F. Clay.
Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" .Sterndale Bennett.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Under the Silvery Stars. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to f. *Huntley.* 40
"Dark eyes were waiting for blue,
Dimpled hands waited for brown."
A good title and pretty ballad.

I will not leave thee, dear one. 3. Eb to e. *Wand.* 35
"My voice still calls thee fondly,
Let love my faults atone."
Effective love song.

Over the Stars there is Rest. (Ueber den Sternen.) 4. Db to d. *Abt.* 30
The already very popular song arranged for alto voice.

The Flight of Time. 4. C to *g*. *Meininger.* 30
"Faintly flow, thou falling river."
Well-known words, but entirely new and very pleasing melody.

The Cottage Door. 3. F to f. *Smith.* 30
"Then came the sun so mild,
And on the flowers smiled."
Very neat and pretty.

The Star that cheers our way. 3. F to *g*. *Geary.* 30
"'Tis Hope, 'tis Hope, that blessed Star."
First-class ballad.

Just one kiss. 3. E to f. *W. A. Smith.* 35
"Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all these years."
A Contralto Song, with major and minor passages. Melody generally simple, but the accompaniment more difficult.

Go West. Song and Dance. 2. Bb to f. *Maywood.* 30
Comic, with a lively dance at the end.

My true Love has my Heart. 4. F to f. *Blumenthal.* 50
"By just exchange, one for another given."
A noble song, very beautiful in its elaboration, and dwelling frequently on the thought, "My true love has my heart, and I have his."

The Gipsy Maiden. 3. A to e. *Tully.* 35
"I love the woods, the forest gray,
The streams and mountains high."

**Instrumental.**

Lohengrin March. 4 hands. 3. G. *Brisler.* 35
Wagner's fresh and spirited music, easily arranged.

It is Done. Religious Meditation. 3. B minor. *Poznanski.* 30
The title simply suggests a thought which pervades this impressive and pleasingly mournful nocturne.

Real Estate. Polka Elegante. 4. D. *Eikmeier.* 40
A strange name, which may have been suggested by the fact that real estate is often "full of fire" as this certainly is, or that real estate is solid, and this is powerful and harmonious. In fact a first-class polka.

The Dream at Twilight. Waltz. 3. D. *Cloy.* 30
Very melodious, all of it. Difficult to point out a measure that has not some special beauty.

Trois Nocturnes. (No. 2). 4. Eb. *Egghard.* 35
Exceedingly graceful and pleasing.

New World Galop. (Eine Neuewelt). 3. D. *E. Strauss.* 35
Unmistakably Strauss-like and brilliant.

Dance of the Period, Leaders of the Dance, Tanz-Prioritaten. Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 60
A Set of Waltzes favored with three names, and being very brilliant, may be said to be worthy of all.

Bloom of Roses. Mazurka. 3. F. *Fernald.* 30
It was a delicate fancy that created this elegant Mazurka, and named it so appropriately.

Horace Greeley's Funeral March. 2. D minor. 40
Very impressive music. The last of the pieces with the lithograph of the great journalist, whose memory all now unite to honor.

Guard's Waltzes. Violin and Piano. 3. *Godfrey.* 75
Well-known favorites, newly arranged.

Silver Ripples. No. 6. Our Jennie's Choice. No. 7. Barefoot Polka. No. 11. Moments of Joy. No. 12. Mossy Rock Waltz. No. 13. Carnival March. No. 14. Little Fairies March. No. 15. Good Time March. No. 16. Love's Greeting Mazurka. *M e', ee.* 30
The "Ripples" are all excellent easy instructive pieces, and each contains a melody, as, for instance, No. 7 contains that of the so g Little Barefoot."

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 828. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 20.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY HIS ENGLISH PUPIL.

(Concluded from page 333).

This very happy time of my life could not last forever, so it was decided I should return to London and enter on the sea of troubles and vicissitudes connected with the active duties of professional life in England. The last week of my stay was devoted by Mendelssohn to all sorts of musical and social hospitalities. He arranged for a special private party at the Gewandhaus, where he gave us (my sister had arrived on a visit) a performance of the "Hymn of Praise" which we heard for the first time; and as an afterpiece Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with chorus. Every evening in the week was devoted to some species of music, and the last night before we left we had a musical party, at which Mendelssohn played Beethoven's Trio in C minor, and Mme. Schumann Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor. His sister, Mme. Hensel, was present, and played magnificently on this occasion. She had much of her brothers' fire and style, and was a most talented and intellectual person.

After this I returned to London, but frequently corresponded with Mendelssohn and passed many happy hours with him both in England and Berlin. Many memorable evenings were passed on these occasions; for, from 1843 to 1847, "The Walpurgisnacht," "Athalie," "Œdipus," the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Trio in C minor, many Quartets, and numerous smaller works, were produced in London, at the Philharmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, and in various private houses, especially at that of Moscheles, in Chester Place, Regent's Park, at my father's house, and at Mr. Alsager's, a most distinguished amateur, whose lamentable suicide greatly shocked his numerous friends. I was a member of the "Society of British Musicians," and on one occasion we invited Mendelssohn to be present at a performance of some of our own works. He came and listened most attentively, and, after our own share of the programme was concluded, he sat down to the piano and improvised in a most extraordinary manner, introducing many themes he had recollected from the music (all in manuscript) which he had heard.

In 1844 Mendelssohn sent to England Joseph Joachim, then a lad of 12 years old. The playing of this boy was astonishing, and it is well known to all that his extraordinary gifts have matured to an extent which now places him at the head of all violinists in the world. Great as Mendelssohn's pianoforte triumphs were, there was one occasion in which he excelled them all. A concert had been arranged at the Hanover Square Rooms, at which Thalberg, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn were announced to play Sebastian Bach's triple Concerto for three pianofortes, in D minor. As it was known to none better than himself, that Thalberg was not accustomed to extemporizing, it was agreed that no cadences should be made. The piece proceeded in a most satisfactory manner until the orchestra made a pause and, much to the surprise of those who knew the compromise, Moscheles commenced a cadence, and in his usual felicitous, musician-like and admirable manner, delighted the audience. Then came Thalberg, who, though completely taken by surprise, acquitted himself excellently well, albeit his style hardly assimilated with the ideas of the great Leipzig Cantor. During these two performances I watched Mendelssohn's countenance. At first when Moscheles began, he looked much annoyed, but he gradually accepted the situation, and bided his time. When Thalberg had finished, Mendelssohn waited for the long and deserved applause to subside. He then shrugged his shoulders and commenced. I wish I had the pen of a Dickens, or a Scott (had either of them had any knowledge of music) to describe in fitting terms this performance. It began very quietly, and the themes of the Concerto, most scientifically varied, gradually crept up in their new garments. A crescendo then began, the themes ever newly presented, rose higher and higher, and at last a storm, nay a perfect hurricane of octaves, which must have lasted for five minutes, brought to a conclusion an exhibition of mechanical skill, and the most perfect inspiration, which neither before nor since that memorable Thursday afternoon has ever been approached. The effect on the audience was electrical. At first perfect silence reigned, but as the cadence continued, symptoms of excitement were shown; when the rush of octaves commenced those present rose almost to a man, and with difficulty restrained bursts of applause; but when the end came rounds of cheers were given for the great artist, which sounded like salons of artillery. I walked with Mendelssohn in Hyde Park after this triumph, and on congratulating him he replied: "I thought the people would like some octaves, so I played them."

Very many pages might be filled with descriptions of occurrences similar to the above, but one must be sufficient, as both time and space are closing in. The last season Mendelssohn spent in England before the production of "Elijah" was perhaps the most brilliant of all. He was everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. The Queen and Prince Albert paid him the most marked attentions, and every one from the highest to the lowest vied in showing honor to the great genius and thoroughly excellent man. But all this adulation, however justly deserved, had little or no effect upon his simple and modest character. His motto seems throughout life to have been "Excelsior," and, one art triumph reached, completed, another and a still higher flight of genius was immediately contemplated. Although the first families in England eagerly sought his society, and although he not unfrequently paid them visits, yet his heart was always with his own relatives and his old friends. On one occasion, when staying with Madame Mendelssohn's aunt at Denmark Hill near London, an excursion to Windsor was planned; he pleaded a slight indisposition and did not join the party. It would seem that he employed the day after his own way, for when his friends returned he delighted them in the evening by playing the result of his labors, the charming "Lied ohne Worte," in A major, No. 6 of the 5th Book, in the first London Edition,—one of the freshest, most pleasing, and universally popular of the whole collection.

It has often been a reproach to the English nation that not only did it consist of "shopkeepers," but that it had not any taste or love for music. Such an assertion is easy to make, and almost as easy to disprove, but a refutation of so absurd a declaration is by no means the object of this paper. Granting for the sake of argument, that England has produced no composer whose works can be measured with those of the mighty Germans of the last and present century, England, of all nations in Europe, has stood preëminent in her patronage, production, and performance of these great works. It was England's appreciation and England's wealth, that first encouraged Handel to strike out that path of Sacred Music which enabled him to die a rich man, and by his works render himself immortal. It is English taste, and England's money that has made her annual and triennial musical Festivals at Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Norwich, and above all at Birmingham, not only a source of enormous income, most nobly spent in the relief of sickness and distress, (in London alone the "Messiah" has realized more than $1000,000 for the cause of charity), but these Festivals have greatly benefited the artists engaged, and have largely added to the improvement of musical taste, by the production of all schools of art, performed in an irreproachable manner. At the head of these great musical gatherings, the triennial music meeting at Birmingham stands before all. Every third year this great "tone feast" is held in the city of steam engines and manufactories. So arduous are the preparations, that at the conclusion of one Festival hardly six months elapse before arrangements are commenced for the next, two years and a half distant. I have not at hand the means of ascertaining the precise date of the first of these great events, but I think I am not in error in stating that the commencement of them on something approaching the present grand scale, was in 1832, when the noble Town Hall in Birmingham was inaugurated, and the new organ, then one of the wonders of the world, (but now greatly exceeded by larger and better instruments in England and America), was heard for the first time. On this occasion a

Digitized by Google

new Oratorio, "David," by Neukomm was produced. The only part of this work I recollect was a curious effect of "sound-painting," namely a tremendous chromatic scale with a bang of the big drum at the end of it. This scale was intended to represent the stone leaving David's sling, and the bang was the said stone hitting Goliah's forehead!! This festival, imperfect as it was compared with its successors, gave Birmingham the lead in all similar undertakings, and no meetings were held without some new work by a great composer being expressly ordered by the committee. For some years the Direction was anxious to enlist Mendelssohn into its service, but his many engagements in his own country prevented his fulfilling the wish. In 1840 and again in 1843, the "Hymn of Praise," "St. Paul," and various other lesser works had been given under the composer's direction, and received with enthusiastic fervor; but in 1843 the committee obtained a positive promise that not only should a work be ready for the Festival of 1846, but that Mendelssohn would himself direct the music. Beyond the promise given, the selection of the work itself, whether choral or instrumental, sacred or secular, was left to Mendelssohn's discretion; but I rather think strong hints were thrown out, that an Oratorio would be the most acceptable work that could be written in fulfilment of the engagement. It is unnecessary now to say more than that "Elijah" was the work written. All the circumstances of its composition, the difficulties of the libretto, and the extraordinary triumph of its production on the memorable 31st of August, 1846, in the Birmingham Town Hall, are so amply, clearly, and beautifully detailed in Mendelssohn's letters of the period, that any attempt at redescribing in detail the events of that remarkable festival would fall farshort of the magnificence of the reality, which, as it was willed by Providence, was the last blaze of glory in a life which all hoped and then believed was destined to a long period of greater success.

"Elijah" has passed into a realm far beyond the reach of criticism, in popularity it vies with the "Messiah" and "Creation." As a masterpiece of genius and musical craft, in its faultless construction, its wonderful delineation of the character of the great Prophet and his contemporaries, in the gorgeousness of its instrumental clothing, in its various touching episodes, and in its masterly contrapuntal treatment, although there is not a set Fugue in it for the delectation of ultra Handelians, the production of "Elijah" is the great event of Oratorio writing since "Israel in Egypt." There is only one work which can be named in comparison to it, viz., "St. Paul." While the latter in many ways may be and is considered the superior work by reason of its undoubtedly greater contrapuntal learning, yet I cannot wonder at "Elijah" being the greatest favorite; and this arises, if I may say so, from a very obvious cause. In "St. Paul" Mendelssohn had to give to his music a stern, uncompromising early Christian coloring; excepting in the raving of the indignant Jews, against the taunts of Stephen and the outpourings of Paul, there was no opportunity for any great dramatic treatment. The reverse is the case in *Elijah*. Were it to English habits seemly, the whole oratorio without any material alteration might be placed on the stage with the greatest propriety, with scenery, costume and dramatic action. There is not a scene in the work which is not capable of the highest stage effect, and I fancy that, had Mendelssohn lived, something approaching to a dramatic performance would have been attempted; an undertaking similar to those described by him in his letters from Düsseldorf, where "Israel in Egypt" was performed with scenery and action. Such an exhibition of sacred subjects is however quite contrary to English feeling, and an attempt at introducing it would inevitably be forbidden by the law, but the real dramatic tendency of "Elijah" will always remain the chief secret of its great popularity.

I have said that "Elijah" was the culminating triumph of Mendelssohn's genius. He received the universal homage of multitudes with the calmness and absence of vanity which was the chief characteristic of his mind. I saw him at the house of his old friend Mr. Moore an hour after the first performance at Birmingham. All he replied to my hearty congratulations was: "I know you like some of 'Elijah,' tell me what you do not like," and no sooner had he returned to his beloved Leipzig for the Gewandhaus Concerts of 1846, than he set to work to make sundry alterations and improvements, the greatest of which was, perhaps, the substitution of the unaccompanied trio for Soprani: "Lift thine eyes" for an accompanied Duet to the same words. During this autumn and winter his letters show that not only was he employed in preparing "Elijah" for the press, but he was sketching out various plans for future works, amongst others the "Christus," thereby showing his wish to add another to the numerous works on the same subject, which more than any other has engaged the minds of all great composers.

The London season of 1847 now drew near, and it was known that its principal honors would be given to Mendelssohn and the "Elijah." Many performances were held in the provinces and in Dublin, at most of which he presided; and at Exeter Hall his new Oratorio, and his appearance was the signal for crowded audiences and enthusiastic receptions. During this time in London he was excessively occupied with all sorts of public and private engagements,—but he never forgot his old friends. He lived chiefly at the house of his friend, Charles Klingemann, in Hobart Place, Eaton Square, and many were the delightful evenings spent in that most agreeable circle. His last appearance in London was at a Philharmonic concert in July, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Few present on that occasion will forget the evening. Both the Queen and the Prince Consort were present. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's Concerto in G, and directed his own Midsummer Night's Dream music. Two days after this he left England for the last time. It has been asserted by an author writing on "Music and Morals," that "Elijah" destroyed Mendelssohn. This is not the fact. It is true that at the close of the London season he was excessively tired by the constant ovations offered him; but there is no reason to suppose that, if he could have had the quiet and repose in Switzerland he had planned for himself and family, he would not have recovered his usual health. All was prepared for a happy holiday in the Bernese Oberland, which he always declared was the most beautiful country he knew; the sketch books and color boxes were packed, the last proofs of "Elijah" had been corrected and sent to the press; plans were formed for the continuation of "Christus" and many other works lying unfinished in his portfolio; everything pointed to a happy period of some weeks of perfect quiet with his wife and children, when an event occurred which laid the foundation of his fatal illness. Mendelssohn had been most fondly attached to all the members of his family, but especially to his sister Fanny Hensel. This lady, as I have already stated, was gifted with the highest musical attainments; she was an admirable pianist and an excellent composer, and she has left many works which show she possessed much of her brother's genius. Nothing can show the love which the brother and sister entertained for each other better than Mendelssohn's own letters.

It was either on the day fixed for Mendelssohn's leaving Frankfort-on-the-Main, or close upon it, that Mme. Hensel died suddenly in Berlin. The painful news was communicated to Mendelssohn in a very abrupt manner, and the effect was such as to completely stun him, and to cause a slight attack of the malady which afterwards in so short a time proved fatal. However he was still urged by his friends and physicians to carry out his plans for change of scene and repose, and he did so. His letters during this closing period of his life are very sad. In one to his friend Buxton, of the firm of Ewer & Co., the London publishers of his works, he speaks in a gloomy manner of returning to Leipzig "to set his house in order," and it is evident, that the great grief caused by his sister's decease had the effect upon his mind and body which subsequently caused his death. In the fall of the year, he returned with his family to Leipzig, and commenced preparations for the musical season, and especially for a grand performance of "Elijah" at Vienna, which he was especially engaged to conduct. Soon after he arrived in Leipzig, it became necessary for him to go to Berlin, in order to arrange his late sister's musical MSS. and other papers which had been left in his charge. This was the last drop which caused the cup to overflow. His early life in Berlin, his never ceasing affection for his mother, who died in 1844, and for his sister so recently taken from him, was all brought back to him. On his return to Leipzig he became frequently subject to fits of unconsciousness, and on the very day that he was to have conducted a Gewandhaus concert, and a week before the time fixed for his journey to Vienna, he fell into a stupor from which he never recovered, and died calmly and painlessly on the 4th of November, 1847.

The cause of his death was ascertained by a *post mortem* examination to be an affection of the brain. The year following his death I was in Leipzig, and I saw the physician who attended him. He told me that had it been possible to save his life his reason would probably have been so affected, that melancholy madness would have been the result. It is needless to

Digitized by Google

add that death was a preferable alternative to such a life of misery for such a mind.

News in 1847 did not travel so fast as now, but such an occurrence was not long in reaching London, the scene of Mendelssohn's many triumphs and successes. The unexpected event, and the necessary confusion and excitement in Leipzig rendered it impossible for private letters to be written. The first intelligence therefore came through the public prints, and I became acquainted with the fact by reading the *Times* newspaper of the 7th of November, 1847. It was aptly said by Mr. Chorley in the *Athenæum*, that since the death of Scott no event had made such an impression as the death of Mendelssohn. Scott, however, died at a mature age, and after such a wonderful exercise of his powers as might well try the mind of any man over sixty years of age. Mendelssohn died in the thirty-seventh year of his age. A few months previously he had quitted London in the full possession of all his faculties. He had left under many promises to return; plans were made for the production of new works; new triumphs were in store for him; and England, next to Germany the home of his choice, was already girding herself up for the dispensing of further honors and proofs of love. No wonder then that the 4th of November was a black letter day in the history of music in Great Britain.

A few weeks after Mendelssohn's death, means were taken for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. A Committee of professors was appointed, with Sir George Smart as the Chairman, and consisting mostly of Mendelssohn's English musical friends and pupils. Benedict, Bennett, Cipriani Potter, Henry Smart, myself, H. F. Chorley, E. Buxton, and some others whose names at this distance of time have escaped my memory, were appointed members of this Committee. Our first object was to raise the necessary funds. After much discussion it was resolved that a performance of "Elijah" should be given at Exeter Hall. This was done at the commencement of 1848, and a splendid interpretation of our friend's last work took place under Benedict's direction, Jenny Lind volunteering to take the principal soprano part. This concert realized a large sum after paying very heavy expenses, and then arose the question as to the best mode of raising a monument and the form it should assume. Various discussions took place; the respective merits of marble statues in Hanover Square and other ways of personally perpetuating Mendelssohn's memory were debated; but yet nothing was definitely decided, as we all felt that neither marble nor bronze could sufficiently perpetuate the memory of our dear friend, and to many of us, master. At last a happy idea occurred. One of Mendelssohn's last acts in musical politics was the foundation of a music School in Leipzig. At this institution the most complete art education is imparted to the students. Every branch of executive instruction is taught by the first professors who can be obtained, and after a prescribed course of study, diplomas and degrees are conferred which are sure vouchers for the efficiency of those who hold them. The Committee, then, of the Mendelssohn memorial concert came, I think, to a wise conclusion when they decided to invest a fund at their disposal in the English Funds, in the name of Trustees, who were to apply the interest to the maintaining "forever" a "Mendelssohn scholar," a native of the British Empire, at the Music School in Leipzig. This was done, and the result has given much greater satisfaction than any expenditure of this money on marble or metal statuary. The first Mendelssohn scholar was Mr. A. S. Sullivan, now well known in England as a very talented composer. The present holder of the scholarship is Mr. William Shakespeare; and if the holder of it proves only as good a musician as his namesake was a poet and dramatist, England has great things to hope from the result of his studies.

"*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" This most pertinent but perhaps too oft quoted phrase from the inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, most fittingly applies to Mendelssohn. His works are his monument, and most truly will they follow him. These I leave to the admiration of all who would learn what is good and great in music. If he had not the learning of Bach, the massiveness of Handel, the versatility of Mozart, the grandeur of Beethoven, was not his style, his very mannerism, a happy combination, in addition to his own exhaustless invention, of all the great men, his composers who had preceded him? Where shall we find better and more satisfactory evidences of learning than in "St. Paul," "Elijah," the many Psalms and the Church music written for the Cathedral in Berlin? Where shall we find in modern composition greater massiveness than in the Chorus: "Arise, shine," in *St. Paul*, or in "Thanks be to God" or "Be not afraid" in *Elijah*? Where can greater versatility be discovered than in the writings of a man whose mind could range from the composition of the "Antigone" and "OEdipus" choruses, the Italian and Scotch Symphonies, down to the wonderfully serio-comic funeral march of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? And in grandeur or fancy can many better specimens of both be found than in the Druid's choruses in the "Walpurgisnacht" or in the pseudo Witches' chorus in the same work? The fact is, that the more Mendelssohn's works are studied the more will they be believed in, and far from waning, I feel certain that long after many stars have set that now are shining, Mendelssohn's fame, as a planet fixed in the admiration of true believers in all that is sterling and great in art, will remain in its proper hemisphere, to be the wonder and instructor of all ages.

Of my dear friend's character as a man it is difficult to speak but in terms that might almost savor of exaggeration. In all relations of life, as a son, a husband and a father, he was humanly speaking perfect. I never met with a man who came up more to the standard of a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman. In his art opinions he was essentally catholic, and sought for good in all schools. His great models were Bach and Beethoven, but he was at all times willing to admit talent wherever he found it. Thus he rescued Schubert from the undeserved neglect, if not total ignorance, into which his works had fallen. He was the fast friend of Robert Schumann, who during his life time was living in Leipzig, and greatly indebted to Mendelssohn for artistic advice and friendly counsel. The "Music of the Future" had, at Mendelssohn's death, not permeated musical society to the extent that it has since obtained; but I have heard him speak of Wagner's early works with great respect and hopes for the future, and although I cannot for a moment believe that he, as so consummate an artist, would have been pleased with all he heard from the disciples of the 'Musik der Zukunft," yet I feel sure he would have done justice to the splendid orchestration, and the great strivings and yearnings of the school to strike out new paths of art, and would have gladly recognized the immense talent required to do this, as worthy of all praise.

Thus, I have endeavored to record my imperfect tribute of love and admiration to the memory of a man who was certainly the greatest musician of his time. As I said at the outset of my remarks, I trust the interest of the subject will be the excuse for all the faults with which I have executed my task. In America, Mendelssohn has long been the object of the greatest homage. This, the country destined to the greatest future yet attained by any nation of the earth, does well to cherish the memory of the great men of Europe; and amongst them all, whether as an artist, or as a man, few will be found worthy of admiration than Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

*New York City, Oct., 1872.*

## Form in Music

II.

We cannot confine our remarks to the inexperienced herd who, as we said before, rush into print without one quarter of the requisite knowledge. We feel it our duty to offer advice to two classes of composers who may be fairly assumed to have studied form, in a more or less perfect degree. The first has succeeded in mastering the principles of one particular form, and at once proceeds to write it to death. It thus becomes like a cobbler's last: he can turn out any number of pieces on the one block, and consequently his works have a stereotyped mannerism from which they can never be dissociated. We know Mr. Smallbrain. He is a "popular composer." He delunges our music warehouses with legions of pianoforte pieces, and produces the *nauseous brilliant, fantastic elegante, nocturne, bagatelle*, and *caprice de salon* in infinite quantities. In every one of these we at once recognise "the block;" and, as to the difference between all these elegant terms, we are of the opinion of the immortal Sam Weller that "it is the seasoning as does it;" knowing, as we do, that the title constitutes the only difference between the caprice and the fantasia, and that they are all formed upon the simplest "block;" the composer being perhaps ignorant of the fact. Mr. Smallbrain must feel that, when once the public shall have become nauseated with his *pieces in mello*, he will specially be consigned to oblivion. His fathers and grandfathers tried the same thing, and where are they now?

The other class is represented by men of acknowledged eminence and position, whose works are real music, and prove that their authors are acquainted with the principles and details of form. But we accuse them of frequent misapplication of nomenclature. In music recently under our perusal, we have a *capriccio*, which is simply a *lied*, with no caprice about it—a *rondo*, which never comes round to its subject, and is therefore not a rondo—a *potpourri* on one operatic air—and a *sonatina*, which really is a caprice; there being nothing amplified, developed, or even repeated about it. If composers who really do direct and influence public taste would be more discriminative in the terms they use, they would do more for art than they even now achieve.

We conclude these remarks by advising students to carefully read the valuable articles on "Artistic

Digitized by Google

Forms" in Dr. Marx's book, and direct attention to the classic masters, as compared with each other in their adherence to, or departure from, the principles of form. And first, our mind naturally reverts to Haydn, as the establisher and developer of musical form of the symphonic class. We do not say that those principles did not exist in the works of Bach and Corelli; but affirm that it is to Haydn we must look for the first perfect symmetry of detail. Gluck and Mozart were punctilious in their regard to form in everything they wrote; while Beethoven may be regarded as the "master of form" and a model, without the study of whom any musician's labors must be incomplete. In examining the foregoing authors, it is remarkable that their ideas were few in quantity, but rich in quality:—that their subject matter is pregnant and fertile:—and that the great charm of their writing is the skill with which they developed that subject matter. Weber, on the contrary, was too impulsive to confine himself to the rules of form. He produced powerful and beautiful phrases in rapid succession, but rarely with anything like reproduction or development. Consequently, in any given amount of musical matter, Weber would use six separate ideas to Beethoven's one: the result being that none of Weber's leave any lasting impression on the mind, while that of Beethoven's would be ineffaceable. Take the beautiful phrase in the movement known as "Softly sighs." Where, we ask, is the completion of the air? (we refer of course to the quick movement near the end); and does it not leave in the mind a sense of inconclusiveness and consequent imperfection? Weber's music is like the ever-changing beauty of the kaleidoscope; Beethoven's like the symmetry and wondrously minute perfection of an oriental in-laying. Mendelssohn, in this matter, is chiefly remarkable for his development of the *lied* form, and for his daring, occasionally, to depart from prescribed rule; but with all his beauty and power, he is a dangerous model, as regards form, for the student. Meyerbeer seems the most successful modern composer who has, in some sense, repudiated musical form: it requires, however, genius such as his to do this and succeed. Of Wagner we will offer no opinion here, because his works have had, as yet, no fair chance in this country. He meets us boldly in denying the abstract right of musical form. He evidently thinks the world mad, and the world thinks him mad. Which opinion will be substantiated, time must prove.—*London Mus. Standard*

Gounod, the eminent French composer, has gone to law. A man does not betake himself to the protection of an English Court of Chancery, it may well be believed, until his wrongs have become so outrageous that he is nearly driven to madness by them. And this seems to have been the case with the composer of "Faust." He had gathered together about sixty compositions, all set to English words, and all having his own name upon the title page. He played these over, not in the fond spirit with which artists are wont to regard their own productions, but with a perfect *crescendo* of rage. "It is a wise child," says the old proverb, "that knows its own father." In this case it would have taken a wiser man than Solomon to recognize his own children. Poor Gounod's babes had been, so to speak, dressed up in the most fantastic garments. Their eyebrows had been corked, their heads shaved, their cheeks painted, and false whiskers applied to their callow cheeks. What wonder that the unhappy parent failed to recognize his bantlings! To speak according to the fact, the enterprising English publishers had ransacked M. Gounod's compositions and selected from them such melodies as they thought would serve their turn. Then they altered the accompaniment and varied the tune according to their own notions of fitness, and finally set the music to words entirely different in spirit to those for which they were composed. Gounod found his requiems doing duty as love songs, and melodies through which he had sought to express the depths of despair horried up in the time and set for quadrille music. Under such circumstances an author might contemplate either suicide or chancery, or perhaps first chancery and then suicide. Happily the appeal to the law has not been in vain, and Vice-Chancellor Malins—the blessings of the nine muses be upon him—has granted a perpetual injunction against the well known firms of Cramer, Wood & Co. and Hutchins & Romer, restraining them from publishing further songs with M. Gounod's name attached. Now if the composer would but turn his attention to some of our American publishers it wou'd be a boon to the public, for the same system of distortion has been carried on here, and, in fact, has been carried so far as greatly to injure Gounod's reputation, and to make his so-called songs things to be avoided rather than sought for.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## The Church Music Association.

[The New York *Tribune*, Dec. 28, has the following notice of the first concert of this Association under its new conductor, Mr. Horsley, one of the most accomplished of English musicians, a pupil and intimate associate of Mendelssohn,—witness his interesting "Reminiscences" contributed to the last three numbers of this Journal.]

The little handful of brave people who faced the storm on Thursday night for the purpose of attending the first concert of the fourth season of the Church Music Association at Steinway Hall, were rewarded with a much better performance than they had any right under the circumstances to expect. The chorus, to be sure, was small, the altos numbering only seven or eight, and the sopranos only about half their usual number, and we should say that the people on the stage, including the orchestra, were just about as many as the people in the body of the hall. Still the singing was more correct and more spirited than it usually has been at the entertainments of this society, and the programme was excellent. The first piece was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's "Najaden" overture, a most graceful and ingenious work, charmingly conceived and beautifully scored. Haydn's Third, or Imperial, Mass, which the Church Music Association has given once before, was repeated with considerable effect; and the concert closed with Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," of the execution of which we can say that, though open to criticism, it showed intelligent and appreciative study. The difficult chorus, "Come with Torches," was rather too much for the singers, but the beautiful and characteristic "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men" won an encore. The solo parts in the Mass and the "Walpurgis Night" were taken by Mrs. Gulager, Miss Antonia Henne, Mr. Leggat, and Mr. Remmertz.

The Church Music Association has secured for its Musical Director and Conductor Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, an English musician and composer of reputation, and son of the late William Horsley, the distinguished glee writer. Under the charge of this leader we shall expect the Association to do much better things than it has hitherto seemed to be in the way of accomplishing. Of course Mr. Horsley's capacity is not to be guaged by the result of his first concert, especially a concert given with less than half his chorus; but good judges are already impressed in his favor. There was a remark of his on the programme, which is so just, and so entirely in accord with what we have several times written, apropos of certain performances in New York, that we shall venture to repriat it:

"This Mass has already been performed by the members of the Church Music Association, so any more detailed account of it is unnecessary. It is, however, played this evening as Haydn wrote it, and without the additional instruments which were added on a former occasion. It is a great question with the present Musical Director as to how far such additions are justifiable. In the case of Handel, to whose "Messiah," "Alexander's Feast," and "Acis and Galatea," additional wind parts have been added by Mozart and Mendelssohn, the reason is obvious. The orchestras of Handel's time contained comparatively few wind instruments, and it is well known that he himself, by his masterly accompaniments on the organ, supplied the deficiency. After his death the tradition was lost, and these additions were completely justified, and in the hands of such masters as Mozart and Mendelssohn, Handel's ideas benefited rather than lost by the process. In Haydn's case, the matter becomes totally altered. In his time all the instruments now in vogue were known and, when he desired it, used by him. Haydn was the father of modern instrumentation. Mozart, Beethoven, and all his other great cotemporaries, were indebted to his symphonies and other works for their knowledge and power to carry out what he had so nobly invented, and it is absurd to suppose that, having all the musical resources of the Austrian capital at his command, he would not have employed a second flute, two clarionets, two horns, and three trombones in this "Imperial Mass," had he conceived that his music required them. Such additions are totally superflous, and, in the Music Director's opinion, savor of such a want of reverence for the memory of a truly great man and artist, that they should at once be put aside, as in every respect to be avoided."

[From the Sun.]

It has always been the fortune of this society to have its chorus seats full and an audience that crowded the hall to the doors, and this was the first exception to the rule. It was the night of the great storm—a true Walpurgis night. Mendelssohn's cantata of that name was to be performed, but evidently the subscribers were not anxious to go through an actual "Walpurgis Night" for the sake of an unreal one. The consequence was that the audience on one side and the chorus and orchestra on the other about balanced each other in numbers, and the empty benches mustered in stronger force than either.

Perhaps this was not after all so much a matter of regret, since those who came were undoubtedly the most earnest and enthusiastic part of the chorus. Certainly the result was a very satisfactory one, for we never heard the association sing with so much unity, precision, correctness, and spirit, as on this occasion. Those who are accustomed to assert that a chorus of amateurs cannot sing were refuted by the facts of that evening's performance, and certainly a part of the credit due for this belongs to the late leader of the society, Mr. Pech. We have never thought that he had the wisest of ways as a conductor; nevertheless, in listening to the admirable singing of the present chorus, we could not fail to trace its efficiency in great part to the zeal and persistency with which he has drilled it for the last three years.

Mr. Horsley, the new leader, has a name that for more than one generation has been an honored one in the musical literature of England, and one which no lover of English glee and madrigal music can hear without respect. He comes to us, therefore, with good antecedents and an excellent musical reputation.

In person Mr. Horsley is a large and powerful man, well advanced in life, not graceful in action, but of a hearty manner and genial temper, and with a firm method that gives him an easy control over his instrumental and vocal forces.

The pieces performed were Haydn's Third Mass—known as the "Imperial Mass"—and Mendelssohn's music to Goethe's "First Walpurgis Night." The soloists were Mrs. Gulager, Miss Henne, Mr. Leggat, and Mr. Remmertz, of whom, and we speak it with due respect for the marked abilities of the other singers, Mr. Remmertz was by far the best. His singing, indeed, of the music of the Druid priest in the "Walpurgis Night," a part written by Mendelssohn for his cherished friend, Edward Devrient, was really superb, and would anywhere, even at such a Gewandhaus concert as that at which the work was first produced, have commanded admiration.

We congratulate the association on its new conductor and on the evident progress that it is making, which was very manifest in the correctness with which the fugue on the words "*In Gloria Dei Patris,*" in the mass, was given, and also in the finish and precision with which the very difficult final choruses of the "Walpurgis Night" were sung.

The efforts of the *altos* were especially to be commended. They were numerically by far the weakest part of the chorus, there being not more than eight of them as against some forty or more sopranos, but they sang with a promptness and assurance that very nearly made good the inequality in numbers.

There was a time when the Church Music Association was afraid of its music, and attacked a chorus with the suppressed murmur of an army of mosquitos, but that day is happily over. The society has learned to open its mouth, if we may use the expression, and that is half of the art of singing, and now there will be no more *bocca chiusa* humming. Now let them look with a little more attention to the expression marks and all will be well. There were passages in the mass that should have shaded down with a fine *diminuendo* that were held out *forte* to the end, and generally speaking the chorus has not yet learned the full value of a *pianissimo*.

Digitized by Google

# Musical Correspondence.

## Music in New York.—Thomas's Second Symphony Concert.—Rubinstein.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6, 1872.—The second of six Symphony Soirées by Theodore Thomas, at Steinway Hall, came on Saturday evening, Dec. 28. The audience comprised all of our best listeners, for the press was fully represented, and there are few musicians of note among us whose faces were not to be discerned when the brilliant sun-burners threw a sudden radiance over the assembly, and Thomas raised his baton to begin the Symphony.

It was the sixth by Beethoven,—The "Pastorale." The opening *Allegro ma non troppo* was wonderfully well played. I cannot describe the lightness, the delicacy, the precision of the strings; and the wind instruments were beyond praise, being in perfect tune and kept well under in their proper place.

The second movement, *Andante molto moto*, is the most popular part of the work, on account of the beautiful flow of melody which is generally supposed to represent a book. It is, however, to my mind, inferior to the final *Allegretto*; and the introduction of the "Cuckoo," at the close of the movement, is a trick not in keeping with the general spirit of Beethoven's works.

The third movement, *Scherzo*, comes fairly under the head of programme music, called "descriptive" because an attempt is made to describe material things, whereas the true province of music is to describe ideas and emotions. All that we can say of the "merry-making of peasants interrupted by a thunderstorm," is that the representation is as good as can be made in music. The *Allegretto* which follows this *Scherzo* without break, is, to me, the most delightful part of the Symphony. The Shepherds' song is genuine inspiration. The theme itself is inconceivably lovely and it passes through variation after variation, each of which seems more beautiful than that which precedes it. It is hard to find words sufficient to praise the manner in which this work was performed by Mr. Thomas' admirable orchestra. It was simply perfect, for the most exacting critic could find no flaw or blemish.

The next piece was Max Bruch's Violin Concerto, op. 26, which was played by Sarasate at one of our Philharmonic concerts last season. This time the violinist was Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn, a newly acquired member of the Thomas Orchestra, who displayed considerable talent in the way of rapid, facile execution. His tone is good, although not strong, and his rendering of the piece would have been very good were it not for a tendency to flat, which, however, may have been caused by nervousness. The last movement of the Concerto is particularly fine, but it demands a breadth of technique and a vigorous, open style which few violinists possess.

Berlioz's Overture, "King Lear," closed the first part of the programme. Part Second was composed entirely of "future music," beginning with Liszt's Symphonic Poem "*Die Hunnenschlacht*," which is supposed to describe Kaulbach's painting of that name. The final triumph of the Christians is denoted by a choral, which is first outlined by the brass and afterwards taken up by the organ, [which, by the way, was a quarter of a tone below the orchestra.] This choral is worked up between the organ and the orchestra with magnificent effect. Mr. Caryl Florio was the organist.

The remaining selections were Wagner's fine Introduction and Finale from "Tristan and Isolde," already familiar to most of us through the Garden Concerts, and the wierd "Ritt der Walküren" from *Die Walküre*.

The third Symphony Soirée will take place on Jan. 11th, when Anton Rubinstein will play Beethoven's Concerto in G. The combination of Theodore Thomas's well drilled orchestra with the Rubinstein concert troupe, has the feminine element of the latter, gives our musical connoisseurs a rare opportunity of hearing the finest concerted pieces of the best masters rendered in a style of faultless excellence. Three of these entertainments have been given at Steinway Hall. The programme of the first was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture. "The Water-Carrier" | Cherubini. |
| Concerto. No. 3, G major. | Rubinstein. |
| Anton Rubinstein. | |
| Concerto for Violin | Beethoven. |
| H. Wieniawski. | |
| [first movement]. | |
| Symphonic Poem: "Tasso." | Liszt. |
| Kreisleriana | Schumann. |
| Anton Rubinstein. | |
| Adagio for Violin | Rubinstein. |
| Polonaise " | Wieniawski. |
| H. Wieniawski. | |
| Ballade, Scherzo, Nocturne, } | Chopin. |
| Anton Rubinstein. | |
| Huldigungs March | Wagner. |

Rubinstein gains upon us steadily, and we are deeply indebted to Mr. Grau for the enterprise he has shown in presenting to us an artist whose immense power and grandeur, together with his delicacy of touch and thoroughly musical sentiment, show him to be the most *complete* pianist who has ever visited our shores. Rubinstein has no meretricious tricks for display, or special gymnastic feats for the wonder of open-eyed and gaping provincials; but he plays as though he had no ideas except the musical one which he endeavors to express. He is, of course, an unequal performer;—what artist of real genius is not? In the *Ballade* by Chopin (Op. 23, in G min.) he strewed and blurred to complete indistinctness the Finale, which needs the utmost clearness to mean anything to most ears; and in several instances he simplified the broken double-note passages by making single octaves of them. This was easier for him, no doubt, but it was hardly satisfactory to those who have studied the *Ballade* until every note is perfectly familiar. In Schumann's "Kreisleriana," however, his accuracy was unfailing, and he performed the whole of that magnificent piece, or set of pieces, in a style which certainly could not be surpassed by any artist in the world. In the Utopia *Scherzo* (op. 20, B min.) his tempo was too rapid to give the ordinary amateur any sort of an understanding of the composer's intention; but in playing the lovely *Nocturne* (op. 27, No. 2, in D flat), he displayed all that exquisite delicacy and neatness of fingering, all that tender grace of expression which are so peculiarly necessary to any one who attempts to interpret the gifted Pole; and it is only just to say that human fingers could not give a more positive rendering of that delicious, dreamy Nocturne. Some years ago I heard Rubinstein play this same composition at a classical concert in London, and it was the prevailing impression then that the author himself had scarcely played it better.

As for Wieniawski,—well, there are violinists and violinists. Some people like a clear, pure tone; others, apparently, do not. Those who admire *scratching* and false stopping, together with sundry other things of the same nature would have experienced wild joy upon hearing Beethoven's Violin Concerto as it was played on the evening in question; but, for those who regard a correct intonation as a thing of primal importance, it could not have been pleasing.[!] Wieniawski, evidently belongs to that school, of which Ole Bull is a prominent member, whose first article of belief is that genuine passion and fervor is signified by rasping the strings. In the days of Corelli roughness of tone may have been unavoidable, but, with the violin-bow as constructed at present, it is a glaring fault in any player.

If my language seems severe, it should be remembered that, while Wieniawski's *merits* have been fully acknowledged and discussed, since his appearance in America, no critic has yet, as far as I am aware, ventured to express what can hardly fail to be the sentiments of a musician with regard to the points above mentioned. [!]

The programme of the second concert, Jan. 3, was as follows;

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture. "Leonora," No. 3. | Beethoven. |
| Concerto, A minor, op. 54. | Schumann. |
| Anton Rubinstein. | |
| Concerto for Violin, No. 4. | Vieuxtemps. |
| Henry Wieniawski. | |
| Overture. "Dimitri Donskoi" | Rubinstein. |
| Rondo. | Mozart. |
| Gigue. | Handel. |
| Air and Variations | Handel. |
| Anton Rubinstein. | |
| Faust Fantasia. | Wieniawski. |
| Henry Wieniawski. | |
| Rakoczy March | Liszt. |

Rubinstein gave the best rendering I have ever heard of that magnificent work which is undoubtedly *the* pianoforte concerto of modern days, in comparison with which others are as pigmies in the shadow of Colossus. No less wonderful, though of a very different character, was the power by which he subdued *Rubinstein* and substituted *Mozart* and *Handel*, in his performance of the quaint classical Rondo, Air and Gigue. The applause was so hearty and sincere that, quite contrary to his usual custom, he returned to the piano, and, much to our surprise and delight, played Chopin's exquisite study in C-sharp minor (op. 12, No. 7) as I have never before heard it. Then, being fairly in the Chopin mood, with scarcely a pause he dashed into the Etude in A minor (Op. 23, No. 12), of which he gave such a perfect rendering that I was inclined to leave the hall feeling that there could be no more music for that night at least. I remained, however, and heard Wieniawski's Fantasie: a bold and musician-like work, in which the themes are beautifully handled, and by no means stale or commonplace, as such compositions usually are.

I must postpone mention of Messrs. Mills and Damrosch's fourth soirée, and various other matters which demand attention, until my next letter.

A. A. C.

---

NEW YORK, DEC. 23.—At the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, Dec. 14, Raff's Symphony, in G minor, No. 4 (new) was performed. Though not differing materially in style from those works of the same composer with which we are already familiar, this symphony is well worth hearing and, indeed, must be heard several times before its merits can be fully appreciated. The first few bars of the introductory *Allegro* furnish a key to the whole Symphony; a dreamy mystical beauty, as of

"Those hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee;
That shore no ship has ever seen,"

pervades it all. This movement contains a very graceful fragment of melody for the violoncello (exquisitely rendered by Mr. Bergner), which is afterwards taken up by the reeds. The *Scherzo*, which follows, is quite intricate, and is scored in a manner which shows the composer to be thoroughly master of the resources of an orchestra. In the *Andante* there is a series of massive and sustained chords leading to nothing in particular, and it is here that the work seemed to me weakest. The *Finale*, however, is both effective and interesting.

The work was very coldly received by an audience which was evidently unequal to the task of forming an opinion for itself. The other orchestral pieces were the "Liebescene," from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," and the fine "Consecration of th House" Overture, in C major, by Beethoven.

The orchestra, conducted by Carl Bergmann, now numbers one hundred performers, including 38 violins, 14 violas, 13 violoncellos, 13 double basses, 2

Digitized by Google

flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 1 corno anglaise, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, and tympani. Among the violins we recognize the familiar faces of Messrs. Matzka, Bristow, Noll, Hill, Mosenthal and others, who are not only valuable members of the orchestra but excellent soloists. The orchestral selections at this concert were well rendered, although the performers never play as well at the beginning as towards the end of the season.

The vocalist was Miss ANNA DRASDIL, who sang recently at one of the Mills-Damrosch soirées. Her selections were: "Spirit Song," Haydn; "Prayer" by Hiller, and Ballad by Pinsuti. Miss Drasdil's fine contralto voice sounded well in the Academy, its peculiar metallic quality being less noticeable there than in Steinway's music-room. She sang, as I judge she always does, with such earnest and tender feeling, that her success was assured from the first. She divided the honors of the evening with Herr BENNO WALTER, (announced as solo violinist to the King of Bavaria,) who played the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. He played with much skill, and drew from his violin a very pure, sweet tone; but his bowing was not strong, and he was unequal to a full interpretation of what the giant composer says in his great Concerto. This, however, was no special discredit to the young artist, for there are very few violinists who can play that Concerto as it should be played.

The next Philharmonic Concert will take place on January 18th, 1873. The works in rehearsal are Schumann's second symphony, in C major, Weber's "Oberon" overture and the "Hirtengesang" from Liszt's Oratorio, "Christus." Messrs. Mills and Damrosch gave their third soirée of Chamber music on Dec. 19th, with the following programme: Suite, E major, op. 11, Goldmark; Air from the "Magic Flute," Mozart; Serenade (string trio), Beethoven; Swedisches Lied, V. Berge; Sonata, A minor, Schumann. Miss Jenny Busk was the singer.

A. A. C.

---

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 27.—On Saturday afternoon Gounod's *Faust* was given at the Academy of Music by the aretzek Troupe. The performance was mournful, owing to the palpable indisposition of Mme. Lucca; but the brave little lady bore up heroically, omitting, however, the church scene and some of the third act. Sig. izzani's poor little voice struggled with the massive orchestration quite successfully; indeed his "Salve dimora" was very well rendered. Jamet's singing and acting as Mephisto were up to his usual high standard.

On Monday evening, owing to Miss Kellogg's continued indisposition, and me. Lucca being ill of diptheria, *Mignon* was withdrawn and *Lucrezia Borgia* sung instead, me. Levielle taking the title role, with Signor Abrugnedo as Gennaro, and Sig. Coulon as "Il Duca." The audience was sparse, and the performance only passable. This was the last appearance of the troupe for this engagement, as Mme. Lucca's medical attendants considered it dangerous for her to sing for some time, and Miss Kellogg continued to be *hors de combat*.

Of course every opera habitué has been comparing Lucca with Nilsson. It is hardly fair to compare these artists vocally, as their voices and vocalization are so different. Lucca's voice is a broad, powerful mezzo-soprano, while Nilsson's is almost a *soprano acuto*, with a much more mellow ring, and much more soulful. But Lucca is far greater in her histrionic deportment than the fair Swede. As to the troupes it is difficult to decide to which to accord the supremacy. Certainly Capoul and Brignoli were far stronger in their stations than are Vizzani and Abrugnedo, the tenor of the present troupe. Moriami, the baritone of the Maretzek Troupe, has a fine voice, more powerful and richer than that of Mons. Barre; but ss Cary so completely outshines the lady holding the corresponding position in the Lucca Troupe, that, despite the undoubted attraction of this company in possessing i s Kellogg, I am ready to confirm the opinion of the majority in awarding the disputed laurels to the Nilsson company. Mr. Maretzek advertises his intention to return here on March 24th, and complete his necessarily unfinished engagement.

EUSTACE.

---

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 11, 1873.

## Harvard Musical Association.

The fourth SYMPHONY CONCERT came with the great snow-storm of the winter, (the day after Christmas), when hosts of music-lovers were kept at home by too truthful a presentiment that in a few hours the roads would be blockaded Yet when one reached the Music Hall, was it not most cheerful and encouraging to see an audience in numbers and in character quite worthy of so classical a feast upon so large a scale? Some of them, no doubt, experienced "labors, dangers and sufferings" in getting home, yet felt their bravery rewarded. The orchestra was full, and well prepared; the programme one to charm away all thought of "winter and rough weather."

Overture to "Faniska"....................Cherubini.
**Concert Aria [Tenor]: "Misero, O sogno, o son desto?"....................Mozart.
Nelson Varley.
*Symphony, in E flat [Breitkopf & Haertel, No. 1.
Haydn.

Pianoforte Concerto, in F minor, op. 21........Chopin.
George W. Sumner.
*Air: "The enemy said.".....................Handel.
Nelson Varley.
Overture: "Becalmed at Sea and Happy Voyage."
Mendelssohn.

The E-flat Symphony of Haydn, opening with a roll from the tympani, was oftener heard in Boston twenty years ago than almost any of the genial master's works; we do not remember to have heard it for a dozen years at least, nor, (as the *star* indicates), is it one of the dozen Haydn Symphonies which had figured in the programmes of these Concerts. It is one of the largest, fullest, most elaborate and serious of them all, at the same time that it is full of his usual cheerful spontaneity and sunshine. The sombre and majestic introduction, with drum roll swelling and diminishing, followed by a deep, slow unison passage by the contrabassi and bassoons, is as night before day to the gladsome, swiftly gliding Allegro, with its bright and happy themes, which are wrought out with perfect art, so clear and positive down to the least detail, so subtly interwoven, and all developing as happily and freely as if it were all Nature's growth. It is a pity that the deepest tones of the bassoon are so difficult to make; it is almost impossible to subdue them to the *pp* required in these opening measures and be sure of getting any tone at all; so that on the whole we would as soon hear the passage as it used to be done here, when we were scant of bassoons, by the double basses alone. The *Andante*, with its beautiful, broad, noble minor theme, alternating with the swelling triumph of the stately major, is exceedingly impressive; and the variations through which both are carried,—including the fine florid (yet deliberate) solo for the leading violin, capitally played by Mr. EICHBERG, whom we see smiling at the almost childlike simplicity and innocence of the little chord cadence at the end of the melody,—seemed an exhaustless series of fresh surprises and delights. They are not mere feats of ingenuity, they are poetic, too, and full of genius. Beautiful as the whole Symphony is, we are inclined to think the Finale, with its most graceful pregnant melody, first heralded and then accompanied by a mellow horn motive, the most beautiful of all; its whole development is most felicitous and full of subtle charm. The rendering of the whole work was almost faultless.

Cherubini's charming Overture to "Faniska," given twice before, was sure of a warm welcome, and did not disappoint. Mendelssohn's Overture, illustrating Goethe's little poem: "*Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt*," in which are expressed the contrasted feelings of a lifeless calm at sea, and the excitement of a rising breeze, a lively passage, bringing the good ship into port, is one of the happiest specimens of "picture music" in existence. It was played with admirable spirit and precision; the instruments which lend the play of rich tone color all sounded well, and the suggestions to the mind were vivid.

Chopin's F-minor Concerto was a high mark for the ambition of a young pianist. As a mere task of virtuosity, it demands great force and finish of technique to keep oneself erect and walk without stumbling, with ease, with neither anxious awkwardness nor dogged nonchalance and coolness, over the intricate long course beset with difficulties of every kind. Mr. SUMNER's rendering was well conceived, clear, firm, carefully elaborated. Had it been Hummel's Septet or any composition of that kind, the rendering would have been highly satisfactory. But it was Chopin, and required a kindred inspiration, which was not very manifest in the performance. Highly creditable as it was to the talent, the diligently acquired skill, and the loyal spirit in which he approached the task, the rendering was not in the highest sense successful. If there was no mistaken, false expression, there was no pervading sympathetic glow; and listeners, who have been transported more than once to the third heavens by this rare poetic work, appeared to wonder where the charm had vanished to, seeing that the whole thing lay before them in such photographic accuracy. Yet there was so much of excellent musicianship in the performance, that the confession of this disappointment is almost an injustice to the young pianist. The only mistake was in the selection of the work; one may be an excellent pianist, and yet not one at whose touch such a creation comes to life so as to live to those who listen. As it was, the effort merits high praise; but in some other work we feel sure the performer would have done himself, as well as his author, much more justice. There is too much good stuff in him, to let this discourage him.

Mr. NELSON VARLEY comes from the land of lusty English voices; he is a Yorkshire man; quite young, not more than twenty-five, we think; so small in stature, that his robust, large tones surprise you. He has a manly, healthy look; is full of animation and nervous quickness, easy and agreeable in manner, with a certain frank, fresh, and winning cordiality in his aspect. The foundation of his vocal training was laid at the Conservatoire in Brussels, whither he was sent by the Chevalier Lemmens, the husband of Mme. Sherrington, who undertook the whole charge of his education, and to whom he has been for the past six years an "articled" pupil, singing in choir, oratorio and concert, in various parts of England, mostly in the present interest of his patron, but in the future interest of himself. This contract expired in November, and he comes now a free man to join for a while the fortunes of Mme. Rudersdorff in America. His appearance in this concert, therefore, was almost literally, his first "coming out." And his success was instant and complete.

Mr. Varley has a very sweet, full, ringing tenor

voice, of good compass, evenly developed, well schooled. He knows how to sing, and is equal to whatever he undertakes, which, when we consider that his chief sphere has been oratorio, is saying a good deal. His recitative is excellent; his holding out and shading of the tone, his phrasing and expression in *contibile*, are all that could be asked of one yet in his early prime. And there is a manly fire, a truthful, honest ring in his strong passages, to which the hearer yields himself most willingly. In the Handelian *roulades*, and in all florid passages, his vocalization is very even, accurate, and easily sustained. There is now and then a little dryness in a tone or two, but the golden quality of the voice seems all the richer in emerging from the monsoonary veil.

The Concert Aria by Mozart, one of the noblest, most impassioned, and most difficult of the twelve isolated scenas of this sort which he wrote for various voices, was wholly new to *c. Varley* until he studied it *for this occasion*, since his arrival in this country. His speedy mastery of it speaks well for his musicianship. The entire rendering was intelligent, artistic, fervent and effective; nor was it a small thing for the voice to maintain its supremacy amid the rich and by itself singularly attractive orchestral accompaniment of Mozart.

The very trying air from *Israel in Egypt*: "The enemy said, I will pursue," so seldom sung, was substituted for "Love sounds the alarm" from *Aria and Galatea*, owing to the impossibility of procuring suitable accompaniments in season. Handel having left the score of that entire Cantata (Serenade) incomplete, it being his wont to fill out the Libretto himself as he presided at the harpsichord or organ. Mendelssohn has filled out the instrumentation of *Acis*, but we know not whether his parts are published. The young tenor sang it with right manly energy, and an unflagging, clean and even execution in the long-breathed figured passages, which quite electrified the audience, and he was obliged to repeat it. The only exception we should take to the whole effort was to the occasional indulgence in those tricks of effect which have become the fashion and tradition among English singers, but which surely would have avoided the Lion wrath of Handel; for instance the throwing up of the voice upon a high, long note by way of final cadence; this savors too much of the foot-lights, and seems to say: Mark *me*, my voice, no matter what old Handel meant.—Mr. Varley will be pretty sure to fill an important place in our best oratorio and concert music, if he remains with us.

The Concert of this week had for programme: Overture to "Coriolan," *Beethoven*; Piano Concerto in G minor, *Moscheles* [J. C. D. PARKER]; Overture to "Les Abencerages" [The Moors in Spain], *Cherubini*; Oboe Concerto, in F minor, *Rietz* [ANG KUTZERA], first time; Symphony, No. 6, in C, [not the "Jupiter"], *Mozart*. Too late for a review this week.

The following (ninth) concert will be *four weeks*, instead of the usual fortnight, later. Among its novelties will be; the first movement of *Rubinstein's* "Ocean" Symphony; the "Consecration," in D, by *Schumann*, played by B. J. LANG, with orchestra; the D-minor Concerto of *Bach* for three pianos, &c.

## Rubinstein and Wieniawski—Farewell Concerts.

A worse time could not have been chosen for these great artists to revisit Boston. To say nothing of the effects of the great fire, the first two concerts came on Christmas eve and on the evening of Christmas, and there was of course a melancholy show of empty seats; on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon the attendance was much better, although the hall was very far from full. Yet the four concerts brought delight to quite a goodly number of the best music-lovers, with not a few of whom, ladies especially, the admiration for the Russian artist amounts to a decided hero-worship. It must be remembered, too, that these were really *chamber concerts* given in the vast Music Hall; for a small hall, better fitted for such music, any one of these four audiences would have been a large one. There was no orchestra; the largest combination was that of Trios for piano, violin and 'cello, one for each day of each concert. And it must be confessed that Trio playing is at disadvantage in so large a place, and so is Trio hearing. The great op. 97 of Beethoven, in B flat, was almost lost there; WULF Fabisch's violoncello was in parts but feebly heard, and Rubinstein's piano, for all its power and unpretentious, seemed not beyond comparison with other artists who have played it here. The Mendelssohn Trio in C minor told more effectively; and the two of Rubinstein's own composition (in B flat major and in G minor—the former given last Spring in *c. Lang's* concerts), though captivating by their individuality, and sometimes even by their eccentricity, yet doubtless in many produced just that perplexed, uncertain feeling of half acceptance, which would have been much more positive, the one way or the other, after a closer hearing in a smaller room. In his piano solos, even there, Rubinstein is always shortly heard; and Wieniawski's tone is very telling even in the Trios.

No pianist ever has produced so deep an impression here as Rubinstein by the intensity and individuality of his genius, by the complete losing of himself in the music which he thus brings to interpret, and by his wonderful execution, unequalled hitherto in our experience alike for its electric energy and force and its extraordinary delicacy. Hat there is no need of repeating here, even if it might be done with other words and fanciful analogies, what has been said before of his peculiarities as a performer. Nor on the other hand are we, on growing more familiar with his art, relieved, as we had hoped to be, from the disagreeable, if not too frequent traits of wilfulness and sometimes positively wild exaggeration in the midst of so much that is beyond criticism, wholly admirable in his reproductions. Thus it seemed hardly fair to the unpretending naïveté of the little Ocert Rondo in A minor, inserted little flower, in transplanting it into the Chopin conservatory, refining its simplicity and freshness all away. And some of Handel's healthy movements were hurried and magnified beyond their real aim, we thought.

On the other hand we must give the artist credit for getting us back Beethoven's last, and overlarged at all with his own individuality. But in his very grandest, most exciting revelations of the fire within him, where he seems to take the world away, as in that tremendous Chopin *Scherzo* in B minor, which he played at the end of the first concert instead of the Beethoven, as shown in the programme and in the great *Polonaise* he plays so often, one must ask after all, however much he may have been carried away for the time being, whether such effects are not more astonishing than wise, and whether Art in her pure, impersonal, ideal court can ever set her seal of approval to them. Could Mendelssohn have ever dreamed of such a storm and whirlwind of passion as we witnessed Friday night, when he composed that noble *Scherzo* in the *Scotch Symphony*? These musical, and as it were elemental, *orgasms* are well described in a sentence which we copy from the New York *Tribune*: "Once or twice in the course of the piece the music poured forth from his hands, as it often does, in a torrent so impetuous that the rhythm was entirely overpowered, and the ear caught nothing but a tempest of glorious sounds, just as in some of the pictures of Turner, the eye loses the perception of form in a blaze of gorgeous color."

The wide range of his interpretations, through such a variety of forms and styles and masters,—and all played from memory, all fully absorbed into himself and then given out with all the concentrated energies of his whole soul and brain,—was one of the great attractions of these, as of all his concerts.

When has such a wealth of pianoforte compositions been heard in a single week? He gave us the famous old "Cat's Fugue" Sonata of Domenico Scarlatti. Of Bach he let us hear some of the old favorites from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," as well as the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*; of Handel, an Air and Variation in E, and Gigue; of Beethoven, the great Trio in B flat; of Mendelssohn, the Trio in C minor, the *Variations serieuses*, the *Scherzo capriccioso*, and several Songs without Words, including the *Frühlingslied*; of Schubert, the Rondo with Violin; of Chopin, the great Scherzo aforesaid, various Preludes and Etudes (from the simplest to the greatest), one of the Nocturnes, and the impassioned Polonaise; of Schumann, a string of little pieces: "Marche Militaire," "Ernst ist Frühling," "Abends" and "Traumes-wirren," all of which he played most exquisitely; one of Field's beautiful Nocturnes; Liszt's "Deux Jeux Funèbres", and, besides the Trios, some equally fine little pieces of his own,—two groups of them. The first consisted of a Nocturne, a Scherzo and Etudes; the second, of a "Miniature Minuet" (quaintly, almost pedantically, antique), a Serenade, Valse, a little brook side scene, very fascinating, and a new Barcarole.

Herr Wieniawski's violin playing was throughout so masterly, so pure, that we can but marvel at what our New York correspondent says of his performance of the Beethoven Concerto. He played, besides his own best things (a "Polonaise," the *Regie by Ernst*; the *Air* from the orchestral Suite (set down an octave), and a most brilliant fierce Prelude of Bach; some things by Vieuxtemps, by Rubinstein, &c.

## In Prospect.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—In spite of the winter's calamities, from which all musical enterprises in Boston more or less have suffered, at least three more interesting series of Matinees (not counting those of the Conservatories) now invite us.

1. The first of the three unique entertainments arranged by MRS. RUDERSDORFF, was given at Mechanics' Hall on Tuesday before a very cultivated audience. The 1 hoss of Miss LEONE caused some disturbing alterations of the programme: only at the last moment was a violinist (Mr. KRAUSE) found to take her place in the Sonata in D by Bach, of which the piano part was firmly and distinctly rendered by Miss MARY DEXTER-SMITH. This was to have opened the concert; but instead of it the same young lady, who so modest grace and earnest absorption in her music (you seem lower, plays the Beethoven Sonata D, op. 10, for Piano solo, for the most part in an intelligent, firm, noble style, though in parts the execution was little stiff and tame; but it was a fine appreciation and doubtless not without embarrassment. Mrs. Ruderdorff herself, though not in her best voice, made a very fine impression by her singing of two pieces wholly new to Boston: an air from Mendelssohn's unfinished Oratorio "Christ's Wedding" and Rendel's famous "Harpsichord Song": "*Ye par quevers.*" Miss ALICE FAIRMAN appeared to excellent advantage both in Haydn's "Spirit Song" and in the popular "Maid" in a very beautiful composition by Rubinstein ("*Dit Nixen*"), with four accompanying female voices, who likewise sang charmingly. Mr. ROTHWELL Varley sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels," with pure artistic style and pathos; and there was rare sweetness in his rendering of the Andante of the music to the little song by Shelley: "I arise from dreams of thee." Owing to a slight hoarseness from cold however, his fine upper tones did not come out with so much ease as in the Symphony Concert. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.—We have no room to do full justice to the good things of the programme, which as a whole was somewhat too sombre, albeit full of lofty sentiment and music, and only that the two remaining matinees will be on the Tuesday afternoons, Jan. 21, and Feb. 4.

2. Next in order come four classical matinees, at the same hall by Mme. Camilla Urso on successive Wednesdays, beginning Jan. 24, and ending Feb. 14 [!—we fear to hear one let by her !] Trios with Mme Urso Violin Sonatas, & by old masters Corelli and Leclair, and Lenfant, composes the rare temptations.

3. Messrs. Hugo Leonhard and Julius Eichberg announce that their proposed series of six Musical Matinees will be given in Wesleyan Hall on the following dates: Jan. 31, Feb. 14, March 27 and 21, April 4 and 18. It will be pleasantly remembered that these Matinees were among the most enjoyable and interesting of the musical entertainments given last season. We trust they may be patronized according to their kind desert, as they are of the almost value to the lover of what is good and true in musical art. In the familiarity they give with some of the most delightful compositions of the classical masters. Tickets for the series may now be procured at the music stores and at the Boston Conservatory's Music.—*Gazette.*

ORATORIO.—The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing "Judas Maccabaeus" and "Elijah" for performance Feb. 7 and 8, with Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman and Mr. Nelson Varley.

## Music in London.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Of this new organization, which gave its first concert in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 5, the *Times* informs us:

So far Society of British Musicians, founded in 1834, was dissolved, there has been no combination of any impo tance among English orchestral players, who, n vertheless are notoriously equal, in a general sense, to any in Europe—a fact which foreign composers, such as Meyerbeer, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, freely acknowledged. No feeling of prejudice, much less of hostility, towards the many admirable Instrumentalists, Italian, French, and Ge man, who reside among us, and who exercise so ma y an influence on the efficiency of high-class per-

formances, whether operatic or purely orchestral, led to the institution of this new society. On the contrary, we are informed, and can readily believe, that a desire to make the public acquainted with what English musicians are able to do, independently of extraneous aid, was the leading, if not the so e motive—a motive which, being both natural and praiseworthy, is not open to criticism. The late Mr. Alfred Mellon for some years worked zealously in the same direction; but he was ultimately compelled to abandon his enterprise, and to rest upon the laurels which, by strenuous though ineffectual endeavors, he had honorably won. About the organization of the British Orchestral Society, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. The printed prospectus gives no list of committee, no table of regulations, and not even the name of any gentleman, amateur or professional, upon whom, as managing director, the chief responsibility would devolve. About these matters we are left in the dark. On the other hand, we have the list of an orchestra, 75 in number, consisting exclusively of native performers, every one of whom is a recognized proficient on the instrument of his choice. The orchestra is thus distributed:—14 first violins—principal, Mr. Carrodus; 12 second violins—principal, Mr. J. Zerbini; eight violas—principal, Mr. Doyle; nine violoncellos, and as many double basses, with r. E. Howell and Mr. Howell, sen., at the head of the respective departments, Messrs. Radcliffe, G. Horton, Lazarus, Hutchins, C. Harper, T. Harper, and Webster being principal flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and trumpet, Mr. Phasey taking charge of the euphonium, Messrs. Pheasant, Seymour, and Orchard of the family of drums, and Mr. John Cheshire of the harp. The conductor is Mr. George Mount, one of our most eminent professors of the double bass; and when singers do not care to be accompanied by the orchestra, there is Mr. Zerbini to accompany them on the pianoforte. We must not omit to mention that the list of the orchestra gives the name of a single amateur only; which amateur is Dr. W. H. Stone, one of the few who now care to study and to practice that much neglected instrument, the "contrafagotto," for which, nevertheless, some of the great masters have expressly written, and which possesses a strong individuality of tone. The prospectus, moreover, informs us that the British Orchestral Society intends giving six concerts, at intervals of a fortnight; that each programme will contain a symphony, a concerto, and two overtures, interspersed with vocal music; that the solo artists—players and singers—will, like the members of the orchestra, be exclusively English; that works by Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Arthur Sullivan and Macfarren will be produced for the first time; and that the last-named gentleman is to prepare "an analytical and historical programme" for each performance.

We subjoin the programme of the opening concert, as a fair example of what amateurs may look for during the series:—

Overture, "Ruy Blas" .................... Mendelssohn.
Recit and Air, "Rage, thou angry storm" .... Benedict.
Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Concerto in F minor, No. 4. Pianoforte.. W. S. Bennett.
Mme. Arabella Goddard.
Air, "Sweet Bird," ........................ Handel.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; flute obbligato, Mr. Radcliffe.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5 ................ Beethoven.
Duet, "Dearest, let thy footsteps" ............ Spohr.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, & Mr. Lewis Thomas.
Overture, "Oberon" ................ C. M. von Weber.

Crystal Palace Concerts.—The eighth Saturday concert had the following for its programme:—Overture, "King René's Daughter" (first time), H. Smart; Cavatina, "Ernani Involami," *Ernani* (Mme. Lanari, her first appearance), Verdi; Symphony, No. 2, in C, Schumann; Aria, "Caro mio ben" (Mme. Patey), Giordani; Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Mr. Dannreuther), Beethoven; Scena, "Softly sighs," *Der Freischutz* (Mme. Lanari), Weber; Song, "Peacefully Slumber, (Mme. Patey), Randegger; Overture, "Melusina," Mendelssohn.

The performance of Mr. Henry Smart's clever, ingenious and beautiful overture is, we trust, but a prelude to that of the entire cantata. Everything from the pen of a gentleman so distinguished in his art should have a speedy hearing under the circumstances most conducive to a good result. Such a hearing had the overture; and the result satisfied everybody. Schumann's Symphony again gave rise to very opposite ideas respecting its own worth and its composer's genius. For our own part, it but confirmed opinions repeatedly stated in these columns—opinions which, while recognizing Schumann's wonderful enthusiasm and unquestionable genius, hold to the fact that he cannot be classed precisely among the greatest masters. He is always unequal, and rarely more so than in this Symphony. It is but fair to say, however, that every movement was applauded, and that Schumann's name appeared to stand high in the estimation of the audience. Beethoven's Concerto—grandest of its class—needs no description and no eulogium; demanding only an executant equal to great demands upon intellect, taste, and skill. How those demands were met by Herr Dannreuther we need hardly say. He played the concerto without a book. The *Melusine* overture pleased as much as ever, and was very finely played, in spite of the enormous difficulties of the "wind" parts.

Mme. Patey achieved a great triumph in Giordani's air (encored), and one scarcely less great in Randegger's very peaceful and charming song.

The ninth Saturday concert was wholly devoted to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.—*Mus. World, Dec.* 14.

The tenth of the series was distinguished by two instrumental novelties—a Symphony in E flat by Mozart, and an arrangement by Beethoven for pianoforte of his own Violin Concerto. The first-named, though an early work of Mozart's, being composed in his seventh year, stands thirty-fourth in order of production. It is not up to the composer's standard, although it contains some beauties and is graceful throughout. It has the further advantage of brevity, for it lasted but eleven minutes; so that interest had barely time to slacken. It opens with an Allegro in E flat of one entire piece, and this, coming to a close in G major, leads to a placid Andante movement in C minor, which in turn runs, without pause, into the finale in the original key, a bright and cheerful movement. Beethoven's arrangement was a more important work. The orchestral score of the grand D major Concerto has not been altered by the master, who has simply paraphrased and strengthened the violin and solo passages and adapted them for the pianoforte. Miss Agnes Zimmermann was in command of the latter instrument, and acquitted her task with great fluency and judgment. She introduced Beethoven's own cadenzas, and was greatly applauded at the close. The overtures were "*Chevy Chase*" (Macfarren) and "*Oberon*," while an instrumental Intermezzo from M. Duvivier's opera "Deborah" was also introduced into the programme. Duvivier is not known on this side the channel, so we may state that "*Deborah*," from which this excerpt comes, was produced at the Lyrique in 1867. The Intermezzo is sparkling, piquant, and well orchestrated. The vocalists at Saturday's concert were Mme. Sinico and Signor Gustav Garcia. The lady sang with much effect Mendelssohn's "Infelice," and was recalled after "Robert, toi que j'aime." But a Ballade, "La Baccante," by Sig. Fiori, is a flimsy piece of Italian composition which will hardly justify repetition. Sig. Garcia was alike successful in the Romance sung by *Hoel* in the last act of "*Dinorah*," and a characteristic song, "Biondina," composed for him by M. Gounod. Next Saturday's programme includes Beethoven's fourth Symphony (in B flat), Schubert's Overture to "*Fierabras*," and Auber's to "*Le Cheval de Bronze*," and the Intermezzo, Scherzo, and Finale from Mendelssohn's first string Quintet. —*Orch. Dec.* 13.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Two have been given since our last notice. The former had for its attraction the Kreutzer Sonata with Mme. Normann Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé, and Schubert's A minor Sonata, No. 1, a beautiful work in which Mr. Hallé is thoroughly at home. The Quartet was Haydn's in E flat; Sig. Piatti played Boccherini's Violoncello Sonata in A so exquisitely as to compel an encore; and the vocalist was Mme. Sinico. At last Monday's concert we had a "*première*"—a rare sensation at the Monday Populars, which run somewhat in grooves. This was Haydn's Quartet in C minor, a charming work in all particulars, poetical, graceful and lovely. It need hardly be added that this work was played to perfection by Mme. Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Mme. Néruda's pure tone and graceful style being specially remarkable throughout. Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44) came as an old acquaintance, and had for its interpreters the above artists and Herr Pauer. This gentleman and Mme. Néruda gave a couple of solos—Mendelssohn's Andante and Presto in B and Rust's *Suite de Pièces* in D minor, both achieving an encore after their respective performances. In the latter mentioned compositions the violinist had the advantage of Sir Julius Benedict's accompaniment. Mr. Castle, the *American tenor*, sang Schumann's "Widmung" and Schubert's "Der Neugierige" with success and was well applauded.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

A jolly good Laugh. Laughing Song. From "The Picnic." 3. C to e. *Thomas.* 40
A jolly good *ha! ha! ha!* song, full of laughter, and therefore just the thing to drive away the blues. "The Picnic," by the way, is a very pretty easy Cantata.

Dancing in the Dreamy Waltz. 2. D to e. *Conolly.* 30
In one Ear and out of the other. 3. A to e. " 30
In popular style, and likely to be popular, and to be successes in social concerts.

Farewell Nellie. (Charlie's Answer.) 3. G to e. *Percy.* 30
"Tho' I sail to lands afar
Contented I will be."
A good song for sailor lads and their true lassies.

False-hearted. 3. F to *g*. *W. A. Smith.* 30
"Oh, but the northern nights are keen,
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds."
Capable of great expression.

Wrecked Hope. 3. C to e. *Barnby.* 35
"How in hope and joy she sees
The white sails homeward swelling."
Also a very expressive song, and has the merit of being fitted for Alto or Bass voices, whose repertoire is somewhat limited.

Skating in Central Park. Song and Dance. 3. A to f. *Schwenach.* 30
"Nothing half so nice,
As going there a-skating.
Jolly. Try it, boys!

A Spray of Mignonette. Lithograph Title. 3. F to f. *Thomas.* 50
"I live a dream of other days."
A beautiful song as of course, beautifully sung by Mrs. Seguin. Refined, like mignonette fragrance.

The Shades of Evening closed around me. 4. G to e. *Cloy.* 35
"The breeze is hushed upon the hill."
For Contralto, and also (in a higher key) for Soprano. Will be an effective concert song.

Meet me in the Twilight. 3. E to f. *Cherry.* 30
"To tell there tender love-tales
To the dreamy, nodding flowers."
A good ballad.

Not lost, but gone before. 3. C to d. *Thomas.* 35
"Gone before, to gladness only,
Weary hearted, weep no more."
One of the very beautiful "songs of the Loved and Lost," and as there are such in every household, this is a song for everybody.

One Look of Love. 4. F to f. *Vannini.* 30
"In chiedo un guardo."
More properly a "sentence" than a song, but is very pleasing. Italian and English words.

**Instrumental.**

*A Brilliant Waltz.*

Glittering Wavelets. 3. Ab. *Clarke.* 40

*Dreamy Pieces.*

Träumerei. Reverie. 3. F. *Schumann.* 35
Trios Nocturnes. No. 1. *Egghard.* 35

*For Violin and Piano.*

Morgenblätter Waltzes. *Strauss.* 75
Flowers of May. *Smallwood,* ea. 25
Harebell. 1. F. Woodbine. 1. F.
Rock Rose. 1. G. Trio. 1. G.
Blue Bell. 1. G. Mountain Daisy. 1. C.
All very good and very easy.

Six Morceaux de Salon. *J. H. Wand*
No. 1. La Sylphe Maz. Elegante. 4. Db. 40
A brilliant mazurka, and is also elegant and graceful.
No. 2. Vin Rouge. Choeur Bacchanal. 4. A. 30
Something bizarre and quaint about the piece, which is musical as well as original.

Sparkling Rain. Reverie. 5. F. *J. S. Knight* 40
It sparkles enough, surely. There is a kind of whip-lash *snap* to the rapid arpeggios that suggests something more solid than rain. A wonderfully energetic and brilliant piece.

Souvenir de Strauss. Valse Sentimentale. 4. Bb. *Mees.* 40
Embodies a flowing melody with light chord accompaniments in both hands, and has rich and sonorous music.

Diamonds. 3. Salon Pieces from Weber's Operas.
No. 1. Der Freischütz. 4. *Oeston,* ea. 50
Many people arrange Opera music, but very few attain the grace and sweetness of this adaptation.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 829. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1873. VOL. XXXII. NO. 21.

## Evenings at the Theatre in Italy.*

*Florence, Sept.* 1872.

September, most people know, is not the time to gain musical or theatrical experience in Italy. The great opera houses are still reposing in their summer sleep; singers, musicians, and composers have flitted; only a few theatres of lower rank cater for the inevitable art-wants of the public who have remained at home, and of strangers. I was, however, so far favored by chance, that the Milan Scala—in honor of the presence of the King of Italy—was opened for a few evenings. Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz* was selected for performance. The large posters gave the title in German; it was only underneath that there was printed in smaller type: *Il Franco Cacciatore*. This version, by the way, is a little innovation and improvement on the name formerly in use: *Il Fr nco Arciero*, which, (like the French *franc-archer*), is suggestive of a cross-bow, and, consequently, clashes with the casting of bullets. *Der Freischütz* was never performed at the Scala before last winter. German operatic music has penetrated very slowly into Italy; now for the first time is it really taking root there. Even with Mozart's original Italian operas, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it was not till 1815 and 1816 that any attempt was made to produce them in Milan, an attempt immediately afterward abandoned for years. It is not astonishing, therefore, that an eminently German composer like Weber should remain still longer unknown and unintelligible to the Roman peoples. We know to what a process of botching *Der Freischütz* was subjected before it could, as *Robin des Bois*, be assimilated to the French taste. It is less generally known that Weber's *Preciosa* was given, for the first and last time, at the Odéon, Paris, on the 19th November, 1825, and proved an utter failure. Even in England, where Weber received such extraordinary marks of respect and popularity, it is incredible how *Der Freischütz* was altered, and how many additions were made to it, before it suited the public taste. The celebrated tenor Braham, as Max, introduced the old song: "Good Night," and an English Polacca; Miss Stephens, as Agatha, had the duet in the second act omitted, and substituted a trivial folk's-song; while new personages, such as an Innkeeper, a Scotch water-nymph, and so on, were, without any ceremony, written in. Every one who expected something similar at the Scala was most agreeably disappointed. The performance was a faithful and complete one, bearing evident marks of a reverential feeling towards the original. The spoken dialogue, however, which the Italians will on no conditions accept, and which would be doubly objectionable in so large a house, was changed into recitative. It must be confessed that the recitative satisfied reasonable expectations, and was intelligently and modestly composed; in certain important passages, the three dull bass-pizzicatos of the Samiel-motive were appropriately introduced as a reminiscence. Signor Faccio is the young man who wrote the recitatives, and conducted *Der Freischütz* with praiseworthy repose and certainty at the Scala. The conductor in Italian theatres does not, as among us, sit immediately behind the prompter's box, but at the lower end of the orchestra, on a high arm-chair, the back of which nearly touches the first row of stalls. The old Italian custom of conducting at a piano in front appears dying out; it was attended with great advantages to the singers; the conductor was in immediate connection with them, while at present he can better look over and keep together the orchestra. In so spacious an orchestra, as that at the Scala, where the four double-bass players posted on the extreme right can hear nothing of the four on the extreme left, this plan is almost indispensable.

As regards the singing, we must admire the powerful voices which, without effort, could triumph over the immense space, as much as we must praise the acoustic qualities of the structure, which contributed so greatly to the favorable result. The company consisted entirely of Italians. This imparted to Weber's music a slightly Italian tinge. But no one can assert that the mode in which the music was rendered in any way disfigured or did injustice to it. The singers treated their parts seriously, and did not take the liberty of making any alterations. It is true that an Italian singer brings out the separate phrases sharply and impressively, while his expression is generally pathetic, and worked up to a more than ordinary pitch. Thus no one was surprised that Max's yearnings, Agatha's dreamy intensity, and Aennchen's jokes, were invested with a pathetic character, and, in their musical contours, stood out more strongly and more plastically than in the German rendering. Max was sung by Signor Tasca, a tenor possessing a vigorous chest voice; and, in his acting, neither better nor worse than the average run of our German representatives of the part. Of more significance was the Caspar of Signor Maini. A deep and powerful bass voice, combined with most energetic and, sometimes, it is true, somewhat harsh acting, produce a most decidedly telling effect. Unfortunately, the singer was always compelled to omit in the drinking song the high F sharp, which he could not reach. The genial and characteristic piece is attended with a slight drawback for the artist; it invariably ends abruptly, and in an unfavorable part of the register. Signor Maini, by-the-bye, aided his dumb play, by appropriating, as it were, the short orchestral postlude; after a few suggestive and dance-like movements, he raised and set down vigorously his glass on the two final notes of the orchestra (the octave B flat to B flat), doing this so strictly in time, and with such sharply marked rhythm, that it almost seemed as if it was he who sang the two notes; he thus obtained a more effective ending. Aennchen was a sprightly young vocalist with a powerful mezzo-soprano, Signora Pasqua. She was more satisfactory than Signora Mariani-Masi, whose voice, with a strange tendency to the tremolo, had already lost the melting freshness of youth. Signora Mariani, however, gave out her high notes with great force and passion; and, to judge from the applause, appeared to be a popular favorite. The piece was mostly mounted after the German model, with the exception of some amusing instances of geographical license, such, for example, as the transplantation, in the first act, to Bohemia of a Swiss Chalet and the costume of Merauer peasants. The scene of the Wolf's Glen was well painted; the ghostly business, appropriate, except that there were too many red devils gracing the casting of the bullets with their gymnastic exercises. It seemed strange that Samiel should speak in his usual voice, like any other actor, and that, when Caspar is casting the bullets, his exclamations (One! Two!) should be answered by no echo. From many similar details, and from the peculiarly ballet-like character of the whole spirit world, it was easy to perceive that the Italians are wanting in due appreciation of legendary lore. For them, the German legend takes the form of a cheerful antique, a sort of classical Walpurgis night, in the ballet style. Emphatic praise is due to the management of the Scala for not being led away by recent examples in Germany, and for giving *Der Freischütz* as it was written, in three acts; not detaching the Wolf's Glen to make a separate act of it. On the other hand, the Italians still retain the bad practice of interpolating a separate ballet in several acts, in the midst of the opera. The curtain, which fell upon the horrors of the Wolf's Glen, disclosed, when it was raised again, not Agatha's chamber, but a magnificent and dazzling scene in a grand ballet: *Bianca di Nevers*. The connection between the different parts of *Der Freischütz* is fearfully cut up by this plan, the sweet after-effect of the music killed, and our feeling for the third act destroyed. But how great is the power of an old theatrical tradition, no matter how absurd! It was unwillingly that we sacrificed the third act, but it did not commence till after the conclusion of the ballet, that is, till about half-past eleven. Judging from what I saw of this ballet, I should say that the reputation once enjoyed by the Milan school of dancing is not likely to fade; some of the solo lady-dancers were excellent, and evolutions of large masses were executed with dazzling precision. The scenery and dresses were nothing unusual, being decidedly far behind those at the Operahouse, Vienna. On the other hand, a festive harvest procession, which brought the first act of *Bianca di Nevers* to a conclusion, formed an extremely charming picture; real goats and lambs, led by joyous children, came first; they were followed by a gigantic harvest waggon, drawn by oxen. The whole thing, reminding one of L. Robert's "Roman Reapers," was arranged and carried out with eminent pictorial skill.

In Bologna, people still speak with pride of the highly praiseworthy performance of *Lohengrin*, last winter, and, also, of the preparations for *Tannhäuser*, this season. If the enthusiasm of the Italians for *Lohengrin* was genuine, there can be no doubt as to the still greater success of *Tannhäuser*. In the hairdressers' shops, you see exposed for sale "Lohengrin Soap," and "Lohengrin Kalydor," while preparations are already commenced for the manufacture of "Tannhäuser Sausages." I arrived unfortunately too late to hear, at the second largest theatre in Bologna, *Così fan Tutte*, "a most celebrated opera, quite new in Bologna, by the *Maestro* Mozart." Like the introduction of German operas by C. M. Weber and R. Wagner into the Italian repertory, so also this revival of old masterpieces is a noticeable sign of the turn taken by musical matters in Italy. In Florence, too, old operas, especially the comic operas of Cimarosa, are played at a small theatre, called the Teatro degli Arrischianti (Theatre of the Riskers, or Darers). This is something quite new, and, up to the present time, has been done only at second-rate theatres. The large Italian theatres, especially the Scala, give scarcely anything but novelties. It is characteristic of the Italians that they feel no want, like the French, of seeing the old classical repertory regularly performed. The advance towards German operatic music, and the revival of old classical works, are, it is true, at present, only isolated indications, but, taken in connection with other signs, they may be looked upon as signalizing a change of taste. One of these signs is undoubtedly the increasing proficiency in orchestral playing. A short time since, I heard, at a theatre of inferior rank, the Teatro delle Loggie, at Florence, Flotow's last opera, *L'Ombra*, a shadow which has, also, several

* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

Digitized by Google

times flitted across our Wiedener Theatre in Vienna. A remarkable thing for me was the correct, nay, delicate performance of the orchestra, which accomplished, in a highly satisfactory manner, the by no means easy task of rendering the very refined and delicate score. Fifteen or twenty years ago, such an orchestral performance would have been entirely out of the question in a small Italian Theatre. One fact more. When I heard some operatic performances, fifteen years since, at Milan and Venice, the barbarous practice of the conductor's marking the time aloud by striking his music-stand with his conducting stick, was at its zenith, being at most theatres facilitated by a brass plate let into the music-stand on purpose. I was filled with sorrowful amazement to find that, in this particular, Italy had made no progress since Goethe wrote the following remarkable words on a musical entertainment in Venice (1786): "I should have enjoyed it very much, had not the confounded conductor marked the time with a roll of music against the railing, and in as barefaced a manner as though he had to do with a lot of urchins at school, whom he was instructing: his tapping was quite unnecessary, and spoilt every impression, just as any one would, who, to render a beautiful statue comprehensible for us, were to stick scarlet rags round the joints. The foreign sound destroys all the harmony. The man is a musician, yet he does not hear this, or rather he chooses that attention shall be directed by an impropriety to his presence, while he would do better to allow his value to be estimated by the perfection of the performance. The public appear used to the practice. It is not the only instance of people's fancying that something tends to enjoyment which destroys enjoyment." Well, this time I did not meet with this objectionable practice, either during the performance of *Der Freischütz*, at the Scala, nor at Florence, with Flotow's *Shadow*, nor even with Verdi's *Macbeth*, at the Teatro Pagliano. This, as most persons are aware, is the second theatre as regards size in Florence; the first, the Pergola, being at present closed. The Teatro Pagliano certainly goes to the extreme limit in the simplicity of its decorations; the entire front of the house inside is painted white; not a gold border, not a colored arabesque is to be seen on the boxes or galleries. The singers on the stage endeavor, by glaring tints, to make the audience forget this sober uniformity of color. That the beautiful art of singing has already considerably sunk, and is still sinking, in Italy, is something that I did not require to visit the Teatro Pagliano to learn. But the Macbeth couple gave me fresh confirmation of the fact that coarse, crude singing is on the increase, and also of another; that, despite everything, Italy is still the country of favored voices. Thanks to the voluptuous and silvery tone of her full soprano voice, which streams forth without the slightest effort, Signora Pappini, the representative of Lady Macbeth, reminds one of the Medori in her best days. School and cultivation have done little for such materials, and still less for the singer of Macbeth, Signor Borgioli. Yet—how seldom does such a stately, heroic figure, with so sonorous a voice, grow upon the soil of Germany! All the other performers in *Macbeth* were very unimportant. Happily, no independent ballet was interpolated; *Macbeth* was given "con danza analoga," that is to say: with a dance "appropriate" to the action, a dance which was as inappropriate as possible in conjunction with the fearful spectral apparitions of the play.

I may mention, as a curious fact, that we saw here, at the Teatro Nicolini, Florence, a company of French artists play Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* in the most wretched manner it is possible to conceive. The women were ugly and stiff; the men, without the slightest pretence to comicality about them. All were without talent or voice. The part of Paola was sustained by a man who spoke in a hoarse bass voice, and endeavored to produce his comic effects by running down, gnashing his teeth, to the footlights, and making faces at the pit. The performance of the French visitors was the more scandalous, because second and third class Italian companies are excellent in comedy. In Florence and Genoa, comedies are now admirably performed in open-day-theatres (such a place is styled a "Politeama") to a smoking and beer-drinking pit. I have enjoyed, in the course of my life, very few opportunities of seeing Italian actors, and I imagined that they would not lay aside in their spoken drama the passionate violence and the pathos of their operatic performances. How astonished I was to find among their actors such moderation in the portrayal of emotion, such sobriety, in their comic impersonations, so much repose and so much dignity! At the newly-erected Politeama, very beautifully situated on the Aqua Sola Promenade, Genoa, they were playing a new piece of modern society: *Cuor di Donna* (*Woman's Heart*), a production distinguished for long, never-ending dialogue, and paucity of plot. It is written by a young local author named Tito d'Asti, whose personal friends and enemies divided themselves into two opposite camps, and, applauding, cheering, hissing, and whistling, waged a little internecine war. That the hissers gradually grew silent, and ended by not disturbing the applause, was due principally to the good acting. The ladies especially displayed such delicacy and natural truthfulness in their performance; such propriety in their bearing; and, above all, so captivating a vivacity in their bye-play and the expression they conveyed with their eyes, tha the spectator would at once have supposed he beheld actresses of high repute before him. Yet the theatre was only an Arena, and the actresses were scarcely better paid than choristers with us. Perfectly the same thing is to be seen at the Arena in Florence, where, also, social pieces of a high stamp are given, a proof how strong dramatic talent is in Italy, and how deeply it is rooted in the people. But, in all these theatres, the music between the acts is something terrible; the instruments are all brass, and the musicians are nothing better than so many musical mechanics. They look with envy on their colleagues of the big drum, for they are the only ones who can play with a cigar in their mouths! The bands, too, of the regular army and of the National Guard, who play on Sundays in the public gardens—in the Cascine, at Florence, on the Aqua Sola at Genoa, and in the Giardino Pubblico, at Milan—are far beneath similar bands at Vienna. They are reed bands, and their members simply work off, on bad instruments, a certain number of polkas and operatic cavatinas.

There is one remark which I cannot conclude without making, though the extremely limited sphere of my Italian experience does not justify me in ascribing to it any general application. At the theatrical performances which I was enabled to attend, I found very little enthusiasm among the public, and I observed that, neither in coffee-houses nor in the public thoroughfares, were music and the stage discussed with such animation as formerly. Even after substracting from this comparative want of interest the portion we must attribute to the summer season, there is still a remainder not to be overlooked.

I believe I have found the explanation of this fact in an old book, Stendhal's *Correspondence inédite*. The refined connoisseur, and enthusiastic admirer of Italy, wrote, in September, 1825, that is to say, forty-seven years ago, from Naples, the following prophecy word for word: "Le jour où l'Italie aura les deux chambres, le jour où l'opinion fera son entrée dans le gouvernement, elle ne sera plus exclusivement occupée de musique, de peinture, d'architecture, et ces trois arts tomberont rapidement."

EDUARD HANSLICK.

---

DUSSELDORF.—3d Concert of the General Musical Association: Handel's oratorio of *Solomon*.

## Waves of Sound, Water and Light.

[From Prof. TYNDALL'S Lectures on LIGHT.]

In the earliest writings of the ancients we find the notion that sound is conveyed by the air. Aristotle gives expression to this notion, and the great architect, Vitruvius, compares the waves of sound to waves of water. But the real mechanism of wave motion was hidden from the ancients, and indeed was not made clear until the time of Newton. The central difficulty of the subject was to distinguish between the motion of the wave itself and the motion of the particles which at any moment constitute the wave.

Stand upon the seashore and observe the advancing rollers before they are distorted by the friction of the bottom. Every wave has a back and front, and if you clearly seize the image of the moving wave you will see that every particle of water along the front of the wave is in the act of rising, while every particle along its back is in the act of sinking. The particles in front reach in succession the crest of the wave, and as soon as the crest is passed they begin to fall. They then reach the furrow or *sinus* of the wave, and can sink no further. Immediately afterward they become the front of the succeeding wave, rise again until they reach the crest, and then sink as before. Thus, while the waves pass onward horizontally, the individual particles are simply lifted up and down vertically. Observe a sea fowl, or, if you are a swimmer, abandon yourself to the action of the waves; you are not carried forward, but simply rocked up and down. The propagation of a wave is the propagation of a form, and not the transference of the substance which constitutes the wave.

The length of the wave is the distance from crest to crest, while the distance through which the individual particles oscillate is called the amplitude of the oscillation. You will notice that in this description the particles of water are made to vibrate across the line of propagation.

And now we have to take a step forward, and it is the most important step of all. You can picture two series of waves proceeding from different origins through the same water. When, for example, you throw a stone into still water, the ring waves proceeding from the two centres of disturbance intersect each other. Now, no matter how numerous these waves may be, the law holds good that the motion of every particle of the water is the algebraic sum of all the motions imparted to it. If crest coincide with crest, the wave is lifted to a double height; if furrow coincide with crest, the motions are in opposition, and their sum is zero. We have then still water, which we shall learn presently corresponds to

WHAT WE CALL DARKNESS

in reference to our present subject. This action of wave upon wave is technically called interference, a term to be remembered.

Thomas Young's fundamental discovery in optics was that the principle of interference applied to light. Long prior to his time an Italian philosopher, Grimaldi, had stated that under certain circumstances two thin beams of light, each of which, acting singly, produced a luminous spot upon a white wall, when caused to act together, partially quenched each other and darkened the spot. This was a statement of fundamental significance, but it required the discoveries and the genius of Young to give it meaning. How he did so, I will now try to make clear to you. You know that air is compressible; that by pressure it can be rendered more dense, and that by dilatation it can be rendered more rare. Properly agitated, a tuning fork now sounds in a manner audible to you all, and most of you know that the air through which the sound is passing is parcelled out into spaces in which the air is condensed, followed by other spaces in which the air is rarefied. These condensations and rarefactions constitute what we call waves of sound. You can imagine the air of a room traversed by a series of such waves, and you can imagine a second series sent through the same air, and so related to the first that condensation coincides with condensation and rarefaction with rarefaction The consequence of this coincidence would be a louder sound than that produced by either system of waves taken singly. But you can also imagine a state of things where the condensations of the one system fall upon the rarefactions of the other. In this case the two systems would completely neutralize each other. Each of them taken singly produces sound; both of them them taken together produce no sound. Thus, by adding sound to sound we produce silence, as Gri-

Digitized by Google

maldi in his experiment produced darkness by adding light to light.

LIGHT IS WAVE MOTION.

The possible analogy between sound and light here at once flashes upon the mind. Young generalized this observation. He discovered a multitude of similar cases, and determined their precise conditions. On the assumption that light was wave motion, all his experiments on interference were explained; on the assumption that light was flying particles, nothing was explained. In the time of Hayghens and Euler a medium had been assumed for the transmission of the waves of light; but Newton raised the objection that, if light consisted of the waves of such a medium, shadows could not exist. The waves, he contended, would bend round opaque bodies and produce the motion of light behind them, as sound turns a corner, or as waves of water wash round a rock. It was proved that the bending round referred to by Newton actually occurs, but that the inflected waves abolish each other by their mutual interference. Young also established a fundamental difference between the waves of light and those of sound. Could you see the air through which sound waves are passing, you would observe every individual particle of air

OSCILLATING TO AND FRO

in the direction of propagation. Could you see the ether you would also find every individual particle making a small excursion to and fro; but here the motion, like that of the water particles above referred to, would be across the line of propagation. The vibrations of the air are longitudinal, the vibrations of the ether are transversal.

It is my desire that you should realize with the utmost possible clearness the propagation of waves, both in ether and in air. And with this view I bring before you an experiment wherein the air particles are represented by small spots of light. These spots are parts of spirals drawn upon a circle of blackened glass, and when the circle is caused to rotate the spots move in successive pulses over the screen. You have here clearly set before you how the pulses travel incessantly forward, while the particles that compose them perform an oscillation to and fro. We have in this case the picture of a sound wave, in which the vibrations are longitudinal. By another arrangement of our glass wheel, we produce an image of a transverse wave, and here we observe the waves travelling in succession over the screen, while each individual spot of light performs an excursion to and fro across the line of propagation.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM MUSIC.

The most familiar illustration of the interference of sound waves is furnished by the beats in music, which are produced by two musical sounds slightly out of unison. These two tuning forks are now in perfect unison, and when they are agitated together the two sounds flow without roughness, as if they were but one. But, by attaching to one of the forks a two-cent piece, we cause the loaded fork to vibrate a little more slowly than its neighbor. Suppose that one of them performs 101 vibrations in the same time as the other performs 100, and let us assume that at starting the condensations and rarefactions of both forks coincide. At the 101st vibration of the quickest fork they will again coincide, the quicker fork at this point having gained one vibration, or one whole wave upon the other. But a little reflection will make it clear that, at about the 50th vibration the two forks will be in opposition; here the one tends to produce a condensation where the other tends to produce a rarefaction; by the united action of the two forks, therefore, the sound is quenched, and we have a pause of silence. This occurs where one fork has gained half a wave length upon the other. At the 101st vibration we have again coincidence, and therefore augmented sound; at the 150th vibration we have again a quenching of the sound. Here the one fork is three half waves in advance of the other. With two forks so circumstanced we obtain those intermittent shocks of sound separated by pauses of silence, to which we give the name of beats (such beats were rendered audible to all in the lecture).

I now wish to show you what may be called the optical expression of those beats; and here we have to fall back upon the fact that a luminous impression persists for a certain interval upon the retina. Attached to a large tuning fork is a small mirror, which shares the vibrations of the fork, and on to the mirror is thrown a thin beam of light, which shares the vibrations of the mirror. The fork is now still, and the beam reflected from it is received upon a piece of looking-glass, and thrown back upon the screen, where it stamps itself as a small luminous disk. The agitation of the fork by a bow converts that disk into a band of light, and if you sharply shake your heads to and fro you will be able to reduce that band to its elements; you draw it, in fact, out to a sinuous line, thus proving the periodic character of the motion which produces it. By a sweep of the looking-glass we can also cover the screen from side to side by this luminous scroll, the depth of the sinuosities indicating the amplitude of the vibration.

We now pass on the optical illustration of these beats. The large fork which we have just employed remains in its position; but instead of receiving the beam reflected from it on a piece of looking glass, it is received upon a second mirror attached to a second fork, and cast by it upon the screen. We now sound both forks, and both of them act in combination upon the beam. It is drawn out, as you see, as before, the band of light gradually shortening as the motion subsides. Finally, when the motion ceases, we obtain the disk of light. Weighting one of the forks as we did before with a two-cent piece, we throw it out of unison with the other, and now observe the screen. Sometimes the forks conspire, and then you have the band of light drawn out to its maximum length. Sometimes the forks oppose each other, and then you have the band of light diminished to a circle. Thus the beats which address the ear express themselves optically as the alternate elongation and shortening of the band of light. If I move the mirror of this second fork, you have a sinuous line, as before, drawn out upon the screen; but the sinuosities are sometimes deep, and sometimes they almost disappear, thus expressing the alternate increase and diminution of the sound, the intensity of which is expressed by the depth of the sinuosities.

THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

Every complete vibration of our tuning fork produces a wave of sound, and, as all sounds travel with the same velocity through air, the more rapid the vibration the shorter are the sound waves. The pitch of a sound is wholly determined by the rapidity of the vibration, as the intensity is by the amplitude. The rise of pitch with the rapidity of the impulses may be illustrated by the syren, which consists of a perforated disk rotating over a cylinder into which air is forced, and the end of which is also perforated. When the perforations of the disk coincide with those of the cylinder a puff escapes; and when the puffs succeed each other with sufficient rapidity the impressions upon the auditory nerve link themselves together to a continuous musical note. The more rapid the rotation of the disk the quicker is the succession of the impulses, and the higher the pitch of the note. Indeed, by means of the syren, the number of vibrations due to any musical note, whether it be that of an instrument, of the human voice, or of a flying insect, may be accurately determined.

In the undulatory theory, pitch is the analogue of color. The waves of light have been measured, and it it is found that the more refrangible the light, the shorter are the waves which produce it. The shortest waves of the visible spectrum are those of the extreme violet; the longest, those of the extreme red; while the other colors are of intermediate pitch or wave length. The length of a wave of the extreme red is such that it would require 36,918 of them placed end to end to cover one inch, while 64,631 of the extreme violet waves would be required to span the same distance.

Now, the velocity of light, in round numbers, is 190,000 miles per second. Reducing this to inches, and multiplying the number thus found by 36,918, we obtain the number of waves of the extreme red in 190,000 miles. All these waves enter the eye, and hit the retina at the back of the eye in one second. The number of shocks per second necessary to the production of the impression of red is therefore four hundred and fifty-one millions of millions. In a similar manner it may be found that the number of shocks corresponding to the impression of violet is seven hundred and eighty-nine millions of millions. All space is filled with matter oscillating at such rates. From every star waves of these dimensions move with the velocity of light like spherical shells outward. And in the ether, just as in the water, the motion of every particle is the algebraic sum of all the separate motions imparted to it. Still, one motion does not blot the other out; or, if extinction occur at one point, it is made good at some other point. Every star declares by its light its own undamaged individuality, as if it alone had sent its thrills through space.

## Mme. Amalie Joachim.

Mme. Clara Schumann and Mme. Amalie Joachim, friends in life and blood relations in art, have united for the purpose of giving concerts in Vienna. Both fair artists are valued old acquaintances of ours, though, it is true, in a different sense. The last time, and the last time but one, as well as at any time previous, that Mme. Schumann visited Vienna, she was already a most popular *virtuosa;* young "Clara Wieck" enjoyed great celebrity which subsequently, even from the name of Schumann, gained only greater significance and recognition, but not a higher character. Amalie Joachim, on the contrary, now appears for the first time in Vienna as an acknowledged vocal celebrity; we saw her, among ourselves, rise from very modest beginnings. As Mlle. Weiss, she was, on the completion of her fifteenth year, employed, or, more strictly speaking, not employed, for a time at the Kärntnerthor Theater, for the parts entrusted to her hardly ever rose higher than those of confidantes, and were calculated rather to retard than to forward any natural ability. I can still see her before me, with her young budding figure, her deep blue eyes, and her earnest bell-like voice, as she sang, in the character of a gipsy girl (in Rubinstein's *Kinder der Haide*), the marriage song, and beat the tambourine. A little performance, but pleasing both to eye and ear. The management, however, still hesitated in confiding to her more important things. As I look through my old theatrical notices, I find Fatima in *Oberon* is the greatest, nay, the only important, part which Mlle. Weiss sang here. In a criticism on *Jessonda* (April, 1861), I see that the management is called upon to entrust Mlle. Weiss with Amazili, a sympathetic part, which, when presented in Mlle. Solzer's vocal acquafortis, threatened to burn her hearers. My proposal was disregarded; the management appeared to be merely deterred by the young artist's want of dramatic animation, and to overlook her good qualities. That the latter were valuable and capable of development, was very soon shown, when Mlle. Weiss—tired of watching over Norma's two children, or, for a change, Verdi's two Leonoras—went to Hanover, where her wings soon grew with greater dramatic efforts. All the Guelphs, leaders of tone, or leaders of *ton*, went raving about her, and "Er, der herrlichste von Allen" ("He, the grandest of them all") made her his wife. This happy marriage with Joseph Joachim fully matured what was still undeveloped in the lady's musical talent. No singer could have a better master than Joachim, or a more beautiful model for her singing than his violin playing. It is very certain that since then the lady's execution has caught much of the noble and sustained expression, the spirited treatment, and beautifully rounded form, which distinguish Joachim's playing. These qualities, combined with the deep and soft character of her voice, and the amiable repose of her disposition, pre-eminently fitted Mme. Joachim first for oratorio and then for the German *Lied*. In this sphere of art she has achieved a great reputation all over Germany, and carried off, at the first musical festivals, not many wreaths less than her lord and master with his violin.

That the brilliancy of Joachim's name has materially facilitated and smoothed her career need not on that account be denied; such a state of things is far more satisfactory than that when the process is reversed, and a man basks in the sunshine emanating from his wife. Thus, then, Mme. Joachim-Weiss came before us, after ten years' absence, as a person well-known, and yet a new acquaintance.

The pretty girl had grown into a stately and beautiful woman; the talented beginner had become a real artist. She was loudly applauded at the first concert, but pleased even far more at the second; a result quite in keeping with the nature of her talent, which does not dazzle or take her hearers by storm, but attracts them more and more, the better it is known, and eventually holds them spell-bound. We heard the lady sing very beautifully an air by Handel, *Lieder* by Schubert and Brahms, and, lastly, the first five pieces from Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*. The last might, perhaps, be more agitated by passion, but no one can object to a calm, refined reading like that of Mme. Joachim, provided only it be subjectively true and full of feeling. The deepest impression was produced by the lady in the smaller songs, where the predominating features retire, as it were, behind a certain generality of feeling. Mme. Joachim had to repeat both.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

Digitized by Google

## "St. Paul" at St. Paul's.

By G. A. Macfarren.

The oratorio is a development of an office of the primitive Western Church, which was preserved in the Reformed use established by Luther. This office, still periodically fulfilled in Rome, is the musical recital of the story of the Passion, at Eastertide, from one or other of the Gospels, in a semi-dramatic form; the object being to keep the sacred narrative alive in the memory of the faithful, and to render it most impressive by vitalizing the several persons who appear in the history, with an individual representative to deliver the words that each is recorded to have said.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the application of this means of addressing a public was extended from the single, special, historic subject, to divers, various, and generally moral themes, and the performances instituted in the oratory by St. Filippo Neri were in a didactic form. Half a hundred years later, the musical works were distinctly dramas, which were represented in churches as the most effectual means of conveying religious and ethical instruction. In the seventeenth century the term "oratorio," as defining the relation of such works to the part of a church wherein they were given, was adopted by authors who furnished literary matter for the compositions in question, and it has become the distinctive art term by which they are described. The personification of abstract moral ideas gave place to the dramatization of incidents in sacred history, more frequently those of the old than of the new dispensation. The performance of oratorios was discontinued in churches and transferred to the theatres, where it was restricted for the most part to the season of Lent; and, in our times, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi have contributed to the number of these sacred lyrical dramas.

Such is, in brief, the progress of the oratorio in Italy, where however, desecrated as it has been by the style of its treatment and the locality of its performance, its ecclesiastical association is still maintained in the Passion recitals first named. In Germany, its relation to the Church has never been infracted; for, though oratorios are given as often as otherwise in concert rooms, this is with a view to the expediency of the occasion, and always with the idea of their being written for the Church, and appropriate to sacred buildings. It was Luther's express intention that the highest art means should illustrate the recitation of the Passion story at the Easter celebration, and successive musicians, accordingly, as the art advanced, exerted ever their utmost powers upon works for this purpose. Considerably later, other subjects were admitted into the scope of the oratorio; in the south, there has been far wider latitude in the arrangement of the form of these compositions, making it more dramatic and filling it more freely with non-scriptural poetry, than in the north; but the class of works has not there been appropriated to secular institutions.

In England, the very name of oratorio was unknown, until Handel produced a work of the class it defines. This was *Esther*, which was written during his abode at the mansion of the Duke of Chandos, in the summer of 1720, and it was privately performed there. It was nearly twelve years afterwards that it was first given in public. Its attraction then at the concert-room in Villiers Street, induced Handel himself to produce it at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and the performance of a sacred composition in a theatre was thus apologetically advertised: "N.B.—There will be no acting on the stage, but the house will be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience. The music to be disposed after the manner of the Coronation Service." The success of *Esther* established the "oratorio or sacred drama" as a department of art in which musicians might address the public with certainty of welcome according to their merit.

The performance of these works was given in theatres only—the King's, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Covent Garden, but not without raising the scruples of serious people. To meet these, when the *Messiah* was reproduced here in 1743, after its success in Dublin, the name of the composition was withheld, as too holy for announcement in a playbill, and the work was advertised as "A Sacred Oratorio," this title referring to the nature of the subject, and not to the source of the text, since other oratorios similarly derived were not so distinguished. It was not till this masterpiece was given in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, in 1750, under its original name, that it seems to have been duly accepted in London; whence the inference is, that there needed ecclesiastical sanction to authorize the approbation of the holiest of themes to musical use, though its adoption in the other arts of poetry and painting had never been questioned. The same work was the first, out of the range of strictly Church music, that was included in the performances of the Three Choir Festivals; this was at Hereford, 1759, and its introduction there with others of its class, had been matter of discussion almost ever since, one earnest set of thinkers assuming that a church was an unfit arena for the most powerful and impressive setting forth of sacred subjects, in exact opposition to the arguments that had been urged against their presentation in secular edifices. The world at large accepts the oratorio as a class of work worthy to exercise the noblest genius, and capable of edifying the best cultivated public; a section of the public would exclude it from performance in theatres and concert rooms because of its too great sacredness for such localities; while another section would exclude it from churches, which locality they advance as being too sacred for such works. This is an anomaly, which, to have prevailed at all, has prevailed too long; and it is cause for felicitation to earnest thinkers, that the time seems to be at hand for disregarding, if not abolishing, such inconsistency.

Besides these contrarieties and contradictions in public views as to the destination of the oratorio, the Church of England itself, or its authorities, have had wide fluctuations in their general estimation of music in reference to Church use, even as an element of the daily ritual. In old times, in places where the means were competent, it was the custom to employ the highest available resources of the art in the Church's service. So, in the Chapel Royal, there was always a full band, the members of which were styled "Gentlemen" of the institution, the instrumentalists having this appellation in common with the singers. There is ample evidence of this, as well in the cheque-books and like documents, as in pictorial representations of the chapel with the full band discharging its functions. In St. Paul's Cathedral, again, though no instrumental band was comprised in the establishment, it was usual to have one on special occasions; at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, for instance, Purcell's Te Deum was annually performed with complete orchestral requirements, from almost the time of the opening of the new cathedral, until 1743, when the setting of the hymn by Handel, in celebration of the battle of Dettingen, was produced, and in the following year this work was subtituted for Purcell's, and it was given at the recurrence of the Festival every year for nearly a century. It was early in the fifth decade of the present hundred years that this long standing usage was discontinued. The Church authorities, I am assured, came then to the most strange, since totally unaccountable conclusion, that instruments of the viol class were profane, were of worldly and fleshly, if not diabolical suggestion, and were thus inapt for use within sacred precincts. I (pardon the personality) am assured too that the *Times* newspaper supported this extraordinary tenet; and hence it must be admitted that, within and without the circle of the church, it was entertained by those who could think seriously, if perhaps not wisely. Under the ordainment of these authorities, the yearly orchestra which the Royal Society of Musicians furnish for the benefit of their fellow charity the Sons of the Clergy, was disallowed to perform in the Metropolitan Church; under their ordainment, the instruments employed to solemnize the Burial Service of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, were those only which constitute the German bands, which annoy some and, let us hope, delight others at our street corners; and for these cornets and clarionets, and the like, in addition to the organ, Sir John Goss had to compose his funeral music; and under their ordainment also, for the Sons of the Clergy Bicentary Festival in 1854, the same distinguished musician was limited to the same means in the composition of his anthem. Any other occasion may serve to discuss the relation of violins and theology, military instruments and Church rites; let it however here be protested on art grounds, that nothing could be more inconsistent than the combination of wind instruments, each of them expressing the will and feeling of the player, with that multitudinous wind instrument whose tone is inflexible to the player's control, and which is an aggregate of imitations of the specialities of all the brass and reed instruments. On another occasion these same authorities relaxed their rigor against bows and strings, and permitted not only their presence within the hallowed aisles, but the performance of an oratorio intact, a sacred oratorio, that very *Messiah* which was in some sort unrecognized before it was given in a sacred building, and had since been deemed inappropriate to such a site. This was in 1861, when it was desirable to raise funds to defray the cost of the great organ of Messrs. Hill and Son, lately purchased from the Panopticon, and to help towards the decoration of the church, and the Feast of St. Paul was celebrated by a performance of this work by a band of some seventy, and chorus of very far larger number, and the most popular solo vocalists of the day. Sir John Goss, in his capacity of Cathedral Organist, presided over this, which, in spite of myriad obstacles, was artistically a successful performance. Had it been fiscally so, one may suppose it might not have been the sole occasion of holding a musical festival in honor of the Feast of St. Paul, in the building dedicated to him. It was first intended that, most fitly, Mendelssohn's oratorio which depicts the character and career of the Apostle, should have been the work to celebrate his Conversion; but the comparatively better knowledge of the other oratorio among the executants was expected to ensure a proportionately better performance, while its comparatively better knowledge among the public was expected to ensure a proportionately better attendance. They who were present concur in expressions of marvel at the wondrous effects of the combined elements of sound on this occasion in that stupendous medium of sonority, and there needs be no strain of imagination for every one to feel that they must have been indeed sublime. The pecuniary results have not been made public. Is the sale of guinea and half-guinea tickets the just guage of such an undertaking's value, or are heart impressions and trains of thought, the one that may flow on for a lifetime, the other that may be indelible?

The admission in England of the oratorio to what is elsewhere its natural home, the church—and admission as a lawful child, rather than as a foundling, if it ever obtain general recognition, will date from the performance of Bach's *Passion*, at Eastertide, in Westminster Abbey, in 1871. The pretext of benefiting a charity, which, as an apology for oratorio performances, has too long equivocated and therefore damaged the question of their propriety within ecclesiastical walls, was not then set up in its justification; neither was that of raising money for Church uses. It was deemed that here, as in other lands, the teaching of sacred history on the anniversaries of its chief events, would be enforced by the appropriating of the highest of art accessories to its elucidation. The great and devout work of the great and devout master, which illustrates the Passion after the old Roman wise which Luther preserved, but boundlessly surpasses in excellence every other endeavor to do justice to this hallowed purpose, was given in our Abbey with an effect that cannot pass away. It constituted a Special Service, all who attended which must have experienced a special influence, and this influence can only have been for the highest good. The Abbey performance was repeated at the due season in 1872; and the example of the Dean and Chapter was adopted in some smaller institutions, where Handel's *Passion* and his *Messiah* were given, less completely perhaps, but with the same purpose of elevating public feeling to the level of the great commemoration. In like manner to the Abbey, these churches opened their performance freely to the public; and though the zeal of diversely thinking parties led them violently to reprobate the employment of this means of religious instruction, there are reasons to believe that the experiment—for as yet it can only be accounted as such—was successful, and reasons to wish for the permanence of the practice.

In the same spirit and with corresponding means, the Conversion of St. Paul is to be celebrated on the coming 25th of January, in our Cathedral. This is not to be a Special Service, but the ordinary performance of Evensong with a copious selection from Mendelssohn's Oratorio to constitute the anthem. As well as this eminently suitable manner of celebrating the day, there will be an appropriate sermon. Else everything will proceed as at the usual Evening service at 4 o'clock, the public will be freely admitted, and there will be no offertory. To give effect to the music—anthem, let it be called—the choir will be amplified to the extent of 60 or 70 boys and men, and be supported by a band of about 40. These will occupy the usual locality of the singers at the Daily Service, which will be enlarged to accommodate them. The solos will be sustained by members of the Cathedral choir, boys and men, the auxiliaries of which, all professional, will only assist as chorus. The whole of the

Digitized by Google

Basso.

Cleanse thee, O my soul, from
Ma - che dich, mein Her - ze,

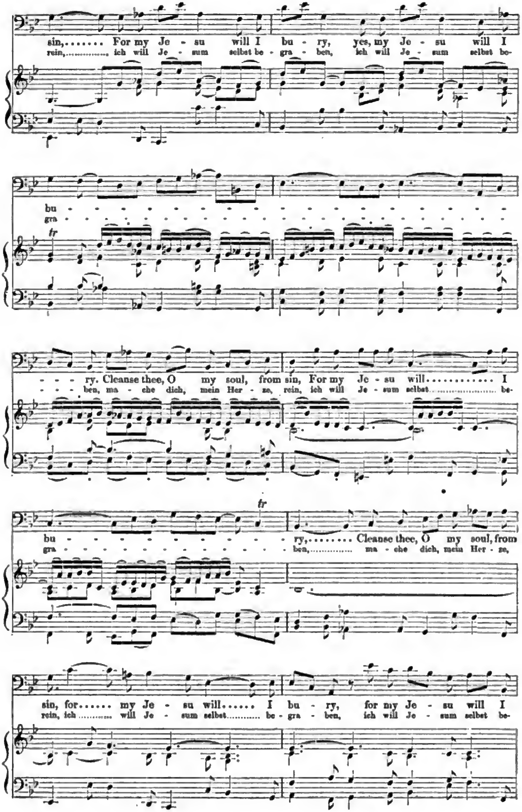
sin, ..... Cleanse thee, O my soul, from
rein, ..... ma - che dich, mein Her - ze,

sin, ..... For my Je - su will I bu - ry, yes, my Je - su will I
rein, ..... ich will Je - sum selbst be - gra - ben, ich will Je - sum - selbst be-

bu - ry. Cleanse thee, O my soul, from
gra - ben, ma - che dich, mein Her - ze,

sin, Cleanse thee, O my soul, from
rein, ma - che dich, mein Her - ze,

Digitized by Google




Digitized by Google

bu - ry.
gra - ben.

*f*

*tr*

So with - in my peace - ful
denn er soll nun - - mehr in

*tr*

*p*

*FINE.*

breast Shall..... He rest, ..... shall He rest, O! sweet - ly rest for-
mir.... für..... und für, ..... für und für sei - ne sü - - sse Ru - - he

e - ver, Yes, with - in my peace - ful breast Shall..... He
ha - ben, denn er soll nun - mehr in mir für..... und

Digitized by Google

rest, ..... Shall He rest and reign ..... for-
für ..... sei - ne sü - - sse Ru - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - he

ev - er, sweetly rest and reign forev - er!
ha - - ben, sei - ne sü - sse Ru - he ha - - ben!

World, depart, world, depart,
Welt, geh'aus, Welt, geh'aus,

let Je - sus in, ..... World, de - part, let Je - sus in!
lass' Je - sum ein, ..... Welt, geh' aus, lass' Je - - sum ein!

Cleanse thee, O my soul, from
Ma - - che dich, mein Her - - se,

*DAL SEGNO*

Digitized by Google

musical functionaries will be identified with the ecclesiastical duties of the day, by being vested in surplices, which, for the players, will have the sleeves so looped up as to leave freedom to the arms and hands. The objectors to musical festivals in churches have made a point, which is assumed to be a strong one, of the profanity of exercising a carpenter's calling within the hallowed precincts; accordingly, it is expressly stipulated in the provisions for the coming occasion, that sounding of hammer and piercing of nail shall not take place in the building; so, as the desks will not be erected by miracle, all joiner's work for their preparation will be performed outside. The suggestion of this great measure—great as a vigorous step in the onward progress of the times, great as a method of instructing and refining the public by means of an art which almost shares the sacredness of religion—is due entirely to the new organist, Dr. Stainer. On him rests also the responsibility of the entire arrangements, which must be entangled enough to engross all his thoughts, as will that of conducting the performance. It is his own avowal that he receives the most cordial support of the Dean and Chapter, which is highly to their credit; it is not everybody of this nature that appreciates an officer who can devise what is as much for the advantage of their institution as for the benefit of the public, and in admiring the confidence of the ruling body, a commendation is expressed of him in whom they worthily confide.

The duration of the extended anthem may not, it seems, exceed some three quarters of an hour. Great ingenuity was needed then, in the selection of such portions of the oratorio as would present the most salient features of St. Paul's character and works, and yet come within the closely limited space of time, and such ingenuity has been well exercised. The compilation shows the Apostle, first, as experiencing his conversion, second, as preaching the gospel, and third, as suffering for the truth's sake and as being glorified for his works on earth to prepare men for heaven.

The first section will begin with the Tenor Recitative, "And as he journeyed," including the presentation of the miracle of the arrest of Saul, in his course of persecution, by the voice from heaven. The Chorus, the finest, grandest and most impressive in the work, "Rise up and shine," will follow. Then the Choral "Sleepers, wake," which is most important to the selection, as being in fact the motto of the oratorio, the words of the first stanza being inscribed upon the title-page, and the music of the three lines being the main feature of the overture; and again, as being a particular comment on the preceding chorus, which in itself especially celebrates the awakening of man from the gross darkness of ignorance to the light of truth. The fine tune of this Choral is ascribed to the year 1599, so that, in its present form, it dates not to the time of the author of the Reformation; but it is obviously an adaptation of a far earlier ecclesiastical melody, and thus its phrases cannot have been unknown to Luther, and whoever penned the hymn must have been imbued with his spirit. It has often been said that Mendelssohn was in some degree indebted to an earlier work for his bright graphic thought of employing brass instruments, with their majestic summons that might awaken a sleeping world from the lethargy of ages, for the interludes between the several lines of this tune.

The work referred to is the production of a most diffident anonymous amateur, an oratorio of small merit which was published at Hamburg, in 1778, under the title of *The Disciple at Emmaus*. Among many other Chorals, this tune truly occurs therein to the 2d verse of the hymn, "Jesus Christ ist wieder kommen," and it stands in the same key of D in which the author of *St. Paul* has set it; but the rythmical arrangement of the notes is remarkably different. There are parts moreover in the score for two horns and one trumpet, but these are quite subordinate to those for the violins, hautboys, and basses, which stand above and below them; hence, to put an end to the allegation, it is clear that if the idea of the trumpet interludes be taken from this piece, he who took it must have doubly tasked his invention in setting aside the old thought to make way for his original, brilliant and poetical conception. In due succession, the Recitative "And his companions," and the great typical Air, "Oh God have mercy," will next come; to be followed by the Recitative, "And there was a disciple," and the Air with Chorus, "I praise Thee, O Lord," which may be regarded as Saul's apprehension of the grace that was awaiting him in his coming baptism, and as the encouraging voice of his newly awakened conscience. The Recitative will ensue "And Ananias went his way," and the final Chorus of the First Part, "Oh, great is the depth," which completes this famous scene of the Conversion.

The second section will comprise the Recitative "And Paul came," showing how St. Paul was called to his apostleship; the duet for Paul and Barnabas, "Now we are ambassadors," which, in its gentle earnestness, bespeaks the meek and loving spirit of the holy men who went forth to preach Jesus to the world; and the Chorus, "How lovely are the messengers" in which the beauty of their mission, more than its labors and cares, is sweetly represented.

The third section of these cleverly chosen pieces will begin with the Recitative, "And they all persecuted Paul," with the ensuing Air for tenor accompanied by the violoncello, "Be thou faithful." After this, the Recitative, "And Paul sent," in which the Apostle takes leave of the Ephesians, and the Quartet with chorus "Far be it," wherein the weeping congregation utter their regrets for him whose lessons of love to one another have peculiarly drawn their affections to himself. The Chorus, "See what love," will follow,—a reflection on Paul's labors and their result, picturing the peace of mind which rewards the steadfast pursuit of a high purpose. Lastly, there will be the conclusion of the narrative in the Recitative "And though he be offered," which introduces the Chorus, "Not only unto him" that terminates the oratorio.

This epitome of Mendelssohn's work has a sort of completeness, which will make it eminently interesting and perfectly suitable to the occasion. An oratorio will thus, for the first time in England, be integrated in the Church Service, and it will be wonderful if, in this position, invested with all the associations of the place and the time, of the season that is illustrated, and of the solemnity to which it will be made incidental, the effect of the music be not deeply penetrating. It would be vain to attempt to foretell the issue of what can but be regarded as an experiment; still it may be hoped that in restoring thus the English Church Service to the grandeur of long bygone times, very much may be added to its attractiveness, and, what is of far loftier importance, very much indeed to its impressiveness.

Here may be stated, as bearing on the question of the presentation of oratorios in church, that it is designed to celebrate the approach of Easter, in 1873, at St. Anne's Church, Soho, with a series of performances, on the Friday evenings throughout Lent, of Bach's setting of the Passion as narrated in the Gospel of St. John. They will be under the direction of Mr. Barnby, the instigator and conductor of the Abbey performances of the *Matthew Passion*. Such a course as this cannot be ineffective in preparing the minds and hearts of visitants for the solemnity of the coming season, in preparing them to estimate the sorrows that were borne for man, and in vivifying the historic lesson which the Church then teaches.

Music has been mainly considered but as a decoration at most, wholly dispensable if not quite redundant, of the Church's Service; it may now be proved to be an essential element of the Service itself. The change may work much for art in giving musicians an object and a responsibility far beyond any they have at present; it may work more for religion, in bringing multitudes who would else be careless of them to receive its lessons, and in addressing these lessons to the living feelings of auditors instead of to their cold understanding. Church authorities may be slow to acknowledge that this great change, if it come about, was due to men of another calling, but their acknowledgment is not needed. The world will be indebted to Mr. Barnby and Dr. Stainer, and such other artists as may aid them in the fulfilment of their difficult self-imposed task, for any good that may spring from the adoption of Oratorios in Church.—*Lon. Mus. Times.*

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 20.—Rubinstein and Wieniawski have said farewell to us and we shall hear them no more until next Spring, when they will return from their Western tour. The last concerts took place at the Academy of Music on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 8th and 9th. The programme of the first was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon"..........................Weber.
Concerto, No. 2, F major..........................Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein.
Violin Concerto..........................Mendelssohn.
H. Wieniawski.
Vorspiel: "Lohengrin"..........................Wagner.
a. Sonata..........................Beethoven.
b. Katzenfuge..........................Scarlatti.
Anton Rubinstein.
Fantaisie, "Il Pirata"..........................Ernst.
H. Wieniawski.
Schubert's Hungarian March..........................Liszt.

The Beethoven Sonata was the one in C-sharp minor, No. 14, commonly called "Moonlight," and the Violin Concerto that in E minor. Rubinstein played with his customary power, and, being recalled after the Cat's Fugue, gave his famous arrangement of the march from "The Ruins of Athens." As for the orchestra, I need only say that it was that of Theodore Thomas!

At the second concert Rubinstein played Mozart's D minor Concerto, and several other pieces. On Monday last the great pianist gave his *matinée d'adieu*, at which he played no less than fourteen selections, including four of Schumann's pieces, four arrangements by Liszt, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Beethoven's Turkish March, a Beethoven Sonata, the overture to *Egmont*, and a Nocturne and Scherzo of his own.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 11, came the third of the Thomas Symphony Soirées, which are now generally regarded as the best of our musical entertainments. Mr. Thomas offered us:

Symphony, G minor..........................Mozart.
Concerto, No. 4, G. op. 58..........................Beethoven.
Mr. Anton Rubinstein.
Overture, "Manfred"..........................Schumann.
a. Fantaisie, }
b. Etudes }..........................Chopin.
Symphonic Poem: "Hungaria"..........................Liszt.

Mr. Thomas combines a perfect repose of manner with all the qualities essential to a leader, and throughout the symphony all the crescendos, diminuendos, and fine gradations of light and shade were accomplished, apparently, without effort on the part of either conductor or orchestra. As this was Rubinstein's *very* last appearance in New York for the present, his performance naturally attracted an unusual degree of attention. As we come to know him better we find that we can never tell just how he is going to play, even if it is a piece which we have heard him render half a score of times. Usually, however, it is only a variation in degrees of excellence, and we are willing that our curiosity should be piqued at the beginning.

He played the Concerto magnificently, more than realizing all that we could have expected; but, I regret to say he marred and defaced that noble composition by the introduction of cadenzas in a style utterly at variance from the spirit of the work or the composer. Of course there is not the slightest objection to his executing an Indian war dance on the piano, if he chooses to do so; but, when he introduces one into the middle of a *Beethoven Concerto* it is time to remonstrate. The Chopin Fantasie (op. 49), was finely rendered, and the first of the Etudes, the lovely one in E major (op. 10), was given with all the accuracy, all the clearness, all the ideal pathos and passion with which Chopin himself might have played it. The second Etude, that in C minor, was played with an utter disregard of any rhythm, and a general mixing up of notes which was quite unnecessary, and which seemed almost like affectation on the part of the performer.

The fourth Symphony concert will take place on Saturday evening, Feb. 1st, when Schumann's E-flat Symphony will be performed, and Anna Mehlig will play Chopin's Second Concerto.

This brings me to the third Philharmonic concert, which came on Saturday evening, Jan. 18th. It opened with Weber's Overture to *Oberon*, a piece just good enough to be enjoyed without requiring any sustained attention. Then came Mr. S. B. Mills, the pianist of the evening, and of course he played Chopin's Second Concerto, which is the regular thing for him do. He rendered the entire work

with extraordinary delicacy and precision, and, I think I may say, with patience considering the badness of the orchestral accompaniment, which must have been torture to him. In spite of this drawback his treatment of the work, and especially of the famous Adagio, was such as to gain the applause alike of critics and concoisseurs. The next piece was the Hirtengesang (for Orchestra) from Liszt's new Oratorium "Christus," concerning which the less is said the better.

Mme. CAMILLA URSO followed with Mozart's Concerto for the Violin in D, opus 121. This lady has no laurels to win here, as there are few violinists among the many who have visited New York, who are as well known and as highly esteemed as she. I have heard so violin playing, since Sarasate left us, which satisfied me so thoroughly as hers. She is the soul of Poetry, and the tone she draws from her instrument is of marvelous sweetness. If everything accessary to perfection could be combined in one player, I should desire her bowing to be stronger; but that, with her, is a physical impossibility.

The second part of the programme was entirely occupied by Schumann's magnificent Symphony in C, which some people (and their number is increasing yearly) think is the greatest ever written. I am content to consider its positive rather than its relative grandeur, and wish I could praise the rendering as highly as I can the work itself. Truth, however, compels me to state that it was indifferent, by played, and many of the most beautiful passages were so rendered as to be scarcely intelligible.

In my last letter I had not space enough to mention the fourth, and last, of the series of Soirées at Steinway's, by Messrs. MILLS and DAMROSCH (Jan. 2.) The programme included a Sonata for Piano and Violin, (E flat,) by Mozart. A Sonata for Violin, with piano accompaniment, (G minor,) by Giuseppe Tartini, and Schumann's Second Trio, F major, opus 80, played by Messrs. Mills, Damrosch and Bergner. Mr. Mills played a Melodie "Reproach" in D flat, by F. Brandies, Chopin's "Berceuse" and the Tarantelle in A flat, op. 43, by the same composer.

The OYSLOW QUARTETTE CLUB, now in their second season, have begun a series of Classical Concerts at De Gaimo Hall. At the first concert, Jan. 8, Rubenstein's Quartet in F, and a Quintet in G minor, by F. Zitterbart, were performed.

The BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY have in Rehearsal for their next concert (Feb. 8,) Bristow's "Arcadian Symphony," and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-night's Dream" music.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 25, 1873.

## Concerts.

We are behindhand in our fortnightly review, and must begin as far back as Jan. 3d and 6th, with the fine concert of the APOLLO CLUB, given twice over in the great Music Hall, that all the friends of active and associate members might have an opportunity to hear. And a most eager interest was manifested upon both occasions. Never in this city have we heard so capital a chorus of male singers; the voices being of the choicest quality in all the four parts,—particularly the smooth, sweet, clearly soaring upper tenors and the rich, mellow, manly basses,—and their ensemble very perfect under the careful training and the sure and nice conductorship of Mr. B. J. LANG. They number nearly a dozen voices of each part, filling the great hall singularly well for so small but compact a crowd, and their whole performance was obviously a marked improvement upon that of a year ago, good as that then seemed to most of us.

The programme was the same for both evenings, except that there was an orchestra the second time, for certain accompaniments and Overtures, which could not be procured the first time. The first part began with Beethoven's fiery *Coriolanus* Overture, given with great spirit by the orchestra, not ineffectively foreshadowed on the first night by an arrangement for two Chickering pianos played by Mr. LANG and his pupils Messrs. SUMNER, APTHORP and TUCKER. Then followed three of the more classical order of male part-songs (of which the repertoire cannot be very large): "The Cheerful Wanderer," by Mendelssohn; "The Night," by Schubert, full of "heaven-like peace" and "stars in solemn measure;" and a "Rhine Wine Song" by Robert Franz. The first two were beautifully sung; the third, as original and fine a composition of its kind as either of them, but very spirited and soaring, ringing with a storm of rapid echoes, trying to voice and breath, and withal perhaps too local in its theme, too German in its words, for those who sing in English, showed more of conscious effort and hardly seemed to pass at its full worth. The enthusiasm of the audience was reserved for the sweet, sentimental melody of Abt, which followed: "A May Night;" of course they were taken by the bit of tenor solo at the end of each stanza: "Oh night, thou holy, silent night," which was indeed sung most musically, in tones sweet and strong and finely shaded, with pure and finished style, and with a chaste fervor, by Dr. LANGMAID. Both evenings this had to be repeated. And so had Rückert's "On the Rhine," with its invocation to the Loreley, for Bass and Tenor solo, in which the deep full tones and the mature style of Mr. WETHERBEE, and the singularly fresh and beautiful tenor of Mr. CHENERY, so individual in its *timbre*, caused great delight.

The first part closed with Beethoven's "Chorus of Dervishes," one of the most signal instances of the composer's imaginative faculty of conjuring up, by the mere spell of tones and rhythm, scenes he had never visited. With the whirling orchestral accompaniment, the wild shouts of "Kaaba !", and the short relentless fits of minor melody, it summons before us with a terrible vividness, yet with a strange fascination, all the fanatical fever and barbaric fury of the Mahomedan devotees and the ruins of old Greece. It was executed to a charm, and the "Turkish March" succeeded aptly, when there was an orchestra, receding *decrescendo* in the distance, to complete the scene. This one selection, to our feeling, is worth a thousand part-songs for male voices any time.

Part II. opened with "The Fair Melusina" Overture, charmingly rendered by full orchestra, and not indistinctly sketched in the eighth-hand performance. "The Woodland Rose," by Fischer, was a sweet and gentle strain of nicely blended harmony. Hatton's "Tara' Song," a very clever, breezy composition of its kind, went "cheerily" enough, the leading tenor ringing out bravely on his high C's. Another English song, by Arthur Sullivan, for triple quartet: "The long day closes," of a serene and serious character, pleased very much. And now it was well to break the monotony of part-songs by something larger, grander; and the superb double chorus, in praise of Bacchus, from Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, was given with full orchestra, with crisp precision and a right buoyant and inspiring energy; if it was not as loudly applauded as the sentimental sweets of Abt and Rückert with their bits of solo, we cannot think that it was less enjoyed. Would it not be a noble task, and quite within the means of the Apollo Club, to bring out some day all of the "Antigone" music!" Mere part-song singing (at least without mixed voices) finds its limit sooner than one anticipates, and will inevitably become monotonous after the first hour, however perfect in its way. Quite happily, however, was the programme relieved this time by larger things, while the part songs were in the main discreetly chosen both "quantitatively and qualitatively," if we may use such metaphysical jargon. An "Evening Song," by Naater, followed, and the concert closed with the bibulous German's aspiration that he might be a whale in an Atlantic ocean of "Champagne";—innocent enough in music!

We heartily congratulate the "Apollo" on its great success so far, and look forward with interest to its next tuneful invitation.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The fifth of the series (Jan. 9) had a fine audience, and though the programme offered little of the grandly exciting, or of the extraordinary, it gave real pleasure and even approbation,—possibly not entirely unanimous.

Overture to "Coriolanus" ..... Beethoven.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3. in G minor, op. 58. Moscheles.
J. C. D. Parker.
Overture to "Les Abencerages" ..... Cherubini.
**Concerto for the Oboe. in F minor ..... Rietz.
August Kutzleb.
Symphony, No. 8, in C major (second time) ... Mozart.

The *Coriolanus* Overture *is* as grand, however, and as exciting, with as lovely a relief of tenderness and pathos, as any orchestral work we know of in so short a form. It went well and made the deep impression that it always does; it bears the stamp divine of true, transcendant genius. The Overture to Cherubini's opera *Les Abencerages*, which takes its subject from the reconquest of Grenada from the Moors, —its name reminding many of us of one of our first French class books, "Gonsalve de Cordova" by flowery Florian,—is one of the most spirited and brilliant of his masterworks in that form. It is largely scored, and has a stately martial ring in the opening and closing movement, with middle passages of bright, fresh melody and delicate, ingenious contrapuntal finesse, very charming, but not so very easy of execution; this part of it was blurred a little, but, as a whole, the overture proved its right to be heard much oftener than it has been here, this being only the second time in Boston, if we mistake not.

As compositions, the two solos are not highly stimulating, though good in their way, especially the G-minor Concerto by Moscheles, a work of sterling excellence and graceful, learned, genial musicianship, which surely it was no excess of piety to hold up in the light a second time in a city where

Digitized by Google

all the dozen *great* piano concertos have become as familiar as household words, while a work of such old and high repute as this had never once been heard in public here until two years ago. Mr. PARKER made a good mark for himself by his remarkably clean, distinct, refined, artistic rendering of all three movements. He has the rare virtue of a perfectly firm and even tempo always, yet without stiffness; it was all easy, elegant and winning. If he has not the strength or the electric power of some pianists, he yet proved himself entirely adequate to so difficult and classical a task. Mr. KUTZLER's pure, rich tone and uncommonly clean and facile execution on that most difficult of reed instruments, the Oboe, won general recognition. We do not think Rietz's composition one particularly interesting, though it has artistic merit, but there is some fine serious *Cantabile* in the Adagio, and the Intermezzo pleases by its pastoral quaintness. But that delicious Mozart Symphony in C,—not the great "Jupiter," but the one that was heard here for the first time last winter—would have made amends for a long stretch of dullness. Quiet as it is, it is full of the unfailing Mozart charm in every part of it; you feel that you are safe and close to the very heart of music while you listen to such strains, and your content is in proportion to the completeness with which you yield your whole attention to it, which ought not, one would think, to cost much effort of the will.

MME. RUDERSDORFF's second Matinee at Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday, drew a much larger audience than the first, and musically was a great success. The programme was unique and very choice, and the performance generally gave great delight. Details hereafter.—The third and last Matinee will come on Tuesday, Feb. 4.

The programme of the sixth SYMPHONY CONCERT has been unavoidably somewhat altered. It now consists of: Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony [quite short]; Beethoven's 2nd piano Concerto [in B flat], played by Mr. LANG; Overture to "Preciosa," Weber; Schumann's *Concertstueck* for piano [first time], Mr. LANG; and "Ocean" Symphony by Rubinstein.

## Italian Opera.—Pauline Lucca.

Everybody must have been surprised to see every body else at the Boston Theatre on the first LUCCA night, in spite of the high prices, and in a period when everybody felt poor and so many had been turning a deaf ear to the best appeals of art and of refined amusement. Still more surprising has it been to see the crowded houses kept up nearly all the time now for three weeks, the only exceptions being on the few nights when Miss KELLOGG was the star, singing of course admirably, but in such hacknied mere sensation pieces as the "Trovatore" and the "Traviata." *Non ragionam di loro.* And all the more surprising in consideration of the very poor reports preceding the arrival of this company from New York and Philadelphia. It seems to have come to this: that people now are drawn to Opera mainly by the curiosity to see and hear one famous lyrical *person*, one new star that had not risen yet upon our hemisphere, caring comparatively little for the music in itself, or for any music unless coupled with scenic show and action; and for the rest, because opera-going is one of the pastimes supposed to be fashionable; for fashion, we know, fancies itself more excellent than any art or music, and the more expensive a thing is, the more its votaries feel it their distinguished duty to support it. The fact is, an opera crowd is seldom what can properly be called a musical crowd.

We get no longer any good *wholes* in Opera. We learn to be contented with a very poor *ensemble*, or patiently accept it as inevitable, if that be the condition of our witnessing the reigning star at all. We did get better operatic wholes in our first days of opera, when those Havana troupes were here, and when it was entirely Italian, although the repertoire has been enriched since opera became more polyglottic. But in the character of performance there has been a steady process of deterioration ever since. We presume nothing but a permanent establishment, for which democracy is not yet ready, can ever give us excellent and complete opera. The flying visits we now get from troupes made up for speculative purposes, and with the hope of reaping great golden profits in the shortest time and in the cheapest way, of course are governed by a very different economy from that which regulates a permanent good opera. The impresarios tell us that we cannot have it otherwise; that they must pay the leading artists double their European price to induce them to cross the ocean and take the risks of a strange climate and the perpetual wear and tear of singing every night and travelling from State to State; that they must pay for a first-class opera house, say our Boston Theatre, as much rent per night as they would pay for a whole week at Covent Garden, with two hundred of the best (stockholders') seats taken out and sold against them; with three or four times the expense for advertising that they would have in Europe; and that for all this the economy must fall on chorus, orchestra, subordinate parts, and all that goes to make up the perfect *ensemble* which seems now past hope with us. They even declare that such a theatre (the "Boston") crammed every night at highest prices would not cover the expense of a complete and thoroughly appointed Opera. There is nevertheless a pretty general suspicion that these speculative enterprisers, who return so steadily to the attack, do bear away great sums of money for their own share, as well as the great soprano or tenore.

How this may be we know not, but it is certain that the managers can be taken at their word when they admit that the ensembles as a rule are bad. The present company is no exception. It has one star of genius, a great artist in her way; one other prima donna, who uniformly sings well and possesses many attractions, though in no sense great,—Miss KELLOGG; a good basso in M. JAMET; all the rest indifferent or old; a chorus that screams discordantly through *Faust* and labors out of breath in the *Huguenots*; an orchestra, not poor in material by any means, but half the time marring the music through the lack of fair rehearsal; and the consequence is that we never heard a worse performance of an opera *as a whole* than that presented of the *Huguenots* the other night, and never imagined that the exquisite music of Mozart's *Le Nozze* could be made to seem so long and so monotonous. Such lighter things as *Fra Diavolo* went better.

The real charm, the reconciler of the audiences to these short-comings, has been Mme. LUCCA. She does not disappoint, she brings a positive, fresh individuality, an intense dramatic fervor, which kindles naturally and is not forced, great versality and spontaneity in her impersonations, which all show insight and consistency; graces of person and of movement; a musical nature, and a voice large and adequate, of a free vibrating quality, sympathetic, musical, admirably trained, to all her tasks. The charm is singular, infallible. Yet she does not seem one of the fine, ideal natures; there is little of the spiritual, romantic, mystical element in the impression she produces. Her art is wholly realistic: there is the strongest contrast between such a nature and that of Nilsson. Her grandest triumphs are in the last scene of *La Favorita*; the great duet in the third act of *Les Huguenots*, where she even inspired the tenor, VIZZANI, with an unwonted life; and her Margaret in *Faust*. The first is at best a gloomy opera, and much of its music coarse and meaningless; but it affords great scope for passion, into which the little actress with the great conception, the little singer with the great voice throws herself with whole-souled, thrilling energy. Never, in voice or action, have we felt the crushing weight, the utter prostration of despair more fully embodied, nor the transfiguring power of joy when the despairing lovers meet and own their love again after both have renounced the world. With Lucca, not only is there sudden sunshine, bird-like rapture in her tones, not only is her face radiant, but her whole body appears full of light. Her Margaret is not of the ideal Nilsson type, not the refined lady in an humble guise, but just a simple, pious, charming, loving peasant girl. She is short and *brusque* with Faust in declining his first salutation. She is nature itself in the spinning wheel scene and the "King of Thule" ballad, where both the song and the thinking aloud are musically perfect. She is completely girlish in her fondling by-play with the jewels. Her agonies of remorse in the church scene, where, on her knees, with her back to the audience all the time, she strives to pray, turning the leaves of her prayer-book convulsively as if to find some prayer, some holy spell more fit for guilt like her's, are positively painful, so intensely real that many think it overdone. (Why do they always in this scene present the "Evil Spirit" in the same form and garb he wears disguised as Mephistopheles? This robs the scene of all its spiritual terror, and makes it melo-dramatic and absurd. The "Evil Spirit" here should be a far more shadowy, unearthly, superhuman presence, and not the tempter she has met before in human form and felt a strange antipathy). In the prison scene she is equally realistic; but here, as in all such climaxes, by the very intensity of feeling, by her complete *abandon*, she becomes poetic and imaginative. Nilsson is always poetic; Lucca takes Goethe literally; Nilsson is Gounod's Gretchen.

In her lighter characters we find the same realism. In *Don Giovanni*, her Zerlina has been well styled "bucolic;" it is literally conformed to the Abbe Du Ponte's text and story; but not to Mozart's music, which reveals an inner finer nature in the rustic girl. "Lucca *is* Zerlina," it is said. But which is most important, the Abbe's poor and somewhat vulgar play, or Mozart's most ideal music. Mozart in his Zerlina melodies idealizes the passion that is master of us all, reveals the divine quality of love, which lifts the peasant to a level with the queen. Mme. Bosio's Zerlina had this quality; she to our mind must evermore remain the ideal Zerlina. Yet Lucca's Zerlina was a consistent whole, most perfect in its way. Both song and action in *La ci darem*, with SIG. MORIAMI, who made a passable Don Juan, in *Batti, batti*, &c., was admirably natural and charming,—only not ideal. In Auber's Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*) she was all that one could wish, surpassing any we have seen before.

It must not be thought that we dismiss all the other artists of this troupe as not worth mention. Had we room for detail, we might speak of uniform excellence in JAMET's singing and impersonations, though he has not the weight and force for the old Huguenot soldier, Marcel. VIZZANI, the principal tenor has a handsome figure and a sweet voice, which in some scenes he has used to good advantage, though he is generally weak. Sig. ABRUGNEDO, the tenor in *La Favorita*, (the only time that we have heard him), seemed to labor hard, but sang "Spirto gentil" very acceptably. Signor SPARAPANI, baritone, lacks dignity, yet more than once has sung his way into good favor. The minor characters have been most feebly represented, if we except Mr. LYELL tenor. Signora LAVIELLE sang quite well in much of Donna Elvira's music, but as the Countess in *Figaro* she was often out of tune and stiff in action. Mlle. SANZ looks the boy parts well, sang the first song of the Page well in the *Huguenots*, but has seemed most of the time not to be in full possession of her voice. Miss KELLOGG more than once has shared the honors with Mme. LUCCA, although it is not in her voice or nature to make a very *deep* impression. Her Susanne in *Figaro* was charming and she sang *Deh vieni* exquisitely. Indeed she is one of the most sure, correct, true, facile, finished *singers* now upon the stage; and her obliging cheerful manner, her willingness to sacrifice herself and try to sing so arduous a part as Donna Anna, when she was evidently sick and almost without voice, rather than not have the play go on, have won for her much grateful recognition.

LATER.—We have seen *Mignon!* and can only now say that it was by far the best performance of the season: good *as a whole* for once. Lucca *is* Mignon verily!

WORCESTER, MASS.—The *Palladium*, Jan. 8, speaks of a concert given by Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING, and of her "magnetic power" over a "large and appreciative audience."

She was assisted by Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist of the Rudersdorff Troupe, and The Orpheus Society of Springfield; with Mr. B. D. Allen as accompanist. Miss Sterling's magnificent voice was shown to great advantage in an Aria by Salvator Rosa, (1615–1673,) Recitative and Aria from Handel's "Xerxes," "The Tomb of the Heroes" by Liszt, the "Secret" by Schubert, "The Enchantress of the Forest" by Rubinstein, and an Old English Ballad written in 1550; with *encore* selections. The Handel aria evinced her ability to perform oratorio music, and the various songs, which were all of a sombre character, (being principally in the minor mood, in

Digitized by Google

which she revels,) evidenced her strong points in dramatic music of a wonderful cast; of which however, there was too great a preponderance. A bit of genuine healthful sunshine would have been such a relief! All of her renderings bore marks of artistic culture, and her enunciation was remarkably clear and distinct; but her intonation was frequently faulty, and marred the effect, which would otherwise have been so fine. She sings with deep pathos and feeling, and is a great favorite with a Worcester audience.

Miss Liebe added to her reputation by an excellent performance of a Vieuxtemps Fantasia for violin, rendered with combined delicacy, finish and strength, to which she added refined expression and artistic feeling. She seems a genuine musician whom public flattery will not spoil. The Orpheus Society, while singing with good time and a fair expression, fell far short of the requirements.

---

CINCINNATI is preparing for a grand Musical Festival next May,—not in the noisy Gilmore "Jubilee" sense, but a genuine artistic festival. It will consist of six performances, beginning on Tuesday the 6th, and ending on Friday, the 9th day of May. Saturday, the 10th, will be devoted to a grand open air concert. The conductorship has been confided to THEODORE THOMAS, whose orchestra will, of course, render admirable service. The chorus, enlarged by delegations from all the societies of that part of the country, will be large enough for the effective production of great choral music, without competing with the childishly colossal models that have had their day in "Athens." Among the works to be given are Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," Mozart's very short but perfect "Ave verum," Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, Schumann's "Gipsey Chorus," choruses from *Tannhäuser*, &c. A neatly printed copy of a portion of this music, published by John Church & Co., of Cincinnati, lies before us. Success to the Ohio Festival!

---

The "Cincinnati Orchestra" gave its first concert at Pike's Opera House, Dec. 17th. *Church's Musical Visitor* says it was a triumphant beginning.

The following was the programme:

Overture—"Abencerages"..... Cherubini.
Symphony—B min. (Imfinished)..... Schubert.
*a.* Andante con moto. *b.* Andante con moto.
Ballets et Polonaise..... Vieuxtemps.
George Brand.
Overture—"Jubel"..... Pistow.
Waltz—"Geschichten aus den Wiener Wald."..... Strauss.
Legends from the Vienna Forest."
Ave Maria—Schubert.....For Orchestra, by F. LIZ.
*a.* Pizzicato Polka..... Strauss.
*b.* Par Force. ("Polka Schnell")

The orchestra comprises the following force: First violins 6, second violins 5, violas 4, cellos 3, bass 3, flutes 3, oboes 3, clarionets 3, bassoons 3, horns 4, cornets 2, trombones 3, tuba 1, timpani 1, drum and cause 1.

The following mention of other concerts is from the same source:

On Thursday evening, December 17th, the Harmonic Society gave a concert in aid of the charitable enterprise at Pike's Opera House, under the direction of Prof. Barua. Very near one hundred members of the popular organization took part in the concert, which was a delightful affair, meriting the highest praise. The following programme was performed:

1. Overture—Oberon..... Weber.
2. Chorus—"All Alive, All Things"—Hymn of Praise..... Mendelssohn.
3. Tenor Solo—"Sleep Well,"..... F. Abt.
4. Rondo for Cornet—Duet for two Flutes..... Kreutzer.
5. Quartet—"A te o Cara"..... Donizetti.
6. Solo and Chorus—"Hear my Prayer". Mendelssohn.
7. Overture..... Rossini.
8. Chorus—Ave Verum..... Mozart.
9. Aria from Figaro—"Non so piu"..... Mozart.
10. Fantasia from Lombardi..... Verdi.
11. March and Chorus from Tannhauser..... Wagner.

THE CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT

given at College Hall, on December 11th, by Messrs. Andre, Fleckter and Geisselbrecht, assisted by Miss Emma Heckle, was one of the most pleasant features of the month. This was the second of the series of afternoon concerts, and the audience, though not so large as it should have been, showed an increase over the first concert. The following was the programme:

1. Sonate A major—Piano and violin..... Beethoven.
2. Divertissement for violoncello..... Dotzauer.
3. Wanderstunden..... Heller.
   Impromptu..... Schubert.
   Berceuse..... Chopin.
   Polonaise..... Andre.
4. Soprano Solos. { Der Rosengarten..... Rubinstein.
   Der Recognition..... Proch.
5. Violin Solo—Legende..... Wieniawski.
6. Quartet—E flat major..... Schumann.

MILWAUKEE.—The Musical Society, under the direction of Hans Balatka, is giving a series of eight orchestral and vocal concerts this winter. Four are already past; the remaining programmes are as follows:

*Fifth Concert, Jan. 20.*

Symphony in A minor, [Scotch]..... Mendelssohn.
Aria for Contralto.
Concerto for Violin. "
Mr. Henry De Cleryne.
Chorus of the Pilgrims from "Tannhauser"..Wagner.
Introduction to "Lohengrin," orchestra.... "
Duetto for Contralto and Baritone from "Favorita"
Donizetti.
"Rheinweinlied," Overture for Orchestra. Schumann.

*Sixth Concert, Feb. 17.*

Overture "Hagenots"..... Meyerbeer.
Aria for Soprano.
Theme and Variations for orchestra..... Onslow.
Chorus for male voices.
Fantasie on themes from "Robert le Diable" Balatka.
Terzetto: "Dort Giovanni"..... Mozart.
"Souvenir de Suisse"..... Servais.
For Violoncello.—Mr. F. Eichheim.
"Scene et Ballade" from "Vespers Siciliennes".
Verdi.

For Soli, chorus and orchestra.

*Seventh Concert, March 17.*

Symphony, B flat major..... Beethoven.
Duet for Soprano and Alto from "Sappho"...Facini.
Male chorus.
Beigian Overture..... H. Vieuxtemps.
Aria for Soprano.
Grand Septuor, Finale to the 1st act of "Tannhauser"..... Wagner.
Triumphal March, for orchestra..... Lassen.

*Eighth Concert, April 15.*

Overture, "Hamlet"..... Emanuel Bach. (17)
Songs for Baritone.
Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C minor.
Gade.
Aria for Alto.
Triumphal Hymn of the Romans, for male voices.
Max Bruch.
"Les Preludes", Orchestra..... Franz Liszt.
Songs for Tenor
Piano—Selections from..... Chopin and Mendelssohn.
Gottschalk.
Finale to the first act of the opera "Rienzi" for soli, chorus and orchestra..... R. Wagner.

---

COLOGNE.—Third Gürzenich Concert: Overture-Fantasia to *Paradise und Peri*, Bennett; Violoncello Concerto, Goltermann (Professor Rensburg); Chorus of Druids, from *Arvira et Evelina*, Sacchini; Pianoforte Concerto, E flat major, Beethoven (Herr Carl Heymann); Double Chorus from *Colinette à la Cour*, Grétry; Air, Bach; "Wiegenlied," Hauser; "Ballette," Martini (Professor Rensburg); Symphony, C minor, Beethoven.—Second Concert of Chamber Music, given by Herren Gernsheim and Japha; Quartet, D minor, Schubert; Trio, F major, Gernsheim; Quartet, F major, Beethoven.

Fourth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Lodoiska* Cherubini; Concert Aria, Mozart (Mdlle. Louise Voss); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2, E minor, E. Reinecke (the composer); "Gesang der Geister über des Wasers," Ferdinand Hiller. Pianoforte pieces: "Notturno," Reinecke; "Marcia giocosa," Hiller; "Am Springbrunnen," Schumann (Herr Reinecke); Two Songs, Franz and Schumann; and C major Symphony, Schubert.

---

PARIS.—At M. Pasdeloup's Sunday Popular Concerts at the Cirque, on the 22nd inst., the scheme comprised Beethoven's Symphony in C, No. 1, and Mendelssohn's in A minor; Meyerbeer's overture to the "Etoile du Nord"; the *air de ballet* from Rameau's "Dardanus"; and an *adagietto* by Herr Joachim Raff, of Wiesbaden. The "Marche Scherzo," by M. Saint-Saëns, the organist and pianist, who played at Mr. John Ella's Musical Union, has been successfully executed at M. Pasdeloup's concerts, whilst Berlioz's "Ballet des Sylphes," from his "Damnation de Faust," has been encored at two of the Conservatoire concerts. La Société Nationale de Musique, at the Salle Pleyel, in full force in Paris, where new works by MM. Duvernoy, Lacombe, Saint-Saëns, Lalo, Pfeiffer, Fiesot, Jacquarel, Mas, Armingaud, &c., have been produced,


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

Nannie and I. 2. E♭ to e. *Harrington.* 30
"When we gathered the sweet Arbutus,
Nannie and I!"
One of the sweetest of sweet ballads.
When the Song-bird sang the Good-night. Song and Cho. 3. B♭ to f. *Huntley.* 30
"I'll wait thy coming, Annie."
Melodious love song.
Will you miss me. Song and Cho. 3. B♭ to g. *Pratt.* 30
"Will you miss me? Tell me true."
Smooth and musical words by Geo. Cooper, and the air worthy of the words.
Minnie Jean. 3. F to f. *Harrington.* 30
"Can you, my love, forget?"
Thinking and Dreaming. 3. D to g. *Tours.* 40
"I'll think of thee the whole day long."
Sweet Memories of Thee. 3. D to g.
*N. P. H. Smith.* 30
"The myrtle moorbeams gently fall.
The above three songs may be mailed together, having the same general character, and are melodious popular music. The accompaniment of the second is a trifle difficult.
Esmeralda. 4. D (major and minor) to d. *Levey.* 50
"Where is the little gipsy home?
Under the greenwood tree."
A very pretty, showy piece for concert or other singing. The melody has a kind of dance movement which is very pleasant.
Sands of Dee. 3. C to d. *Southard.* 30
"O Mary go and call the cattle home."
A pensive Scotch song.
From this Wildly Throbbing Heart. (Ah, vous dirai-je). Vocal Variations. 6. G to c. *Adam.* 60
"Love is life, and life is love.
Ohne Liebe lebt man nicht.
Peut-on vivre sans amour?"
French, German and English words. A sure success for those who can sing it, as the pretty familiar melody, alternating with difficult and sparkling variations, will "bring down" any house.
Good Bye. 3. A to g. *Tully.* 30
"When evening shadows fall—and all is still."
O Silver Moon. 4. B♭ to f. *Tully.* 30
"Ye midnight stars who far away are shining."
Beautiful songs in excellent taste.

**Instrumental.**

March from "L'Ombre." 3. F. *J. S. Knight.* 30
Nervous, full, wide-awake music.
Trois Idylles. No. 1. Le Calme. 4. G.
*Leonhkorn.* 30
Not so very calm, as there is considerable action to it, but wonderfully pretty.
New Vienna Waltzes. Violin and Piano. 3.
*Strauss.* 75
Does not need puffing. Only try it.
Moment Musical. 3. A. *Perabo.* 40
Extremely delicate and pretty, original and not difficult. Mr. P., who could play it probably, with his little finger, deserves credit for restraining his invention, and producing a piece which every one can play and enjoy.
Myrtle Wreath Waltz. 3. *Edward Strauss.* 60
Good in not too fast a time, but this one waltz proclaims him a near relation, and with a full share of the family talent.
Happy Thoughts Waltz. 3. A. *Nair.* 35
A happy inspiration suggested it. Indeed it has a Nair tune in pleasant mood.
Adelphi March. 3. C. *Mandelbaum.* 30
A robust and energetic chorus part, and a bright set of *picole* passages in the trio.
Silver Ripples. *Mack.* each 30
No. 1. Piggy Wiggy Schottish. No. 17. Garnet Redoma. No. 19. Reverie Contemplation.
Piggy Wiggy and the rest are all fingered and prepared nicely for young learners.
Commemoration (Grand March. 3. C. *Clark.* 50
We are always commemorating something, and here is a good march music for the occasion.
Melodies of Spring. No. 10. Maggie's Secret. 3. F. *Wyman.* 30
Neat variations of a well-known air.
Trois Nocturnes. No. 3. 4. F minor. *Kephard.* 35
A minor and soothing melody, with abundance of graceful changes, which relieves it from the danger of being too soothing or monotonous.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, as *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 830. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Recollections of Chopin and Liszt.

From the German.

It was in 1828 that LENZ, in later years the author of *"Beethoven et ses Trois Styles,"* and of *"Beethoven, eine Kunststudie,"* but then a young man of nineteen, went to Paris to study music under Kalkbrenner. As he walked along the Boulevards he read the advertisement of a concert to be given in the Conservatory by M. LISZT, when a Concerto of Beethoven's would be performed. This notice was destined to have an important influence on his life. He little thought that Beethoven's works, almost unknown to him at that time, would afterwards induce him to write six volumes about them. Just as little did he imagine that he should become the personal friend of Liszt, and should publish in Berlin, in 1872, a small pamphlet entitled *"Die Grossen Pianoforte Virtuosen unserer Zeit,"** from which we have taken the following extracts.

Incited, he tells us, by the handbill of the concert, he told his friends of his wish to become a pupil of Liszt. They all laughed at the notion, urging that Liszt had never given a lesson and was not even a professor of the piano. Not discouraged by their ridicule, he sought out Liszt and found him at home,—a rare occurrence, according to the great man's mother, who said that her Franz was almost always at church, no longer devoting himself exclusively to music. These were the days in which Liszt thought of becoming a St. Simonist. Liszt, a thin, pale young man of remarkably attractive features, was lying on a sofa lost in thought, and smoking a long Turkish pipe, in the midst of three pianos. As Lenz entered he neither moved nor appeared to see him. Lenz explained to him in French, the only language which Liszt then would tolerate, that his family had wished him to take lessons of Kalkbrenner, but that he preferred to apply to him, because he was going to play a Concerto of Beethoven's in public. Liszt's smile was like the gleam of a dagger in the sun. "Play me something," was the only reply.

"I will play Kalkbrenner's Sonata for the left hand," answered Lenz, supposing that he had said the right thing.

"I won't hear that; I don't know it, and don't wish to learn it," was the scornful rejoinder.

Poor Lenz was in despair, but he walked manfully to the nearest piano. "Not that," exclaimed Liszt, without changing his position, "the other," and Lenz went to the second piano and began the "Invitation to the Dance." At the three first A-flats not a sound was given forth by the instrument. What did it mean? He played on bravely to the first chords, when Liszt came up to him and, seizing his right hand, demanded: "What is *that?* it begins well."

"It is Weber's," answered Lenz.

"Did he write it for the piano? We only know his *Rêbin den Bois* here."

"Certainly," was the astonished reply, accompanied with an enumeration of some of his works and hearty admiration of them. Liszt begged him to bring whatever he had with him of Weber's, and promised to give him a lesson for the first time in his life, as Lenz had introduced him to Weber; adding that he need not play on that piano again, for it was only a little *"mauvaise plaisanterie"* of his, because Lenz spoke of Kalkbrenner. At the first lesson Liszt became more enamored of Weber. He expressed his delight at the Sonata in A flat by lively gestures and exclamations; and just before the conclusion of the first part of the Allegro, cried: "Stop, stop, what is that? I must look at that myself."

Think of a genius like Liszt for the first time listening to and performing Weber! It seemed with Liszt's rendering as if it were he who was teaching Weber to Lenz. Afterwards the whole world knew how he glorified Weber at the piano, and talked of the triumphal processions that he led with the composer in concert pieces throughout Europe.

In 1842 Lenz again went to Paris. His first visit there of course was to Liszt, whose mother received him most cordially with the news that her son had given up St. Simonism. Liszt's reception of his friend was hearty. "I must see you every day and order an Erard for you; we'll bring back the old times and play Weber's Sonatas," he said, "from the same sheets; those with your remarks written on them, they have always been kept by me as a sacred treasure. But I also want to know something of Chopin's."

"Whatever you please, only don't think of pay. A cup of coffee is all I want."

Those were never to be forgotten hours. Liszt was always in season, it was the *"politesse du Roi."* One morning he proposed a walk, inquiring first into the nature of Lenz's overcoat, who was rather proud of his tigerskin and brown velvet coat. "What an excitement you will create with that!" said the great pianist, as he saw the garment. "Why, I am the only man in Paris who could give you his arm in that hanseatic skin. Come, we'll eat macaroni at Broschi's, where Rossini goes, and sit at his table." As they walked through the Boulevards, stared at by the passers, the assertion was well verified. Chopin could not have walked in company with such a coat. George Sand would have been displeased.

In those days it was *distingué* not to return to Paris till very late in the fall. Chopin therefore could not come back, or else Sand would not permit it. Liszt could wait for him no longer, so he gave his card to Lenz, with the magic words written on it: *Laissez passer.*—FRANZ LISZT. "Give that to Chopin," he said; "without a *laissez passer* you would never see him; that's the way with first-class authors and artists, we can't afford to waste our time. Go about two o'clock to the Cité d'Orléans, where he lives. Sand is there too, and Dantan and Viardot; they spend the evenings at a German countess's; perhaps Chopin will take you, but don't ask him to introduce you to Sand. He is *'embrageux.'*"

"He has not your courage."

"No, poor Frederic, he has not."

At last Lenz could see Chopin; he gave the card to the servant, who declared that Chopin was not at home. "Give him this card and leave the rest to me," Lenz insisted. Soon, card in hand, Chopin appeared,—a young man of medium size, worn looking with a languishing, speaking face, and the finest Parisian dress. He did not even motion Lenz to a seat, who stood as if before a lord.

"What do you want? Are you a scholar of Liszt's, an artist?" was the unflattering question.

"A friend of Liszt's, who desired the pleasure of learning your Mazurkas under your guidance, for I regard them as a literature; some I have already studied with Liszt." Careless words, and too late.

"Indeed!" politely drawled Chopin. "What do you want of me, then? Play me what you learned with Liszt. I have a few minutes to spare, was just going out, had closed my door, you are excused."

As thirteen years before, Lenz was in an awkward situation; yet there was no fear of another examination after one with Liszt, so he opened the piano, (a Pleyel, Chopin used no other). Chopin leaned as if fatigued upon the instrument, looking right into his face. Lenz but ventured a glance at him and boldly struck into the Mazurka in B-flat major, the one for which Liszt had given him some variations. The Pleyel was easier than the Erard had been. Lenz did well. Chopin obligingly whispered: "That *trait* is not yours. *He* showed you that. *He* must put his hand on everything. Well, he can dare to; he plays before thousands, I before *one.* That's good. I'll give you lessons twice a week; it will be hard for me to find three-quarters of an hour. What are you reading?"

"Geo. Sand, and *Jean Jacques* first of all."

Chopin smiled. "Liszt told you to say that; I see you are initiated; so much the better; be punctual. My house is a dove-cot. We shall become better acquainted with each other. A recommendation from Liszt means something; you are the first scholar he has sent me; we are friends, we were comrades."

Lenz went long before the appointed time and waited. One lady after another came, besides Filtsch, a wonderful boy, with whom Chopin played. His playing lacked in physical strength, but his grace and elegance were unattainable; and when he indulged in any ornament it was always the apotheosis of taste. Only in earlier years could Chopin have obtain-

* The Great Pianoforte Virtuosos of our Time.

Digitized by Google

ed a position by the side of Liszt. Now he only played once a year, half in public, in a chosen circle of his scholars and admirers, amidst the highest society, when the tickets were taken beforehand and distributed privately.

"Do you study when the concert day comes?" asked Lenz.

"I don't like the public, but it belongs to my position. Fourteen days I shut myself up and play Bach; that's my preparation; I never practice my own compositions."

Lenz told him that his Mazurkas were Heine's Songs on the piano.

Chopin played in an absent fashion with the chain of his watch, which he always placed on the instrument during the lesson, lest it should transgress the three quarters of an hour, and said: "Yes, you understand me; I would willingly listen to you if you would play me something for the *first* time. When you are prepared, it is no longer the same thing, but mediocre.

"So Liszt said," slipped from the unfortunate Lenz.

"*Then* I do not wonder that you think I am right," was the biting and bitter answer.

"Liszt said of your Mazurkas, that a new piano of the first rank must be harnessed before each one."

"Liszt is always right. Do you think I satisfy myself in my Mazurkas? Never. A couple of times I have happened to, when I was elevated by the feeling of the people there; they must hear me once a year, the rest is work. See, there's the *Valse mélancolique;* that you can't play alive. You understand the piece well, so I'll write you something. An autograph of Chopin's is rare; no letter or note would he write. "George Sand," he said, "writes so beautifully that no one else has a right to." Whenever he was pleased with a scholar he would make a cross under the particular passage with his fine-pointed pencil. When Lenz had received two in the Nocturne in E flat, Op. 9, Chopin said: "Leave me at rest now; I don't like the piece. I never give more than three. You can't improve on it."

"*You* play it so beautifully that no one else can dare to try?"

"Liszt can," said Chopin, dryly, and would not play it again for Lenz. He had written down for him little important changes in it; his notes were neat, clean and sharp.

As Liszt had said, Chopin took Lenz to the German countess's one evening, telling him as they mounted the stairs, that he must play something, but nothing of his. "Play Weber's *Invitation.*" George Sand never spoke of an introduction; that was impolite. So Lenz seated himself near her. Chopin fluttered about like a frightened bird in a cage; he saw something coming. At the first pause in the conversation Chopin led Lenz to the piano; he played the *Invitation* fragmentarily. Chopin shook his hand in a friendly way. George Sand kept silence. Lenz placed himself near her again. Chopin looked anxiously at them.

"Shall you not go to Petersburg, where you are so much read and honored?" inquired Lenz of Sand, in the bitterest tone.

"I shall never lower myself to a land of slaves," was the short answer.

"After all you are right in not coming, you might find the doors closed." (He was thinking of the Emperor Nicholas.) George Sand gazed at him astonished; he looked calmly into her great brown eyes. Chopin was not displeased, judging by the motions of his head. Instead of any reply, Sand rose theatrically and walked like a man through the saloon to the blazing fire. Lenz followed her and seated himself for the third time near her. At last she must say something; instead of that she drew out an enormously thick cigar from her pocket, calling: "Frederic, a *fidibus.*" How sorry Lenz felt for Chopin! He understood in its full meaning Liszt's exclamation of "poor Frederic!" Chopin staggered in obediently with a *fidibus.* After the first frightful cloud of smoke, Sand deigned to address him. "In Petersburg I could not smoke in a saloon."

"I have never seen a cigar smoked in any saloon," he replied with emphasis and a deep bow. Sand looked fixedly at him; he glanced quietly around at the fine pictures, each of which was lighted with a special lamp. Chopin had heard nothing.

Poor Frederic! The next day some one at Lenz's hotel said to him: "A gentleman and lady called. I told them you were not at home, as you had not said that you would receive; the gentleman left his name, as he had no card;" and Lenz heard: "Chopin and Mme. George Sand." At the following lesson Chopin said: "George Sand went with me to see you; what a pity you were not at home. She thought she had been impolite to you and saw how amiable you were; you pleased her." From that time Lenz enjoyed special favors. He had pleased Sand: that was a diploma. Sand had honored him with a visit: that was promotion.

Meyerbeer entered Lenz's room once when Chopin was giving him his lesson. He was not announced, for he was king. Lenz was playing the Mazurka in C, Op. 33. "That is two-quarter time," said Meyerbeer. Chopin contradicted him and bade Lenz repeat the passage, keeping time with his pencil on the piano, his eyes glowing.

"Two quarters," said Meyerbeer, quietly.

"Three quarters," insisted Chopin, loudly, his cheeks flushing.

"Give it to me for a ballet in my opera; I'll show it to you then."

"It is three quarters," almost screamed Chopin and played it himself, counting aloud, stamping the time with his foot. He was beside himself. It availed nothing. Meyerbeer would not yield, and so they parted angrily.

Poor Chopin! he died of sadness. George Sand speaks of him in her new book, "A Winter in the South of Europe," not by name, but as "the artist." Though not depreciative, it lacks in justice, is simply full of Parisian queerness. How could a French nature understand Chopin? A Sand, who could go no further in music than: "*Jouez moi quelque chose,*" "*Frederic, a fidibus.*" The artist was in a web, and the spider was ready. Chopin's compositions open a new era on the piano, though incurring the danger of not being understood, because they seem different on the paper from what they do in their adequate tone-life. As expressive of the instrument, as treatment of it, they are beyond Weber's, asserting the first place in the literature of the piano. They are not cosmic, but elegiac, lyrical. From the standpoint of the nationality of their creator, they are ideal and immortal in the history of the musical mind.

KATE G. WELLS.

## The Symphony Concerts.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 22).

Mr. George William Curtis in the Easy Chair department of *Harper's Monthly* for February fires a shot at Boston musical performance which is partly deserved and partly undeserved. It is doubtless convenient for Mr. Curtis's purposes to assume that the programmes of the Harvard symphony concerts are exclusively or chiefly made up from the compositions of Bach. As a matter of fact there has been but one "number" on the whole series of programmes this season taken from that composer's works. Mr. Curtis represents the people who attend classical concerts as groaning under a bondage. They dislike the make-up of the programmes, and apparently they dislike music in general; but they go because it is the fashion. We cannot constitute ourselves judges of the motives of the Harvard audiences, and we cannot guess how general were the confidences that were poured into the sympathizing ear of the Easy Chair. We presume, however, that our concert-goers are no more and no less the slaves of fashion than other people. Mr. Curtis would probably admit that a real appreciation of what is termed classical music is evidence of a higher culture than a general liking for music; just as an appreciation of the best works of great sculptors and painters indicates a better knowledge of art than a fondness for paintings, good and bad alike. That there are some people in Boston who do have a taste for classical music cannot be doubted. That they are influential enough to secure a series of ten concerts a year, with programmes to their liking, is at least an argument in favor of the teachableness of the Boston public. If many go, as many undoubtedly do go, merely to put on a show of love for classical music, their support of these concerts, even from motives not the best, makes them pecuniarily successful and secures one of the highest pleasures to those who do enjoy them. And so long as concerts of the highest class can be supported there is no necessity for lowering the standard. When "Hamlet" has a long run in New York, we do not suppose it is because all those who go to the theatre prefer Shakespearian tragedy to the "Black Crook," but it is nevertheless a hopeful sign for the drama when even fashion holds people to the legitimate drama.

## The Harvard Concerts.

[By George. W. Curtis in Harper's Monthly.]

It was with amazement that the Easy Chair heard a voice say in the city of Boston as the crowd was thronging out of Music hall after a Harvard classical concert; "This Bach business is a fashion that has nearly gone out!"

"Shame!" said a severe voice; "some of us will stand by the ark to the last. Don't you know that Rubinstein will never play in a concert where Strauss's name and music are upon the programme?"

"He is ill at those 'numbers,' I suppose," said a sarcastic voice, emphasizing the "numbers" in derision of the pedantry of musical criticism which describes the various pieces by that word.

But another voice began to hum the Blue Danube waltz.

"Shame, I say again," exclaimed Severity. "How can a rational being with a soul for music profess pleasure in the shallow tum-ti-tum tum-ti-tum of Strauss's waltzes! Why, I remember in other days when Ralph Yale, fresh from his musical studies in Germany, jumped up from his seat in the parquet during *Norma*, and said that the tum-ti-tum of the accompaniment would drive him mad if he did not leave the theatre. And he departed."

"Good riddance," said the Blue Danube, intermitting the humming only long enough to say it.

Digitized by Google

"I repeat," said the first voice, firmly, "that the Bach business is gone by. There are fashions in music, as there are in painting and architecture and oratory and bonnets. Thank mercy, Bach is going with the old pokes and the coal-scuttles."

The Easy Chair trembled as it heard such musical blasphemy in the very adytum of the temple. It had been listening in the lofty but dim and melancholy hall to the performance of a noble orchestra, and to singing and virtuoso-playing. The audience sat in grim propriety, and there was an occasional sound of grave applause. But as the Easy Chair listened to the music and watched the other listeners, it became conscious of some spell, as often in a church when everybody painfully attends to the preacher, and yet it is folly to pretend that anybody cares for the sermon. The audience gradually became a congregation engaged in unwilling worship, and as the eyes of the observer wandered about the hall they suddenly saw the colossal bronze statue of the great master Beethoven standing before the great organ. The huge figure fronting the audience with thunders upon its tremendous brow, its hands clasped, and with an aspect of Titanic defiance, suddenly became in the frightened imagination of the Easy Chair an enormous idol sternly glaring at its worshippers, and seeming to say, "Cease to worship at your peril!"

Simultaneously there was a prolonged fugue movement in the orchestra, a series of unmelodic vanishings of sound, giving the impression of frightened instruments escaping pell-mell in every direction from that awful presence. The audience assumed an appearance of grotesque anxiety to placate the offended deity; and the Easy Chair, with imagination now seriously disordered, fancied that the attention of the worshippers had momentarily swerved from their devotions, and that, half suspecting the colossus had perceived it, they now redoubled the grimness of their propriety, that he might believe himself deceived.

"What thunders upon that majestic brow!" remarked the Easy Chair, with a sense of awe, to a young neighbor.

"Yes, a thundering scowl," returned the young neighbor, aggressively, as if his thoughts were impatiently, and even indignantly, wandering from the solemn theme.

"How very Bach-like!" suggested the Easy Chair, anxious to be Roman in Rome, and to recall its erring neighbor.

"If 'twere only Bacchic, the subscriber would shout hallelujah," was the astounding reply. It was a young man evidently capable of liking the *Blue Danube* waltz or of any similar sin.

The Easy Chair found itself looking furtively about, and wondering whether there were other scoffers of the same reckless character. But it lost its breath when its young neighbor wantonly whispered: "I wish those confounded fiddles would stop wallowing and floundering in the inexpressible and the unattainable, and play a waltz."

The instinct of the Easy Chair was to make the sign of the cross, but after a few moments of recovery it answered that it thought melody was accounted sacrilege and profanation in that temple of harmony.

"Certainly it is," said the young neighbor, in a tone of anguish; "it is absolutely forbidden. We are not allowed to have it." Then lowering his voice and looking apprehensively around, like a Spaniard in the days of the inquisition, or a Venetian trembling before the Ten, he said in a startled whisper: "There's one that rules us with a rod of iron. He thinks melody is wicked! He's all for what I call mummied music—nothing but actual ancient mummies or their modern imitators. A little mummy is well enough, but, O dear anonymous stranger! mummy all the time is dreadful! You see how it is, we all look like mummies ourselves. What with the rod of iron and that brazen giant upon the platform—*de profundis clamavi!*"

Yet when the Easy Chair asked if the worshippers did not enjoy the worship, the young neighbor said: "Who can tell? They don't dare to say whether they do or not. We are all taught to think that this alone is music. As if there could be no poetry except Paradise Lost! Good? Why, of course 'tis the very best. But who wants the very best all the time? Am I accursed if I do not always wish to read of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute?" My stuttering friend thought that M-M-M-M-Macaulay was a good writer, but shall there be nothing but Macaulay? "Pooh!" said the young neighbor, contemptuously. "Do you see that old fellow with the pig-tail? That's old Wax Candles. Do you suppose he cares about Bach? It's the fashion to come, and he comes. If 'twere the fashion to sit on the State-house steps he'd pionsly seat himself and look as if he liked it. Come, now, I have my theory as well as old Rod of Iron, and my theory is that anybody who is susceptible to music delights in all, as a man who has song in his soul, and enjoys Shakespeare's sonnets, and the Divine Comedy, also likes Burns. I tell you, sir, compassionate sir, if you will allow me," said the young neighbor,—"for really I feel toward you as the unhappy spirits in the Inferno felt toward Dante and his guide,—I tell you that our fate is dreadful; and I believe that if, at the end of this insufferable thing which sounds like a complicated exercise, the orchestra should go off into an airy measure, full of easy and comprehensive melody, the congregation would be delighted."

The justification of the opinion was in the remark overheard by the Easy Chair that the "Bach business is a fashion that has nearly gone out." Is it perhaps possible that even the Harvard concerts have been too severely classical? Is there a tendency in the development of musical taste, as in that of wine, to a constantly drier and drier flavor? The Easy Chair has sat at sumptuous tables where the champagne was as dry as old Rhenish; and although it knew that its character of connoisseur would be forever lost with the courteous host, it has ventured to say: "Oh for a beaker of d'Asti!" 'Tis a sweet foaming wine of Piedmont. When the young neighbor sighed and groaned and raged furiously like the heathen at that music, it was satiety with the dry old Bach vintage and a longing for the sweet foaming liquor of Strauss or another.

And, indeed, as the Easy Chair reflected upon all the voices that it heard that day, and upon the sombre hall, yet noble with its double galleries and lofty height, it remembered that while the massive and grand Beethoven stands upon the platform, high in an opposite niche is the Apollo of the Belvidere, smiling and graceful, springing gayly forward into the hall. Shall not he also be worshipped in that temple of harmony? Shall not the strains to which all hearts beat time, and to which all feet and canes and umbrellas would do likewise, if it were seemly—not the "Blue Danube" only, but all that it stands for—shall not these be heard mingling with the other, lest the other prove by too great severity to be, as the first voice said, a fashion?

## Schumann's Music.

(From the Arcadian, New York.)

It is thirty-five years since Liszt wrote in the *Gazette Musicale* the first public recognition of the characteristics of Schumann's music, the first at least which was satisfactory to the composer. From that day to this the fame of Schumann has been growing in Germany. It was four or five years after Liszt's praise that Chorley wrote home to England the first tidings about Schumann which had reached that island. He told of a preposterous charlatan who had a style, it was true, but whose style was only "a certain thickness freaked with frivolity," and whom some presumptuous Germans thought of elevating to the pedestal made vacant by the ever-lamentable death of Mendelssohn. In a word this person's performances were "transcendental." That is to say, Mr. Chorley did not understand them; that is to say they were bad. Since then English opinion has got the start of the majestic Chorley. Schumann's widow has interpreted Schumann's works until the English public learned to endure and then to inquire. But Schumann has not yet the comparative standing in England that he has either in Germany or here.

The introduction of Schumann's orchestral music in America has been wrought mainly through German influence, and specially through the efforts of Mr. Thomas. It has come to pass now, that in all symphony concerts he has the lead of Mendelssohn. But what was known here of his piano-forte composition up to within two or three years we owed very largely to the enthusiasm of Mr. William Mason, both by precept in his teaching and by example in his public performances. And then came Miss Mehlig, who played Schumann steadily, and Miss Krebs. And now has come Rubinstein, and played Schumann to an unprecedented extent, and in an unprecedented way. So that now the most characteristic piano-forte compositions of Schumann are on every dealer's shelves. It is worth inquiring what are the characteristics of this music, thus become fashionable, in the same sense in which Bach may be said to be fashionable [?] in Boston, without becoming in any proper sense popular.

In the first place this piano-forte music is primarily music, and not pianism. This peculiarity differences it at once from the work of Chopin, and much more of Liszt, and allies it with that of Beethoven. But here resemblance ceases, except that, like Beethoven, Schumann depends entirely for effect upon the inner, that is the endogenous, development of his idea. Beethoven works out his themes by variations properly so called. Schumann's method is different not only from this but from the method of any other master. His themes are detached and appear in different parts and different forms, acquiring strength by progress, gaining at every change a new sense and a fresh meaning, undergoing as a rule little or no melodic or rhythmic change, undergoing however a variety of harmonic or modulatory changes. In the former case the theme itself is changed; in the latter, it is merely put in new aspects. As half a dozen bits of glass assume ever new appearances under the revolutions of a kaleidoscope, so a phrase of half a dozen notes is shown by Schumann to be capable of assuming shapes as varied. The "Carnival" is built upon four notes; the six fugues on B A C H also upon four. It is not a process of subtraction and addition, but of analysis and synthesis. After the whole has been almost lost by dismemberment the parts suddenly reunite, and the climax is thus reached. Thus comes the constant rhythmic swing which is so strongly marked in all his compositions. The motives themselves, by their individuality of merit and beauty, easily lend themselves to this treatment. His aim seems to be, and the result certainly is, *neatness* of handling, and the production of a rounded and symmetrical total, a musical unit, homogeneous, every part of which is essential to the whole. It is as an entirety, and in its entirety that the work appears, and thus it lives in the ear and the memory like the "Traumerei" and the "Warum."

In the essentially lyric bent of his genius Schumann resembles Chopin more than any other man. But there is in Schumann the artistic element of repose, and the intellectual attribute of concentration, which Chopin lacked; and he lacks the fluency which Chopin had, and which in Chopin so often became diffuseness. Fluency easily obtained is a snare. It was only by a struggle for musical expression that Schumann came to attain that classic severity which marks his music, and to reject utterly whatever was not essential to his end. Schumann's music is the memorandum of his thought. By this sacrificial style Schumann goes more directly at his effect, and attains his goal much more quickly. Much of Chopin's music sounds like an improvisation, and betrays the mannerism of the executant, mingled with or overlaying the inner thought of the musician. That is, it is primarily piano-forte music. The musical ideas are often lost sight of in a labyrinth of "piano-forte passages," thrown in as such; they are intellectually disconnected from the main subject—that is, he rambles. Schumann never rambles in this way. This seems strange, at first sight, since Chopin seems to take pains to reveal his thought and to blazon forth his passion, and Schumann to veil his. It is disguised by every artifice of form—transposition, putting the motive as accompaniment, making it do every sort of menial duty, and appear in all manner of disguises and transformations. But Chopin's music, though always pleasing and even delightful and musically—that is, sensuously—an unit, is logically fragmentary. Schumann, though often abrupt, and to the unaccustomed sense at times fragmentary, is never so logically. Chopin often loses his idea in his music; Schumann never. The one is the servant, the other the master of his genius. There is always to be got from Schumann's work the impression of intellectual power rigorously devoted to attaining a definite end, to the attainment of which everything is subordinated. His music is more homogeneous than Chopin's, and consequently purer. And the effect of it is healthier, because it is more concise and stronger by concentration and rejection. In Chopin you feel that the inspiration is throughout æsthetically high, and that the result cannot be other than beautiful. But in all the maturer works of Schumann you have a clearer impression of the individual "thing of beauty," which you feel is to grow upon rehearing, to be recalled as a unit, and so to become a joy forever.

The "Songs Without Words" of Mendelssohn come in for comparison very fairly, since they correspond, in length and in purpose, to a great part of Schumann's piano-forte compositions. Compare them, and see how weak Mendelssohn is where Schumann is so strong. The themes of the "Lieder" are tame, and the treatment flat, monotonous,

Digitized by Google

and mentally and contrapuntally commonplace by comparison. The theme is a simple flowing melody uppermost throughout, and with a uniform accompaniment. How different the many-sidedness of the shortest composition of Schumann! The first bar of "Warum" rouses attention, and as it goes on, the melody weaving in and out of itself, different parts of it sounding at once, with the throbbing syncopated accompaniments now below and now above the struggling theme,—how unique is the effect! How strange and how suggestive are the modulations which bring into such strong relief the focal points of the struggle, and lead in again the simple melody, now peaceful and tranquil, because tranquilized by treatment! The "Songs without Words" appear in the comparison the common language of a polished man and scholar. "Warum" and its kindred productions are the passionate utterances of an inspired poet.

Schumann's study of older composers, and particularly of Bach, is apparent enough. But, although polyphonic in the highest degree, the polyphony of Schumann is of an entirely original mould. There is no trace of pedantry, but the aroma of poetry in all his work. He has acquired the old science, but he has utilized it for his own purposes. His treatment of his *Canti Fermi*, essentially and æsthetically, is like no other. Like all good music, the worth of his appeals to the eye, as well as to the ear, and is discernible upon ocular study. No music of which this is not true can be possessed of remarkable intellectual merit. But in sensuous effect, it does not belie nor fall below the ocular impression. It is pure music, it grows upon hearing and rehearing, and the æsthetic beauty of it is in no whit inferior to the intellectual strength it displays, whatever has been said or may be said to the contrary. The native vigor of it carries it successfully through the dangerous ordeal of transcription. The Romanze and Scherzo, from the D-minor symphony, transcribed for organ or piano, is unequalled in effectiveness by any similar transcription from the symphonic works of Beethoven. Schumann is more purely musical even than any of his contemporaries, and more akin in this to the old masters, of whom, for spontaneity, Mozart must be reckoned first. His work is an idealization in sounds of the impressions produced in him by every-day scenes and characters. Intensely subjective, his pieces are specimens of pure musical thought, disengaged from all disturbing influences and working from within outwards, by exclusion of everything foreign to the thought. They are musical problems, for the solution of which everything in them must be reckoned. The manner, like the matter, is enigmatic, but carrying its own solution, awakening interest, and holding it and gratifying it.

But it is impossible that such music should ever become popular concert music. Neither Rubinstein nor any other pianist can make it available in that direction. Such a use is forbidden by the nature of the music itself. There is no virtuosity in it. Schumann's climaxes and effects are for the inner rather than the outer ear. He prefers to startle the mind of the player or listener rather than either to dazzle the eye or smite the ear. Chopin's music is not so good for concert purposes as Liszt's, and Schumann's is less available than either, being more purely intellectual and essential music, and possessing absolutely none of the elements of *eclat*.

But for meditative playing and practice, as parlor and chamber music, Schumann's music is perfect; cast less in the archaic mould than Beethoven's; more intensely lyrical even than Chopin's, in that it employs more exclusively the singing and sympathetic part of the piano, the centre, and rarely invades either extreme of the keyboard, and having here, also, the advantage of Beethoven, who accepted the traditional *virtuoso* use of the instrument; depending entirely for its effect upon the intricate involution of musical ideas. It has come to be valued as such by many musicians, and it will grow soon to include the whole of its "audience, fit though few." For range and versatility, Schumann yields to many men; for intellectual grasp and depth of passion, to none. In its own sphere, his piano music is classic in the full and exact sense; the best of its kind. It is invaluable to musicians who wish to stimulate invention by contact with a strong and original mind, and to follow a guide through a gold mine almost unexplored. Standing on the intellectual and æsthetic level of Beethoven, Schumann, as he is revealed in his piano-forte compositions, overlooks a long line of contemporaries, beginning with Mendelssohn and Chopin, and ending with Gottschalk. C. B. S.

# Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, JAN. 22.—As you have had an experience of fire in Boston you know that it is not on the whole an advantage to musical interests. The times have been dull here this winter and in no way more so than in music. We had Rubinstein for one blessed week, and that was good. The present writer is one who would not undertake to criticize that great artist. Suffice it to say that such a series of programmes of the very best pianoforte music, so played, is an experience to be remembered as long as this rural breast shall beat with enthusiasm for music.

Our Oratorio Society, under Mr. Butterfield's direction, have been "pottering along" all winter on one or two choruses from "Naaman." They had their first entertainment of the season, a combined lecture and concert (an artistic mermaid) cooked up for last Thursday evening in the First Congregational Church. This was the most beautiful Protestant church in the city, and had a seating capacity of about 2500. About seven o'clock in the evening fire was discovered near one of the furnaces, and within two or three hours only walls and ashes remained to tell the tale. The trustees had been wiser than the children of light sometimes are, and had laid up a certain amount of treasure in the insurance offices, from which about $115,000 will be forth-coming, and this will probably be enough to replace the building. The organ was a beauty and has gone up to see Elijah, where it is to be hoped it will learn better than to play the *Miserere* from "Trovatore" in church—a trick it has been guilty of more than once during its mortal life.

The Oratorio Society lose all their books again. Was ever such fortune? Still they are out with a promise of the entertainment this week. Mr. Butterfield, the leader, lost about one hundred copies of the "Chorus Wreath" which were loaned to the Society. The minister saved his library or the most of it. The society will worship over the way with a small Presbyterian society,—the first time I ever saw a quart put into a pint cup.

We have also had a feeble week of English Opera with the charming Mrs. Seguin and piquante Rose Hersée, but I did not attend and know only by general report that the *ensemble* was what they used to call in the country, "Small potatoes and few in a hill!"

But if musical performances have diminished, the business of selling music has increased. Before the fire the most of the business of music and music books was done by Root & Cady and Lyon & Healy. These sold about $500,000 per year of sheet music and music books alone. After the fire Root & Cady sold their large but somewhat passé catalogue to Messrs. Brainard and John Church & Co., and this temporarily put a stop to the career of Chicago as a music manufacturing centre. After a year of hard work Root & Cady have been obliged to succumb and have gone into bankruptcy. Messrs. Geo. F. Root & Sons have a small store far up on Wabash Avenue, and talk of buying the old Root & Cady stock and occupying their stand at the corner of Van Buren St. and Wabash. They have a very good trade, and represent the strong houses of Church and the Brainards. This firm is lucky enough to have a popular author of its own, and the way they are making books since the fire is no end of a wonder to me. Two of the partners of Root & Cady have formed a new firm by name of Root & Lewis, and have a store on State Street near Van Buren, where they sell general musical merchandize and the Weber piano. About the only publishing now done here is by Messrs. F. S. Chandler & Co., a small firm having a place on Wabash Avenue near 20th street. Another new firm is that of T. J. Elmore & Co., who have a sheet music store on Van Buren St. near Wabash Av. The "Co" is Mr. Newell, an experienced sheet music salesman, and they expect to keep a well-selected stock. Mr. J. A. Butterfield has also a small publishing business on West Madison St., dealing chiefly in his own songs, one of which ("When you and I were young, Maggie") has reached a sale of nearly 125,000 copies.

The other piano dealers came out of the fire all right, and are now again in full tide of business. They are Messrs. W. W. Kimball, J. Bauer & Co., and A. Reed & Sons. The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have opened a store of their own here, as their Chicago trade is larger than that in New York.

But by all odds the most complete house here is that of Lyon and Healy. They have a large store at the corner of State and Monroe streets, convenient to Madison Street, the great thoroughfare of the West Side with its 214,000 people, and opposite Potter Palmer's great hotel. They carry a large stock of sheet music both American and Foreign, and a full line of Ditson & Co's musical publications and general musical merchandise. Their store occupies five floors. The first is in L form, running round the corner, about 30 feet wide by 150 ft. deep in the main part, and 60 feet in the short arm of the L. This floor is devoted to sheet music, organs, and the office of the firm. The ceiling is high, about 20 ft., and the store is furnished throughout in a plain and business-like manner. One misses entirely the beautifully carved panels of their old office on Wabash Avenue. The basement floor is devoted to books and packing. Here one will find a stock of five or six thousand Richardson's New Method, about half a cord of Reed Organ books, a large stock of the "Standard" and other new things, and a few bushels of every Oratorio published by Ditson & Co.

The second floor is about 60 by 150 ft., and is devoted to pianos and organs. It is finished in three rooms, one for upright pianos, one for squares and grands, and one for organs. The piano, of course, is the Steinway, and this department of the business is Smith and Nixon's.

This piano trade is very large, reaching something like $300,000 a year. They sold in December 72 pianos, of which 39 were *upright* pianos, besides many squares and a few grands.

On the next floor is the general merchandise, the imported goods of all sorts, violins, strings, etc., and above this the repair shop.

Taken all in all this is the most complete and convenient music store I happen to be acquainted with east or west, and as it is a business that has been built up by rare talent and enterprise, I thought it not unworthy a place in your artistic record. The appetite of this great West for musical goods is vast and steadily increasing, and I am glad to be able to state that the sale of better music is improving year by year. For all which no one is more thankful than DER FAHRSCHUETZ.

---

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 10.—Last Saturday afternoon Mr. WOLFSOHN gave the fifth of his delightful series of matinées at Horticultural Hall. Raff's "Forest" was the Symphony of the day, and a noble work it is. With Beethoven's "Pastoral" as a model, the genius and active talent of Raff have wrought into form this valuable contribution to the "noble army" of Symphonies, and well up in the line must its place be. The opening movement, "Day" (Allegro) is somewhat too rich in themes, but the manner in which they are wielded into massive unity is truly wonderful. The "Twilight" movement (Largo) is tenderly delicate; and the fourth movement

Digitized by Google

"Night," may best be defined as a faithful sequel to "Twilight."

The final part of this movement: "Entrance and departure of the Wild Huntsmen," and "Daybreak," is not so pleasing as the former portions of the work, the themes being few and too long drawn out.

The orchestra and the conductor are to be sincerely congratulated upon the manner in which this work was presented,—carefully, precisely and intelligently, the only slight spots on the performance being due to individual shortcomings in the orchestra.

JAN. 17.—Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Wolfsohn's sixth orchestral matinée was given. The programme comprised Mozart's D-major Symphony; *Leonore* Overture, No. 3; and a Miss Rivé performed Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise* with great taste and force.

On Tuesday, the 14th, we were gratified by the re-appearance of the RUBINSTEIN Troupe, which dropped us two more concerts in their southern flight. The programme on the first evening was full of attractions. Rubinstein gave his second Concerto, a much more pleasing work on a first hearing than the one he gave here at one of his previous concerts. As to the performance it was of course perfection in the piano part, and wonderfully good for the orchestra. In the second movement they are particularly good. The orchestration of this composition is most graceful and elegant; the frequent appearance of the reeds, and a lovely passage for strings alone in the second movement, being the most striking characteristics which now occur to me.

In part second Rubinstein appeared with a cluster of brilliants: a *Nocturne* by Field; a Capriccio of Mendelssohn; the Schubert Minuet which he gave once before; and Liszt's *Valse des Soirées de Vienne*; each differing from its predecessor and all perfect in presentation. His last gift to us in this programme was a group of Chopin's pieces; viz: *Fantasie* in A flat, *Nocturne* in D flat, and an *Etude*.

Wieniawski contributed Vieuxtemps' 5th Concerto; but while exquisite purity of tone was combined with finish and clearness to make the performance delightful, yet the master power with which Vieuxtemps gives it was wanting on the present occasion. In the second part he played his impressive "Faust" Fantasia. Gounod's creation seemed a thousand times more lovely when wafted from the magic strings of Wieniawski's violin. In response to the roars of applause he replied with the "Carnival of Venice." The Orchestra under Mr. Wolfsohn gave "Oberon," and the "Marriage of Figaro" Overture with pleasing effect. The lady singers acquitted themselves as usual.

I append the programme for the second concert:

Overture: "Fidelio" ........................ Orchestra.
"Concertstueck" ........................ Weber.
Rubinstein.
The Violet ........................ Mozart.
Ruck Ruck ........................
Mme. Liebhart.
Concerto for Violin, 1st movement ........ Beethoven.
Wieniawski.
"Why?" "Bird as Prophet" ............ Schumann.
"Traumeswirren" ........................ "
Turkish March ........................ Beethoven.
Erl King ........................ Schubert.
Rubinstein.
La Zingara ........................ Mme. Ormeny.
Legende. Airs Russe ........................ Wieniawski.
Gita in Gondola ........................ Liszt.
Scherzo ........................ Mendelssohn.
Barcarole, (5) ........................ Rubinstein.
Etude ........................ "
Rubinstein.
March. "Midsummer Night's Dream ...... Orchestra.

To criticize such performers, such master artists as these two, who is competent? What is the standard of excellence by which they are to be prized? If Anton Rubinstein be indeed "the greatest living pianist," then *he* must be the standard of excellence, and of course above criticism. [?] With Wieniawski the case is different, for there are many able connoisseurs who emphatically declare Vieuxtemps as his senior in excellence. I am not of them! but so long as any exist who hold to the former opinion, then it is, by my rule, theirs to criticize now and mine when Vieuxtemps may come.

When little peculiarities arise to our notice in their performances, as they must do, then may we mark them as they touch our inmost soul—gently and soothingly or jarringly and fretfully. For instance, it is one of the peculiarities of Rubinstein to play the rapid passages with too vigorous a speed. That is, it strikes me so; but I have voted him supremacy as an artist: then I rebel, or at least am guilty of inconsistency when I detract one iota of his attributes. In other words I am wrong in my judgment as to the rapidity of the execution; my own idea was not strong.

On Wednesday next Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra return for four performances. To-morrow afternoon Mr. Wolfsohn's seventh matinée takes place, and in the evening Mr. Jarvis gives his fourth soirée at Chickering Hall. The Handel & Haydn are to give, shortly, the "Creation," with Mrs. West, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. A. R. Taylor in the solo parts.

EUSTACE.

---

NEW YORK, FEB. 4.—The programme of THOMAS's fourth Symphony concert, at Steinway Hall last Saturday evening, began with Schumann's "Cologne" Symphony in E flat, No. 3, op. 97, which was rendered in a style that could not fail to satisfy the most critical. With such treatment, Schumann's music bids fair to obtain the recognition which it deserves and, perhaps, would have had ere this but for the fact that most of our orchestras are incapable of interpreting the composer's language with clearness. Two weeks ago the Symphony in C, which is generally considered as Schumann's greatest work, was performed by the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra, and I believed then that the lack of interest manifested by the audience was more than half owing to the badness of the performance. At the Thomas concert, the "Cologne" Symphony excited a lively interest, and the audience called for a repetition of the beautiful Allegretto, which however Mr. Thomas wisely declined to accord. I may as well state, also, that a young man and a young woman who sat in the next row back of me refrained from loud conversation during the Andante, thus giving me nearly five minutes uninterrupted enjoyment of the music, for which delicate consideration I desire publicly to express my thanks.

Second on the programe was Chopin's Concerto, No. 2, in F minor, for piano and orchestra, with Miss ANNA MEHLIG at the piano. Comparing her performance with that of Mr. Mills, who played the same composition at the Academy of Music, two weeks ago, I find far more warmth and poetry in her rendering than in his, but less ease and elegance of finish. Her interpretation of the first movement was too *labored* to be thoroughly enjoyed, and, although the Larghetto was beautifully played, her performance of the Concerto must be regarded as less artistic than that of Mr. Mills. The general effect of the Concerto as played by Miss Mehlig was, however, better than when it was played by Mr. Mills; for he was hampered and harassed by a wretched orchestral "accompaniment," (if it can be so called when the instruments are half a bar behind the piano), whereas she was aided and sustained by the orchestra, according to the composer's intention.

Part Second began with the *Coriolanus* overture, which cannot be heard too often; and then, in strange contrast came Liszt's Symphonic Poem: "Orpheus." An attempt was made to elucidate this piece by printing the composer's preface in the programme; but as this only serves to involve the hearer in greater uncertainty, I am forced to give it up as "one of those things that no fellow can find find out." The printed description of the "Vorspiel zu die Meistersinger," which ended the concert, was really useful, and explained the music so well that I copy it.

Instead of the ideal and ethereal character so prominent in the broad sweeping undulations of the introduction to Lohengrin, we are confronted in "Die Meistersinger" with striking antitheses and bold combinations, overrunning with sparkling humor suggestive of the cheerful turmoil of a real German holiday festival. We see too the worthy citizens of Nuremberg following in procession the banner of King David. In front towers the lofty form of Hans Sachs. His songs of cheerful greeting resound from the lips of the happy and jubilant populace. Nor does the song of love remain long silent. Eva, the goldsmith's daughter, and knight Walter seek and find each other in the throng only to be separated by the boisterous and mischievous boys led by David, a jolly pupil of Hans Sachs. But the latter hears and recognizes their love songs, comes to the assistance of Walter and leads him to his fair one, giving them the place of honor at his side. Then again the air is rent with joyful shouts of greeting from the populace and the song of love re-echoes the feeling of exultation and good humor.

A. A. C.

---

BROOKLYN, JAN. 31.—Having observed a paragraph in one of our Dailies, stating that Brooklyn is the home of the oldest organist in America, Mr. S. P. TAYLOR, I sought out his residence and made his acquaintance recently. Ninety-four numbers the years of his life, yet I found him in possession of his faculties to a remarkable extent. His memory of persons and of events, late, as well as early, is clear and accurate.

He was born in London, where his father was a clergyman. His musical instructors were Whitaker and Dr. Russell. He was on intimate terms with all the leading organists of London of seventy years ago, and being often called upon by them as temporary supply, early became familiar with the best instruments then known. He spoke of one organ which had three open diapasons, a remarkable feature at that period. "I am told" said he, "that some organs built of late have no *stopped* diapason. A builder or organist who approves of that omission, does not understand the first and most important use of that stop, which is to assist the open diapason to a quick response to the touch."

He heard Mad. Mara sing at a Lenten performance of the *Messiah* in Drury Lane, when she was eighty-six years old. He doubted if there was a dry eye in the house at the conclusion of her rendering of "He was despised."

If I remember rightly, he came to America during or about the time of the war of 1812. At any rate he was organist at St. Paul's (in Broadway, N. Y., just above Trinity church) in 1814, in which year he gave a musical performance there, a copy of the programme of which he showed me. I remember the name of Mr. Incledon solo vocalist, and also that of Mr. Gillingham, orchestral conductor, and who was the father of Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick. Chanting was unknown in New York, if not in America, as a part of the Episcopal church service, until Mr. Taylor introduced it. At first it was harshly condemned by the clergy, with the exception of a few who had heard it in England.

About the year 1820 he went to Boston to reside, where for four or five years he was organist at the "West church," then under the pastoral care of Dr. Lowell. In 1826 he was organist at the Old South. He was much moved at the information that it is to be no longer used for religious purposes. While organist there he was giving music lessons to the daughter of the then Mayor, Josiah Quincy.

Meeting his Honor at home one day, he suggested to him the propriety of having some vocal music along with the other exercises, at the then approaching semi-centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The thought was a novel one to the Mayor. "But," said he, "I never talk of municipal matters in my house; come down to my of-

Digitized by Google

fice." The result of the conference was an adoption of an

"ORDER OF SERVICES."

a copy of which lies before me, bearing the imprint of True and Green, and which I in part transcribe.

1. Voluntary and grand military introduction. 2. Solo and chorus, Stevenson. "Go forth to the mount." (words entire). 3. Prayer. 4. Solo, Haydn. In those O Lord we our defence! (words entire). Chn.

*Sing his conquests,* IMMORTAL WASHINGTON,
*Sing his conquests,* VICTORIOUS WASHINGTON,
*He our mighty fort wethrew,*
*Ten thousand praises are his due.*

(an adaptation evidently of "Victorious David." 5. Oration by Hon. Josiah Quincy. 6. Trio, Handel. "Disdainful of danger." Chn. Haydn. "Hallelujah to the God of Israel."

Mr. Taylor remembers his debates with the musical ones of the time, who, though they belonged to the Handel & Haydn Society, could see no good in the music of the first named. He told them they liked Haydn because they could sing him; they disliked Handel because they could not sing him. "Now," said he to them, "which like you best, roast beef, or roast veal?" "Why, we like both." "Just so exactly. Now the difference between Handel and Haydn is this: Handel wrote, making the voices express the words; Haydn wrote making the violins do that duty."

While in Boston he compiled a book of organ instructions, published by Badger. He found the purchaser for the first piano-forte made by Jonas Chickering, after he broke with Osborn and set up for himself. He gave harmony lessons by mail to the late Dr. Lowell Mason, then in Savannah. He spoke of the late Mr. Hayter as having done much to give Boston a liking for Handel. His last public appearance at the organ was in Trinity Church, N. Y., when a few years ago the chancel organ was opened.

In its proper place I omitted a reflection which I will make here. It was a singular coincidence that the music on that fiftieth anniversary of American Independence should be conducted by an Englishman, and in the very city and within the very walls around which cluster so many Revolutionary memories.

Should you agree with me that such a life and such services are worthy of passing recognition, even though it be but this mere mention, what I have written is at your service. W. T.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 8, 1873.

## Matinees.

MESSRS. HUGO LEONARD and JULIUS EICHBERG had a most successful opening of their fortnightly series of six matinées of classical piano and concerted music on Friday, Jan. 31, at the Wesleyan Hall (Bromfield Street), which was entirely filled with the best kind of audience. Will not a more spacious room be needed? The programme, choice in each particular, and of just the right length to be enjoyed without a feeling of satiety, was as follows:

Trio, C minor, op. 66 ..... Mendelssohn.
*For Piano, Violin and Violoncello.*
Allegro energico e con fuoco, Andante espressivo, Scherzo, Finale.
Hugo Leonhard, Julius Eichberg and Wulf Fries.
a. Etude C sharp minor, op. 25, No. 7 ..... Chopin.
b. Capriccio op. 33, E major ..... Mendelssohn.
Hugo Leonhard.
Quintet, in E flat major, op. 44 ..... Schumann.
*For Piano, 2 Violins, Viola and Cello.*
Allegro brillante, in modo d'una Marcia, Scherzo, Allegro ma non troppo.
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg, Mahlay, D. H. Buck, and Wulf Fries.

That Trio and that Quintet carried us back twenty years, to the very first concerts in this city of our townsman Otto Dresel, in the winter of 1852–3. For he it was who introduced them both to our acquaintance. The latter he played twice that season: first with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and a few weeks later in a concert of his own. It was in that memorable upper loft,—hall it could not be called,—just opposite the Tremont House. And how many choice creations, which have ever since been favorites in all our chamber concerts, first revealed their beauty here to the small knot of listeners in that "upper chamber!" From these evenings we date the first impressions also of *the other* Mendelssohn Trio; the Bach Concerto in D minor for three pianos (Jaell, Scharfenberg and Dresel); a four-hand Sonata by Hummel; another by Moscheles; Hummel's Septet (with Scharfenberg for pianist, Zerrahn, flute, Bergmann, 'cello, &c., &c.); several Beethoven Sonatas, both with violin and solo; numerous piano works of Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin; and the very first taste of the Franz songs, a dozen of them perhaps, sung by Miss Caroline Lehmann, as well as several by Schubert and by Schumann—all at that time new to us. So whenever we heard the Mendelssohn Trio and the Schumann Quintet played so admirably this time, we seemed to feel the present and the long past experience blended into one.

Certainly this time the Trio had all the fire and energy in the Allegro, all the expression in the Andante with its broad nine-eighths rhythm, all the fairy lightness in the Scherzo, and all the stirring full-chord choral grandeur in the Finale, that one could desire. The only drawback seemed due to the hall itself, which gave a certain thickness, overfulness without musical intensity, to the tones of the piano in strong passages. This was in a great measure obviated by Mr. Leonhard in his solos, where the tone was skilfully and delicately humored, with that fine tact which he possesses. The two pieces were happily contrasted; that serious, romantic, mystical, profoundly sad and tender *Etude* of Chopin, opening with a moaning phrase of recitative in the bass, the whole expressed with truest feeling,—and the fresh, buoyant, rapid, healthful Mendelssohn Capriccio, which was new to us, and of which the unflagging, even movement was kept up as one would like to keep up one of the happy moods vouchsafed to all of us at times.

The wonderful Quintet by Schumann we have seen mentioned more than once during the past week as a work seldom heard in Boston. *Too* seldom heard no doubt; but since the period above alluded to, it was again played twice by the same parties in 1856; and since that time has reappeared about as often as most of the important compositions of its class,—and it was played in the concerts of these same gentlemen, at Mechanics' Hall, last winter. And always does it make a great impression. Few works are so exciting from the beginning to the end. It is all strong, clear, glowing, full of fire; nothing uncertain, patched up in its plan; no groping and struggling through chaotic vagueness of purpose; the spark comes, and the light, at every stroke; the climax never disappoints. The tremendous energy and brilliancy of the first and last movements is only just enough relieved by the protracted, ever new, imaginative variation of the funeral march, which seems to solemnize the obsequies of no person, but just to keep time to the whole mournful story of the night side of human life and history in general. On the part of all the artists it was capitally rendered; Mr. Eichberg's violin has rarely sounded better.

Of the next matinée, Feb. 14, the concerted pieces will be: the Trio in D minor by Schumann; Concerto for two violins, by Bach; and a Sonata of Beethoven for piano and violin, in G, op. 30, No. 3. For piano solos: "a Hebrew Melody" arranged by Franz, and several of Chopin's Preludes.

MME. ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF's three matinées, at Mechanics' Hall are concluded. They increased in interest as they went on. The programme of the second, Jan. 21, was this:

*Trio. No. 12. E flat ..... Haydn.
Miss Mary Underwood, Miss Therese Liebe and Mr. Rudolph Hennig.
*Aria. "With trembling steps." ..... J. S. Bach.
Miss Alice Fairman.
Violin obbligato: Miss Therese Liebe.
Pianoforte Solo. Transcription of Wagner's Spinnelied ..... Liszt.
Miss Mary Underwood.
Songs. Canzonet. "She never told her love." Haydn.
Allegro, "Vanne serrilo ingrato." ..... Handel.
From the Opera [Radamisto.]
Lied. "Hinrich, hoch die Lerch" ..... Schubert.
Mme. Erminia Ruderdorff.
*Song. "Love sounds th' alarm." [Acis and Galatea] ..... Handel.
Nelson Varley.
Duet. "Mira la bianca luna" ..... Rossini.
Mme. Ruderdorff and Mr. Varley.
Cradle Song. "Peacefully slumber" ..... A. Randegger.
Alice Fairman.
Violoncello obbligato: Rudolph Hennig.
Violin Soli.
*a Adagio from the G minor Sonata ..... Tartini.
*b Scherzo ..... Bazzini.
Therese Liebe.
Songs. a. "Hark how still" ..... Franz.
b. "While larks with little wings" ..... "
Nelson Varley.
Part Song. "The sun hath to yearle" ..... Pinsuti.
Mme. Ruderdorff, Miss Fairmann, Messrs. Varley and H. R. White.
At the Pianoforte, Mr. Apthorp.

The Haydn Trio, charmingly fresh and pure, was one of the new old things worth knowing. No question whether *that* were "music," could arise in any mind;—a question which seems never to get settled with regard to some of the productions of the present day. It was quite well rendered, charmingly on the part of Miss LIEBE and Mr. HENNIG, clearly, strongly, but somewhat too heavily, on that of the pianist; nor was that young lady, earnest and devoted as she is, quite in her best mood for Liszt's difficult transcription. Of the violin solos, the Adagio by Tartini was a truly lovely strain of noble and sustained *cantabile* out of a sincere period of music. Next to Bach and Handel, those old violin masters,—and they are quite as genuine, if more limited—seem to have had the best of it. What more worthy or rewarding task (artistically) than to revive their works for souls and senses jaded by so much of modern sentimentalism and mere striving for effect? The truly musical young lady played it with pure style and truth of feeling. The Scherzo by Bazzini was a bright and happy bit of virtuosity. The feebleness of tone complained of in her Music Hall performance is no longer felt.

Mme. RUDERSDORFF had the accommodating and refined accompaniment of Mr. LAND in her triplet of songs. Haydn's beautiful and touching Canzonet was a welcome revival of what was once one of the cherished musical household blessings, and was sung with great expression. The Handel Allegro, a magnificent outburst of indignant passion,—one of the

Arias unearthed from his Italian Opera scores by Franz,—a swift, devouring flame of passion, was given with tremendous, thrilling energy. Schubert's Shakespeare song: "Hark, the Lark!",—a perfect musical expression of the ecstatic spirit of the words,—would have sounded better in English; "arise! arise!" rings clearer than "*steh' auf!*" The reason for singing it in German was, that the German version has an added stanza; would not the same end have been better answered by repeating it in the original? It was a rather childish English ballad with which Madame responded to the encore with winning heartiness of manner, accompanying herself with a musical, true touch on the piano.

The Bach Aria: "With trembling steps," from one of the church Cantatas, arranged by Franz,—there's "melody" for you, and "richness!"— was sung in a rich, large, sympathetic voice, and with a right conception, if not with quite warmth enough by Miss Fairman, and the accompanying violin *obligato* was beautifully played by Miss Liebe; not altogether so the pianoforte part, which, leaving out that prominent and golden thread inwoven in the Franz accompaniment, gave only what was left of the harmonic texture, without the unity the part should have in itself; and that too in a manner not most reassuring to the singer. Nevertheless this Aria was one of the things the most enjoyed that afternoon. The "Cradle Song," by Randegger, of a more common sentimental order, suited Miss Fairman's voice, whose singing it is a luxury to listen to in whatever melody she feels at home in.

Mr. Varley sang his way into still new favor by his heroic, ringing, musically sweet and clear delivery of the air from *Acis and Galatea*. Phrasing and declamation were admirable; vocalization likewise; and the strong high tones came out clear and satisfactory. In the songs by Franz the singer is not yet so well at home. The Rossini Duet went charmingly. The Italian Pinsuti part-song might have come from English Glee-man Dr. Calcott.

The third Matinée, on Tuesday of this week, offered the following programme:

Quartet. No. 1, in F, op. 18..............Beethoven.
Therese Liebe and Mendelssohn Quintet Club.
*Aria. "Del mio dolce ardor"..............Stradella.
Alice Fairman.
*Scena ed Aria. "Bella mia fiamma, addio". Mozart.
Nelson Varley.
Pianoforte Solo. "Fastnachts Schwank."Schumann.
Mary Underwood.
*Aria. "Crucifixus," Messe Solennelle......Rossini.
[Cabinet Organ obligato.]
Mme. Erminia Rudersdorff.

Duet. "Fuor d'periglio," from the opera "Floridante"..............Handel.
Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Varley.
Violin Soli. { a. *Tristesse..............Hauser. b. Serenade..............Haydn. c. *Bourree..............Handel.
Therese Liebe.
Song. "The Requital"..............Blumenthal.
Nelson Varley.
Lieder.
a. Wenn drueben die Glocken klingen......Franz.
b. Suleika [op. 57]..............Mendelssohn.
Mme. Rudersdorff.
Solo for Contralto. "The Naiad," [by desire].
Anton Rubinstein.
With accompaniment of Female Voices.
Alice Fairman.

The Fräulein Liebe (who looked as if she might be a relation of the Violin), led the Beethoven Quartet with precision, spirit and expression in the first three movements, her intonation being very pure and phrasing excellent, and her colleagues, Messrs. Schultze, Ryan and Hennig were of course quite equal to their parts in the melodic conversation. But by the beginning of the Finale, which is a trying piece, she showed too clear signs of fatigue, having been ill for several days. The Aria by Stradella, (new to us) is a rich strain of noble, heartfelt melody, and was sung by Miss Fairman in a style absolutely enjoyable, every tone being both large and purely musical in quality. We had never heard her to so great advantage.

Another of the Mozart Concert Arias for the first time! Mozart composed it for a Soprano, Mme. Duschek, who was obliged to lock him up in a garden house before he could be induced to write it out; and when it was done he refused to give it to her unless she sang it all correctly at first sight. A pretty severe test for a singer, since there are sequences in it in wide chromatic intervals that do not sing *themselves*. The words, however, are those of a despairing lover about to die at the bidding of a cold mistress, and therefore natural to a male voice. Mr. Varley gave the recitative with fine expression, but labored too perceptibly through some of the perplexing passages. Yet it is a very noble Scena, and the middle Andante strain is in the pure vein of Mozart melody.—The title of the piano solo should probably have read: "*Faschings-Schwank*," or Viennese Carnival, for it could have little to do with any "Fast Night." Miss Underwood did not appear, to play it; the substitution of the not very musical Hallet and Davis for a Chickering piano may very likely have discouraged her. The *Crucifixus* from Rossini's Mass was very impressive; Mme. Rudersdorff sang it in her largest and best voice and style.

Perhaps the most thoroughly novel and delightful thing upon the programme was the Duet from one of Handel's operas,—again with a Franz accompaniment, full of a quaint cooing figure, and the two-fold melody most graceful, light and airy. It went to a charm, in spite of the questionable transposition of the voices. After this Mme. Rudersdorff, suffering from a painful ear-ache, was obliged to desist from singing. In the place of her two Lieder, Miss Fairman sang a song by Benedict to great acceptance. Miss Liebe had recovered strength sufficiently to play her three little violin solos very charmingly; the rollicking and healthy Handel *Bourrée*, short and sweet, was most enlivening. Mr. Varley sang "The Requital" very tenderly and sweetly, giving the best specimen we have had of his more delicate, romance-like style; heretofore it has been the heroic and dramatic. The "Naiad" piece did not impress us quite so agreeably as it did the first time, nor did it go so well.—And so closed a series of concerts, unique in some respects, singularly rich in classical, rare things attempted for the first time here, and surely rich in the interpreters.

### Apollo versus Beethoven!

Our friend of *Harper's* "Easy Chair" has enjoyed many a good Symphony with us in days which we remember, and which he has glowingly described. But now the genial old gentleman seems more inclined to dance. Leaving his un-easy chair, in strange bewilderment, he wanders to the Boston Music Hall, to seek that pleasure in a classical Symphony Concert! Did he ever think of going to a New York "Philharmonic" for his "Blue Danube?" We fear his wits were wandering, (for verily there is no wit in his elaborate satire which we copy in another column,—at least we can find none, and so we give it to our readers that they may try their wits upon it). Probably the mere name of Symphony, by force of old association, caught his fancy as he hastened to the hall expecting a new Symphony by Strauss. But "*se vuol ballare Signor Contino*," if his Honor wants to dance, there are plenty of Figaros to "sound the guitar" for him; any Gilmore can do that; why turn to a Symphony Concert for it? Coming out from the Hall, the dear old fellow, whose sympathies of course are all with youth, becomes the confidant of some callow dancing beau, or maiden on the eve of "coming out," and sinking with a sigh into the hard old Chair again, proceeds to discuss the Concert from *their* point of view,—as if all concerts ought to be "forbidden" which are not designed exclusively for *them!*

He joins in the cry against "this Bach fashion," after listening to the only piece of Bach that thus far has been given this whole winter; and that a simple Cradle Song, a sweet and lovely melody, *all* melody, alike in the voice part and in each accompanying instrument. For this is the character of all Bach's music; long, flowing melodies he always has; his harmony itself is all melodious, an intertwining and embracing of melodious parts; not one melody with a tedious tum-ti-tum guitar accompaniment. Unfortunately Bach is *not* in fashion here, and never was; fashion is not apt to be enamored of anything so sound and healthy, so steadfast and enduring. Art *versus* Fashion, the intrinsically True and Beautiful *versus* the caprices of a shallow clique, the fashions and the whimsies of a season,—that, in music, is the very end and aim of Symphony or Philharmonic Concerts. There is no lack of provision, ever, for the lighter, miscellaneous music. Every musical showman, every speculator in public amusements, looks out for that. The only music which gets no chance amid their eager competition, unless the earnest friends thereof build up some permanent establishment for it, jealously guarding its full rights in its own proper programmes, is the so-called "classical" or model music,—the music, of whose beauty, genius, excellence there cannot be a doubt. Should that go down amid the waves and freshets of "fashion" and frivolity, where would taste find any standard? Or, rather, what would become of taste after a long miscellaneous cramming with sweet-meats and confectionery?

Our uneasy friend furnishes us with some good catchwords for texts, if we had room to enter fully into the discussion. "Melody forbidden in the Music Hall" is one. Surely *he* does not need to be told that there is melody enough in Haydn and Mozart,—their symphonies as well as in their songs. Of Bach we have already spoken. And so of all the greatest orchestral composers; every one of them is full of melody; not commonplace and sentimental; and the melody is "treated," so set and illustrated by all the means of art that it can never become hackneyed. The gradual and sure discovery of this is one great part of the delight of those who loyally attend and listen to a series of such concerts.

Then as to "light" and "heavy" music. A good composition is like good bread; it is well risen, "light," digestible. It is because of this very excellence that the classical works please generation after generation of those whose appetites have not been cloyed and spoiled by sweetmeats, and the heavy cake and hot bread that are as lead upon the stomach. "Heavy music!" Is there anything so heavy as some of the new music with which the craving after novelty has tantalized itself of late?

How many "Symphonic Poems" would it take to make one a confirmed musical dyspeptic? Now what these monstrous, huge effect pieces of Liszt and Berlioz do in one way, is done in another way by all these *miscellaneous* feasts and crammings of so-called light and brilliant music. What so fatiguing as a programme without *tone* or plan, without consistency or symmetry, where each thing that we hear wipes out the whole impression of the last, and we are haunted afterwards only by scraps of melody out of a bewildering Babel and confusion of tongues?

But really our Howadji's brain is getting morbid, mystical, deranged, when he begins to rave about a "rod of iron" and the "inquisition" and the trembling worship of the "brazen giant," meaning Crawford's Beethoven, who stands there just as much a type of the eternal youth of genius, as the Apollo at the opposite end of the hall. We will not attempt to follow him and reason with him in these wild hallucinations. It must be that there was some juvenile roguery in those young friends of his, and that they stuffed his Chair full of pins; for he talks like one awaking from bad dreams.

When he summons "Apollo," however, as an antidote to his grim tyrant Beethoven, and to the dreadful name [for it is name alone] of Bach, we are tempted to suggest that, if Apollo be the god of Poetry and Art, the genius of immortal youth, where will he find more true and splendid homage than in the music of the mighty master? And, looking from one statue to the other while the Symphony goes on, who can help feeling that between those two, at least, there must be perfect sympathy and understanding?

### Mr. Richard Hoffman's Concert.

The first of a series of three chamber concerts was given by Mr. Hoffman on Saturday evening at Chickering's Hall. Mr. Hoffman is peculiarly fortunate in his surroundings. He has, in the first place, the best, handsomest, and most tastefully fitted concert room in the city, of exactly the right size for chamber music, and perfect in its acoustics. He has the assistance, as was the case also last winter, of two exceptionally good artists, Mr. Burke and Mr. Bergner; and his list of subscribers comprises a little circle in close sympathy with the class of music presented, and many of them in kindly relations with the giver of the concert. This last is no slight matter, for a friendly and sympathetic audience is much more inspiring to the player than a random audience listening in an indifferent and cold mood.

The programme was unexceptionably good, and consisted of the following selections:

Schubert's B flat trio, op. 99.
Handel's second concerto.
Mendelssohn's duo for piano and violoncello.
Andante and Polonaise, op. 22, Chopin.
Four songs of Schumann—the voice part played by violin.
"Les Clochettes," and arrangement from "Crispin."

Digitized by Google

The strongest pieces were, of course, the Schubert and the Mendelssohn compositions. Schubert wrote but two trios, but those were composed when he was in the fullest and freest exercise of his great powers, and both mark the high tide of his genius. They are numbered 99 and 100, and though the latter is the work of the highest inspiration, the one played on Saturday evening is but little inferior in grace of melody and freedom of treatment. It was played with exquisite feeling and unity by the three musicians. Those who were also present at the Rubinstein chamber concert, at which this same trio was given, will not have failed to notice the different coloring that it received on the two occasions. Especially, the last movement was taken by Rubinstein at a *tempo* almost double that which Hoffman gave to it. But Rubinstein is much too often at the full gallop. His impetuosity of nature combined with his prodigious *technique* sometimes carries away his judgment, and in certain movements allowing of rapidity he looses himself upon the keyboard like a whirlwind. The effect is exciting certainly, but it is to be doubted whether it is the effect that the composer aimed at. The calmer and more equal interpretation that Mr. Hoffman gave to this particular movement is, we believe, to be preferred.

The Schumann songs were beautifully rendered by Mr. Burke with the true spirit and emotion. To deprive such lovely songs as these of the equally lovely words of Rückert, Eichendorf, and Heine, is of course a great loss to them, nor is the violin, even when so delightfully played, an equivalent for the voice; but they are better so than in the hands of any but a first-rate singer.

Mr. Hoffman's solos were especially interesting. He played Agnes Zimmerman's arrangement of the Harpsichord concerto, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," Chopin's Polonaise, Gottschalk's "Murmures Æoliennes," and two of his own compositions, the latter being the Crispino arrangement, which, with the exception of certain of Liszt's, we have always considered the most brilliant and effective arrangement of operatic airs ever put together. He played with finish, delicacy and fire, such as we do not remember to have heard him excel on any previous occasion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Music Abroad.

OPERA IN GERMANY.—it may be interesting to our readers to see the repertoire of some of the principal German theatres,—say from the second week in October to the second week in December, 1872, later than which our files do not reach. We have been analyzing the lists of operas performed during those two months in a dozen German cities, as given in the *Signale*, mainly with a view to ascertaining what composers and what pieces are just now most in vogue there, and with the following result.

BERLIN. *Mozart:* Zauberfloete 4 times, Don Juan 2, Nozze di Figaro 2, Cosi fan Tutte 2, Die Entfuehrung (Seraglio) 1.—*Wagner:* Lohengrin 4, Tannhaeuser2, Rienzi 2. *Meyerbeer:* Robert 2, Huguenots 1, Prophet 2, Africaine 2.—*Flotow:* Stradella 4, Martha.—*Auber:* Lac des Fees, Le Maçon, Domino Noir.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 2.—*Cherubini:* Medea 2.—*Gounod:* Faust 2.—*Max Bruch:* Hermoine 2.—*Verdi:* Trovatore.—*Halevy:* Jewess; *Gluck:* Orpheus; *Mehul:* Joseph; *Bellini:* Norma; *Beethoven:* Fidelio; *Rossini:* Barber; *Lortzing:* Czar and Zimmermann; *Boieldieu:* White Lady.

VIENNA.—*Mozart:* Cosi fan Tutte 4, Figaro 2, Don Juan, Entfuhrung, Zauberfloete.—*Wagner:* Lohengrin 3, Rienzi 2, Meistersinger 2, Tannhaeuser, Flying Dutchman.—*Meyerbeer:* Africaine 3, Prophet 2, Robert, Huguenots.—*Weber:* Abu Hassan 5, Freyschuetz.—*Verdi:* Ballo in Maschera 4, Trovatore, Rigoletto.—*Schubert:* Hausliche Kreig 5.—*Donizetti:* Favorita 2, Lucrezia 2, Lucia.—*Gounod:* Romeo and Juliet 2, Faust.—*Bellini:* Norma 3; *Halevy:* Jewess; *Nicolai:* Merry Wives; *Gluck:* Armida; *Thomas:* Mignon; *Adam:* Postillon 2; *Marschner:* Hans Heiling.

DRESDEN. *Wagner:* Lohengrin 3, Rienzi 2, Tannhaeuser 2, Flying Dutchman 2, Meistersinger 2.—*Meyerbeer:* Prophet 3, Robert.—*Mozart:* Zauberfloete 3.—*Beethoven:* Fidelio 2.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 2.—*Auber:* Crown Diamonds 2; *Marschner:* Templar and Judin; *Gounod:* Faust; *Gluck:* Armida; *Grisar:* Bon Soir M. Pantalon; *Flotow:* Martha.

MUNICH. *Auber:* Le Part du Diable, Masaniello, Domino Noir.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 2; *Mozart:* Zauberfloete 2; *Gluck:* Orpheus 2; *Mehul:* Joseph 2; *Rossini:* Tell; *Gounod:* Faust; *von Holstein:* Die Haideschacht; *Flotow:* Stradella; *Schubert:* Hausliche Krieg; *Cherubini:* Medea; *Wagner:* Tannhaeuser; *Beethoven:* Fidelio; *Meyerbeer:* Africaine.

LEIPZIG. *Mozart:* Cosi fan Tutte 2, Zauberfloete 2.—*Lortzing:* Undine, Waffenschmied, Die beiden Schutzen. *Wagner:* Tannhaeuser, Lohengrin.—*Meyerbeer:* Huguenots, *Africaine.*—*Weber:* Euryanthe 2; *Nicolai:* Merry Wives 2; *Beethoven:* Fidelio; *Marschner:* Vampyr; *Boieldieu:* White Lady; *Thomas:* Hamlet; *Donizetti:* Lucia; *Flotow:* Martha.

COLOGNE. *Mozart:* Don Juan 2, Figaro.—*Gounod:* Faust 3.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 2; *Rossini:* Tell 2; *Halevy:* Jewess 2; *Verdi:* Trovatore 2; *Lortzing:* Waffenschmied 2; *Nicolai:* Merry Wives 2.—*Beethoven:* Fidelio; Donizetti: Fille du Regiment; *Flotow:* Martha; *Boieldieu:* White Lady; *Auber:* Masaniello.

WEIMAR. *Auber:* Part du Diable, Masaniello, Fra Diavolo.—*Wagner:* Lohengrin, Meistersinger.—*Meyerbeer:* Robert, Africaine.—*Rossini:* Barber, Tell.—*Adam:* Postillon 2; *Halevy:* Jewess; *Mehul:* Joseph; *Mozart:* Figaro; *Lortzing:* Undine; *Boieldieu:* Jean de Paris.

HAMBURG. (Sept. and Oct.) *Auber:* Fra Diavolo 4, Masaniello 3, Crown Diamonds 3.—*Offenbach* (!): Fritzchen und Lieschen 3, Princesse de Trebizond 5, M. et Mme. Denis 2.—*Wagner:* Lohengrin 1, Tannhauser, 4.—*Suppe:* Die schone Galatea 5.—*Donizetti:* Fille du Regiment 3, Lucia 2.—*Meyerbeer:* Huguenots 4, Africaine.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 4.—*Halevy:* Jewess 4.—*Mozart:* Don Juan 2, Zauberflote.—*Lortzing:* Waffenschmied 2, Czar and Zimmermann.—*Beethoven:* Fidelio 2; *Flotow:* Martha 2; *Gounod:* Faust 2; *Kreutzer:* Nachtlager 2; *Verdi:* Trovatore 2; *Rossini:* Barber; *Bellini:* Sonnambula; *Herold:* Zampa; *Boieldieu:* White Lady.

BRESLAU. *Meyerbeer:* Huguenots 3, Africaine 5.—*Beethoven:* Fidelio 5.—*Weber:* Freyschuetz 4; *Halevy:* Jewess 4; *Verdi:* Rigoletto 3, Trovatore; *Boieldieu:* White Lady 3; *Lortzing:* Waffenschmied 2; *Rossini:* Barber; *Offenbach:* Barbe-Blue.

FRANKFORT. *Verdi:* Ballo in Maschera 3; *Lortzing:* Undine 2; *Halevy:* Jewess; *Auber:* Masaniello; *Weber:* Freyschuetz; *Kreutzer:* Nachtlager; *Donizetti:* Fille du Regiment; *Mozart:* Zauberfloete.

CARLSRUHE AND BADEN-BADEN.—*Beethoven:* Fidelio 2; *Auber:* Fra Diavolo 2; *Gounod:* Faust 2; *Meyerbeer:* Prophet, Robert; *Spohr:* Jessonda.

CASSEL. *Verdi:* Trovatore, Rigoletto; *Flotow:* Stradella; *Donizetti:* L'Elisir; *Wagner:* Rienzi; *Kreutzer:* Nachtlager; *Beethoven:* Fidelio; *Mozart:* Zauberfloete; *Lortzing:* Czar and Zimmermann; *Spohr:* Jessonda; *Herold:* Zampa; *Gluck:* Orpheus.

The various composers figure in the above list as follows: Wagner 42 times, Mozart 38, Meyerbeer 38, Weber 25, Auber 25, Verdi 21, Beethoven 16, Lortzing 15, Gounod 14, Halevy 14, Donizetti 14, Offenbach 11, Flotow 11, Rossini 8, Boieldieu 8, Gluck 6, Schubert 6, Bellini 5, Suppe 5, Mehul 4, Cherubini 3, Nicolai 3, Marschner 3, &c.

Of the Operas most frequently performed, *Der Freyschuetz* heads the list, appearing 18 times. Then follow: Fidelio 16, Lohengrin 16, Zauberfloete 15, L'Africaine 14, Jewess 14, Faust 12, Tannhaeuser 11, Huguenots 10, Trovatore 9, Cosi fan Tutte, Don Juan 7, Rienzi 7, White Lady 7, Ballo in Maschera 7, Schubert's *Hausliche Krieg* 6, Nozze di Figaro 6, Meistersinger 5, Robert 5, Prophet 5, Abou Hassan 5, Gluck's Orpheus 4, Joseph 4, &c.

---

PARIS. At the third Conservatoire Concert, Dec. 29 (honored by the presence of M. Thiers), Schumann's music to Byron's *Manfred* was given for the first time in Paris entire:—Overture, entr'actes, choruses, *Rans des Vaches*, &c. The other selections were Mozart's Symphony in C; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Bach; the *Chant elegiaque* of Beethoven; and Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*.

M. Pasdeloup's Popular Concert on the same day, at the Winter Circus, offered: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Romance from Haydn's Symphony "*de la Reine;*" Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Prelude of Bach, orchestrated by Gounod; Weber's *Invitation*, orch. by Berlioz.—The programme for Jan. 5 was as follows: March, by Meyerbeer; Symphony in E flat, Mozart; *Reverie*, Schumann; Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, played by M. Th. Ritter; Overture to *Les Francs-Juges*, Berlioz.

At the Opera, the repertoire for November comprised: *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Don Juan* 3 times, *La Juive* 3, *Le Prophete*, *La Traviata*.

At the Opera Comique (Dec.): *La Dame Blanche* 2, *Nozze di Figaro* 2, *Mignon*, *L'Ombre* (Flotow) 3, *Le Pre aux Clercs* (Herold) 2, *Haydee* (Auber) 2, *Les Dragons de Villars* [Maillart] 2, *La Chalet* [Adam], *Don Cesar de Basan* [*Massenet*].

At the Theatre Italien: *Sonnambula* 2, *Ballo in Maschera* 3, *Lucrezia Borgia* 2, *Lucia* 2, *Martha*, *Rigoletto* 2, *Deux Reines de France* [Gounod] 2.

# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

The Passing Ship. 3. C to f. *Gabriel.* 40
"A strange ship loomed before me,
And I cried: a sail! a sail!"
The poetic thoughts suggested by a ship passing in the night. Words by the Earl of Pembroke.

Angel Child. 3. C to f. *Gabriel.* 40
"An angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle knelt."
It is sufficient to say that the poem is by Longfellow, and the music beautiful, like the words.

None but I can say. 2. G to a. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30
"And how I loved her then and there
None but I can say."
A very sweet love song.

My Darling's Shoes. 3. G to e. *Porter.* 30
"God bless the little feet.
That never go astray."

Dreams. 3. C to *g*. *Molloy.* 30
"The moonlight glitters on the deep,
The gray sea-birds have flown to their sleep."
Dreaming to purpose in a most musical manner.

Dance on Forever. (Linden Waltz Song). 3. G to e. *Aidé.* 30
"Floating with pleasure
Unto that measure."
The accompaniment is a waltz, and voice and instrument whirl along very gracefully together.

Hope's Sun will shine again. 3. G to f. *Sanderson.* 30
"O, give not way to sorrow, love."
Words by Finley Johnson. Good sentiment and good music.

Voices of the Past. 3. C to e. *Gatty.* 30
"You wonder that my tears should flow."
Adelaide Proctor wrote it. A fine ballad.

Guess if you can. Lithograph title. 2. F to f. *Pratt.* 40
"O always of him I've been dreaming."
A very well turned serio-comic song.

The Day when you'll forget me. For Guitar. 3. E to e. *Thomas.* 40
Well known favorite song.
*Note.*—There is not room in these columns to notice them, but arrangements of almost all favorite songs are made for Guitar.

Farewell! 3. E♭ to a. *Warren* 30
"When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart."
A fine concert song, full of power and pathos.

When we met on the sly. Song and dance. 3. C to *g*. *Schleiffarth.* 30
Comic, with a bright dance.

Emerald. 3. G to e. *Gabriel.* 35
"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! I feel the wild sorrow."
A beautiful Irish song; no brogue to it, but good words and music.

**Instrumental.**

Strauss Dance Music.
Under this general title are published a number of the best Strauss pieces, the music somewhat condensed, and therefore afforded at a less price than usual. Of these we name, this week:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dragon Fly Polka Maz. | From the Mountain Waltz. |
| Singer's Joy Polka. | Mme. Leutner's Polka. |
| Spiral Waltzes. | Vibration Waltzes. |
| Will o' the Wisp W'tz. | Travelling Incidents W'tzes. |

Price of each piece 25

Melodie in F. Illustrated Title. 4. F. *Rubinstein.* 40
Rubinstein contrives to put a great deal of meaning into this piece without making it too difficult for common players.

Awfully Clever Waltz. 3. E♭. *Lyle.* 30
A popular comic song neatly arranged as a waltz. Very taking.

The Danube River. Transcription. 4. G. *B. Richards.* 40
Extremely graceful rendering of the widely known melody.

Vision of the Past. (Vision du Passé). 4. E♭. *Gans.* 75
Beautiful theme, with the usual graceful changes of arpeggios running from right to left hand, runs, trills, &c. A very satisfying piece.

Autumn Leaves. Op. 40. 3. G. *Wilson.* 75
When a person hears this piece, he is very apt to turn his head and remark to a friend "that is pretty music!" It is that; smooth, graceful and easy.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 831. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 23.

## Gossec.

[Translated from the French for Dwight's Journal of Music.]

I.

In the month of February, 1751, the Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch was all alive with the preparations for a fête to be given that same night at a fine hotel situated not far from the middle of that street. This hotel, which had a second entrance on the Rue de la Sourdière, was that of the celebrated farmer-general, Jean-Joseph Leriche de la Poupelinière. Many years previously he had repudiated his first name, Leriche, fearing no doubt that it might be taken for a nick-name, and had slightly altered his second by dropping a letter; he then remained the Sieur de la Popelinière, and he might also have added, as did the financier Zamet, lord of several hundred millions of crowns.

The grand fête about to be celebrated at his hotel was an anniversary, not of his birth, still less of his marriage, but that of his *deliverance*; so, at least, was he accustomed to call the day corresponding to a period already three years distant, but which had been signalized by a most scandalous adventure, with which all Paris had been amused. This was the famous story of the fire-place with a revolving front, by means of which the Marshal de Richelieu introduced himself into the chamber of Mme. de la Popelinière, while her husband was keeping her carefully locked up in order to withdraw her from the intrigues of the gallant marshal. M. de la Popelinière had, it must be acknowledged, married his wife reluctantly, and in circumstances little calculated to make him bless the chain which bound him.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the publicity of his conjugal disgrace, he did not give up his mode of life, but continued to receive in his salon all the celebrities in literature, science and art, and all the ornaments of the nobility and of the legal and military professions. But every year, on the anniversary of his separation, he gave a most splendid fête, and it was of the preparations for one of these fêtes that we spoke at the beginning of this story.

One of the chief attractions of the soirées of M. de la Popelinière was the excellent music to be heard there. At that time musical reunions were a rarity, and those at the Hôtel de la Popelinière were of a splendor to which it would be in vain to seek a parallel in our times. Rameau, the greatest French musician of the eighteenth century, was then at the zenith of his glory, and Rameau owed everything to M. de la Popelinière. It was the generous financier who had assisted him to take the first steps in a career, which up to his fiftieth year he had not been able to enter upon. It was M. de la Popelinière who had advanced to Rameau the six hundred livres in consideration of which the Abbé Pellegrin had consented to entrust to him his poem *Hippolyte et Aricie*; it was at M. de la Popelinière's house that the first trials were made of this first opera of Rameau; it was owing to the protection of M. de la Popelinière that it was received, rehearsed and performed, and the gratitude of the artist never failed for a single moment during his whole life. The financier, on his part, was proud of his protégé, as he had a right to be. In order to facilitate the rendering of all Rameau's compositions, the first hearing of which was always reserved for him, M. de la Popelinière had at his command a full corps of musicians, chorus and solo singers, the whole expense of which amounted to not less than thirty thousand livres a year; but the pleasure and honor which this great outlay afforded him were such that they seemed to him to be cheaply purchased.

On this occasion a new opera by Rameau was to be performed. It was in one act and was entitled *La Guirlande*. The first performance at the Opera was not to take place until some months later, and this early hearing was all the more attractive as the period when the work was to be made public was somewhat remote. Several rehearsals had already taken place, none of them satisfactory to Rameau, whose music was very difficult to execute. The previous evening he had spoken sharply to the first violin, who also filled the post of conductor, and to the harpsichord player, the accompanist, who had not been able to catch one of the changes of movement so frequent in his music. At last, in despair, he carried off the score in order to change the passage, appointing a general rehearsal at nine o'clock the next morning. The musicians were punctual to their appointment, but at ten o'clock the conductor, the accompanist, and the composer had not yet appeared. Tired of waiting, they applied to M. de la Popelinière, who hastened to send a messenger to Rameau's house. The messenger returned, saying that M. Rameau had replied begging them to wait for him, and requesting that no one should quit his post. While the musicians were complaining of the time they were losing, and scattering themselves over the hotel to observe the preparations for the fête, let us look in upon the belated composer.

Rameau lived in the Rue du Chantre Saint-Honoré, occupying the first story of a rather inferior house. He was fond of this dwelling, first, because he had lived in it for twenty years, and also because the street, too narrow for vehicles, was for that reason a very quiet one, although in a fashionable and noisy quarter, quite near the door of the Opera, then situated in the Palais-Royal. Rameau had passed the night in going over the score of *La Guirlande*, seeking in vain to simplify the passages which had been like so many dangerous rocks, on which the performers, whom he had accused, not altogether without reason, of ignorance and incompetency, had foundered. Rameau was then sixty-eight years old. After gaining a great reputation as organist and harpsichordist, he had given to the world, in 1733, when he had reached the age of fifty, his first opera. He must have laid up an ample store of melodies during the half-century he had spent in meditating upon his first work, for it was followed by twenty other operas, all of which had the most brilliant success, bringing about an entire revolution in music, and elevating to the highest point the fame of their author. It is easy to believe that, having produced so much, and years beginning to weigh upon him, the later compositions of Rameau were not written with the same facility as the first; he clung also with tenacity to his ideas, he combined slowly and with calculation. Accordingly he resolved to change nothing, hoping that by dint of care he should succeed at the rehearsal in surmounting the difficulties before which they had come to a stand-still the previous night. It was half-past eight, and he was about making ready to repair to the Rue Neuve-Saint-Roch, when a note just brought was handed to him. Scarcely had he glanced over it when he turned pale and sank, as if crushed, into an arm-chair standing in front of his harpsichord.

Here are the contents of the letter:

"MONSIEUR:—One may have great talent and yet be polite. This is what you are utterly ignorant of. You told me yesterday that I did not know my business because I could not play your music. I might reply that you do not know yours, since you write only such unearth music that it is impossible to play it. But I prefer to put up with the injustice you have done me. Ignorant that I know nothing, and that I am unworthy of participating in the execution of your sublime compositions. Consequently, I have the honor to inform you that you need no longer count upon me nor upon our usual accompanist, who improvises this opportunity to sign his resignation with my own.

"Signed: GUERIN.

"Ex-first violin of the musicians of M. de la Popelinière."

In order to understand the blow struck by this missive, we must carry ourselves back to the period when professional musicians were so scarce, that the salaries of the first singers of the Opera were not greater by more than one half than those of the artists of the orchestra. To think of replacing the first violin and the harpsichordist would have been folly, and Rameau saw that the performance of his music had become impossible. He believed himself ruined, dishonored. All Paris was counting upon this concert; M. de la Popelinière had announced it to all his friends, to all his guests, and the splendor of the fête would be compromised, it would be a failure, and all through his, Rameau's, fault. He, who had been loaded with benefits by M. de la Popelinière, might be accused of negligence or lack of good will. And no way of escape from this dreadful position! The poor musician abandoned himself to the most violent despair. He was so absorbed in his gloomy reflections that the bell, rang timidly at his door, failed to rouse him from his reverie. However, the bell continued to sound in crescendo; by degrees it reached fortissimo, and was rung with such desperate

Digitized by Google

force that Rameau was at last roused from his pre-occupation by the incessant noise, and hastened himself to open the door.

He saw there before him a very small young man scarcely eighteen years old, fresh, rosy, and with a smiling and intelligent countenance.

"Were you asleep, Monsieur?" said the new comer. "Lucky your bell is strong; if every body who comes has to ring it so hard it will soon be worn out."

"Whom do you want?" replied Rameau with a look quite as nonpleasant as his interlocutor's was lively.

"I want M. Rameau."

"Well, I am M. Rameau."

In an instant the countenance of the little man entirely changed; an expression of respect and admiration immediately replaced his jovial and somewhat mocking smile.

"Oh! monsieur," he cried, "pardon me for speaking to you in such a manner. I was far enough from suspecting that I saw before me a man whom I have been accustomed to admire ever since I have known and studied his works. I am a giddy fellow, monsieur; perhaps you were at work and I have disturbed you. Excuse me; permit me to retire, and tell me when I may return without being troublesome."

So much sincerity, such genuine admiration and respect were manifest in his air and in his language, that, although accustomed to homage, Rameau could not but be touched by the almost supplicating attitude of the young man.

"No, my friend," he said, "I was not at work, and you do not disturb me. But probably you have not come merely to pay me compliments; let me know the object of your visit."

"This letter will tell you!" replied the young man, handing to Rameau a carefully sealed paper, and while the great musician was looking into it, his eyes searched with avidity all the recesses of the apartment. It seemed as if he might be in a sanctuary, with so much love and respect did he dwell upon the smallest details; but what especially attracted his attention was the harpsichord, upon the desk of which lay open the score of *La Guirlande*. Meanwhile Rameau read the letter aloud:

"MONSIEUR:—My name is too obscure to be known to you, so I shall sign this letter only with my title of Chapel-master of the Cathedral of Antwerp. I take the liberty of sending to you one of my pupils, the best I have had or shall probably ever have. Young Gossec is now eighteen years old. He is the son of some poor peasants in a little village of Hainaut, who sent him to Antwerp as choir-boy when he was but seven years of age. His progress in music and composition has been so rapid, that for a long time I have been unable to teach him anything more. Only such a master as you can suit such a pupil. Permit me to entreat for him your instructions to perfect him in his art, and your protection during his entrance upon a career in which you have acquired so much glory, and in which he may one day hold an honorable place.

"The Chapel-master of Antwerp Cathedral."

"Well, my friend," said Rameau, "tell me what I can do for you, I am quite disposed to be useful to you. Let us see, what do you know? Are you singer or performer?"

"Mon Dieu! monsieur," replied Gossec, "since I lost my childish voice I can no longer sing, but I can play the violin, harpsichord and organ, and I intend to become a composer, having studied in your works the theory whose practice I have so much admired in your operas. I can not only figure in an orchestra, but can conduct it, that having been my employment in the cathedral at Antwerp."

"Indeed!" said Rameau, "can you understand a score without studying it some time in advance?"

"Certainly, monsieur, and if you will allow me to make the trial before you, I will engage to read on the harpsichord any score you may please to give me."

"That one now on the harpsichord, for example?"

Without replying, Gossec seated himself at the instrument, and without hesitation began playing at sight the score of *La Guirlande*, at the place where it lay open.

The art of playing and of reducing a score was then one of the rarest, and few musicians were capable of doing it; Rameau's admiration was equalled only by his joy at so unexpected an adventure.

"Good," said he, interrupting the young man, "do not go any farther. How do you construe this passage?" And turning over the leaves he pointed with his finger to the place where the musicians had stopped the previous night.

"Nothing is more simple," said Gossec; "there are in succession three changes of time, that is one division of so many notes to the beat. One measure in 4-4 time, one in 3-4 time, and one in 2-2. First there is one crochet to the beat for the first measure, then two crochets to the beat for the other two; the movement does not change, it is only the rhythm and the division."

"There! that was what those asses would not understand," cried Rameau, "and," he added in a lower tone, "it is just what I did not know how to explain to them. I have found my conductor. What a pity," he added, "that you cannot conduct the orchestra and accompany on the harpsichord at the same time! But where shall we find an accompanist of equal ability?"

"You want an accompanist?" said Gossec, "I can provide you with one."

"Where, then?"

"At my lodging."

"Who?"

"My wife."

"Your wife! Are you married?"

"Why not? Do you think me too little?" retorted Gossec, who had recovered his gayety and self-possession. In fact his diminutive figure, scarcely four and a half feet high, contrasted singularly with that of Rameau, whose leanness made him appear taller than he really was.

"I do not think you too small," said Rameau, "but I do think you very young."

"Is youth any obstacle to being in love? I was in love with my wife when I was only fifteen and she fourteen. I had nothing, no more had she; I had to give her something, so I gave her talent. She was my pupil before becoming my wife, and I can answer for her as for myself."

"Very well," replied the delighted Rameau, "go bring your wife immediately. If she is as clever as you say I will tell you a piece of good news. By the way," he added, stopping Gossec, who was preparing to go, "if I were to take you into a grand assembly, have you suitable garments for such an occasion?"

"Ma foi!" said Gossec, "these are my best, and if M. Rameau thinks them good enough, I should like to know who would be more particular than he?"

Gossec's best suit consisted of a coat of coarse maroon-colored cloth, a waistcoat of the same, breeches of black ratteen, stockings of clouded grey cotton, and shoes without buckles.

Rameau would not contradict him about the splendor of his costume; he let him depart, but he had scarcely disappeared when he called Mme. Rameau, who had just returned from mass.

"My dear," said he "put dinner forward an hour, lay two more covers, and send word immediately to the Opera that they must send me the costumer and the dress-maker without delay. I have the most urgent need of them."

Mme. Rameau obeyed without replying, and Rameau had scarcely had time to give these orders when Gossec returned with his wife.

The young husband and wife made the most charming little couple imaginable. Without being exactly pretty, Mme. Gossec was extremely attractive. To the freshness of her seventeen years she joined an air of candor and of artless intelligence which at once prepossessed in her favor. She was not so small as her husband, yet there was not between them that great disproportion always so displeasing when the advantage is not on the the side of the man. Seeing them pass, every one might say, "What a pretty couple!" After looking at them a moment, an observer could not help exclaiming, "What a happy couple!"

(To be Continued.)

## Music in the Boston Public Schools.

TWO PAPERS READ BY DR. J. BAXTER UPHAM AT THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION ROOMS, JAN. 20th & 27th.

I.

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is not without hesitation, and some serious misgivings of exoneliance, that I have accepted the invitation of your honored President to come before this association with the attempt to unfold the plan and purpose of musical instruction as it is now pursued in the public schools of Boston. To do this as it ought to be done—to do it fully, thoroughly and satisfactorily—would take up the time of many entire evenings and require the aid of copious illustrations, and the cooperation of the teachers and pupils in all the divisions and subdivisions of our comprehensive system of public-school instruction. And in the two consecutive evenings of this course, which your committee have kindly placed at my disposal, I shall not presume to more than sketch in outline the origin, progress and scope of such instruction, and exhibit, to a limited extent, the results which are now being accomplished.

As preliminary to my subject I will state, in few words, the organization of the Boston public-school system, with which all here present may not be familiar.

The whole scheme of public instruction is under the general care and supervision of the Board of School Committee, consisting of the mayor, the president of the Common Council, and ninety-six members—six from each ward. The schools are classified in three grand divisions or grades, called, respectively, the high, grammar and primary departments. There are, at present, five high schools, having an average of 1640 pupils; thirty-seven grammar schools, with 19,260 pupils, and three hundred and thirty-five primaries, with 14,716 pupils. Besides these there are several special schools, so-called, numbering eleven evening schools, two schools for licensed minors, one for deaf mutes, and one kindergarten school. Again, the primary schools are subdivided into six classes, each occupying one half of the year. The grammar schools are

Digitized by Google

likewise graded into six classes, each class being intended to occupy the time of about one year. The courses in the high schools vary from three to six years. The arrangement in all the schools is such that each teacher has a separate room and each scholar a separate desk and chair.

The period of primary pupilage extends from the age of five to eight years; that of the grammar from eight to about fourteen or fifteen years; that of the high schools in age a year or two more. This army of about 38,000 children is placed under the care and instruction of a corps of 1001 teachers, of whom 147 are males and 854 are females. Of this number, 963 are employed in regular class instruction, and 38 in the teaching of special departments. The whole is under the surveillance of the superintendent of schools, as he is called,—the present incumbent of which office, Mr. Philbrick, has an almost world-wide reputation as an educationist of the highest order of ability.

I pass next to some historical data in the rise and progress of musical instruction in connection with these schools.

A little more than forty years ago Mr. William C. Woodbridge, the eminent geographer, delivered a lecture before the American Institute of Instruction in the hall of the House of Representatives, in Boston, advocating the expediency and practicability of introducing vocal music as a branch of common-school education. This convention numbered several hundred persons, mainly teachers, representing at least eleven states of the Union and comprising the highest educational ability of the land. Mr. Woodbridge had just returned from his educational tour in Europe and brought back with him the favorable opinions, on this subject, of the most distinguished educators in Germany and Switzerland; such men as Niemeyer, Schwartz, Denzel, Fellenberg, Pfeiffer, Nägeli and others. This effort of Mr. Woodbridge's produced a profound impression at the time. By it the first impulse was given to music as a branch of common education in our schools in America.

A year or two afterward Mr. George H. Snelling of this city, in behalf of a special committee appointed for that purpose, presented to the Primary School Board of Boston an elaborate report strongly urging the adoption of music as a regular study in our primary schools. This report of Mr. Snelling was in advance of the times. A partial experiment was made, but the plan was never fully carried out.

Soon afterward the 'Boston Academy of Music' was established, with our distinguished fellow citizen, the late Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, at its head. By them a memorial was presented to the School Committee, asking that vocal music be made a regular study in the schools of this city. This was in 1836. The next year the school board, by a select committee, offered a report in favor of the petition from the Academy, which was accepted and acted upon affirmatively by the board. But failing to obtain from the City Council the necessary appropriations, the measure was for the time defeated. Meanwhile one of the professors of the Academy, the late Dr. Lowell Mason, gave instruction, gratuitously, in one of the schools to test the experiment; and the next year the School Committee, well satisfied with the result, passed a vote to the effect that the Committee on Music be instructed to contract with a teacher of vocal music in the several public schools of the city. This vote of the School Committee of Boston (say the Academy of Music in their report of July, 1839) may be regarded as the *Magna Charta* of musical education in this country. From this time onward it has always existed as a recognized department of study in the schools, under many phases of organization, in greater or less degree of popular favor, and with varying success. But the time will not allow me to particularize.

In 1857 a decided step in advance was taken by the appointment on the part of the School board, of a Standing Committee on Music, and the adoption of a better and more uniform plan of instruction. Pianos were furnished to the grammar schools, and the instruction was extended to the Girls' High and Normal School, in order that the pupils of that institution might be qualified to become teachers of music in their turn. But even then the teaching was mainly confined to the two upper classes of the grammar schools—the lower grades as well as the primaries, although included in the letter of the regulations, receiving practically but little, if any attention.

It was not till July, 1864, that a special instructor in music was furnished for the primary schools; only in 1868 was the further step taken of providing a special instructor for the lower classes of the grammar schools; and not until the last year (that of 1872) was the chain of progressive instruction completed by the formal establishment of music as a recognized branch of study in all the high schools of the city.

By such slow and gradual steps has this branch of public instruction arrived at its present stage of existence. That it is yet imperfect in many respects, none are so conscious as those whose duty it has been in all these years to watch over and guide its hesitating and painful progress. But for the simplicity of its plan, for thoroughness of teaching, for good adaptation of means to the end, for abundant and legitimate results combined with a careful economy of administration, we venture to claim for it, even now, a place beside the best-tried schemes of public musical education.

The organization of this system of musical instruction is now as follows:

A corps of four professional teachers is employed by the city, who are called the Supervisors of musical instruction in the public schools. One of these, the chief Supervisor, as he is called, is at the same time the teacher of music in the high schools. His three associates are responsible respectively for the proper musical instruction of the upper and lower grades of the grammar classes and of the primary schools. There is, at present, also an assistant, so-called, for the newly annexed Dorchester district, who acts under the direction of the above-named officers. All are subject to the executive authority of the Standing Committee on Music, who derive their power from the general board.

The principal room in each of the high and grammar schools, as also in each of the properly graded primaries, is furnished with a piano, which is required to be kept in order and in tune. The rooms without pianos are supplied with a simple pitch-pipe, which can be made to give any sound of the middle octave. A set of charts, with stand or easel, forms also a part of the regular school furniture in each room, together with a manual for the teachers giving directions for the use of these charts.

In the plan of musical instruction two features stand out prominently—the simple but progressive and thorough scientific training imparted to the pupils, and the provision requiring the *instruction to be given mainly by the regular school teachers* under the general supervision and direction of the limited corps of professional gentlemen, as I have said. This last I hold to be essential *and vital* to the success of any plan of musical instruction connected with the public-school system as it exists in this country.

It might not be uninteresting just here, if I were to go over with you and explain this plan of instruction in detail, but I will trust that to the demonstration which is to follow. I will therefore occupy no more time with dry statistics and description, but will introduce you at once to Mr. Luther W. Mason, the supervisor of musical instruction in the primary department of the Boston Schools, and the class of pupils he has kindly brought here for the purpose of showing by actual demonstration the plan and method of teaching to which I have briefly referred.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind citizens of Boston what Mr. Mason has done for this branch of our public-school requirements. The scheme and method of instruction which he will show you to-night, with the helps devised for the pupils, the books and charts, manual and devices of various kinds, are all essentially his own. He has given his whole life to this work; and the best judges of the art, at home and abroad, have awarded to his labors their sympathy and their approval.

## II.

Ladies and Gentlemen—In my paper of last week I gave some account of the origin, progress and scope of musical instruction in connection with the public schools of this city. I explained also, very briefly, the present organization of our school system in general, and the department of musical instruction in particular, and closed my imperfect sketch with a practical illustration, by a class of pupils, of the plan and methods of this instruction throughout the three years of primary study, under the personal direction of the supervisor of music in that department. Those who were present at that demonstration, saw that the first attempt of the teacher was to gain the attention of the children by singing to them some easy melodic phrase within the range adapted to their voices, and asking them to repeat it after him,—to imitate the sounds he had given them in their proper order. The interest of the children is thus excited, their attention aroused, their appreciation of musical sounds for the first time perhaps awakened. This preliminary rote singing,—for such it is, of the easiest and simplest kind,—is an appeal to the imitative faculty which young children possess in so great a degree of perfection; hence the greatest care should be taken that the example be a proper model for imitation as regards method and style, purity and correctness of tone, even in the utterance of the simplest musical phrase. These early rote lessons should therefore be given, when possible, by the professional teacher himself. Even at this early stage in the musical instruction, great attention is given to the formation of a proper quality of voice. The child is called upon to use a smooth and pleasant intonation in speaking, in reading, in recitation and in singing. Above all he is taught to avoid a noisy use of the voice. As preliminary to the exercise of the voice in singing, the young children are trained in the following essential points:

A proper position of the body.
The right management of the breath.
A good quality of utterance, as just mentioned.
The correct sound of the vowels.
A good articulation.
An intelligent expression of the sense.

Care, too, is to be taken in the singing exercises of young children, that a too great compass be not attempted. The child is allowed to sing only in the middle register, or where he makes the tones with the least effort. Commencing our instruction with the rote singing, as already stated, the first six sounds of the G scale only are attempted at the outset. Even within this limited range many of the best juvenile songs may be found. After the voice has been well practised in this compass, it may be extended upward and downward to a judicious extent, taking care *not to strain* the voice in the least degree.

The pitch and compass of the voice having thus been attended to, musical phrases of easy rhythmical structure are next taught in double and in triple time, the rote method still being used. At this stage musical notation in its simplest form is begun. The teacher explains, gives examples which the pupil is required to imitate. With all these, practical exercises upon the sounds of the scale are intermingled.

In the second year of primary instruction the pupil is taught to know the different kinds of notes and rests, to understand the nature of quadruple and sextuple time, and the manner of beating the same, the accentuation as applied to music, etc. He is also gently initiated into the mysteries of the chromatic scale, so far as the simple change from the natural into the keys of G and F major is concerned.

In the third and last year of primary instruction he is taught to describe by its intervals the major diatonic scale, etc., etc. And thus the three years' course of primary pupilage is closed.

We come now to the course of grammar school instruction, which, as I said last week, covers a period of about six years.

In the lowest class the pupil is rapidly led over the whole ground taken in his primary course, now and henceforward by reference to the musical characters—rote teaching and rote singing being for the most part abandoned. The child is here expected to begin to read the notation of simple musical phrases at sight.

In the sixth and lowest class is commenced an intellectual study of the sounds of the scale. Children are taught to recognize any sound of the scale by its scale name, and produce the same at the dictation of the teacher. This still further to educate the ear. This is followed by a representation of the sounds upon the musical scale, which trains the eye together with the ear.

A few minutes are thus spent, each day, as a drill exercise, followed by practice upon the music charts. This drill of single sounds is followed by triad practice, as it is called, and by the practice of two-part songs upon the charts, together with the beating of the time; and, in addition to this, in the next higher classes, by the chromatic scale and a study of the keys which grow out of it. It is safe to say that at the end of the second or third year the class will have a sufficient knowledge of the nine different keys to enable them to sing correctly any choral which may be written in any of those keys, at sight. This brings us through the two lower classes and completes the second series of charts, which covers the major scales in nine keys.

In the third year of the grammar course is commenced the study of such intervals as are necessary to a thorough understanding and analysis of the triads on the different degrees of the scale, such as the major and minor second, major and minor

Digitized by Google

third, perfect and diminished fifth, etc.; also the most usual form of the chord of the seventh is taught, as will presently be shown. After the class is familiar with the major and minor thirds, there follows an explanation of the Roman numerals used to indicate major and minor on different degrees of the scale, etc., etc. But I will not take up farther time with these details. All this will better appear in the illustrations which are to follow. Suffice it to say that the pupils are gradually becoming familiar with the groundwork of three-part singing as based upon the triads, and in acquiring a practical knowledge of the inversion of the triads.

At the end of the fourth year the pupils can readily sing in plain three-part harmonies, and should understand all the signs and characters used in musical composition, and be able to comprehend and read at sight any of the music found in our ordinary collections of psalmody. This is as far as it is proposed to carry the subject this evening.

An essential element in the plan of such teaching, up to this point, as we have seen, is this, that it be given mainly by the regular school teachers, with the aid and general direction only of a professional teacher. I wish to *emphasize* this point, for it is an essential and vital feature in our plan of public musical instruction.

And we take it for granted that all the regular teachers can do their part in such instruction. It requires, in the system we have been considering, no special musical ability, or previous training, for the acceptable performance of this work. An *aptness to teach* only is necessary, and any person who is fitted in other respects to hold the responsible position of teacher in a public school has the ability, we contend, to learn in a very short time (under the direction of a competent professional head,) how to teach the elements of music, as well as the other studies required in our common schools. Nor is it necessary that the teacher should be able to sing in order to be successful in this branch of study, though of course it is an aid.

A few words as to the time which is given to such instruction in the curriculum of school work. Ten minutes in each session in the primary schools, and fifteen minutes each day in the lower classes of the grammar schools are devoted to instruction in music by the regular teachers of the schools. The upper classes of the grammar department devote one half-hour each week to this study, under the personal instruction of the professional teacher, and, in addition, ten minutes each day are given to musical instruction by the regular teachers of these classes, under the general direction of the music teacher. In the high schools a specified number of hours each week is devoted to this study, under the personal tuition of the professional teacher, and in the normal school such instruction is required to be given as shall qualify the pupils to teach in their turn this branch of study in our common schools.

A systematic and progressive course of musical instruction is thus given to all the pupils of the public schools in the city of Boston, commencing with the children of five or six years of age, when they first enter the primary school-room, and ending with the advanced classes of the high schools—young men and young women who are just entering upon the duties and responsibilities of real life. It is not the question of these sketches to argue the question of the importance of this specialty as a branch of common school education. I take it for granted that the benefit of such instruction, if properly carried out, is now generally appreciated. Its efficiency as a means of recreation and of discipline in the school-room, its agency in the formation of a refined and melodious speech, its humanizing influence upon both teacher and pupil, is recognized and acknowledged by the best educators in our own and in other lands.

It has sometimes been urged, in opposition to this study, that too much time is taken up, or is liable to be taken up, in preparation for the festivals and other public musical demonstrations which naturally grow out of it. Perhaps in former years, in the infancy of its adoption, this might have been, but it is so no longer. I have already alluded to the limited time which is daily allotted to it in the schools; and as to the time now given to preparation and rehearsal for public musical exhibitions, I need only say that at the first National Peace Festival (so-called), which took place in the old Coliseum in the summer of 1869, when the schools were made participants in the programme, and about six thousand pupils took part in the last day's performance, the occupation (once or twice a week) of the usual hour for the music lesson, for two or three [illegible] devo-

ted to the prescribed schedule. Time only for a single rehearsal in the Coliseum was allowed. This occurred on the day preceding the public performance, and was conducted as best it could be, amid the clatter of hammers and saws, and the multitudinous interruption of a great army of listeners. Those who were present on the day of the concert will not soon forget the profound and inspiring effect produced upon the vast assemblage. More recently, also, at the entertainment given by the pupils of the Boston schools in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis (about a year ago), still less opportunity was allowed for preparation. The concert was given, it may be remembered, on Saturday afternoon. On the Monday previous the music began to be distributed to the schools by sections, the city being divided for this purpose into four divisions,—one section or division being supplied each day. The first four days of the week were thus required to complete the circuit. A single lesson of one or two hours in duration was allowed to each school. On Friday there was a partial rehearsal in Bumstead Hall, followed by a full rehearsal, with orchestra and organ, upon the stage in the Music Hall, which together occupied about one hour and a half. And the next day the public performance was given in presence of the imperial visitor and an audience which crowded the building to its utmost capacity.

I have thus, in the two evenings which your committee has kindly appropriated to this subject, glanced hastily at the record of this movement in connection with our Boston public schools, and at some points in the plan of instruction as at present existing. We cannot now predict what the ultimate results of this system of universal instruction upon a community like ours may be. The full effect of the unbroken progressive plan has not yet been reached. It requires, as we have seen, a period of about twelve years to complete the course. I have attempted to cover, in these demonstrations, only about three-quarters of this course. If we had time to follow it up into the higher grades of the schools we should find it there developing in its æsthetic and mathematical relations—in its bearing upon the theory of counterpoint and musical composition. But I do not propose now to trench upon this advanced ground,—not only for want of time, but also because the period I have taken is the compass within which the large majority of the children attending our public schools may be found, and is, to my mind the most important portion of the school age for public musical education.

I have now the pleasure of introducing to the association Mr. H. E. Holt, the accomplished supervisor of musical instruction in the lower classes of the grammar schools in Boston. Mr. Holt will exhibit to you the plan of instruction as carried on in the first four years of grammar-school pupilage, which comes especially under his charge.

## Refinement.

Refinement is not fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always closely allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity.

To commence at a material base, refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. All "loudness" or "flashiness" is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings, whether palatial, affluent or humble, the same chasteness and unaffected grace are maintained. The abode of genuine refinement, and of the mere pretender to it, are very different. In the former you will find no excess, gaudiness or false glitter, but the latter abounds with it.

In personal manner, refinement is most conspicuous. A man of refinement is always polite without flourish, gentle without effeminacy, and considerate without stiffness. Display and ceremony are not identical with refinement and are poor substitutes for it. There is, of course, no refinement like that of the heart, which impels its possessor to show on all occasions a thoughtful and kindly regard for the feelings of others. No adherence to etiquette can compare with it for insuring the spontaneous observance of true and gratifying politeness.

In art, refinement is a most essential element. It is the greatest enhancement of beauty. It is a most attractive excellence in every style of composition, prose or poetical, and without it painting and sculpture lose the most exalting attribute of their beauty. In music, refinement marks the highest order of writing. Sublimity is impossible without it. In the greatest works it is carried to remarkable perfection, excluding the slightest taint of vulgarity, commonplace or redundancy, and retaining only the ripe fruit of genuine inspiration in its pure expression and significance.

It is impossible that a composition which has no heart or substance should be refined, because it is meaningless, and there is nothing to refine. Anything laden with superfluities must be freed from them to become refined; but if such compositions were subjected to this process nothing would be left of them when it was completed. It is a pity that it cannot be freely applied, but it would only a little anticipate the work of time.

There is music considered refined because it is the product of the modern school, enjoying the advantages of the teachings of the past, and mechanical improvements of the present, which is hardly worthy of the esteem in which it is implicitly held by many. It is less significant than difficult, less profound than curious, and instead of depending for its effect upon the intrinsic beauty of its harmonies, produces them by a striking method of instrumentation. This is a school that has been coming more and more into vogue, but which must in the end die out from the exhaustion of its resources. When it is no longer a novelty it will cease to be interesting. It is too superficial, and unless it grow richer in deep feeling it cannot last. That it can rightly claim a certain material refinement cannot be denied; but unless it also attain to the refinement of the spirit it will pass away to

"Years beyond the flood."

## The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

I.

METHOD.

What is the meaning of this much-abused term as applied to vocal use? Why should those who sing already in a manner pleasing to themselves and their indulgent friends, be told that they need *method*—why not sing *without method?* Why cannot one become an artist by simply imitating the best models, without going through the very tedious process of acquiring that terrible something called *method?* Besides, what and whose method is to be adopted, in order to gain the desired end? We hear of the Italian, German, Garcia, Bassini, Streeter, and various other methods. Which is correct, and how are we to know whom to believe? It is to answer these and other questions that naturally suggest themselves to the earnest mind, that I commence this series of articles, hoping to clear some doubts that exist, and give some definite idea as to what are the proper principles for the use of the voice, according to my teaching.

And first, let me ask why it is not as well for a mechanic to work by imitation? Cannot one by watching a carpenter at his work, become equally skilful? Cannot an amateur painter attain an equal ability with Church, Kensett and Hill, by simply seeing them at their wonderful work? Cannot the would-be pianist become equally great with Rubinstein by watching his fingers? Cannot the unskilled violin player, self-taught, equal the world's great ones, by simply seeing them play? Of course the answer must invariably be in the negative—and is the voice so far beneath all of these as to be subject to different laws? Why, the voice is the noblest of all instruments, and subject to invariable laws. It is the proper application of these laws which we call *method.* Let us not attach any one name to the term, but deal simply with method in its fullest sense. You, my friend, have a good voice, perhaps, and think that by imitation of the best singers you hear, you can do all for yourself. But who *are* the best? Not those who please you best, for your lack of experience may have deprived you of opportunity to hear a variety of artists, and you may model on a local singer, whose total absence of a well-defined method would render him an undesirable model. But even supposing that you may have opportunities for hearing different singers of acknowledged rank, whom will you imitate?

In Worcester you have heard among others, Mrs. Chas. Moulton, Mrs. Julia Houston-West, and Mrs. H. M. Smith, for sopranos—Miss Phillips, Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Sterling and Miss Ryan for

Digitized by Google

contraltos—Fessenden, Simpson, and Osgood for tenors—Guilmette, Rudolphsen, and Sprague for basses. All of these are before the public as artists. Public performers are educators. Now these ladies and gentlemen all differ widely in method. In other words, they deliver their tones according to different principles.—You ladies who sing soprano, have the choice here of three examples—which will you take?—Contraltos, I offer you four notable ladies who differ widely. Which is the choice. Tenors, I could not give three who differed more, yet all are favorites. Basses can find entirely different principles at work in the singing of the gentlemen named. Are *all* correct?

I have nothing to remark regarding any of these. My work is not to criticize individuals, but to set forth such principles as shall lead you to decide for yourselves. Let us then assume that some fixed principles are necessary in singing or speaking, and at once the question comes up as to how one is to know where truth is to be found. One says that the voice has *registers*, another that it has none. One talks about the larynx, pharynx, glottis, trachea, &c., while another talks simply of the vocal chords. One talks of chest, medium and head tones, while another throws aside the whole. Now I propose to talk as plainly as possible and make my meaning understood by those who know nothing at all of the science of vocalization. If what I have to offer does not commend itself to the common sense of my readers, I had better not have taken pen in hand.

## II.

*Pupil.* Mr. Daniell, before you proceed farther, will you explain one little remark made in your last —"Public performers are educators."

*Mr. D.* Certainly, but is it not a self-evident fact? The mass of listeners are not critical, but are willing to assume that any singer whose name has appeared in the public prints a number of times, must be all that is proper. They will therefore yield their own opinions and induce themselves to believe that to be right which their good, natural sense of hearing tells them is wrong. It is the easiest thing possible to give up your opinions, when you stand in the small minority. Now, what you believe to be right, you will naturally copy after, or the mass will. The managers who put forward new people are well aware of this, and *handle* the public accordingly. If the papers can be induced to write up a singer, the general public believe all to be genuine, and thus their own real opinions are unconsciously shaped by men who have only personal interests in the matter. American audiences have yet to learn to be really critical, that they may avoid having singers imposed on them who do not properly understand their art.

*Pupil.* You are severe; and are you not a little one-sided? You assume all to be bad, and the public to be always imposed upon; yet that is certainly not so.

*Mr. D.* True, it is by no means always so, but the true artist is frequently left out of sight by an audience who do not appreciate purity of style and method, but demand what is commonly termed claptrap, or sensational singing, rather than pure, artistic rendering. But all this we shall come to as we go on. Suffice it to say that we have had singers who were models, as for instance, Sontag, Alboni, LaGrange, Salvi, Badiali, Amodio, Bellini. You will notice that I instance those who have passed off the stage. You must learn to select for yourself among those still before the public.

*Pupil.* You have defined method as "a proper application of law." Do not all singers before the public make use of certain laws in using their voices?

*Mr. D.* Not all. I do believe, judging from the results, that some singers have no laws known to themselves, for the government of their tones. I remember at one time when a rivalry existed between two Italian primo tenori, belonging to rival troupes in California, one said of the other: "Whatever my shortcomings may be, I have at least a school, which Signor B—— has not and never will have." By *school* he meant *method* as we have it. He was right. Signor B—— had no *school*, and thought he did not need one; but when listening to his continual flatting one wished that the Signor *had* some law for his proper direction.

*Pupil.* You speak as if there might be a variety of schools or methods, and all right. Is it so?

*Mr. D.* Let us remember that the whole of truth never yet lay in any one direction. People may arrive at similar conclusions by different roads. You know that according to Charles Lamb's theory, the Chinese, having discovered the excellence of roast pig by means of the conflagration of a house, adopted that method of obtaining their roast pig for long after, in the same manner; whereby the roast pig was not quite so good as if cooked in a smaller fire, while the builders' trade was improved. I often think that the *Voice Building* need becomes the greater, on account of similar causes.

*Pupil.* A little obscure. Do you then think some methods so injurious? The whole of truth is not apt to lie in one direction, as you say, but I have been led to think the Italian method pure and safe.

*Mr. D.* Ah! the Italian method! Whose Italian method? At the beginning of the 18th century the genuine old Italian method was taught by Porpora and others, and such singers as then appeared, were, if history can be credited, something marvelous. Delicacy and beauty of singing were striven after, rather than the shouting, now considered essential. The old Italian method was undoubtedly very pure, but if men were to sing in that delicate manner now, they would be voted tame.

*Pupil.* But is there no way of gaining those same results now?

*Mr. D.* I believe firmly that there is, and in this way. Let us become aware of one very important fact to begin with. *Singing and speaking are (or should be) identical.*

*Pupil.* My dear sir, how can that be? when I speak, I use only a moderate amount of breath; but when I sing, I use much more and have to exert myself as well.

*Mr. D.* That is precisely the point. You do use more breath, but should not. You do exert yourself, but need not. For instance, take any simple word, *father*, for instance—first speak it in a natural tone of voice, and then in monotone in the same manner. Do you not see that the monotone is *singing?* Now rise a tone and deliver it in the same manner, and so on until you have gone up five notes and then return.

*Pupil.* That is all easy enough to be sure, but the amount of tone is not worth speaking of, and besides, it became harder as I ascended.

*Mr. D.* One thing at a time. The tone, you say, was not loud. Ah! that is the old trouble. "Power! give us power! We do not yet know how to creep, but we must be prepared to run a race immediately." No, my friend, you do not make much power, but you will find that before a great while power will come into your voice to your entire satisfaction. You have not properly understood what constituted power, but have wrongly believed that in order to sing a loud note one must shout, or to play *ff* on the piano, one must bang the instrument. It is not so. Easy, flexible action is what we need. Now reading is useful, substituting a line of poetry for the single word as you have used it. Take one line on C, the next on D, and so on. Make no effort, but let the words flow out of your mouth with the breath. The sound may be light, but it will not tire you at least, and that is worth something.

## III.

*Pupil.* It seems to me that the term *register* is one which is not clearly understood—at least I have never been able to gain any definite idea of its meaning from the different explanations that I have received. Why is it?

*Mr. D.* It has not been properly simplified.—Let me endeavor to convey the true idea. Many explanations have been given by writers and teachers, and yet the true meaning is generally left in rather a haze. Every lady finds in her voice, when commencing at the middle C, (or the lowest C usually sung by her,) and singing up the scale, that on arriving at the first F, or thereabouts, a desire for change in character of tone will show itself;—allowing the change to occur, all goes smoothly, until arriving at about D, when another change asserts itself:—allowing this second change to take place, the voice assumes a thinner character, which extends as far as the voice is capable of going. This is merely fact and to be found in all female voices. No reasoning can throw this plain fact out of sight. We have then to reason on the cause. Now as I have said before, all tone is produced in the vocal chord, to use simply that term. Expansion gives low and contraction high tones. Ascending the scale, contraction takes place to the utmost that the chord will naturally bear, when another position is taken. Please lift a weight from the floor, keep your arms straight, and the strain comes on your knees and shoulders. Lift as high as you can with the shoulders—you suddenly come to a stop, and yet the weight is not far from the ground. In order to raise it higher a new position must be taken. The strain must then come upon your wrists, until you can raise the weight sufficiently to reverse them, when you push up, the strain coming on your fore-arm and shoulder. The simile is perhaps rude, but it may strike you that the first movement is not altogether a bad representation of the lower register, while the pushing up indicates the upper, the turning of the wrist representing the difficulty to be overcome in passing from one to the other. Again, the flute has a limited number of keys and finger-holes, yet the player contrives to get over a great range, using the same keys and finger holes for wide extremes of tone. How is this?

*Pupil.* Why, by changing the *embouchure*, of course. When the limit of a scale is reached, the lips must be more compressed, and so a higher tone reached.

*Mr. D.* Very well; then a new position is taken. So also with the Cornet, and every other wind instrument—all are governed by the same laws. Now is there anything remarkable in the voice requiring the application of similar law? But it may be said that, while these instruments produce a uniformity of tone throughout, the voice varies greatly when passing from one register to another.

*Pupil.* Precisely what I was about to say. I listened not long since to a singer, highly endorsed, in whose voice there appeared a very decided change, when passing from the high notes to the low. The upper tones were pleasant to listen to, but the low notes must have been of the order to which you referred, as being *mannish*.

*Mr. D.* Did they please you?

*Pupil.* No, I did not like them at all, but as the audience seemed generally to find satisfaction in them, I concluded that the fault must be in myself.

*Mr. D.* Your convictions were correct. They were wrong and bad altogether. Now what would be thought of a teacher of the flute, who should train his pupils to play in this manner? He would not be tolerated. Why should the voice be treated worse than the keyed instruments? A very common way of training the voice is to establish a fixed boundary, up to which point a certain kind of tone shall be produced, and then, changing the boundary line, establish another kind of tone, differing altogether from the first; in fact, establishing compartments, having no affinity for each other. I believe this to be wrong. As I have said before, the so-called *chest* tones, having the unearthly sound of which you speak, are set back in the mouth while the upper tones must come forward. The crowded, *mannish* tones please the singer, as being very full, rich, vibratory, telling, and the like, but they are really neither one of these. Put your head into an empty hogshead and speak. You will hear much noise without doubt, but I will venture the assertion that very little sound is heard a few steps off—so it is with this unnatural chest tone. It will not be heard at any great distance, while pure, free tone will be heard at quite a distance, as clearly as near at hand. No, freedom of tone we must have, and power will come as a result.

*Pupil.* But is not this hard low tone more natural in the production, than the free tone of which you speak?

*Mr. D.* It seems so in some, but only because they forget, or do not know, that speaking and singing are governed by the same laws. A great many people think it a grand thing to talk with a deep tone, which is all proper if nature so establishes, but I do not believe in cultivating the habit of talking in a lower key than is perfectly natural. The tone will inevitably become set and stiff.

*Pupil.* How then will you manage with one who talks in a stiff manner? Speaking and singing are the same, you say; will not the singing be stiff, in spite of all endeavors to the contrary?

*Mr. D.* The pupil must read rapidly, in different parts of the voice, so that no opportunity is afforded to set the tone. I can assure you that nature will assert her rights, if you give her but a fair chance; of course, the teacher cannot do all. If the pupil desires to improve, no obstacle must be interposed, but entire yielding must take place. I have had pupils who desired to gain the good, without being willing to give up the bad. No efforts of mine could then avail. In studying the voice, make up your mind that your teacher understands his art, and then yield yourself to him. Do not go half-way. Be in earnest. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 22, 1873.

## Oratorios.

"Elijah" and "Judas Maccabæus" were performed on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8th and 9th. The former, of course, drew the fullest house; for it is well known, dramatic, brilliant, with full modern instrumentation, sensational (though not in a bad sense), and always popular. Moreover, if the Handel and Haydn Society are "well up" in any oratorio, they are so in *Elijah*. This is the work they choose, when they would make their best impression upon strangers; and so tempting is it to appear thus in all their glory, that other and even greater works year after year still go unlearned:—so much sweeter than study is the fruit of study, the triumphant exhibition: so much more stimulating to exertion is the hope of an excursion to another city to astonish Gotham, than a quiet, inwardly rewarding and improving winter's campaign into the heart of that hardly half explored, certainly unconquered, and exhaustless territory of Bach's Passion Music. But such is human nature!—Another reason why *Elijah* had a larger audience than *Judas* is, that Sunday evening is no longer, as it used to be, the time regarded as the most convenient and proper for attendance on an Oratorio; with some, we dare say, it is a matter of religious scruples, with others only a question of railroads. Only the *Messiah* is deemed quite sacred enough to overcome the hesitancy of the former class.

The performance of *Elijah* this time was of about the usual excellence; very impressive to the many, but without much to give it a fresh life and interest to those who know it all by heart. Of course the great dramatic energy and fervor, combined with the thorough artistic intelligence, of Mme. RUDERSDORFF went far to place the Soprano recitatives and arias in a strong light, albeit frequently a somewhat harsh one, owing to the struggles of a voice no longer in its prime, and only now and then renewing its beautiful youth in a way that all could hail it with delight. Yet is the presence of the great artist always unmistakable. "Hear ye, Israel" was given with rare power. Her least successful effort, naturally, was in the quartet: "Holy, holy!" —Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, in her quiet, unimpassioned way, but with her very rich, pure, sweet and even voice, and thoroughly sound and honest style of singing, won sincere applause by her delivery of the Contralto melodies. And she took "O rest in the Lord" in a less slow and dragging time than we have been too much accustomed to. The Tenor solos found adequate expression in the fine voice, the pure intonation, the earnest fire and true intelligence of Mr. NELSON VARLEY. The only drawbacks in his singing are a certain dry and slightly nasal quality in some of his tones, and in high climbing passages an apparent effort as of one *screwing* himself up to "the height of his great enterprise,"—yet with all the exactness and the certainty of such a lever. It seemed as if he struggled with the remnant of a cold. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY presented the central figure of the Prophet with his usual majesty and massiveness of style, although he was by no means in his best voice, his voluminous tones sounding somewhat hollow; and he relapsed too often into his old fault of lifelessness. It would be unjust, however, to say this of "Is not His word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh," which he declaimed with an all-sufficient and unflagging vigor, making every note tell. "The mountains shall depart" was grandly sung too, and a new oboe in the leading phrase made itself felt to good advantage. The orchestra seemed well up to its work. The chorus was a little weaker in the bass than usual, but otherwise its tasks were creditably, sometimes splendidly achieved. There was an awkward hitch in the Double Quartet, which did not settle into unity of outline for some time. But the single Quartets, and the Angel Trio, in which Miss CARRIE BRACKETT took the middle part, between Mme. Rudersdorff and Miss Fairman) went evenly and smoothly.

*Judas Maccabæus*, old as it is, and in spite of the sketchy, incomplete accompaniment of Handel's score, compared with the brilliant modern instrumentation of *Elijah*, has the fresher charm of the two to those who care most for intrinsic musical beauty and pure, sustained high tone of character. Of late years it has been too seldom given here; perhaps never really well given before that memorable performance last year when Miss Edith Wynne, Cummings and Santley took part in it. Then, too, the audience was select and small,—smaller even than it was this last time. One reason for this is, that most people imagine themselves much more familiar with the music than they are, merely because "The conquering hero" chorus, and one or two other numbers have been often heard. Another reason is, that the work *as a whole* has always been so mutilated, or so indifferently rendered, particularly in the solo pieces, that a vague impression of its general dulness has prevailed, and most unjustly. But we cannot help believing that there is still another cause, less generally known and understood by the listener, but interfering with his pleasure none the less, for the indifference with which this, one of the most inspired, original and beautiful of Handel's oratorios, has been regarded by so many. Let us explain.

It is well known that in the printed scores of Handel's Oratorios, Cantatas, &c., the orchestral accompaniment is for the most part a mere sketch. Handel himself was accustomed to preside at the organ in the performance, and could fill out the harmony, the intertwining polyphony according to his own idea. But in the written and afterwards engraved scores, with only here and there an exception, we find the voice part, with perhaps a principal violin, or oboe in unison with it, and nothing but a figured *basso continuo* besides; nothing to fill the wide, hollow chasm between the upper melody and the monotonous deep rumbling or roaring basses. In the fugued, or contrapuntal choruses, of course, the harmonic texture has to be complete. But with the Arias it is very different; these were left for Handel's personal accompaniment, or for after-elaboration by some skilful, sympathetic hand; for such completion of the sketch as Mozart has made for the *Messiah* (and yet not *all* of it), and Robert Franz for the "*L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso*," as well as for much of Bach's Passion Music. Now, blindly following tradition, it has been the custom here, as in England, to perform the *Judas* with that mere empty, colorless, monotonous and tedious accompaniment, which is all that the published score furnishes for many of the most important Arias. On this account too, doubtless, many of these Arias and Duets are left out oftener than they would be, were they enriched and illustrated by a complete setting. Of course most hearers are unconscious *why* they are so dull.

A striking instance of the difference in the two treatments was shown on Sunday evening in two of the finest of the Soprano airs. The one in which Mme. Rudersdorff made her best success of the evening, and which she sang so exquisitely: "Wise men flattering," happened for once to have received the especial attention of the composer, who left it armed with full accompaniment, and everybody knows how rich, complete and beautiful was the effect. On the contrary that other exquisite Air near the beginning: "O Liberty," was sung to absolutely nothing but the violoncello obligato; can any one for a moment imagine that Handel so intended it? So too, in part or wholly, with those heroic tenor and bass arias; splendid vocalization, a ringing, fervent, clear delivery, arouse the audience; but how much more magnificent would their effect be, were the harmony completed and the instrumentation filled out as it is only at the return of the first theme in "Sound an alarm"!

Besides this pervading infirmity, which we hope will one day be remedied (for certainly there lives the man to do it, and in a way after Handel's own heart), this oratorio suffered on this, as on all previous occasions, by too liberal curtailment. One of the very finest of the choruses: "For Zion lamentation make," was left out entirely; and that most rich and swelling and sublime of all the choruses: "Tune your harps" was badly cut. How persuasively it enters, on the dominant chord with seventh, taking up the burthen of the soprano solo! How clear and full the flow of all the parts! And how wonderfully beautiful is that passage near the close, where the basses climb from the low B to the high E, and hold it out through half a dozen measures, while the tenors from high G traverse a like distance downwards, and the sopranos steadily soar to the high A!

All the choruses are beautiful and grand; some filled with heroic patriotic ardor, inspiring martial courage; others breathing the most pure and deep religious feeling. In no oratorio is the pervading tone more high, religious, sacrificial. And they are picturesque, suggesting real scenes; you see those tribes of worshippers before you. The choruses were in the main very effectively sung. We only take exception to a point of rendering, namely to such exaggerated contrasts of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* as were made in the repeats of "See, the conquering hero comes."

The solos were for the most part sung with good expression and effect. Mme. RUDERSDORFF, by the vitality and fervor, the dramatic verve, with which she rendered her strong parts, as well as by the subtle delicacy and charm of her reading in such strains as we have before alluded to,—by her complete at-home-ness in the music, and her legitimate grand artist style of song and recitation (only marred by indulgence in some of those worn out conventionalisms of the idols of the theatre and concert room;—excessive lengths of trill, loud high notes upon a final cadence to hang applause on, &c., &c.),—largely redeemed all the short-comings of a voice considerably worn by long and glorious service, and obliged sometimes to *force* its way, to take *forzando* what might otherwise elude its grasp. Yet there are passages in which the voice is still very beautiful. She is best in grand declamation, or in large, sustained *cantabile*, or in the delicate finesses of *sotto voce*. In rapid *roulades*, evenly and surely as she executes them, the tones have a loud breathing, muffled quality, betraying more of will than voice.—Miss FAIRMAN's voice was of just the right character for the calm, serious, religious air: "Father of Heaven," beginning Part III., in which, as in the Duets, she made an excellent impression.—Miss CARRIE BRACKETT, a pupil of Mrs. Harwood, made her first appearance in these oratorios. She has a pure, sweet, flexible, and rather thin soprano voice, and showed good style and execution in the florid air: "So shall the lute and harp awake." Her part, too, in the opening Duet and the Trio of *Elijah* was quite creditable.

But the chief honors of the oratorio were borne

Digitized by Google

away by the tenor hero, Judas. Mr. VARLEY seemed to do his best, fairly electrifying the audience by his splendid trumpet tones in "Sound an alarm," which never made so strong a mark here before. A repetition was imperatively claimed and granted. The singer showed himself master of the Handelian roulades in other arias, and was most successful in the rendering of the very difficult "How vain is man." Mr. WHITNEY sang superbly "The Lord worketh wonders," and generally was more himself than on the preceding night.

## Harvard Symphony Concert.

The programme for the sixth Concert, Feb. 6, after repeated alterations and remodellings, finally came out in this shape.

*Overture to "Preciosa"........................Weber.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2, in B flat, Op. 19. Beethoven.
Allegro con brio.—Adagio.—Allegro molto.
(Cadenza by Moscheles.)
B. J. Lang.
Overture: "The Fair Melusina"........Mendelssohn.

**Concertstueck, in G, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 92................................Schumann.
Introduction and Allegro appassionato.
B. J. Lang.
** "Ocean" Symphony in C, Op. 52....A. Rubinstein.
Allegro maestoso. Adagio.—Allegro.—
Adagio and Allegro con fuoco.

It suited the clamorers for novelty better than it satisfied the musical conscience of all who had a hand in shaping it; and it must be acknowledged, the expressions of pleasure in the concert, especially the second part, have been numerous and spontaneous to a degree not very confidently expected. Of course the great feature was the "Ocean" Symphony by Rubinstein. The Thomas orchestra had given us the two "additional" movements which Rubinstein wrote to it as an after-thought; and in one of Mr. Lang's chamber concerts last year, the first, as being the best, movement of the original Symphony was outlined in a four-hand piano arrangement; otherwise the Symphony as such was to be heard now for the first time in Boston. The first plan contemplated giving only the first movement, balanced or contrasted with Haydn's short "Surprise" Symphony in the first Part. But it was thought, after all, more wise and just to offer the whole Symphony or none of it, and let the work speak for itself, for how can the single movement be seen in the right light except in its relation with the others?

And what was the result? That, in spite of its great length, and of its place in the last quarter of the two hours, it did absorb the general attention to the end, and was the topic of enthusiastic comment among many in the throng going out, is a fact not to be ignored. Whether the admiration was well founded, whether the charm will last, is at the same time a fair question. Opinions and impressions were by no means unanimous. Most will probably agree that they liked the first movement best; some were more captivated by the Adagio, or the *quasi* Scherzo, or the rousing Finale; some were made happy by all parts alike; and some (among them musicians of the best qualified to judge) pronounced it all a vague, vain striving after grandeur and originality, cheating the sense with instrumental splendors and *effects*, but not speaking to the soul with that clear, divine authority with which all the great music, through all the individualities of genius, has always spoken. Who ever had a doubt, even on the first hearing, about the musical validity and charm and heavenly quality of any thing by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann? And who is not puzzled all the time, in hearing these new Symphonists, to know whether it is really music in the best sense,—in that sense, namely, which has made music so divine a part of life to him? Here is ambition, of a titanic sort sometimes, and talent, wide grasp of resources, study, enterprise, great laying out of plans; we cannot, or we would not say it is all naught; but why does it leave us on the outside of itself, admiring, it may be, but unconvinced, unedified, shut out from that serene, sweet, holy atmosphere of harmony, which we have lived in times enough and long enough to know that he who does not bring us that brings not the real boon of music.

For ourselves we will not commit ourselves to an opinion until we know the work much better. We can simply say, that as a tone-poem of the "Ocean," whether in the descriptive or suggestive sense, the four long movements of this Symphony fail to reproduce to us a tithe of that essential poetry of the Ocean which we recognize in Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" Overture. Striving after much more, it seems to us much less imaginative. Perhaps it was too vast, impracticable a theme for music. The first movement, to be sure, has something vast, gigantic, full of sense of isolation and of distance, full of storm and calm, of sungleam and of chilling shadow, of sickening monotony of unrest;—unrest without the musical sense of progress, but rather the wide weltering sameness of the real waste of waters. The two principal themes are interesting; the one exhilarating and adventurous, entering in sunshiny flute tones, the other of a pleasing sentimental mood; and they are worked through with skill, with breadth and fulness of instrumentation, rich contrasts of color, but with too frequent recurrence, as if from sense of duty to the subject, of the rumbling monotony and swing of the deep basses, relieved again by cheerful glimpses of a bright blue sky.

The Adagio seemed tame to us, and lacking any individual style or impress to distinguish it from Mendelssohn or Gade, save that it was less interesting. The Scherzo ("Allegro"), rollicking and fierce, like sailors' revelry, disturbed by traits of positive coarseness and uncouthness; nor did we bring away a much more favorable impression of the Finale, with all its vigorous *élan*.—But these are first impressions; perhaps the whole thing will mean more to us some day. One word, however, with regard to *style*. We have looked in vain for anything which we could call distinctively a Rubinstein style; anything which, being unlike that of others whose music always charms, yet fascinates by an individuality of its own and by an equally divine right. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Rossini, they are all unlike by virtue each of his peculiar genius; is there any such distinctive flavor or aroma in this music to enable you to say that only this man's genius could produce the like of it?—The performance of a work so difficult, with short rehearsal, was highly creditable to Mr. ZERRAHN and his orchestra.

The other novelty of the programme, Schumann's *Concertstueck*, a work of about half the length of a regular Concerto, proved extremely interesting, full of thought and beauty, and characteristic of its author. The instrumentation is refined and rich. Mr. LANG was fully master of its great difficulties and gave, with good co-operation of the orchestra, a very clear and satisfactory interpretation. The B-flat Concerto of Beethoven is not one of his *great* ones; it is in the master's earlier and simpler style, but fresh, melodious and full of grace. Mr. Lang had played it once before in the second season of these concerts, and also last year in concerts of his own; and it bears repetition. His rendering was perfectly clean, refined and delicate, showing masterly execution in the Moscheles cadenza. But here again comes up the old question with regard to such cadenzas; does not so simple and unpretending a movement as that first Allegro appear overloaded by a long, elaborate and difficult cadenza of that sort; especially when, as in this case, your expectation of the return of the orchestra is cheated by three or four closing chords and nothing more? The added ornament seems out of all proportion to the modest original; too much like those marvellous structures which our modern ladies pile upon their heads. The Finale is the most original and piquant part of this Concerto.—The two Overtures were very much enjoyed; Weber's fresh, bright little gipsy prelude giving a lively zest at the beginning of the feast.

The seventh concert, next Thursday Afternoon, Feb. 27, offers a particularly interesting programme, namely: Overture: "Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Piano, with Orch.: "Serenade and Allegro giojoso," Mendelssohn, (Hugo Leonhard); Aria: "Son confusa pastorella," Handel, with orchestration by R. Franz (Mrs. C. A. Barry).—*Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart; **Krakowiak," for Piano, with Orchestra, Chopin, (H. Leonhard); Songs, Mrs. Barry; Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Schumann.—Mrs. Barry's Songs in the second part are: *a.* Ave Maria, by *Franz* (with string orchestra); *b.* **"The Soldier's Bride," *Schumann*; *c.* Goethe's "May Song," *Franz*.

## Chamber Concerts.

Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG had another full hall for their second matinée, Feb. 14, which gave equal satisfaction with the first. This was the programme:

Sonate, op. 30, No. 3. Piano and Violin..Beethoven.
Allegro assai. Tempo di Menuetto.—Allegro.
Messrs. Hugo Leonhard and Julius Eichberg.
Hebrew Melodie, arranged by............Rob. Franz.
For Piano and Violoncello.
Messrs. Hugo Leonhard and Wulf Fries.
Concerto, D minor, for two Violins............Bach.
Vivace; Largo ma non troppo; Allegro.
Messrs. Julius Eichberg and Henry Suck.
Preludes, op. 28, No. 6, 1, 23, 15, 17............Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Trio, op. 63, D minor..........................Schumann.
Allegro, Scherzo, Andante, Finale.
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg and Fries.

The fresh and buoyant Beethoven Sonata, with the complete *abandon* of its dance-like Finale, was most enlivening. The Melody which Robert Franz heard in a synagogue, may or may not be of old Hebrew origin, but it is beautiful, and bold where the minor opens into the major, and Franz has developed and enriched his theme by that fine instinct and consummate art he has of bringing out just what was in the germ. It was beautifully played.

The Bach Concerto was listened to with a sincere and deep delight; especially the exquisite slow movement, although one of the violins seemed not so alive to what it had to utter as the other. Mr. Leonhard presented his bouquet of Chopin Preludes (three of the five, at least, were quite familiar ones) in a most tasteful and appreciative manner; the last one has a singularly Mendelssohnian cut for Chopin. Of the magnificent Schumann Trio, we can only say that it was finely rendered and made a deep impression as usual.

The next Matinee will be on Friday, March 7.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB were greeted by a large and a responsive audience at the first of their Four Chamber Concerts, at the Melonaon, last Saturday evening. The programme, in accordance with the whole plan of the series, made up mostly from the works of new composers, was as follows:

Quartet, No. 2, in E, op. 10................Max Bruch.
Allegro Maestoso, Andante quasi Adagio, Vivace ma non troppo, Finale Vivace.
Sacred Air, "Pour out thy heart before the Lord," Molique.
Mr. Nelson Varley.
Trio, No. 3, in B flat. For Piano, Violin and 'Cello. Bargiel.
Moderato, Andante, Scherzo, Allegro.
Elegie for Violoncello..........................Bazzini.
Rudolph Hennig.
Quartet in A minor, Op. 29..........Franz Schubert.
Allegro ma non troppo, Andante Menuetto, Allegro.

We were only able to be present through the first two pieces, and we listened to those with sense of hearing so demoralized by winter winds and snow, that we could not tell whether we liked the Quartet by Bruch or not. It seemed to make a good impression. Of Mr. VARLEY it was clear enough that he never has sung more sweetly, purely and artistically, and the Air by Molique is truly beautiful and noble; you could almost fancy it to be one that Mendelssohn had left out from *St. Paul*. Mr. PERABO was the pianist in the Trio by Bargiel.—The second concert is to-night, and this is the programme:

Quartet in D minor, op. 77....................J. Raff.
Moderato, Vivace, Andante, Allegro.
Songs.
Miss Fairman.
Quartet Satz, in C minor, posthumous fragment. Franz Schubert.
Hungarian Dances, composed by Brahms, arranged for Violin and Piano ....................Joachim.
William Schultze.
Quintet in F, Op. 59 ......................Rubinstein.

☞ Our New York letter comes too late for this week.

Digitized by Google

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 25.—Mr. WOLFSOHN's seventh matinee, on Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst., was not very well attended, owing to the riotous state of the weather. The Symphony was Beethoven's first, which was remarkably well rendered. Indeed Mr. Wolfsohn's forte is his clear interpretation of this master's compositions. The Violin Concerto by Bruch is a very worthy production; but Mr. Stoll was not at all happy in his performance of it. The *Tannhaeuser* Overture was the only other work of importance on the programme; and I simply mention it to say how very inferior the execution of it was to the performance of the Symphony.

Mr. JARVIS gave the third soiree of his series at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 18. The programme began with Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin; the executants were Messrs. Jarvis and Guhlemann. This latter gentleman was somewhat careless in his playing. But in the *Adagio Cantabile* the loveliness of the movement seemed to obliterate the performers entirely from notice. In the Mozart Trio, for piano, clarionet and viola, the gentlemen who played the last two instruments were very successful. Mr. Jarvis played Tausig's second "Soiree de Vienne" magnificently. In Vieuxtemps' "Reverie" Mr. Guhlemann redeemed himself entirely. The Schumann "Andante with Variations," for two pianos, was exquisitely yet forcibly given by Messrs. Jarvis and Guhlemann.

On Thursday, the 23rd, THEO. THOMAS began a series of four concerts at the Academy of Music. The audience was not large, owing to the shocking weather. The programme was the same as was given by the Orchestra at their first concert in this city:

Overture to "Tannhaeuser"....................Wagner.
Allegretto, 8th Symphony....................Beethoven.
Invitation a la Danse [Weber]....................Berlioz.
Polonaise in E major....................Liszt.
Miss Mehlig.
Scherzo and March. Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.

—

Overture to "Wm. Tell"....................Rossini.
Traeumerei....................Schumann.
Danube Waltzes....................Strauss.
Serenade for Flute and French Horn....................Tit'l.
Two Polkas....................Strauss.
Fackeltanz, No. 1....................Meyerbeer.

The Allegretto was redemanded, and certainly the Midsummer Night's Dream should have been, for the rendering was simply perfect. The Traeumerei was of course encored, and Haydn's "Serenade" came out in acknowledgment of the compliment. Miss Mehlig was recalled after the Liszt Polonaise.

The second Concert began with Schumann's 3rd Symphony, in E flat. It was never before played here entire, and so to many of the audience it was a fresh treat. The whole work is eloquently grand: but grandest is the last movement: all through its solemn introduction one can see the sp rkli g theme, till, like the sun from an August fog, it bursts forth to obscure all its predecessors. Miss Mehlig followed with Chopin's F-Minor Concerto; all through the piece shone forth the brilliant qualities of the true artist. Mr. Osgood sang three songs by Schubert. I am free to confess I do not like Mr. Osgood's singing; he lacks voice, and he *slides* so much as to render it at times positively tiresome. Mr. Jacobsohn played Ernst's "Otello" Fantasia with proper spirit and effect.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon this was the programme:

Introduction to the 3d Act of "Medea"....Cherubini.
Twilight and Dryads' Dance, from "Im Walde".Raff.
C-sharp Minor Sonata....................Beethoven.
Miss Mehlig.
"Manfred" Overture, op. 115....................Schumann.

—

Ballett de Rienzi....................Wagner.
Songs. "Spring Faith"....................Schubert.
"The Violet"....................Mozart.
Mr. Osgood.
Solo for Harp....................Godefroid.
Mr. Lockwood.
Illustrationen Waltzer....................Strauss.
Serenade: Solos for Violin, Clarionet, Flute & Oboe. Rossini.
Overture: "Fingal's Cave"....................Mendelssohn.

The selection from the Raff Symphony was delightful; the Twilight portion especially; so delicate and dreamy it is. The long and tiresome Rienzi Ballet was most beautifully rendered. Miss Mehlig played the "Moonlight" Sonata with true poetic feeling, but her "Allegretto" was a shade too slow. Mr. Osgood sang somewhat better than usual; the second song indeed was very satisfactory. The performance in the evening was, as to the orchestral part, entirely composed by works of Wagner. The programme began with the grand "Kaiser March." This was followed by the "Vorspiel" to *Lohengrin*. The "Vorspiel and Schluss-satz" from *Tristan und Isolde* were entirely new to me, nor were the themes agreeable. "Der Ritt der Walkueren" [played from the Manuscript copy] was very well given. The "Huldigungs" march closed the orchestral part. Miss Mehlig played a cluster of Chopin's pieces charmingly, and Mr. Osgood's contribution of two Wagner songs [if songs they can be called] was quite acceptable. The Orchestra will, it is hoped, return to us in April.

FEB. 6.—Mr. WOLFSOHN's eighth Orchestral matinee took place at Horticultural Hall. Schumann's B-flat Symphony was the chief feature of the programme. It did not receive nearly so nice an interpretation, nor such skilful execution as Beethoven's No. 1 in the preceding week. The Larghetto, however, was tolerably well rendered. Weber's *Freischuetz* Overture was given with great force and correctness. Mr. Wolfsohn played an *Etude* of Chopin's and Raff's "Valse Caprice," in his elegant and graceful style. Gounod's *Saltarello*, which closed the performance, was very pleasingly rendered.

On Tuesday, Jan. 28, "The Beethoven Society," composed entirely of amateurs, and conducted by Mr. Wolfsohn, gave an "Invitation Rehearsal" to their friends at Natatorium Hall. The chorus is composed of about 60 or 70 voices, nearly all cultivated. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was the principal selection. Generally the Mass was given with correctness, spirit and intelligence. The beautiful *Gloria* was exquisitely sung, as also was the *Sanctus*. The *Credo* was sung too *fortissimo* to make a good impression. The other choral pieces were: Two choruses from Mozart's "King Thamos"; "The Water-Lily" of Gade, and Schumann's *Wanderlied* (which have been sung by the society at every one of their concerts and hence need rest); Cherubini's "Slumber Song," and the Spinning Song of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," the last two by the female chorus, completed the choral part of the programme. Every number was well done except the "Flying Dutchman" chorus, which was quite bad. The parts of the choir are very well balanced, though the bass might be a trifle stronger. The tenors are strikingly good and telling, which is a marvel, for it is commonly the flimsy part of the choral structure of most societies. Miss Clara Landerbach sang Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmuth" and "Mignon" remarkably well. Her voice is pure and sweet throughout its entire range; her only fault is that her articulation is very imperfect in the upper register; at times it is impossible to appreciate the words. Miss L. also acquitted herself finely in the solo part in the Mass. Next Monday the "Creation" is to be given by the Handel & Haydn.

FEB. 14.—At Mr. Wolfsohn's ninth matinee, last Saturday afternoon, Beethoven's Symphony in F [No. 8] was given entire for the first time in Philadelphia. The performance was a thorough success; the celebrated and familiar "Allegretto Scherzando" being given with more taste and expression than it was by Theodore Thomas's orchestra at a very recent concert. Of course the *technique* of the latter was more perfect, but the *being*, the *soul*, if you please, came more home to one in the rendering of Mr. Wolfsohn. The rest of the orchestral part of the programme consisted of the Overture to "L'Etoile du Nord," of Meyerbeer; Strauss's "Wein, Weib and Gesang" Walz (most beautifully rendered); and the March from "Midsummer Night's Dream." In every selection the steady improvement of the Orchestra was seen. The soloist of the occasion was Mr. Alfredo Barili, the young New York pianist. His selection was Weber's *Concert-stueck*, played here recently by Rubinstein. Of course to compare would be odious, but absolutely considered, Mr. Barili's playing, although of a high order, lacks fervor and enthusiasm. He received a hearty encore.

On Monday evening last "Haydn's Creation" was recited at the Academy of Music to a tremendous audience. The solos were given by Mrs. Houston-West, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Aaron R. Taylor, the chorus being that of the Handel and Haydn Society, the whole under the baton of Mr. Carl Sentz. Mrs. West was thoroughly successful in her efforts. "On mighty Pens" was never so dramatically given here, but "With verdure clad" I have frequently heard with greater pleasure. The only fault that can be ascribed to Mrs. West is a physical one; it is that her upper notes are too "reedy," or, more correctly speaking, forced. In the second part her singing was delightful; it was so intelligent and honest. She is the only soprano I have ever heard sing the whole Oratorio.

Mr. Simpson was also thoroughly good in his role. "In native worth" was superbly sung and was heartily encored. "Now vanish" he also sang with much warmth of expression. Mr. A. R. Taylor of our city assumed the Bass solos. Occasionally he showed the effects of his long absence from the concert room, but generally his singing was up to his old high standard. In the "Rolling and foaming Billows" his magnificent voice displayed itself to great advantage. In some passages he lacked fire; for example: "The flexible tiger appears" he sang with the same expression as "With heavy beasts the ground is trod." But in the duets in the second part he was all that could be desired.

It only remains to say of this performance that the chorus was feeble and unsteady generally; but "Achieved" and "The Heavens are telling" were fairly done. The Orchestra was simply outrageous. Mrs. West and Mr. Taylor were considerably fretted by their floundering, but Mr. Simpson did not appear to care and held himself steadily throughout.

EUSTACE.



# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

## LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

*Beautiful Songs of a partly Sacred Character.*

Fairer than thee. 3. G to e. *Waud.* 35
One Angel more in Heaven. 3. G to *g*. *Roeckig.* 30
Over the Stars there is rest. For Alto voice. 3. Db to d. *Abt.* 30
Only a Step beyond. Song and Cho. 2. Ab to e. *Hackleton.* 30
Under the Violets. Song & Cho. 3. G to d. *Webster.* 30

*Expressive Songs, for Concerts, &c.*

'Tis so hard to forget. 3. Eb to f. *Roeckig.* 30
Regret. 3. Eb to e. *Lisly.* 30
Bring the Absent back to me. Song and Cho. 3. D to f. *Huntley.* 30
I know who is coming to me. 3. G to *g*. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30

*Ballads in popular style.*

Butterfly Song. In "Chilperic." 3. A to *g*. *Offenbach.* 30
Molly Bawn Asthore. 3. Eb to f. *Thompson.* 30
Sing me an English Song. 3. F to f. *Wrighton.* 30
The Boy and Bird. 2. G to f. *Waud.* 40
Shooting Stars (Comic) Song and Cho. 2. F to f. *Roeckig.* 35

*A Sweet Song with charming Lithographic Title.*

Eyes of Summer Blue. 3. Ab to f. *Blake.* 40

*A fine Sea-Song.*

My Love he stands upon the Quay. 3. Bb to d. *Sainton-Dolby.* 40

*New arrangement of a very popular Song.*

The Increase of Crime. 2. Bb to e. Arr'd by *J. C. J.* 30

**Instrumental.**

Diamonds. 3 Salon Pieces. (from Weber's Opera.) No. 2. Preciosa. 4. D. *Th. Oesten.* 50
Very tasteful arrangement of beautiful airs.

Selections from "Le Roi Carotte. *Offenbach.*
Waltz. 3. *Ch. Coote.* 60
Quadrille. 3. *Arban.* 50
Lively, easy French music with no "heaviness"

*Brilliant Dance Music.*

On the High Seas. Waltz. 3. *Ziehrer.* 75
New Vienna Waltzes. Violin and Piano. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Honor the Ladies. (Ehret die Frauen). New. 3. *Edward Strauss.* 65
Off like a Rocket. Waltz. 3. *Lyle.* 30
Introduces two song melodies.
Editorial Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 30
Thunder and Lightning Polka. 3. " 30
Coliseum Waltzes. 3. " 30
Jurist's Ball " 3. " 25
Compactly printed notes and therefore less expensive than other arrangements.
Doctrinen Waltzes. 3. *Edward Strauss.* 75
Air du Roi. (Amaryllis.) Violin and Piano. 3. *Ghys.* 40
One of about 30 well selected pieces for Violin and Piano, the Set being called "Echoes from the Ball Room."
The Fairy Sisters. Polka. 3. F. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Very pretty and fairy-like.
Puck. Galop Brilliant. 4. Eb. *Schloesser.* 50
Good Old Times. Gavotte. 4. D. *Jungmann.* 40
One of Jungmann's delicate fancies.

**Books.**

ST. PETER. An Oratorio. *J. K. Paine.* Paper. 1.60
Boards. 1.75
Cloth. 2.00

We may well be proud of a full-grown Oratorio, the work of an American, and having a good promise of taking its place among works of "the masters." Do not undertake it with the idea that it is an easy Cantata. The composer did not mean easy music. He meant classical and good music, which will cause and repay study.

MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST. A Cantata. *J. H. Hewitt.* 50
A Musical Comedy, in which the Enthusiast offers his daughter's hand as a prize to the best musician. Very entertaining, and not difficult.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter as C, B flat &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 832. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 24.

## Gossec.

[Translated from the French for Dwight's Journal of Music.]

II.

It did not require a long examination to convince Rameau that Gossec had not too highly vaunted the capacity of his pupil, and he then informed our two young people that he would that very day put their ability to the test. Gossec was to conduct the orchestra, while his wife should accompany on the harpsichord the score of his unpublished opera, *La Guirlande*.

"Now, my friends," said he to them, "I will give you an hour to glance at this music, and when you have examined it sufficiently, we will go to the rehearsal."

Just at this time the messenger sent by M. de la Popelinière had come, and Rameau, sure now that all would be well, had replied that they must wait patiently.

The two young artists had been occupied nearly an hour in studying the score placed before them, when they were interrupted in the midst of their task by the entrance of the costumer and the dress-maker, accompanied by Mme. Rameau. The latter had great difficulty in making the young couple understand that it was impossible for them to figure in a grand assembly in their mean, *bourgeois* costume; Gossec, especially, declared that a man presented and protected by the great Rameau ought to be welcomed anywhere without regard to the elegance of his dress.

Mme. Gossec was much easier to convince; the idea of seeing herself decked out for the first time like a great lady, with her hair dressed and powdered, pleased her excessively, and she assumed the various postures required by the dress-maker with infinite good will. The costumer had rather more trouble with the husband, who, absorbed in the study of his score, raised mechanically his arm or leg as the costumer desired in order to take his measure; but to all questions addressed to him about the choice of staff, or the color or cut of coat or waistcoat, he replied only, "As you like;" "It is all the same to me!" The costumer and the dress-maker both promised that their tasks should be finished at the appointed hour, and Rameau conducted his two protégé's to the Hôtel de la Popelinière.

It was by this time nearly noon. The musicians, who had been waiting since nine o'clock, were all in a sufficiently bad humor, and the presence of Rameau alone could keep them from expressing their displeasure in loud murmurs. Their discontent was still further increased by the presence of the new comers. There were in the orchestra several old musicians, whose conceit and irritability could be measured only by the smallness of their talent, and the idea of being conducted by an eighteen year old child, an entire stranger, only increased their ill feeling. Gossec placed himself at the music-stand, and at a signal given by him, upon the invitation of Rameau, the rehearsal commenced. At the very beginning the violins executed their part so negligently that they missed entirely a passage which was not without some importance and some difficulty. Gossec immediately made them repeat the passage; it was no better played than before.

"Gentlemen," said he to the musicians, "it is noon, and the concert commences at six o'clock; it depends only upon yourselves whether the rehearsal shall end in one hour; but as I wish above everything that the performance should be excellent, I warn you that I shall continue until we reach the desired perfection. This is very easy; time will not be wanting, as we have six hours before us."

An old musician then rose from his seat and, addressing the young leader, said: "That is very easy for you to say, monsieur, whose name I do not know, but that passage is badly fingered, and it cannot be played."

"Lend me your violin, monsieur," replied Gossec, coldly, and seizing the instrument which the musician handed him with a bad grace, he played the phrase with neatness and perfect finish. "You see, monsieur," he added, "that it is quite practicable; but perhaps you have not found the right position for executing that passage;" and he repeated the phrase, pointing out the position and the fingering.

From that moment the performers comprehended that they had found their match; they redoubled their care, their zeal and attention, and the rehearsal went on swimmingly. One more attempt was made to test, as they said, the new conductor. It came from a flutist, who rendered a phrase without style or grace. Before beginning again, Gossec said, addressing the flutist: "Please listen and hear how that phrase should be rendered; Madame will show you."

He then made a sign to his wife, who executed the phrase on the harpsichord with a taste and grace which won the involuntary applause of the most recalcitrant musicians.

At two o'clock the rehearsal terminated. The performers then approached Gossec. In laying down his bâton, he laid aside also the severity and coldness of manner which he believed his dignity required him to assume in order to impress his subordinates: his duties performed, he showed himself a thoroughly good fellow, and resumed his habitual air of gayety and good humor; he knew how by a few adroit compliments to attract those who appeared the least disposed to be friendly towards him. In a few minutes they all shook hands with him, protestations of devotion followed, and Gossec had no longer any but friends in the orchestra of M. de la Popelinière. During the rehearsal, Rameau kept aloof; buried in a large fauteuil, he left the field clear for his young chef d' orchestre; happy at seeing himself so well understood, so intelligently interpreted, he would not by a single observation weaken the authority of the new comer. But scarcely had Gossec escaped from his new friends, than he felt himself lifted from the ground and pressed in the arms of the celebrated musician, who embraced him with great warmth,

"I promised you some good news," said Rameau; "let us go to dinner; I will tell it you at table;" and the two young people accompanied him to his house.

The cloth was laid, and after the first few moments of silence always required for the satisfaction of the appetite: "Come," said Rameau, opening the conversation, "you have been recommended to me as a man of talent: I might distrust your master's friendship, but you have proved that he has not said too much. Now, what can I do for you? What resources have you in Paris?"

"Our resources are not very large," said Gossec; "we started from Antwerp the possessors of one hundred crowns, our savings for one year, having both of us given lessons and hoarded our means with great care. We have already spent more than half that sum; but with your protection lessons cannot fail us, and, God and our youth on our side, I hope we shall be able to live in Paris."

"Lessons, lessons," said Rameau, "they are all very well, but first of all you need a regular salary to raise you above want. Besides, you wish to be a composer, to make a name for yourself; can you do that when your whole time will be absorbed by your pupils? I followed that occupation for thirty years, and during those thirty years it kept me from succeeding. It was necessary that a generous protector, the same to whom I shall present you this evening, should come to my assistance, in order, not that I might emerge from obscurity, for I had already attained some celebrity by means of my theoretical works, but that I might show the world what I had received from God. All this came to me rather late, but I have no right to complain, quite the contrary. However, I can help you to avoid the struggles and trials that I have endured. An established and almost independent position can be offered you at once. Would you like to be the conductor of M. de la Popelinière's concerts? Once a week you will have to conduct a concert at his hôtel, and on Sundays during the summer to have masses and motets performed in the chapel of his chateau at Passy. For this you will have eighteen hundred livres a year."

"Ah! my wife!" cried Gossec, and instead of thanking Rameau, he threw himself on his wife's neck, embracing her with rapture.

The little woman, blushing and ashamed, drew back hastily.

"How can you, my dear," said she, "before monsieur, to whom you do not think of expressing your gratitude."

"Madame is right," said Rameau, "it is I whom you ought to embrace; but I will dis-

Digitized by Google

pense with it willingly, for I hope that Madame will be more just and more grateful than you are, when she learns that she on her part will receive twelve hundred livres a year as harpsichordist at the concerts in Paris and organist of the chapel at Passy."

Willing or not, Rameau now had to receive the embraces of both the young people, intoxicated with happiness and joy.

Amidst this overflow of feeling the dinner came to an end. At four o'clock the costumer, the dress-maker and the hair-dresser appeared, punctual to their appointment. The two costumes were complete, and in their new dress our young people were altogether charming. The costumer could not, in so short a time, have completed an entire outfit, had not the wardrobe of the Opera come to his aid. He had only to adapt to the slight figure of Gossec a suit which smacked a little of the shepherd, but which was in no way ridiculous, thanks to the youth and good looks of the wearer. Rameau appeared in his customary grave costume, a coat of Tyrry velvet of a color bordering on brown, with bright steel buttons, a white waistcoat which set off the great cordon of Saint Michel, with which he had been decorated, black silk breeches, stockings of the same, and shoes with gold buckles. At half-past five one of M. de la Popelinière's carriages came to convey them to the hotel, where a large part of the company were already assembled.

At that period the hotels of the financiers were the great centres of pleasure and enjoyment. Artists and men of letters were habitual guests, and the flower of the nobility were constantly to be found there. The superiority of these assemblies over those exclusively aristocratic, resulted from the fact that the great lords were admitted less on account of their rank than for their personal merit or their decided taste for the arts. The line of demarcation between men of intelligence and those who had no titles but those of birth, was so thoroughly accepted that the latter never feared compromising, by familiarity, a dignity which no one thought of contesting. The relations of the great lords with artists were a thousand times more agreeable than they have been since, now that artists find themselves in contact with m who are always afraid that the superiority of their position will not be recognized unless they make it felt by their attitude and the distance they maintain between themselves and those whom they regard as inferiors.

After the concert, which was as successful as he could have hoped, and during the interval between the music and supper, Rameau presented Gossec and his wife to M. de la Popelinière. The latter graciously confirmed the appointment which Rameau had already announced to them. Then, the poor little woman finding herself very uncomfortable in the midst of all this brilliant company who gazed at her with a rather embarrassing curiosity, Rameau took her by the hand, and approaching a personage decorated like himself with the order of Saint Michel:

"My dear friend," said he to him, "will you permit me to present to your wife this young person, who knows no one here but her husband and myself? She is a very distinguished artiste, whom Mme. Vanloo will be delighted to know, and for whom I am going to entreat her protection."

Carle Vanloo* hastened to conduct the young woman to Mme. Vanloo.

Mme. Vanloo was a very beautiful person whom Vanloo had married in Italy. The daughter of a celebrated musician of that country, she herself had great ability as a singer, and, although the Italian style was far from being generally adopted in France, she was the wonder and the idol of the salons in which she allowed herself to be heard. Carle Vanloo was then forty-six years of age; he was passionately fond of his wife, who was much younger than himself. He had received very little education, scarcely knowing how to read and write; but he had great natural abilities. Constant association with good society had given him an ease of manner which concealed all the disadvantages resulting from his want of education; besides, his talents gave him a superiority which might serve as an excuse, if he needed one, and his personal merit and his wife's accomplishments attracted to him the best society. The acquaintance of Mme. Vanloo was therefore a very valuable one to Mme. Gossec, and the two young women found in the similarity of their taste for the art in which they excelled, sufficient motives for laying the foundations of a connection, which very soon assumed the proportions of a genuine friendship.

Gossec had commenced a conversation with a gentleman ten years his senior, who seemed to be a congenial spirit. They talked of music and literature, at that time the constant topics of conversation. Gossec wished to talk of poetry, the stranger of music only. He appeared to be a great partisan of the Italian school, and Gossec, while acknowledging its beauties, defended the French musicians and declaimed with special fury against Rousseau, who, after insisting that good music could not be written in French words, had signally contradicted himself by publishing his *Devin du Village*, the success of which had made a great noise. While declaiming against Rousseau, he pronounced the name of Voltaire.

"I have had great good fortune," he added. Scarcely arrived in Paris, I have obtained the protection of the greatest living French musician. Nothing is now wanting but to know the greatest poet and philosopher."

"Perhaps," said his interlocutor, "I shall one day be able to procure you that gratification."

"Are you acquainted with M. de Voltaire?"

"Certainly, I have this very day received a letter from him. Would you like to see it?"

Gossec seized the letter eagerly and read the superscription:

"To Monsieur de Marmontel."

Marmontel was one of the young men to whom Voltaire was most partial. Scarcely thirty years old, he had already obtained the most brilliant success. After carrying off three times the prize at the Jeux Floraux at Toulouse, he presented himself in 1746 as competitor for the poetical prize of the French Academy. The subject given for competition was, "*The glory of Louis XIV. perpetuated in his successor.*" Marmontel was crowned, nor was he less successful in 1747. The subject was nearly the same: "*The clemency of Louis XIV. is one of the virtues of his successor.*" It will be seen that at that time the Academy was not desirous of introducing any great variety into its subjects for competition. The following year, 1748, Marmontel gave his tragedy, *Denys le Tyran*, and had the honor of being called upon the stage, a triumph never before enjoyed but once, by Voltaire after the representation of his tragedy of *Mérope*. At supper, which was very gay and lively, Gossec seated himself beside Marmontel, and from that day were formed between them the bonds of a friendship which death alone was able to sever.

Returning to their modest lodging, our two young friends thought they must have been dreaming. They had risen in the morning poor, strangers in Paris, with no support, no protector, only the most uncertain future before them; at night they found themselves launched into the great world, their maintenance assured to them, and occupying a position, to which, even in their dreams, they would scarcely have ventured to aspire.

"Well, little wife," cried Gossec, as they entered, "what do you say to all that has happened to us?"

"I say that God is very good to us, but he could not be otherwise, we love each other so much!"

The next day, Gossec, who applied himself seriously to his new duties, wished to make himself familiar with the répertoire of the concerts he was called on to conduct. This répertoire was not very extensive: it was limited to a few pieces for the harpsichord, the best of which were those of Couperin and Rameau, a few Sonatas for the violin and for the orchestra, the Overtures to the operas of Lully and Rameau, and especially the dance music of the latter. This, it must be admitted, was charming, and was so much in vogue that it was performed in every country in Europe, even in those where great dislike for French music was displayed. In Italy, for nearly a whole century, composers wrote no symphonies to precede their operas. The Overtures of Lully and Rameau were generally acknowledged as models of this style, which one ought not even to attempt to imitate. Gossec, however, knew well that, however pleasing dance music might be, and whatever interest might attach to the fugue pieces they called overtures, he had a more important part for the orchestra to fill; he desired to create and did create concert-music. In 1754, after three years of repeated trials and continued study, he gave his first Symphony. By a singular chance, during the very year in which he, as he thought, was inventing that style, Haydn wrote his first Symphony, followed by so many others. But it was not until twenty years later that these immortal master-pieces became known in France, and during that period Gossec reigned supreme, and the title of King of Symphony was accorded to him without dispute. The success of Gossec's Symphonies was not at first as great as his compositions merited. The usual audiences at M. de la Popelinière's concerts were too much accustomed to the antiquated forms of the pieces with which they had so long been lulled, to allow themselves to be charmed by such bold innovations as those of Gossec. The

* Painter of the last century.

Digitized by Google

Symphonies, before they could gain public favor, had to be repeatedly executed at the sacred concerts which were given at the Tuileries during those periods set apart for religious observances when the theatres were closed. Meanwhile Rameau was growing old and wrote no more. M. de la Popelinière was a fanatical partisan of Rameau, and when the master ceased to compose, the protector withdrew his bounty and dismissed the orchestra, which he had maintained for twenty-five years, as soon as he for whom he had created it could no longer supply it with his own compositions. Happily for Gossec his reputation had increased, and scarcely had he been discharged by M. de la Popelinière than he was received by the Prince de Conti as his musical director, with pecuniary advantages superior to those he had lost. He profited by the leisure afforded him by his new employment, and in 1759 published his first quartets. This was a style of composition as yet unknown in France, which also he can claim to have created. The success of these quartets was such that in two years the edition was counterfeited simultaneously at Liege, at Amsterdam and at Mannheim.

The history of musicians offers, generally, but little interest, except when treating of their early years and of their first appearance in public. Nothing is more curious than the diversity of means employed to clear that immense barrier which separates their primitive obscurity from the celebrity they acquire in the end. But, this first obstacle once surmounted, the end is almost attained, and the careers of all artists resemble each other; their history is to be found entire in the catalogues of their works. Gossec's life offers no further interest except through the multiplicity of his works; it is therefore to a sketch of these, so to speak, that my narrative will hereafter be limited.

Gossec had already created instrumental music in France; it was his lot also to bring about an immense improvement in religious music. Only the works of Lalande, Campra, Mondonville, Bernier, and a few others less celebrated, were performed in the numerous churches and communities which maintained companies of musicians and singers. The chapel-masters were, it is true, composers, and did not fail to have their own works performed by the choirs which they directed; but these works were rarely known outside of the narrow circle for which they were written. A great work was still wanting which should combine all the qualities desired in that style of composition. The composers already named had written only motets, which were performed at Versailles at low mass; thence they passed to the sacred concert and to certain cathedrals where they were adopted, but there could not then be cited a single complete mass by any celebrated master. In 1760, Gossec's famous Mass for the Dead was performed at Saint-Roch; this marks a new epoch. The work was printed, and remained the only specimen of that style of composition until the *Requiem* of Mozart became known in France thirty years later. It was, I think, at the obsequies of Grétry, in 1813, that Gossec's mass was performed for the last time in that same church of Saint-Roch, where, fifty-three years previously it had been heard for the first time.

(To be Continued.)

## The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

### IV.

*Pupil.* Before proceeding with the question of power, will you explain more clearly what you mean by the different *positions* taken in different registers? I am afraid I do not quite understand about them.

*Mr. D.* Well, let me make it as clear as I can. I have said that all sound was the effect of *vibration* of *something*. For a familiar example let us take the violin; it is an instrument having four strings for the vibratory medium. They are G, D, A, E; when tuned properly, the G being the lowest, and the E the highest. Now any given tone may be produced by a fixed number of vibrations in a second; but those vibrations may be produced equally well by a long string, or by a short string having greater weight. The G string is a heavy string, wound with silver thread to increase its weight. The D, A, and E strings are successively smaller and not wound, there being no necessity. Now the A may be produced by the large G, or by the small A string; only in the first instance, the proper number of vibrations must be gained by *shortening* the string. Now it would be unnatural for the violinist to use the low string for all the notes that can be got from it, before going to the next; on the contrary he uses each string for a certain number of notes and no more, passing to other strings for greater ease.

*Pupil.* Then the strings represent the registers.

*Mr. D.* Not too fast; that is not my point. I simply wish to convey the idea that, having obtained a certain number of tones from one string, it is far easier to gain successive tones on *other* strings than to continue on the first; but this is merely preliminary. The voice is produced by vibration of what we have termed, for convenience, the *vocal chord*. This is an opening in the throat which can be easily imitated by placing your hands together, letting the palms and tips of the fingers come together. Then by slightly bending the forefingers, you have the opening of the larynx as shown in the ordinary use of the voice in speaking. As the voice ascends, this opening closes more and more. Now you see that the *whole extent* of the muscle vibrates. Having reached a certain point, which I indicate as F, G, the muscle is *shortened*, that is, the lower part, for about one-quarter or one-third the distance, is entirely *closed*, while the *upper* part remains *open*. Thus the vibratory part of the muscle is *shortened*. The same action then takes place as before, until arrival at about D, E, when again a shortening takes place, and only about one third of the muscle vibrates. In the male voice this extreme shortening produces the *falsetto* tone, while in the female voice it becomes the upper register. In speaking of upper and lower parts of the muscle, I am speaking of it as if shown on paper. The upper part should be more properly termed the *front*, and the lower the *back* part of the chord.

*Pupil.* Do you advocate the use of the *falsetto* tone in the male voice? It is generally considered wrong, is it not?

*Mr. D.* It is generally regarded as something to be avoided, but I doubt whether it is wise to give it up. It is certainly most necessary to possess the ability to produce it. In former times it was regarded as much a part of the voice as any other, and you see for yourself that the action is natural. At all events, it is most useful in forming and developing tone. We have yet, however, to overcome the prejudice in favor of the splendid, shouting high C, which is the great object to be attained in the minds of most tenors. That same splendid note, so much desired, may not be the greatest blessing to any conscientious singer. It cannot be indulged in with safety. I have quoted Salvi as a model. He never sang a high C like Lefranc, but he was an infinitely greater artist, and his high notes were pleasanter to listen to, in my opinion. You must see from what I have shown above, of the working of the muscle, that such high notes, shouted, can only be obtained in a forced, unnatural way and at the ultimate expense of the organ.

*Pupil.* But the audience applaud these startling much more than they do the softer ones. Should not the singer aim to please all that he can?

*Mr. D.* The audiences always applaud what is simply *startling*, more than the simply *artistic*. People like sensation. Applause is not the best test of merit, or even of appreciation. I knew a singer at one time to sing the beautiful contralto song "He was despised," from the "Messiah." There was no applause after it, but I saw a great many handkerchiefs in use. Was not that a higher compliment than clapping of hands? I think so. Homage is always intoxicating, and public applause is homage to a certain extent. Public singers and actors are dearly fond of it, and for that reason will sacrifice art to obtain it. Audiences are in a measure to blame for the introduction of "clap-trap" into singing, and "gags" in acting. It all proceeds from a longing for applause. No matter what kind of applause, whether judicious or not; and there is not as much judicious applause as one could wish. Few people realize how little sincerity, even, there is in most applause. A few persons scattered over a house can get up an *encore* without difficulty. But startling notes will generally gain the desired end without assistance.

*Pupil.* Then you deprecate the use of such high tones?

*Mr. D.* I deprecate the use of clap-trap of any kind. Let the singer learn to deal fairly with the composer and strive to render his music in the truest and best manner, and think of himself only as the vehicle of the composer's thoughts. But generally the composer must take the second place. Even in the drama, dress takes the place of good acting. No, be not you one of those to cater to a vitiated taste! Be content to do everything well and conscientiously, and gain applause rather by well doing, than by sensational doing.

### V.

*Pupil.* You have described three positions of the vocal chord, taken in different parts of the voice. Are these changes abrupt from one to another?

*Mr. D.* They are usually, with the voice as commonly used. They should not be allowed, however, to be abrupt, unless one wishes to accomplish what is termed "*yodeling*," which is a distinctive peculiarity of Tyrolese singing. It is evident that good taste should lead one to sing as *smoothly*, not as *roughly*, as possible. Let us classify these changes, using the tenor voice. The muscle will vibrate throughout its length to D, then it will close for about one-third its distance, so that two-thirds will vibrate until arrival at about G, which is the usual limit of the tenor voice. Then it will close for two-thirds its length, and the falsetto voice be produced, which will run up to a great distance. Let us term the lower register No. 1, and the others successively 2 and 3. Instead of allowing the muscle to suddenly contract between D and E, it may be favored so as to gradually *shade* from 1 to 2—that is, a *gradual* contraction may be induced by running No. 2 down to about C; after some practice, the muscle becomes educated to act in a gradual manner. So with the change from 2 to 3; No 3 must be run down even as low as E, and the tone thereby become educated as in the first instance. It is most unartistic to allow an abrupt change; the effect of this last will be that the voice is enabled to go higher than G with an easy action of the muscle.

*Pupil.* But will the upper tones so made ever become strong and ringing? I do not doubt that they may be clear and penetrating; but supposing you were to sing "Thou shalt break them," or "Sound an alarm," songs requiring vigorous tones on A, would you use that delivery of tone?

*Mr. D.* No, I should not. In such cases I should carry No. 2 up for the tone.

*Pupil.* But how then? Do you not say that the muscle becomes strained in so doing?

*Mr. D.* No, I have not said so. I instanced the fact that on the violin the A could be produced on the low G, as well as on the A string, and the case is somewhat similar here. The voice should never be carried to its extreme in *any* register. Even though you *change*, there is still the ability to do more than is actually done. Now in such songs as you have instanced, it is necessary for the voice to ring out like a clarion. Position No. 2 may then be properly maintained, but very carefully. The danger is in using that position too frequently. It is tempting to a singer, and frequently injury is done by overtaxing the very delicate organ. The *character* of tones should be carefully maintained at all times. One great use of the falsetto is to induce the muscle to act easily and flexibly, for just such occasions—but I think the lighter character of tone preferable for common use.

*Pupil.* And how with bass voices—are they governed in the same way?

*Mr. D.* The bass voice changes from 1 to 2 at about C, D. I think the change should always take place at that point. The great Baritone, Badiali, always sang in that manner, under all circumstances.

Digitized by Google

I never heard him emit one of those bawling tones which baritones and basses of the present day so much affect. When No. 1 is carried up to D and E, the effect is startling in the extreme, and to my mind, by no means pleasant. Did you hear Santley? There was a model singer. No *bawling* was ever heard from him; but the registers followed each other so perfectly, that no change was noticeable.

*Pupil.* But one must then constantly keep in mind these divisions, or else be in constant danger of violating rule.

*Mr. D.* By no means. A little care, and these divisions take care of themselves. It becomes a perfectly natural thing to take a given tone in a certain manner, and you find that the voice really takes care of itself. This seems strange, I know; but, to instance a case:—Some pupils of mine one day asked if there was not something about the proper delivery of tone which they had not known, as a certain singer had claimed to be able to strike any given note with *certainty*, meaning that she could strike it with precision without stopping to think *how* it was to be done. I asked them if they could not do the same. They thought not. Very well. I immediately struck middle C, then the octave, then E, and finally upper G, all of which they sang unerringly. I asked them if they experienced any difficulty, and they replied in the negative, yet they had taken notes apart, and in different registers. They realized then, that the voice would really act properly without thought on their part.

*Pupil.* But if this matter is thus simple, why have people lectured and written on the subject in such a blind way? It is really tiresome to read most of the lectures on the subject.

*Mr. D.* I do not know. It is as much a mystery to me as to you. I do not think that *any* form of instruction is made sufficiently simple. I trust I am not so egotistic as to believe that I can at once explain away difficulties that have long puzzled wise men and deep thinkers on the subject, but I trust that I am able to clearly represent what passes in my own mind. Much of what I have said, you will not find in any books. Many of the ideas are obtained from careful study on my own part, and conversing with the best and most successful teachers, I say *best*, as well as most *successful*, for success does not always argue goodness. But I desire to have every proposition that I advance appeal to the common-sense. I believe that no statement of the teacher should be received without being reasoned upon. As you know, I always encourage questioning and am always ready to explain what may not seem clear. It is something hard, however, to so put thought into language, as to have it perfectly express the desired idea. But let us carefully examine all things.

Death of an English Composer. The *Musical World*, of Feb. 8, has the following:

A few days since the news of the death of Dr. Henry Hugh Pierson was received from Leipsic, where, we believe, he had for some time been residing. Dr. Pierson was born at Oxford in 1815, his father being a clergyman of high position. As, however, he is known to the English public by his musical achievements only, it will suffice to add that his first instructor was Thomas Attwood, Mozart's favorite English pupil, an intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and predecessor of Sir John Goss as organist of St. Paul's; that he subsequently was advised by Ferdinand Paer, "the writer of a hundred operas," who preceded Rossini as director of the Italian Opera, and Cherubini as director of the Conservatoire in Paris; that, in the University of Cambridge, he studied counterpoint with the late Doctor Walmisley; that he completed his musical education under Rinck, organist and composer for the organ, Tomaschek of Prague, and Reissiger of Dresden—all in their way more or less famous; and that the number of his works is considerable, including secular and operatic, as well as exclusively sacred pieces. He lived a great deal abroad, and chiefly in Germany, where, in Hamburg, Berlin, and other cities, some of his most important compositions were produced. In this country Dr. Pierson is principally remembered by his oratorio, *Jerusalem*, first heard at the Norwich Festival of 1852, under the direction of Mr. (now Sir Julius) Benedict, and afterwards in Exeter Hall; by his music to the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, a selection from which was given also at Norwich in 1857; and by his oratorio, *Hezekiah*, parts of which were introduced at the Norwich Festival of 1869. If not precisely a man of genius, Dr. Pierson was one who regarded his art with real earnestness, who would have disdained, for any amount of popularity, to trifle with it, and who spared no thought or pains to make whatever he attempted as good as he could possibly hope to make it. For this alone he is entitled to the respect of all serious workers. We may add, as postscript, that, in 1841, Dr. Pierson was elected, after the retirement of the late Sir Henry Bishop, to the musical chair in the University of Edinburgh, a post now honorably filled by Professor Oakeley.

The Star-Spangled Banner.—Mr. Chappell, in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, places on record the fact that this air is by John Stafford Smith, gentleman of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, who lived in the latter half of the last century. The original words were "To Anacreon in heaven," written by Ralph Tomlinson, and set to music by Smith for the Anacreontic Society, which held very jovial meetings at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand. Stafford Smith's glees: "Blest pair of Syrens," and "Hark! the hollow woods," are well known. Mr. Chappell feels no doubt whatever about the authorship of the music.

# Music Abroad.

## London.

Monday Popular Concerts. On Monday evening Mme. Schumann made her first appearance for the season, and was received with the accustomed favor. The accomplished pianist, on whose performances the interest of the evening was naturally concentrated, selected for her solo display, as on previous occasions, the second Sonata of Beethoven's set of three, Op. 31—viz., that in D minor, which has been proclaimed by eminent German critics the "dramatic sonata, *par excellence*," and if the keys of the pianoforte can represent "dramatic" impressions, there is no example to be cited by which such impressions are more powerfully suggested. A distinguished quality of Mme. Schumann's playing, apart from her universally acknowledged skill as a mistress of the instrument in all its mechanical requirements, is her power of realizing the ideas of a composer, whatever conditions may have influenced him during the process of composition. Hence she is essentially a genuine interpreter of Beethoven, who, of all writers for the pianoforte, was the most imaginative and the least mechanical. We need not describe over and over again Mme. Schumann's reading of the D-minor Sonata, one of the most peculiarly individual emanations from the genius of Beethoven. In the impassioned *Allegro* with which it begins, the melodious and pathetic *Adagio* and the *Allegretto*, its concluding movement, she was equally at home. At the end of the performance she was unanimously applauded, and twice called back to the platform; but instead of repeating Beethoven's *finale*, she played a *romanza*—one of a set of four characteristic pieces by Robert Schumann. How Mme. Schumann plays her late husband's music need hardly be stated, and never did she give her whole soul to it with more enthusiasm than in her execution on Monday night of the pianoforte part in the well-known D-minor trio. Her associates were Mme. Norman-Neruda and Signor Piatti, who, to judge by their playing, heartily sympathized with the gifted pianist. In short, Mme. Schumann impressed her audience as of old.

The quartets were Mozart's in B flat, one of the set of six dedicated to Haydn, and Haydn's in E flat, perhaps the finest of the ten he composed in that key. Both were played to perfection by Mme. Neruda, Herr L. Ries, M. Zerbini, and Sig. Piatti. Every amateur of genuine and sterling music for the chamber must be gratified to find that the director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, is paying more and more attention to the quartets of that most consummate of all quartet writers, Haydn. During the present series of concerts he has brought forward several specimens of the master hitherto unknown to the greater number of those who habitually frequent St. James's Hall, and not one has been heard without unqualified pleasure.

The singer was Mlle. Nita Gaetano, who gave extremely well an air by Pergolesi, and created a sensation in a new and charming song, by Mr. George Osborne—"The Robin and the Maiden"—obtaining a well-merited recall. Sir Julius Benedict was the accompanist. At the next concert Herr Joseph Joachim is to make his first appearance for the season.—*Times, Feb.* 11.

A "Schubert Festival" made one of the Crystal Palace Concerts, Feb. 1, the composer's birthday, with this programme:

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture, "Rosamunde" | Schubert. |
| Part Song, "Night in the Forest" | " |
| Symphony, No. 5, in B flat (MS) | " |
| Romance, "Der Vollmond strahlt" [Rosamunde] | " |
| Hymn, "O Lord our God" | " |
| Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, op. 16 | Henselt. |
| Aria, "O vago suol" [Ugonotti] | Meyerbeer. |
| Part Song, "The Gondolier" | Schubert. |
| Overture, "Euryanthe" | Weber. |

The overture to "Rosamunde," written for the melodrama of "The Tragic Harp" (A.D. 1823), has been frequently played at the Palace, being always agreeably recognizable by the sprightly theme of the *allegro*. The ballet music of "Rosamunde" should not be neglected. The first part-song is E major, not remarkably striking for Schubert, but a good specimen of "Wald" music, derived color and character from the subdued accompaniment of the horns. The "Gondolier" song was accompanied on the pianoforte. The hymn for quartet and chorus, "The Song of the Swan," because composed in 1828, a few months before Schubert's death, has a beautiful accompaniment of wind instruments, including a pair of oboes, clarionets, bassoons, trumpets and horns, with 3 trombones. The charming romance from "Rosamunde," the only solo in the work, was sung by Mme. Lemmens with a true sense of the verbal text. The orchestral accompaniments were discovered by Mr. Grove at Vienna, and were snugly stowed away in a cupboard! "Credat Judæus, erubeat Christianus." And now for the symphony: Schubert, like his great friend and contemporary, has left nine, composed between 1813 and 1828, the year of his decease. This symphony (No. 5) follows the "Tragic" symphony in C minor (both produced in 1816), and precedes the one in C (February 1818). Mr. Grove who has reason to believe that the symphony *was never played in public before Saturday last*, describes the original autograph. It is a small oblong paper of dusky color, 16 staves to a page, the ink much browned. The MS. was begun with a new quill pen, which wore to a stump before the end of the *andante*. Schubert however, went on with it to the end of the trio, and then began the *finale* with a new one! Those who are familiar with Schubert's individual style, so strikingly revealed in the 9th symphony, and in his latest solo sonatas for the pianoforte, will be surprised at the strict observance of form, the simplicity of the themes, and the straightforward character of the whole work, never excursive, and adhering to the main text as a cautious navigator of ancient times would hug the coasts of the Mediterranean. With every claim to originality, the impress of Haydn was unmistakeable, not only in the style of writing, but in the turns of thought and cheerful placidity of temperament. Particularly may these characteristics be discerned in the expressive *andante* (E flat) diversified by an extreme modulation and a new form of accompaniment, whilst the melody is enunciated in alternate phrases by the strings and the wind instruments. The minuet in G minor recalls to mind the fine third movement (same key) of Mozart's grandest symphony. The *finale*, once more, might pass for Haydn's, but the gaiety and sprightliness of "Papa" in this case are not unmingled with the old fashioned and antique airs of grandpapa *à la* pigtail. The instrumentation of the fifth symphony is ingenious, and the work undoubtedly denotes a "period" in the composer's career. It was admirably played by the Crystal Palace band.

British Orchestral Society.—The programme of this society's fifth concert was as follows:—

Symphony, No. 3, A minor, Scottish—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Wanderer" [Mr. Lewis Thomas]—Schubert; Song, MS. "Over the roof and over the wall," Sapphire Necklace [Miss Edith Wynne]—Sullivan; Overture [first time] to Shakespeare's Winter Tale [composed expressly for this society]—John Frances Barnett; Song, "Rose, softly blooming," Azor and Zemira [Miss Julia Elton]—Spohr; Song "The shades of evening close around" [Mr E. Lloyd]—F. Clay; Grand polonaise in E flat, pianoforte [Miss Nathalie Evans]—Chopin; Quartet, "God is a Spirit," Woman of Samaria [Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas]—W. S. Bennett; Overture, Egmont—Beethoven.

Mme. Arabella Goddard, for twenty years the English favorite among pianists, has given her "Farewell Concert" in London. The *Morning Advertiser* says of it:

In the course of a few weeks Mme. Arabella Goddard will be on her way to Australia. She will go to the Colonies as the representative pianist of the old country, and the presence of such a perfect ar-

tist can do no less than exercise a beneficial effect upon the musical taste of the community on the other side of the world. Mme. Goddard can ill be spared from London; for, although pianoforte players abound, there are few who unite in themselves every quality which constitutes a really great artist. There are degrees of excellence in pianists as in poets and painters, and a truly perfect development in either is a rare exception. So it must always remain; and the departure, for a considerable period, of one allowed to be irreproachable as an exponent of classical music, will leave a gap very difficult to fill up. Madame Arabella Goddard's way is prepared for her in the Australian Colonies, or wherever she may go; and we cannot doubt that musical culture in the most remote English-speaking countries or dependencies is sufficiently advanced to make her triumph sure and certain. The good-will of the English public will follow her, and will be accompanied by wishes for her speedy return; though some time must elapse ere Mme. Goddard can be heard again in London. A voyage to Australia is a very different thing from a few weeks' trip to America; but whenever the lady may reappear after her colonial expedition, it will not be a day too soon for her many admirers at home. On Tuesday night last Mme. Goddard bade farewell to London at a concert arranged on the model of the Monday Populars. St. James's Hall was the locality, and the audience was more than ordinarily numerous. Haydn's Quartet in F, for strings, Op. 77, No. 2, was played Mr. Carrodus, Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, with the exception of that admirable violinist, Mr. Carrodus, a familiar Monday Popular group of artists. The same composer's Trio in G major, for piano, violin, and 'cello, was played by Mme. Goddard, Mr. Carrodus, and Signor Piatti. Woelff's Sonata, "Ne Plus Ultra," Op. 41, was the solo chosen by Mme. Arabella Goddard, who first introduced it at the Monday Populars. Naturally enough the pianist was heard at her best on Tuesday night, and her rendering of the Sonata was as perfect an example of pianoforte playing as can well be conceived. The passages of double notes for both hands in the *Allegro moderato* were given with clearness, precision, and a deliciously crisp touch. Nothing was lost, slurred, or compromised; and the whole performance of this movement was a triumph of art. The variations on "Life let us cherish" were also given with every possible gradation of light and shade, and the third in particular served to show the pianist's extreme delicacy of touch. A storm of applause followed the performance, and Mme. Goddard, being summoned to the platform a second time, responded to the compliment with Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, sweet home." The pianist was again heard, with Signor Piatti, in Mendelssohn's fine Sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello.

---

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has fixed his quarters here for the present. Contrary to his usual custom, he will give one public Liszt Evening this month, and another in March. His object in taking this step is to assist a well-known German composer, who is suffering from an incurable disease, and for whom Herr Joachim, also, lately gave a concert.

---

STUTTGART.—The Conservatory of Music, which is under the patronage of the King, received, last autumn, 170 new pupils. The number of pupils at the present moment is 488, being 35 more than last year. Of these, 177—namely 61 males, and 116 females—intend following music as a profession. 243 pupils belong to Stuttgart; 28 are from other parts of Würtemberg; 16 from Baden; 5 from Bavaria; 22 from Prussia; 1 from Alsace; 3 from the Saxon Duchies; 2 from Bremen; 3 from Hamburgh; 7 from Austria; 32 from Switzerland; 4 from France; 54 from Great Britain and Ireland; 9 from Russia; 1 from the Danubian Principalities; 1 from Turkey; 2 from Spain; 51 from North America; 2 from Africa; and 2 from Australia.—A monster concert has been given in the Theatre Royal for the benefit of the victims of the inundations in the Baltic. The performers were members of all the military bands in the Würtemberg Army Corps. The idea was started by Lieutenant General von Stülpnagel. An orchestra about 240 strong was formed from the bands of seven line regiments, one of which is quartered in Alsace, four cavalry regiments, the artillery brigade, and the pioneers; to these were added some fifty drummers and fifers. The opening piece in the first part of the programme was dedicated to the King of Würtemberg; that in the second to the Emperor of Germany; both pieces were played in full uniform, the performers wearing their helmets, which they laid aside when executing the other pieces in the programme. Herr Saro, of Berlin, conducted. The Court was present during the whole of the concert, which, in consequence of its great success, will probably be repeated.

---

PARIS.—The programme of Pasdeloup's Popular Concert, Jan 19, contained: Symphony in D, Beethoven; Andante from 49th Symphony, Haydn; Symphony in B flat, Schumann; Violin Concerto in E, Vieuxtemps, played by M. Mauhin; Overture to *Semiramide*, Rossini.—The concert of Jan. 26 offered the Symphonic music composed by M. G. Bizet on *L'Arlésienne*, and a first hearing of the Overture to *Ivan Soussanine*, an opera by the Russian composer Glinka (born in 1803, died at Berlin in 1867).

In the concert of Feb. 2, M. Pasdeloup celebrated the quadruple anniversary of Mozart, Auber, Hérold and Schubert. Consequently his programme included the Overtures to *Masaniello* and *Zampa*; fragments of a Quintet by Mozart, and the great Schubert Symphony in C. The only composer on the programme who was not born in January was Beethoven, whose D-minor Symphony (the Ninth!) was also given. But has not the singer of *Fidelio* a right in all the festivals? inquires *Le Ménestrel*.—The selections for Feb. 9 were: Symphony in F by Gouvy; Largo from Haydn's 79th Quartet; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Violin Concerto in A, by Saint-Saëns, played by M. Sarasate; Overture to "Merry Wives," Nicolai.

The fifth concert of the *Société des Concerts*, at the Conservatoire, presented Beethoven's second Symphony; Chorus from Lulli's *Armide*; violin Concerto by Saint-Saëns, executed by M. Tolbecque; Chorus from *Psyché*, by Ambroise Thomas; Overture to "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Hallelujah from Handel's *Messiah*.—For Sunday, Feb. 9, the programme was as follows: Beethoven's Choral Symphony; Rondo and Bourrée from Bach's Suite in B minor; Aria from *Don Giovanni*, sung by Mlle. Fidès Devries: unaccompanied chorus by Mendelssohn; Overture to *Freyschütz*.

The following lyric pieces were put on the Parisian stage during 1872:

*Fantasio*, Offenbach, 3 acts, Opéra-Comique; *Le Roi Carotte*, opera-bouffe-féerie, 4 acts, Gaîeté; *Une Fête à Venise*, opéra-bouffe, F. Ricci, 4 acts, Athénée; *Le Docteur Rose*, idem, 3 acts, Bouffes-Parisiens; *Le Vengeur*, opéra-bouffe, Legouix, Variétés; *Les 400 Femmes d'Ali Baba*, Nibelle, Folies Marigny; *Les Brioches du doge*, Demarquette, Folies-Bergères; *Le Passant*, one-act, Paladilhe, Opéra-Comique; *Sylvana*, de Weber, 4 acts, Athénée; *La Timballe d'Argent*, 3 acts, Léon Vasseur, Bouffes-Parisiens; *Djamileh*, one-act, Georges Bizet, Opéra-Comique; *Les Cent Vierges*, Charles Lecocq, Variétés; *La Princesse Jaune*, one-act, Camille Saint-Saëns, Opéra-Comique; *L'Alibi*, 3 acts, Nibelle, Athénée; *Dimanche et Lundi*, one-act, Delandres, idem; *Héloïse et Abélard*, idem, Henry Litolff, Folies-Dramatiques; *Don César de Bazan*, opera-comique, 3 acts, Massenet, Opéra-Comique; *Mme. Turlupin*, opera-comique, 2 acts, Guiraud, Athénée.

---

BONN.—A grand festival is in preparation here in honor of Robert Schumann, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a monument to the illustrious composer. Mme. Clara Schumann, Herren Joachim and Brahms will take part as soloists.

A fresh laurel wreath was laid on Robert Schumann's tomb on the 6th inst. It was sent from the Dresden Singing Academy, which had celebrated the day previous the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation by the deceased composer.

The *Dresdener Journal* says it knows, on good authority, that some anonymous admirers of Schumann's music have subscribed thirty thousand thalers to found a Schumann Exhibition Fund, and have lodged the money in the hands of the composer's widow.

---

LEIPZIG.—The thirteenth Gewandhaus concert (16th Jan.) was devoted to the performance of the following compositions:—Part I. Overture to "Euryanthe" (Weber); aria, from "Cosi fan tutte" (Mozart), sung by Herr Nachbaur; Introduction and Allegro appassionata for the pianoforte (Schumann), performed by Mme. Clara Schumann; cavatina, from "La dame blanche" (Boieldieu), sung by Herr Nachbaur; 1. Impromptu, in C moll, Op. 90 (Schubert); 2. Scherzo, from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); morceaux pour piano, performed by Mme. Schumann (J. O. Grimm). Part II. Symphony (J. O. Grimm), new work conducted by the composer himself.

The programme of the fourteenth Gewandhaus concert (23rd Jan.) included the following items:—Part I. Selections from the unfinished symphony in H moll (Schubert); Holderlin's "Schicksalslied," arranged for orchestra and chorus (Brahms), first time; Concerto Allegro for the violin (Bazzini), performed by Herr Sahla, from Graz; Hauch's "Winter and Spring," arranged for orchestra and chorus (Hartmann), first time; Schumann's arrangement of Geibel's "Gipsy Life," for orchestra and chorus, instrumented by Gradener. Part II. Symphony (No. 1, C dur) Schumann.

---

VIENNA.—After being allowed to slumber for almost, if not quite, as long a period as the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, Gluck's *Armida* has been revived at the Imperial Operahouse, and restored to its place among the stock-pieces of that establishment. It is just a century since it was composed, and since it triumphed at Paris over Duni, Philidor, and Monsigny, over Rameau and Lulli, besides effectually putting an extinguisher on the previously popular Piccini. Every one engaged on the present occasion strove to do his or her best towards making the revival a success. First comes Mme. Dustmann, who sustained the part of the heroine in a manner fully justifying the loud and frequent applause bestowed upon her. Mr. Adams was zealous and correct as Rinaldo. The characters of Ubald, Hidroat, and Artemidor, found efficient representatives in Herren Bignio, Kraus, and Müller, respectively; Mme. Materna was the Fury of Hate, and Mlle. Siegstadt, the demon of the same objectionable passion. The chorus was efficient; so was the orchestra; the costumes were rich and in good taste, and the new scenery reflects credit on Herr Brioschi.

---

MUNICH.—Third Soirée for Chamber Music, given by Herren J. Venzl, Ch. Lehner, C. Hieber, and J. Werner, took place in the large hall of the Museum. The programme contained Quartet in E flat major, Cherubini; three Scotch Songs, with piano, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven; "Concerto Grosso" for two violins, and violoncello, two oboes, two violins (ripieno), tenor, double-bass, and piano, G. F. Handel; two Songs with Harp, Fr. Lachner, and F. Mendelssohn; Quartet in E, Op. 47, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, R. Schumann.—The fourth and last Subscription Concert was devoted to Handel's oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*. The solos were entrusted to Mme. Diez, Mlle. Meysenheim, Herren Fischer and Vogl. The delight exhibited by the audience in this great work proved that, despite the—we mean, despite Herr Wagner—and all his works, a love for really classical music still exists in the Bavarian capital.

---

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 8, 1873.

## Harvard Symphony Concert.

The Seventh Concert, (Thursday, Feb. 27), attracted the largest audience of the season, and the general voice pronounces it about as good a concert, both in matter and performance, as the Harvard Musical Association has ever given. There was not a dull moment in it, nor aught that bordered on the commonplace or the extravagant; witness the bill of fare:

Overture: "The Hebrides," or "Fingal's Cave," op. 26.................................Mendelssohn.
Aria, [Contralto], "Son confusa pastorella," from "Poro," [with orchestral accompaniment for the first time]..........................................Handel.
Mrs. Flora E. Barry.

Serenade and Allegro Giojoso, for Piano-forte, with Orchestra, op. 43........................Mendelssohn.
Hugo Leonhard.

*Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro"...............Mozart.
**Krakowiak: Grand Rondeau de Concert, Op. 14, for Pianoforte with Orchestra..............Chopin.
Hugo Leonhard.

Songs:
a. *Ave Maria, (with Quartet accompaniment). Franz.
b. ** "The Soldier's Bride," op. 64, No. 1. Schumann.
c. Goethe's "May Song," op. 33, No. 6.......Franz.
Mrs. Flora E. Barry.

Symphony, No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.....Schumann.
Introduction and Allegro.—Romanza.—Scherzo.—Finale.

The most novel, as well as the most piquant and brilliant feature was the "Krakowiak" by Chopin, which appeared shortly after his first Concerto, (1834 or 35), a work of immense difficulty for the pianist, most fascinating in its unique and inexhaustible vivacity. A fine Polish fire pervades it, and the main theme, original with Chopin, is quite in the spirit of some old national dance melody. Upon the first appearance of the work a German critic wrote of it as follows:

"The introduction is formed by a simple popular melody, peculiar in its rhythm and its harmony, of the neighborhood of the free city of Cracow, which we do not know in its original form. Nor are we able to determine what share the composer has, if any, in the harmonic, strikingly effective, although always artless concatenation of the rhythmical periods; enough to say, that its effect is as telling as it is singularly charming. This 3-4 *Andantino quasi Allegretto* is followed by a short transitional *Allegro molto* in the same measure, in lively bravura for the principal instrument, to which succeeds the Rondo [*Allegro non troppo*, 2-4, F major], which also seems built upon a still more joyous country melody, whence its name. This leading subject keeps continually returning, or rather strikes through everywhere with a resistless vivacity, still more and more exciting; now we have the whole of it, now only a part, now freshly ringing with a piquant turn, and then so full of most surprising and peculiar figures, only interrupted by brief *tutti* passages, that one masterly effort of bravura is followed ever by another still more ardaous and more striking. Not for a moment is there the slightest flagging of the entertainment, which is evermore renewed and varied, nay continually heightened, and which forms a true and tasteful whole, combining wonder with delight, if it be executed as it must be. But verily that is not easy. It is a very different sort of piece, for instance, from this master's Concerto; yet as it regards difficulty of rendering it stands quite upon the same level. It requires a thoroughly accomplished bravura player, in order to succeed. It is not enough that it be dashed off according to the notes and measure; but in the midst of the greatest difficulty it must be played with perfect ease, and with appropriate coloring and keeping: that is, it must be given with taste. In that case it will please even a mixed assembly, and will be a very grateful task for the performer; more grateful than many other things by the same composer, because here the difficulty strikes even uninformed listeners as being just precisely what it is. Accordingly it will not fail by its effect even when played without accompaniment; although the instrumentation gives it still greater freshness and, above all, greater distinctness. The wind instruments, especially, make the foundation melody, and the allusions to it, brighter and more rhythmically marked; while the strings, holding out their notes to every solo, preserve the full flow of the harmony."

That Mr. Leonhard, in his most genial and effective presentation, for the first time in Boston, of this most difficult and yet delightful composition, proved himself fully equal to the requirements above mentioned, all who heard it will agree. It was a clear, precise, poetic rendering, full of delicacy and full of verve; the mood of the composer took possession of the audience, and the performer was unanimously recalled. If his triumph was not so exceptional in the Mendelssohn Allegro, the reason lay for the most part in the nature of the composition itself, the brilliancy and gladness of whose theme is sometimes slightly clouded by the harmony. It was, however, a thoroughly artistic performance and gave real pleasure. On the whole, the pianist seemed to surpass himself in that day's work, so conscientiously prepared, so happily inspired. And the accompanying instruments had also caught the spirit of it.

The vocal selections were as choice as possible, and sure to interest, and Mrs. Barry never charmed more by her chaste, refined and sympathetic renderings. The Aria from one of Handel's Italian operas she has sung twice before in these Concerts, with pianoforte alone; but an orchestral accompaniment, completed by a loyal hand from the mere sketch in Handel's score, was needed to make manifest the real beauty of the piece; and this good work, for this occasion, had been expressly done for us by Robert Franz. The fresh, naive, peculiar charm of the melody, free from the mere Handelian commonplaces, was faithfully and sweetly conveyed by the singer, and set in fine relief by the full instrumentation, which, however, might have been a little more subdued in the performance.—The *Ave Maria* by Franz, the organ-like harmony of which had been transcribed from the pianoforte to a quartet accompaniment of muted strings by Mr. Dresel, was simply heavenly. A more soulful, pure, religious melody does not exist, and this time it had fit voice and accompaniment; all that there was left to be desired was something more of weight and power in Mrs. Barry's tones. The little ballad song by Schumann, "*Die Soldatenbraut*," heard for the first time, was very taking, and doubtless will have currency henceforth. And Goethe's playful little May Song: "Wo geht's Liebchen?"; with a melody as witching, was sung better than ever this time, and does not begin to lose its freshness. The little songs were exquisitely accompanied on the piano by Mr. Dresel.

The orchestra had matter challenging its best powers, and really responded to the challenge with a zeal and loyalty which it has never yet surpassed. The dreamy, seashore poesy, as well as vivid sensuous beauty of the "Hebrides" Overture, has seldom siezed and held attention so completely; many *knew* the work that day as they had never known it; and who will undertake to name a work of Mendelssohn's upon the whole more perfect? The little Mozart Overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" was most enlivening. It was only too soon over. Though taken at a lightning tempo (Mozart, at his rehearsals, never could get it done fast enough to satisfy him), it came out perfectly clear in outline and deliciously rich in color, the fine nervous accent of the violin parts keeping every sense awake and happy. It was refreshing to hear such an overture for once outside of the theatre, where such things are poorly done and where the unmusical opera public neither listens nor lets anybody hear. Played by a fit orchestra the unpretending little gem of a piece had actually the charm of novelty, and will be welcome when it comes in the same way again.

But all this was only prelude to the magnificent Schumann Symphony, in the rendering of which, throughout the four closely connected movements of the one indivisible and vital whole, Conducter and orchestra covered themselves with honor. Mr. Zerrahn is at his best in just such tasks, creations that require unanimous enthusiasm and unflagging energy. The spirit, the broad plan, and the unswerving progress of the work, with tender justice to all its lovely episodes, was all brought out in a way that held all listening, wondering, delighted to the end. It is a great Symphony, one of the greatest, and yet it seemed so short! It is six years since it last figured in the Harvard programmes, and turning back to the record of our own impression then, we find it so true to the *present* experience, that we think we shall be more safe in reproducing that, than in attempting any new description:

The Symphony in D minor was principally written in 1841, immediately after the first in B flat; but was worked over anew in 1851 and published as No. 4, Op. 120. It was first produced at the Dusseldorf festival in 1853. The more we hear it the more we are inclined to think it the best of all the four. Schumann had by this time become master of the polyphonic form, and this work especially has that thorough unity and integrity as a whole which we admire in the great models before him. Nothing can be more unjust than to charge him, in these Symphonies, the Concerto in A minor, &c., with throwing away the traditions of the Symphonic form. Here there is not only a leading motive worked into the texture of each part, like organic fibre; but the motives of one movement reappear in another, knitting it all logically and poetically together. Thus the little phrase out of which the first Allegro is wrought is born already in the midst of the thoughtful, sombre Introduction, where after an opening crash in unison of all the orchestra, the middle instruments, reeds, &c., flow in sixths [3-4 time] with pleading accent. Then comes the Romanza in A minor, a quaint and lovely melody, so serious and earnest, sung by violoncello [how beautifully Fries played it!] and oboe in octaves, which calls up very naturally a reminiscence of the slow Introduction: and this muses on in undercurrent, while a new subject, a delicious, cool, fresh passage in triplets [sixteenths] sets in from the first violins. That Romanza is an exquisite poem and justifies its title.

The Scherzo, which follows in the original key, in sharp, wilful, almost surly accents, reminds one of now and then a strong Minuette of that sort in Mozart, and has like emphatic unity and conciseness; its stern mood melts into a fascinating Trio in B flat, the first violins first leaning on a syncopated note and then gliding off in a smooth, liquid passage, made of phrases of six notes. This gradually dies out, weaker and weaker, murmurs itself in fragments, goes to sleep;—the tempo is held back, while reeds and lower strings heave a few tranquil sighs, and suddenly, *pianissimo*, with *tremolo* accompaniment, in doubly slow time, that leading phrase of the first Allegro steals back in the violins, and mysteriously the whole orchestra awakes and swells to a sublime climax, holding out on a full dominant seventh chord, which fills the mind with expectation. This sea-breeze before dawn, as it were, is the transition to the Finale; it harbingers the return, with renewed strength and startling martial accompaniment, of that same dear phrase of the first Allegro. The new and bolder theme however prevails; relieved by episodes, one of which is like a sweet gush of tenderness out of the heart [Adagio] of the Choral Symphony. The bit of martial fugue into which it determines itself towards the end, the loud and stern brass passages, and finally the rushing Presto are grandly exciting. Indeed the whole movement teems with glorious ideas, as when the mind in a creative mood gets thoroughly wrought up and summons all its swift faculties about it; so that the Finale is the logical, clear climax and conclusion to a noble and sincere Art product. Much might be said of the fine instrumentation, the clear individualization of parts in the harmonic web, and so on; but without any such analysis of detail, the ideal, earnest, noble character of the whole Symphony was sure to impress itself on such audience in such a performance.

The Eighth Concert, for next Thursday afternoon, March 13, offers the following programme: Part I. Overture to "Manfred," *Schumann*; Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master," from *Bach's* Passion Music (M. W. Whitney); short Entr' acte from "Manfred"; Overture to "Jessonda," *Spohr*.—Part II. Aria and Gavotte from *Bach's* Orchestral Suite in D; **Concert Aria: "Alcandro, lo confesso," *Mozart*, (M. W. Whitney); Eighth Symphony (in F), *Beethoven*.

## Chamber Concerts.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme of the second concert, Saturday evening, Feb. 22, was as follows:

Quartet in D minor, Op. 77.....................J. Raff.
Moderato.—Vivace.—Andante.—Allegro.
Songs.—"Prayer"..............................F. Hiller.
"Thine is my heart"........Franz Schubert.
Quartet Satz, in C minor, posthumous fragment. Franz Schubert.
Hungarian Dances, composed by Brahms, arranged for Violin..................................Joachim.
Quartet in C, op. 59, No. 3, [Rasoumofsky Set]. Beethoven.

The Quartet by Raff, by its strange opening harmonies, made us feel that we were entering a doubtful and a dismal element; and although later portions of the work were bright and animated, we could

not shake off the ungenial chill of the ingenious music which so failed to warm us. We do not think we were alone by any means in that experience. The movement, not long since discovered, of an unfinished Quartet by Schubert, was at least music, unmistakable, with the Schubert fire in it, though not so interesting as his better known productions of the kind; refreshing after Raff. The Hungarian Dances, composed by Brahms for the piano, four hands, are very fresh and characteristic things, and, as transcribed for the violin by Joachim, and performed by Mr. WILLIAM SCHULTZE, made a lively and agreeable impression. The good old "Rasoumoffsky" Quartet was a solid comfort to go home on, and it was happy in the rendering. The violin of Mr. HAMM and the violoncello of Mr. HENNIG add real life and strength to these performances.

The singer was Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, who sang the "Prayer" by Hiller in a large and noble style, and produced such a sensation with the Schubert song, that she was obliged to repeat it.

For the third concert (last Saturday evening) these were the attractions:

Trio, No. 3, Op. 110, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello. Robert Schumann.
Allegro non troppo.—Moderato.—Presto.—Con fuoco.
Air from *Don Giovanni*: "Dalla sua pace"..Mozart.
Recitative and Siciliano, from "L'Allegro" Handel.
Sonate for Piano, in E flat, Op. 75 ........ Dussek.
Allegro non troppo.—Andante Moderato.—Allegro moderato grazioso.
Quintet in F, Op. 59 ........................ Rubinstein.
Lento and Allegro non troppo—Allegro—Andante assai—Allegro non troppo.

The Schumann Trio is one which we had never heard before. Though somewhat mystifying in some parts, it proved only less interesting than the two Trios which are better known. The Allegro seems almost wholly woven out of a little phrase or motive similar to that in the "Bird as Prophet" in one of his little *Waldscenen*. The Finale is indeed full of fire, bold and broad in themes and treatment. The rendering, by Messrs. B. J. LANG, SCHULTZE and HENNIG, was all that could be wished, and we must thank them for the first acquaintance with one of Schumann's larger works.—The Rubinstein Quintet, spiritedly led by Mr. HAMM (Mr. SCHULTZE generously sharing the first honors with him), impressed us with a sense of power, if not entirely of beauty. We were glad of an opportunity to hear for once something of Dussek's music,—a composer famous in his day, and still played frequently in London, by Mme. Arabella Goddard especially, but hitherto neglected here as being out of date and wholly superseded by the piano works of greater men like Beethoven. Dussek's Sonatas, classical in form and elegant in style, belonging to the same group with those of Cramer and Clementi, are models in their way, which to be sure is not a great one; they are fluent, graceful, ornate, with an air of fine society about them, but not profoundly stirring or imaginative. To perform them properly requires a finished artist, of great technical facility and taste, and in this instance Mr. Lang, as might have been expected, proved himself abundantly equal to the requirement. It could not be a very exciting, but it was a very pleasing and refined piece of reading. With all the elegance of these old writers, one must say, however, that a sense of sameness and of tameness overtakes him before the end of the Sonata, ever so well interpreted.

The singing, by Mr. CHARLES R. HAYDEN, was an interesting feature of the entertainment. He is a young man, a native of this State, of modest, intellectual appearance and sensitively musical temperament, who has studied both in Leipzig and in Italy. His voice is a delicate, pure tenor, of fair power, and he sings with real taste and feeling. Both of his selections, too, were excellent, and here as good as new. The matter of this whole concert, it will be observed, was new or nearly new to Boston.

This evening the Club give their fourth and *last* concert, with this programme:

Sextet in G, Op. 36, for two Violins, two Violas and two 'Cellos ................................ Brahms.
Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, in D, Op. 58. Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Sumner and Hennig.
Solos for Violin: "Barcarole" .................. Spohr.
"Air" and "Gavotte" from Suite ........ Vieuxtemps.
Charles Hamm.
Suite in Canon form, Op. 10, for two Violins, Viola, 'Cello and Basso ........................ J. O. Grimm.

Chamber Concerts come in swarms just now. We have yet to speak of the first of Mr. LANG's series, Thursday of this week (the second comes March 20); two or more Piano Recitals by Mr. PETERSILEA; the third Matinée of Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG (yesterday); and of the last N. E. Conservatory Recitals, in one of which Mr. J. A. HILLS, with the "Beethoven Quintette Club" (C. N. ALLEN, leader), played Schubert's "Forellen" Quintet, for the first time, we think, in Boston.—Miss ANNA MEHLIG, we are happy to state, will give three Matinées at Mechanics' Hall on the 19th, 22nd and 26th of this March.

THE KREISSMANN TESTIMONIAL. It is known to many, but perhaps not all our music lovers, that that sterling artist and most generous and estimable man, Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, who has done so much for good music in this city and vicinity, has been for the past two years and more, and still is, prostrated, with only occasion brief respites, by one of those painful infirmities which it requires more than all one's natural strength merely to endure. Thus arrested in the midst of his activity, he has so far looked forward in vain to the resuming of his useful occupations. For many years the Conductor of the Orpheus Musical Society, one of our best vocal teachers, imbued more fully than perhaps any of our public singers with the spirit of the best German song, to whose interpretations we owe so much of our acquaintance with the songs of Franz, as well as of Schubert and Schumann, and we may add the Arias of Bach,—he has placed this public under obligations to him. By the subjoined correspondence it will be seen that the "Orpheus" propose to give a Complimentary Concert to their old leader, on the evening of March 29. In this testimonial they are joined by a large and influential committee of our musical citizens and friends of Mr. Kreissmann.

The concert, artistically, will be such an one as he, with his fine taste, would certainly approve. Mr. Zerrahn and the Orchestra of the Symphony Concerts have cordially volunteered their services; the "Orpheus" will sing some of their best selections; and our four pianists, who have been more or less associated with Mr. K. in times past, Messrs. DANIEL, PARKER, LANG and LEONHARD, will contribute something good. Other features of the programme will be duly announced. Meanwhile tickets, at $1.00, may be had at the Music Hall, or of any member of the Committee. There are no reserved seats.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1873.

*August Kreissmann, Esq.*: Dear Sir—The members of the Orpheus Musical Society, grateful for your long and efficient labors during the many years you have been their musical leader and director, are desirous to tender to you a Testimonial Concert, to take place at the Music Hall on the 29th of March, as a token of their gratitude and esteem.

In this they are joined by a number of your personal friends, whose names are subjoined, and who appreciate your efforts for the promotion of music in Boston.

Hoping that our offer will meet with your approval, I remain, Your ob't serv't,

LOUIS WEISSBEIN,
President Orpheus Musical Society.

Prof. L. Agassiz, Dr. H. Bowditch, George H. Chickering, J. S. Dwight, F. Geldowsky, George K. Guild, George P. King, Hugo Leonhard, J. C. D. Parker, S. M. Quincy, Nathaniel Samuel, Charles J. Sprague, Dr. Upham, Robert Apthorp, J. Bradlee, Otto Dresel, Julius Eichberg, Robert Gomes, Rev. E. E. Hale, B. J. Lang, Henry Mason, Charles C. Perkins, J. M. Rodocanachi, S. Messinger, James Sturgis, Dr. W. P. Wesselhoeft, Carl Zerrahn, L. B. Barnes, Nathaniel G. Chapin, Dr. Dix, Isidor Eichberg, Dr. B. Gersdorff, E. Heidenreich, C. W. R. Langerfeldt, Charles E. Meyer, Charles Pruefer, George D. Russell, C. Schraubstadter, F. H. Underwood, Dr. C. Wesselhoeft.

BOSTON, Feb. 17, 1873.

*Louis Weissbien, Esq., President Orpheus Musical Society*: Dear Sir—Yours of February 14 containing the agreeable announcement of the Orpheus Musical Society to tender me a complimentary concert, was duly received, and I take this, my first opportunity, of accepting your kind offer, to assure you of the pleasure and thankfulness with which it was received by me.

During my stay in Boston as a singer and public teacher, and throughout my long connection with your society as their musical leader and director, I have always endeavored to perform my duties to the extent of my ability, and especially have I aimed to create a taste, as well as appreciation, among the public for the highest and noblest in art and music.

It now gives me sincere gratification to know that these efforts of mine have not been forgotten, and are thus esteemed by your society and so many of my friends.

Their kind offer will enable me to bear my hard sickness with more ease, and to look forward with stronger hope to the time when I shall have so far recovered as to be able to meet them again in the rooms of their society.

Again thanking you for your friendly offer, which is most highly appreciated by me, I remain,

Yours truly, AUGUST KREISSMANN.

# Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 17.—The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, in praiseworthy encouragement of American art, have brought out a new Symphony by Mr. GEO. F. BRISTOW, a composer whose name is already familiar to us all through his beautiful Cantata "Daniel" and his opera "Rip Van Winkle," and whose face is always to be seen among the first violins at our Philharmonic Concerts.

The Symphony, which was played at the third concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, on Saturday evening, Feb. 8, is called the "Arcadian," and is dedicated to the club bearing that name in our city.

It is to be regretted at the outset, that Mr. Bristow has placed, or endeavored to place, his composition under the head of "programme music," in which each part illustrates, or is supposed to illustrate, not the progress and development of an *idea*, but certain events or material objects which it is not within the province of music to describe. Any composer, therefore, who writes "programme music," either does not rightly comprehend his art, or is setting a trap to catch the applause of unreasoning and unmusical people. Mr. Bristow, not content, after the announcement that his Symphony is descriptive of "the passage of emigrants across the plains, and their arrival at the new Arcadia"—to leave the rest to the imagination of his hearers, has subdivided his description, as follows:

1. *Allegro appassionato.* The Emigrants journey across the plains.
2. *Andante Religioso.* Halt on the Prairie.—Evening Prayer.—Tallis's Evening Hymn.
3. *Allegro ma non troppo.* Indian War Dance.—Attack by Indians.
4. *Allegro con Spirito.* The arrival at the new home. —Rustic festivities and dancing.

Furthermore, each part being duly ticketed, it is thought necessary to amplify the labels after the following manner. (I quote from the programme verbatim.):

Part 3. "The scene now changes to an Indian encampment, where the savages are engaged in a war-dance, preliminary to an attack. The third movement depicts the commotion among the Indians, who at the conclusion of the dance fall upon the encampment of the Emigrants, and, after a violent conflict, are repulsed. [The subject of this movement was suggested to the composer by General Franz Sigel.] The attack terminating in favor of the Emigrants, they proceed happily to their destination."

What there is in the music to indicate that the attack terminates in favor of the *Emigrants* instead of the *Indians*, I cannot perceive.

The Symphony might as well have been called "The Expedition to Santo Domingo," or "Stanley in search of Livingstone." [Subdivided: Part 1st. The note of warning.—James Gordon Bennett in bed.—Departure of Stanley.—Thoughts of home. Part 2nd. Encampment in the African Desert.—Evening Hymn, &c., &c.]

Eliminating this very objectionable feature from the programme, I can speak of the Arcadian Symphony in terms of almost unqualified praise. The themes, except the *Andante*, are fresh and original; the interest for the most part well sustained, and the instrumentation throughout masterly.

The first movement (in E minor) opens with a beautiful theme which is given out by the viola, and which alternates with a second motive for the violins. The other instruments gradually take up the first motive until it is sounded by the full orchestra. A beautiful and intricate passage for the strings ensues, followed by a long succession of skilfully instrumented passages for strings, reeds and horns, which, at length, results in a sort of anti-climax and becomes tiresome. It is the general opinion of critics here that the extreme length of this movement detracts from its artistic effect.

The second movement (B major) introduces Tallis's Evening Hymn; and the orchestration here, also, is admirable.

This is followed by an "Allegro ma non troppo," in A minor, introducing a sort of *Forkeltanz*, wild as a witches' revel on Walpurgis night. This is set off against a brief interpolation in D major, which renders the barbaric rhythm of the dance still more striking.

The finale in E is a bright sparkling Allegro, full of charming fancies, which, gradually increasing to a Presto

leads to a sort of dance-measure, and forms a graceful conclusion to a work which will rank among the best that have been produced in America.

The other pieces upon the programme were as follows:

Andante from Trio, op. 96..................Beethoven.
String Orchestra.
Overture to "Robespierre"..........................Litolff.
Concerto for Violin, (1st movement).....Beethoven.
Variations in D minor..............................Corelli.
Mme. Camilla Urso.
Recit and Aria: "Mura Felice"..............Rossini.
Die Waldhexe (The Forest Witch)........Rubinstein.
Miss Antoinette Sterling.

In the Andante from the great B-flat Trio, the harp made a poor substitute for the piano, which is placed so boldly in the work as Beethoven wrote it; nevertheless it is a great pleasure to hear that lovely Cantabile, even when thus changed.

Mme. Urso was admirable, as usual, and Miss Sterling sang with her customary earnestness and correctness.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts are always well attended,—as they certainly deserve to; be and in producing a new and original work like the Arcadian Symphony, the society proved its own enterprise and paid a fitting tribute to an excellent composer.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 15, at the fourth concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, the programme opened with a Symphony in B minor, by Gade, a work which made a very favorable impression. It is divided as follows:

1. Allegro molto e con fuoco (B minor).
2. Allegro moderato (B minor).
3. Andante [E maj.)
4. Finale. Allegro non troppo [B min).

This was followed by an Aria from "The Creation," rather poorly sung by Herr Carl Spengler. An Adagio for the Violoncello by Bargiel came next, and this was exquisitely rendered by Mr. F. Bergner, who is one of the best violoncellists I have ever heard. Then came Mr. Matzka's Overture "Galileo," a new work meriting an extended notice which I have not time to give. A translation by Mme. Ritter printed in the programme gave a key to the music.

" 'The earth stands still!'—a dungeon's torture-trial
Wrung from the lips, that ne'er before dissembled,
Of Galilei, new-found truth's denial;
Though great their victory, his opponents trembled,
For, scarce unloosed the ignoble bonds that bound him,
Upsprings he, scattering the pale slaves around him,
With gesture, glance, his pain-wrung lie disproves,
And cries, in truth's own voice,
'And yet it moves!' "

Beethoven's Symphony in C minor occupied the second part of the programme. The orchestra, throughout the concert, played badly; worse than ever before, it seemed to me.

At a concert given by the Onslow Quintette, at De Garmo Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, the principal selections were Schumann's Quartet in A minor (op. 41, No. 1), a Trio in F (op. 6] by A. Bargiel, and No. 7 of the "Seven Words" by Haydn [1st and 2nd violin, viola and violoncello.] Besides this there were part-songs by Sullivan and Agnes Zimmermann, and a Vocal Quartet, "The Ring," by F. Brandeis, sung by Misses Brainerd and Bulkley and Messrs. Bush and Schauffler. The last named piece was encored in a manner very complimentary to the composer. A. A. C.

---

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 20.—Last Saturday Mr. Wolfsohn gave the last of his delightful series of matinees. Raff's "Forest" Symphony, by universal request, was repeated. The interpretation was very satisfactory. Mr. Wolfsohn honored us with a performance on the piano of Tausig's "Invitation a la Danse" (Weber), and a "Slumber Song" of his own. Cumbrous as the former is it was agreeably given,and the latter was delightful. Mr. Wolfsohn proposes to give a series of Saturday Evening Orchestral concerts at the Academy, when in addition to his orchestra we shall hear several prominent vocal and instrumental soloists.

In the evening at Musical Fund Hall a tremendous audience assembled to hear the "Orpheus Club's" second concert. This, as you are aware, is a male singing society, and one of the three which should render Philadelphia famous for male choral singing. When a society has reached so high a point, and in so short a time, it challenges close criticism. To begin with the selections, there was not novelty enough. Of ten choruses, only two were new to the audience, and three others had been sung by this very club at their first concert this season. The pieces were: "Sabbath Day," Kreutzer; "Voyage," Mendelssohn; "Soldier's Life," Kuecken; "Snow Drop," Barnby; "Strike the Lyre," Cooke; "Beauties, have you seen a toy," Evans; "The Letter" and "April Showers," Hatton; "Good Night" by Abt, and Spofforth's "Hail smiling morn." All the pianissimo passages were excellent, but the forte portions suffered for want of second bass. This is certainly the weak point of the Club; although eight individuals sing on this part, it is always weak, indeed sometimes inaudible. The first tenors are very fine, but on this occasion one of the number suffered his voice to break unpleasantly once or twice, which somewhat marred the effect. On the whole the concert was not nearly so great a success as the first one, which probably had made them over-confident. This was the occasion of the public entree of Mr. Edward Giles, a gentleman who has been studying in Europe for a year or so, and from whom great things were looked for. His selections were "Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," Sullivan's "A life that lives for you," and Mariani's "Contrabandiere." Whether from a cold or fright, his register in which he prides himself was sadly limited, the upper E being quite out of his us al easy reach, while his low notes were ridiculously feeble. What we heard of his voice, however, we were pleased with, and he sings with great taste, but he wants power. His voice is a smooth basso, but of limited range. He received an encore for the Italian song, and responded with another which he sang with great taste and expression.

That same evening Mr. Jarvis gave his fourth soiree at Chickering Hall. I append the programme:

Sonata—Piano, Op. 49, D minor, No. 3.........Weber.
Charles H. Jarvis.
Violin Solo—"Andante and Rondo Russe".De Beriot.
G. Guhlemann.
Piano Solos—
Barcarolle, Op. 60, F sharp. [First time]....Chopin.
Noveletten, Op. 21, Heft. 1, No. 2, D major,
[First time]...............................Schumann.
Fantaisie-Stuecke—Piano and Clarinet, Op. 73. "
Messrs. Jarvis and Plagemann.
Trio—Piano, Violin and 'Cello, G major, Op. 1,
No. 2......................................Beethoven.
Messrs. Jarvis, Guhlemann and Popper.

On Tuesday, Feb. 18, Mr. Gaertner gave his second concert at the Amateurs' Drawing Room. This was the programme:

Quintet in G minor.............................Mozart.
Poco Adagio, 2 violins, viola and 'cello.......Haydn.
Canzonetta..................................Mendelssohn.
Andante from Quintet......................Beethoven.
Nonetto.........................................Spohr.

A fine selection, and deserving of a larger audience. The opening piece was played with firmness and with great expression. The Spohr *Nonetto* was exceedingly well done. The artists showed more unity of action than we are accustomed to find in our concerted performances. The "Austrian Hymn" Quartet should not be left out of this brief account of one of the most delightful performances it has ever been my fortune to hear.

FEB. 26.—On Saturday evening Musical Fund Hall was again compactly filled; this time to hear the second concert of the "Abt Male Singing Society." Coming one week after the "Orpheus Club" it suggested comparisons. The "Abt's" selections were more thoroughly musical and far more difficult than those of the "Orpheus." The programme was rich in good things, and was far better rendered than that of the first concerts of the season. Mendelssohn's "Love and Wine" is superb, and such a noble rendering did it receive that it was heartily encored. Hatton's "Life Boat," a spirited, melodious piece, was redemanded. Gade's "Gondola Song" was a perfect specimen of *pianissimo* singing; and again in "The Houri's Prayer" and "The Tranquil Lake," both by Mueller, the Society showed their wonderful ability in delicate and subdued passages. But by far the most magnificent male part-singing I ever heard was in Moehring's "Battle Prayer." The piece itself is wonderfully rich in its harmony; the clear, fresh voices of the first Tenors contrasted finely with the superb richness of the low Basses, and there was great exactness and unity of enunciation on the part of all. It was enthusiastically encored. The "Hostess's Daughter," by Smart, and Kuecken's "Loyal Song," both repeated from the last concert, together with Mendelssohn's "Wanderer's Song," and Bishop's "Mynheer Van Dunck," completed the chorus part of the programme. Abt's "Ave Maria," as a quintet, and Hatton's "Good Night," as a quartet, were also sung and both were encored. The only drawbacks to the Abt's concerts are: first, hearing the same old voices in every quartet or quintet that is sung at every concert; and secondly a tendency to fall from the pitch. This latter is owing probably to the fact that the second Bass is too ponderous for the first Ten:rs, or that too little attention is paid to this fault at rehearsals. The "Orpheus" Club seldom if ever fall in pitch, but they are kept up by the continuous and sometimes too prominent singing of their Conductor all through their concerts! Great as this fault is, it is far more tolerable than to hear occasionally the harsh crash of the conductor's voice above those of the chorus. Eustace.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

What Mollie said. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to f. *Wellmann.* 30
"Smile upon your Mollie darling."
An answer to "Mollie darling." Very melodious.

I am weary, let me rest. 3. E to e. *Webster.* 30
"Oh! the thought is strangely sweet!"
A very sweet song.

Kiss the Little Ones for me. Song and Cho. 2. E to e. *Webster.* 30
"When evening cometh downward
On wings of shadowy gloom."
Full of simple beauty.

Hark! 'Tis the Saviour's Voice. Trio for Alto, Tenor and Bass. 4. Ab to *a.* *Deems.* 40
A well wrought "Hymn set to music," with considerable elaboration in the accompaniment.

The Confession. 3. D to e. *Boott.* 30
"But the answer that I made
Father, I forget.
Ora, ora pro me!"
"The Atlantic" speaks highly of it. It should be a success in a concert.

The Joyous Reapers. Duettino. 2. Bb to e. *Campana.* 35
"We are two merry, light-hearted reapers."
A charming little duet, with a touch of Italian grace in it.

Philosophic Sam. Song and Cho. 2. C to f. *Rosewig.* 30
"Sam! Sam! Sam! Sam!"
Comic. Much better than the average.

My one True Love. 3. G to e. *Gabriel.* 35
"Thou art mine forever!"
Graceful love song.

Field-Marshal Spring. (Feldmarshall Frühling). Duet. 4. G to *g.* *Abt.*
"His trumpeters are larks so gay."
A quaint German conceit set to music. Very pretty for schools.

Easter Morn. Chorus and Recessional. 3. F. *Wilson.* 35
A beautiful combination of chant and chorus.

The Old Time; or, When you were Seventeen. 3. Eb to e. *Thomas.* 40
Some One far away. 3. G to f. *Gray.* 40
Darling little Blue Eyes. 3. F to f. *Chandos.* 30
Three beautiful ballads, well fitted to be popular.

Instrumental.

Starry Night for a Ramble. Waltz. 3. Bb.
The above song-melody [and another one] made into a waltz.

Madrilène. Spanish Dance. 4. D minor. *Ketterer.* 50
A wild, brilliant dance.

Dors mon Enfant. Berceuse. 4. G. *Waud.* 30
Sweet and graceful "cradle song."

2nd Cantabile. 4. Ab. *Rosenhain.* 40
Melodious "Song without words."

Mendelssohn's 3d (Scotch) Symphony 5. *S. Smith.* 1.25
A paraphrase for piano, and splendid, of course.

Fra Diavolo. Fantasie. 4 hands. *S. Smith.* 1.00
Brilliant arrangement of most pleasing airs.

Turkish March. With portrait. 5. Bb. *Rubinstein.* 40
Beethoven's Turkish March, arranged pretty much as he would arrange it for our modern pianos.

Credit Mobilier. Grand March. 4. C. *Cramer.* 40
Not intended as a "Rogue's March" at all, but powerful and brilliant.

Little Bird's Nest. Easy pieces by *Mack, ea.* 30
1. Little Party Waltz. 1. G.
2. Herald Galop. 2. G.
4. Drummer Boy's March. 2. G.
6. Little Rosebud Mazurka. 2. D.
7. Butterfly Redowa. 2. G.
The 20 pieces which will be found in the "Little Bird's Nest" are just the things for beginners.

Torchlight March. 4 hds. 3. Eb. *Meyerbeer.* 1.25
This is Fackeltanz, No. 3, and is more properly a Torch-Dance than a March. Very powerful, brilliant and spirited.

Children's Mazurka. 4 hds. 3. F. *Lippitt.* 40
A successful attempt to familiarize young players with the "mazurka" movement. Very pleasing.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 833. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 25.

## GOSSEC.

[Translated from the French for Dwight's Journal of Music.]

III.

Along with this impulse given by Gossec to instrumental and sacred music, a great revolution was going on in dramatic music. The Opera had not been able to disengage itself from the swaddling-clothes with which Lully had bound it at its birth. The attempt made in 1750 to introduce Italian music had only provoked a fierce paper war, the result of which was the almost immediate dismissal of the unlucky Italian singers. J. J. Rousseau had produced his *Devin du Village*, the success of which seemed to predict that the reign of melody was about to commence. But this effort, however successful it may have been, was, so to speak, abortive, and found no imitators. The slow, psalm-like strains of Lully and his followers were quickly restored to public favor. Rameau, who for a moment had been nearly dethroned, regained his ascendancy, and his repertoire, for a short time banished by the appearance of the Italian *buffonistes*, had again almost undisputed possession of the bills of the royal Academy of Music. In the meantime the revolution vainly attempted at that theatre was going on in another place. Beside that public encrusted with prejudices, whose apathy and whose habits of routine it is impossible to overcome, is another, young and progressive, whose enthusiasm nothing can check, and whose taste and whose sympathies always triumph is the end. This public, attracted for the moment to the opera by the representation of *La Serva Padrona* and other master-pieces of the Italian school, soon forgot the way to that theatre when those works were no longer given. It took that to the Comédie-Italienne, where their translations were performed, and where Duni, Philidor and Monsigny had already attempted to prove that pleasing music could be made even to French words. Philidor's *Blaise le savetier* was given in 1759, *Le Soldat Magicien* in 1760, *Le Maréchal ferrant* in 1761. Monsigny had prepared the way for his master-pieces, *Le Déserteur* and *Félix* by works of less merit, but which showed what might be expected from his genius. These were: *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, 1761; *Le Roi et le Fermier*, 1762, and *Rose et Colas* in 1764. It was in that year that Gossec made his first effort in the dramatic style and gave, at the Comédie-Italienne, *Le Faux Lord*, the music of which caused its success. In 1767, his little opera of *Les Pêcheurs* met with such success that it occupied the stage nearly the whole of the remainder of the year. It was followed the next year by the *Double Déguisement* and *Tolnon et Tolnette*.

But in 1767 a very colossus of talent took possession of a stage which he was destined during a period of more than forty years to adorn and enrich, Grétry produced his *Huron*, and Gossec saw that with such a rival no contest could be possible. He resumed his place of composer of instrumental music, and the following year founded the celebrated amateur concert, the orchestra of which was conducted by the famous Chevalier de Saint-Georges. This orchestra, created by Gossec, was the first complete orchestra that France had ever possessed. In order to appreciate the innovations made in the composition of this orchestra, it will be proper to cast a retrospective glance at what had been for a century the assemblages of musicians figuring either in the theatres or in concerts.

Lully, in creating the Opera, had found in France no suitable elements for the proper foundation of this species of performance; he was obliged to make use of the very inconsiderable resources to be found among the professional musicians, scattered as they were with no centre of union and no acquaintance with concerted music. Later he trained up pupils and succeeded in bringing together an orchestra, whose arrangement seems singular enough to us, accustomed as we are to a wealth of instrumentation far removed from the simplicity of those primitive germs. The orchestra of Lully's opera was arranged in the following manner: the stringed instruments were divided into five parts, comprising first violins, first viols, viols, bass and double bass viols. Violoncellos were not introduced until later, and the modern double bass was not admitted into France until 1709, long after the death of Lully. It was played for the first time by one Montclair, a very clever composer, in *Jephté*, an opera of his own composition. The effect of the instrument was found to be excellent, and Montclair was engaged at the Opera as contra-bassist. At first he was expected to play only once a week, on Saturday, the great day for the Opera, and that of the best performances. It was not long before the contra-bass was demanded every day; then a single one was not enough, one was added, afterwards two, then three, then four. At present there are eight in the orchestra at the Opera.

To return to Lully's orchestra, we must give a list of the wind instruments. These were numerous, but were divided quite differently from those of our day. First there were the flutes, not the German flute, the only one now in use, but the beaked flute (of which the flageolet remains to us), and of which the smallest inconvenience was its being almost constantly out of tune. The flutes formed one complete family; there were tenor, alto and bass flutes. It was the same with the oboes, the bass of which is the bassoon. For brass instruments, there were trumpets with stops and hunting horns; and for instruments of percussion they had kettle-drums and tambourines for dance music. They had also a harpsichord for accompanying the recitatives. But what they were entirely ignorant of, was the art of blending these different instruments together. When the composer desired a *forte*, he wrote the word *tous* (all), and then the copyist doubled the parts for the stringed instruments by parts for wind instruments of corresponding register. In certain passages, rarely except in *ritornellos*, the composer wrote flutes or oboes, and these instruments played alone, which was the easier for them as their system was complete. The bassoons played almost always with the bass and double-bass viols, which, mounted with many strings, had very little sonority. But the idea of taking advantage of the difference in the tone of their instruments, and of giving them particular parts for the purpose of blending them together, had not occurred to them. However, Lully's orchestra excited the admiration of his contemporaries, and one of his panegyrists lands him for having introduced every known instrument, even, he adds, *the tinker's whistle*. I have looked over all of Lully's scores without finding any indication of these instruments, which are entirely unknown to me.

When Rameau gave his first opera, *Hippolyte et Aricie* (1733), instrumentation had made great progress; the German flute had replaced the beaked flute; the oboes had been perfected; they were played with finer reeds and had gained greatly in softness and sweetness. Rameau, who was fertile in invention, made great innovations in the arrangement of parts; he concerted wind with stringed instruments, and produced surprising effects by means of these combinations. The clarinet, invented in 1690, was not used in France until 1745, and then by Rameau in his opera *Le Temple de la Gloire*; but it made part of the orchestra only occasionally, and in the overture as a rare and curious instrument. The clarinet had not yet obtained the freedom of the orchestra. As late as 1780 the Comédie-Italienne possessed none. Grétry, however, had made use of it in *Zémire et Azor*, but only in the minor trio, and as an unusual instrument which must produce a magical effect. Besides, the clarinet, at the time it was introduced into France, was not the same instrument with sweet, melancholy tones which we now hear; on the contrary, it was harsh and piercing. The name it received proves this: *Clarinetto* is the diminutive of *clarino*, clarion, trumpet; in fact, the first composers who made use of it, employed it only to double the octave for the flourishes of horns and trumpets, and this use was continued even after the instrument was, as it were, transformed. Haydn and Mozart rarely fail to double their *appels* of horns and trumpets with the clarinet. The French horn appeared about this time, and caused the hunting-horn to be proscribed in the orchestra. Its virtuosos could practise upon it only in the dog-kennel and the ale-house.

After the preceding account we can imagine the effect produced by the performance of Gossec's 21st Symphony, in D, the score of which presents the union of two parts

Digitized by Google

for tenor violins, violoncellos, double-basses, one flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets and kettle-drums. This is very nearly the arrangement adopted at present. Its effect was immense, and from that time the author continued to produce works composed upon that system, among others his symphony entitled *La Chasse*, which passed for the truest expression of the scene it was intended to describe, natil Méhul's overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, for which in fact it had served as model, appeared and bore off the palm, which up to that time had been reserved for Gossec alone.

The directorship of the sacred concert becoming vacant in 1773, Gossec connected himself with Gavinès and Leclue and obtained the position. In his hands it could not fail to prosper; to him it owed its great reputation, which he was continually increasing by new compositions. We may remark among others the Oratorio of the Nativity, in which was enthusiastically applauded a choir of angels, placed by the composer outside of the concert hall, and singing under the very dome of the edifice.

However, if Gossec, finding the rivalry of Grétry too dangerous, had relinquished the Comédie-Italienne, the Royal Academy of Music offered no similar peril. Since Rameau, a single composer had obtained a decided success at that theatre. This was Philidor with his *Ernelinde;* but he seemed to take up art only as a recreation. The one serious and important thing for him was chess, and it was only in the leisure moments left from his favorite game and in order to rest from the fatigue caused by the combinations of the chess-table, that he consented to occupy himself with his operas. The very genuine talent of Philidor thus offered no serious obstacles, and Gossec, after the merited success of his great opera, *Sabinus*, was almost sure of occupying the place alone; when a rival not less formidable than Grétry had been, appeared and seized the position which for a moment Gossec might have flattered himself that he had gained.

*Sabinus*, played in 1773, had been followed by *Alexis et Daphne* in 1775, and it was in the month of April, 1776, that the first performance of *Iphigénie en Aulide* took place. This was the first of that series of master-pieces with which Gluck was about to enrich France. Be it said to the praise of Gossec, that he was not only among the first to recognize the superiority of Gluck, but he was also one of the most ardent partisans of that great man, aiding him in the performance of his works with all his influence and all his experience of men and things. Gluck, who appreciated Gossec's merit and his talent, swore to him an eternal friendship, in which gratitude must have borne a large part. Gossec gave to the Opera one or two other works, but he continued to obtain his greatest successes in the direction of instrumental and religious music. An impromptu afforded him an especially remarkable triumph. Gossec's manners were charming; notwithstanding his great talents he counted only friends, and he was every where received with open arms. A certain M. de Lasalle, Secretary to the Opera, had a small country-house at Chenevières, a village situated near Sceaux. Gossec went there often on Sundays; the greater part of the artists of the Opera met there, and a sort of family festival was held. One fine day in summer, the day of the village fête, Gossec, who had set out early from Paris, had just arrived with three singers from the Opera, Lays, Chéron and Rousseau. Entering the salon they found M. de Lasalle in conference with the Curé of the place; they were about to withdraw discreetly, when M. de Lasalle insisted that they should enter.

"Come in, my friends," said he, "I cannot do without you; perhaps you can help me relieve this poor Curé from his embarrassment. He does not know which way to turn."

"What is the matter?" said the new arrivals.

"It is this, gentlemen," said the poor Curé; "they promised me at Notre Dame to send me singers to perform a musical mass. For a whole month I have been announcing it at church and have had it cried through all the neighboring villages and chateaux, and we are going to have a splendid assembly. Well! Now see how unhappy I am. I have just received a letter saying that Monseigneur will not permit the cathedral singers to come here to sing. You see I am a ruined man; all the fine people whom I was expecting will turn back without even entering the church as soon as they hear that the musical mass is not to take place, and bad news flies so fast! I shall lose the magnificent collection I was counting on, and these opportunities come only once a year."

"Mon Dieu, yes," added M. de Lasalle, "the worthy Curé was just asking me if I could not send to Paris for some singers from the Opera; but since you are here all ready, cannot you gratify his wishes?"

"What!" said the Curé, "are these gentlemen from the Opéra?"

"Certainly," said M. de Lasalle, "I beg to present to you Messrs. Lays, Chéron and Rousseau, three of our celebrities."

"Oh! I know these gentlemen very well," said the Curé, "I have often heard them spoken of."

"Where?" asked Chéron.

"At confession," replied the Curé. "Gentlemen, do a kind act; edify to-day those who yesterday perhaps ran the risk of damnation for the sake of hearing you."

"I ask nothing better," said Lays. "I would sing willingly, but I know nothing by heart."

"Neither do I," said Chéron.

"Nor I," said Rousseau.

"Well!" says Lays, have not we what we want here at hand? Let Gossec compose something for us, and we three will sing it."

"Compose what?" said Gossec, in an hour, without accompaniments?"

"Ah! Monsieur Gossec," said the Curé, "you have written such great, such beautiful things! It cannot be difficult for you to perform a good action, and that is what I beg of you."

"Well, then," said Gossec, "give me a sheet of ruled paper, and leave me alone for a quarter of an hour."

"Bravo!" cried Lays, "and during that time we will take our breakfast, so as to recover our strength and put us in good voice. You, Curé, go and announce that nothing is to be changed except the names of the performers, and that instead of singers from Notre Dame, you are to have actors from the Opéra. If the devil gains any thing by it, your collection shall lose nothing."

The Curé withdrew delighted; our three friends breakfasted, Gossec wrote as if by inspiration his *O Salutaris*. The three singers rehearsed it, their mouths full, and a few minutes afterward sang it in the church of Chenevières, exciting the admiration of the entire audience. The anecdote became known and the singers had to perform the piece the next Sunday at the sacred concert. It had immense success, and this improvised *O Salutaris* remains a master-piece.

In 1784, Gossec conceived the plan of a school of song. There was at that time no organized system of public instruction in music, and he felt the need of a school in which might be trained the singers whom there was so much difficulty in obtaining for the theatre. The Baron de Breteuil not only shared his ideas, but furnished him the means for carrying them out. This school, which contained the germ of what afterward became the Conservatoire, would no doubt have attained a high degree of development, had not the painful events of 1789 interrupted every enterprise and forced the founders to abandon their design. Gossec had reached his fifty-sixth year when the revolution broke out. A man of less energy might have become discouraged at finding his career interrupted, his habits interfered with, those whom he was accustomed to see around him scattered. His mind was still as young and vigorous as if he had been thirty years younger; he had embraced with ardor the liberal principles of '89; they were, in fact, those of the great majority, it is only the excesses of that revolution which caused it to be hated by those who had hailed it with transport.

[Conclusion next time.]

## The Sonata Form.

BY W. G. M'STUFFT.

[A paper read before the Tonic Sol-fa College (London), January 2nd, 1875].

A Sonata is generally understood to be a composition in several movements for one or two instruments. These movements, although usually quite separable, are always connected with one another at least by relation of key; and each is constructed on one of several plans, the peculiar plan of the first movement being almost invariable. This particular plan has come to be known as the "Sonata Form," and it is called a "First movement." Frequently a later movement is constructed on the Sonata Form. Trios, Quartets, Symphonies, &c., belong really Sonatas for a number of performers, have precisely the same scheme; and most Overtures are also cast in the form of a First movement. It should be clearly understood that the term "First movement" does not exclusively refer to the initial movement of a piece, and that the expression "Sonata Form" does not exclusively refer to the form of a Sonata. Both terms are used indifferently to identify a certain construction which it is the object of this paper to explain.

Of all forms of abstract music the sonata form is the highest. Haydn was the first great musician to grasp it, if he did not invent it (the germs of the form can be traced in the works of earlier writers), and his innumerable quartets and symphonies are to this day considered models of perfection in clear form. Mozart and Beethoven, especially the latter in his grand sonatas and symphonies, enlarged but did not alter the plan. Nearly all the classical instrumental works are influenced by the sonata form. "It is so gratifying to the ear, and so satisfactory to the musical sense that it has never been abandoned

Digitized by Google

by any composer who has once learnt to work in it" (Hullah). An effort to understand it will not be misspent even by those claiming little or no technical knowledge of harmony, whose natural taste may have led them to enjoy the performance of great instrumental works. Their enjoyment will be enhanced and intensified when the form which great musicians have created is grasped and habitually followed. Recently all form in music has been vigorously attacked by an influential school of musicians nicknamed apostles of the Music of the Future. However, it is not my present purpose to attempt its defence; I have simply to expound it.

The mode of development in a first movement is thematic. That is to say the whole of the movement may be traced to the suggestions of one or two comparatively short themes. These themes are as it were the bud containing in embryo the full blown rose. In this principle of thematic treatment it will be observed there is a resemblance to the construction of a fugue, of which more hereafter. A first movement is divided into two parts, the divisions being commonly noted by a double bar and the sign of repeat. In the absence of the double bar in cases where the composer does not care to have each half repeated, the divisions can always be distinguished by the course of modulation and the completion of the ideas or subjects. The general theoretical plan may be first introduced as follows:—First a subject is proposed in the principal key of the piece. A subject is not necessarily a well defined melody; it may be characterized by peculiar rhythm or striking harmony; it is usually however a musical idea that can be easily detached from and remembered without its surroundings. See Mozart's sonata in F (No. 1, Peter's), measures 1 to 9 and again measures 44 to 50 of *Allegro*; Beethoven's sonata in F minor, op. 2 (p. 3, Pauer's edition), measures 1 to 9 *Allegro*; also his sonata in E♭ Op. 31, measures 1 to 8 and 45 to 52 of *Allegro*. The term Subject will be afterwards found to have technically a wider meaning. After the first subject there occurs a passage, or it may be a series of passages, leading up to and very strongly suggesting a new key by resting on its dominant. It is not easy to define in words a "passage." A passage is generally florid, consisting of scale runs or of sequences; it is rarely conclusive, and has a tendency to *lead* to something. See Mozart in F, measures 38 to 42. Beethoven in F minor 34 to 42, and in E♭ 53 to 56. After the passage, if the key of the movement is major, a second subject is announced in the key of the dominant and after the second subject a second passage markedly terminating in the same key. So far no keys but those of the first and second subjects are more than glanced at; the purpose being to impress these two keys and subjects well on the mind. The two subjects and their succeeding passages complete the first part of the movement, and this is usually played twice. The earlier portion of the second part is taken up by the working of the previous matter, which is now inverted, extended, tortured, twisted, and sent roving into remote keys. That which was major is now minor, that which was loud is now soft, and the keys of the first part are almost as carefully avoided as formerly they were affirmed. It is exceptional to find any new matter in this portion of the movement. If any matter apparently fresh is introduced, it is usually soon fitted as a counterpoint to one of the subjects. This freedom of change of key, rhythm, and design, or as it is often called, free fantasia,* continues until the composer's fancy is exhausted and the first subject is sought for in the original key. Then follows a recapitulation of the whole matter of the first part with this difference, that instead of the passage after the first subject leading to the dominant of the new key, it is made to lead to the dominant of the original key, in which key the second subject now appears, and the movement concludes with its attendant passage, of course similarly transposed. Sometimes a composer prefers to end with a brilliant coda quite adventitious to the design. It is often made up of the preceding matter. The following formula will assist the memory—

| | |
|---|---|
| First part | First subject and passages.<br>Second or dominant subject and passages. |
| Second part | Free fantasia on previous matter.<br>Recapitulation of first part, both subjects in one key.<br>Coda. |

* A fantasia is a composition in which no particular form is studied, the composer being free to exercise his fancy without restriction or set design. The great masters rarely expressed their thoughts through the medium of fantasias, but lesser geniuses for obvious reasons use it oftener.

Mr. Macfarren graphically likens a first movement to a lecture on chemistry in which the lecturer may expound the qualities of salts and of acids (so our first part with its first and second subjects); he will then exhibit these diverse elements in combination, and effervescence will be the result of the experiment (so the working of our second part); lest the spectators forget in their changed condition the primitive nature of his ingredients, he will then once more display them in their original simplicity; and perhaps, if he be generous, he may make one more brilliant experiment for his peroration (and thus, our recapitulation and possible coda.)

The formula given above is in practice somewhat more complicated. A so-called subject often includes several ideas answering to my first definition. The additional ideas are indifferently called episodes, tributaries, parentheses, or they are classed under the one title, Subject. Mr. Macfarren says "A Subject now-a-days, or so much of a movement as is classed under this wide description, often consists of several distinct ideas, always consequent indeed and growing out of what precedes, but quite separable in the memory and recognizable as several members of one entirety." For clearness' sake I shall use the term Subject only for the two leading themes, and shall distinguish the other matter as episodes or tributaries. These episodes are not imperative in the design, and their number and length are quite at the composer's discretion. In many of Beethoven's works these episodes assume great importance, and his elaborate treatment of them is a characteristic feature of his style. Rarely they are in a key remote from the principal key of the movement. Thus if a first subject is in key C and the second in key G, and connected with the latter an episode in the key of the mediant (B) is announced, a key remote from the original key is reached. Usually, however, this episodical or parenthetical matter clings to the keys of the subjects by which it is preceded. It has been stated that the key of the second subject is that of the dominant of the original. This is the case when the principal key is major. Very rarely the second subject is in the minor or major of the third, or the sixth, or the major key of the minor third or the minor sixth. In an examination at random of twenty-first movements in major keys nineteen had the second subject in the major key of the dominant, and one in the major key of the mediant—Beethoven's sonata, Op. 53, in C. In this single instance both the change of key and the second subject, if uncommon, are extremely beautiful. The first subject is in C, the passage modulates into E minor and the dominant seventh in that key is resolved on the major tonic instead of on the minor, and thus the change of key is almost insensibly effected. When the key or mode of the first subject is minor, the second subject is in the relative major or in the relative minor of the dominant, and sometimes it is in other related keys. In Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" the first subject is in D minor, and the second subject hovers between A minor and A major. In Beethoven's A minor string quartet the second subject is in F major, the minor sixth of the first subject. But in the large majority of instances the second subject of a movement in a minor key is in either the relative major or in the minor of the dominant. The following is the more extended formula:—

| | |
|---|---|
| First part. | Tonic group consisting of first subject, passages, tributaries, and episodes.<br>Dominant group consisting of second subject, &c. |
| Second part. | Working or development of previous matter in other keys, sometimes called free fantasia.<br>Recapitulation in principal key, and Coda. |

A so-called Sonata not constructed regularly but still having some semblance of form is usually titled a "Sonata Quasi Fantasia," but it is not always the composer thus apologizes for its irregular form. In analyzing for the first time on the above plan it may happen that the student will find it difficult to distinguish the smaller divisions. It must be remembered that this continuous flow is one of the necessities of a first movement, and wanting it the cessation would be considered faulty. The subjects and passages are therefore purposely somewhat woven, and pompous closes are avoided except in the two places where the passage leads to the second subject, and the last passage or "peroration" closes the first part, with a well marked cadence. But in both cases the close is on the dominant, and the ear confidently expects more.

Let me again remind you of the salient features of a first movement by venturing another analogy. It may be likened to a romance, the first subject being the hero, the second subject the heroine, the episodes the subordinate characters; or if an episode be very prominent, a jealous rival, or the customary villain. The first part is a simple description of the characters, and the first portion of the second part portrays the troubles, disappointments, and invariable general restlessness of the persecuted couple. The ultimate recapitulation of the two subjects in one key depicts the happy union of the couple now virtually one, and the coda, if it be wild and furious, I must leave to the imagination of the experienced what it may just possibly suggest.

It may help to avoid misconception if a brief description is added of the form of the other movements of a Sonata. If they are not an Air with variations or a first movement, they will be found to be a Rondo, and an extended Rondo may be mistaken by the learner for a first movement. A Rondo has one principal subject to which after an episode or episodes it constantly returns. There are numerous forms of Rondo. Dr. Marx distinguishes five, of which the following are briefly the plans. 1st. Form.—Theme or Subject, Passage, Theme (same), Coda. 2nd. Form.—Theme, Episode (new key), Passage, Theme, Coda. 3rd Form.—Theme, First Episode, Theme, Second Episode, Coda. 4th. Form.—Theme, First Episode, Theme, Second Episode, Theme, and First Episode in same key, Coda. 5th. Form.—Theme, Episode 1, Coda. Repeat, Episode 2, Theme, and Episode 1, in the same key, Coda. Examples of these Rondo forms and of a first movement will be found in Mr. Curwen's "Commonplaces of Music." The fifth Rondo form, with its repeat of first part, has some resemblance to the form of a first movement. But in the place of the working of the first subjects as in a first movement a new episode is introduced. The following will illustrate the difference.

First movement—1st. Subject, 2nd. Subject in new key, *working* and recapitulation in one key.

5th. Rondo,—1st. Subject, Episode, or Second Subject in new key, *new Episode*, and recapitulation in one key.

The principal key of the movement is usually monopolized by the first or principal subject, and generally there is far less attempt at continuity than in a first movement. The subjects and the episodes are rounded off from one another.

The Minuet is a dance-like tune of two strains. Formerly to avoid the monotony of repetition a second or alternative Minuet was added, and it is said that this second Minuet was often played by only three of the performers in order to give effect to the repetition of the first. Hence, naturally the second Minuet was called a "Trio," and now, notwithstanding how many performers are engaged, or in how many parts it may be written, the alternative Minuet is still styled a Trio. The same term is used to name the second melody of a March or a Waltz. Virtually the movement called Minuetto and Trio is a simple Rondo. In many modern symphonies and sonatas, including those of Beethoven, this movement is supplanted by the Scherzo, the Italian word for a jest. In the Scherzo all the lightness, piquancy and playfulness that the composer can command are looked for. Usually the plan of the Minuet is observed, but it is sometimes constructed on the plan of a first movement.

A Sonata or Symphony is named after the key of its first movement. Most grand Sonatas or Symphonies have four or five movements. The first an Allegro (occasionally preceded by a short Introduction extra to the design), is constructed on the plan explained, and the composer's greatest skill is spent, in developing this movement. The second movement is usually slower, and may be cast in the same form or in the Rondo form. The third movement is a Minuet or Scherzo, and the fourth an Adagio, in which the most tender and languishing expression is expected; this movement is either a first movement or a Rondo. Lastly the Finale is a brilliant Allegro or Presto in the form of a Rondo, or more rarely is in that of a first movement.

I have said that there is some resemblance to the form of a Fugue in the form of a first movement. In fact I believe it could be shown that the supple Sonata form has supplanted to a great extent the Fugue form, more because of its resemblance than because of its difference. The first part of a Fugue is taken up by a simple statement of the subjects in closely related keys, the *interest* of the Fugue not being in the subjects themselves, which frequently

Digitized by Google

are not original, nor in the answer or counter-subject, in neither of which is there any scope for fancy or imagination. But when the subjects are duly presented there is almost absolute freedom of treatment, as in the working of the second part of a first movement. Further, a Fugue often concludes with a recapitulation of the subjects. Two of the most wonderful pieces of music extant combine the two forms in one movement. Examine Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte* (The Magic Flute) and the last movement of the so-called "Jupiter" Symphony of the same composer, and you will find the essentials of a Fugue and the form of a first movement developed side by side.

The following is a brief technical analysis of the first movement of Mozart's Sonata in F major.—

Measures 1 to 9 1st subject, 10 to 19 1st subject in bass and upper part, and continuation, 20 to 23 tributary to first subject, 23 to 32 tributary &c. varied, 33 to 42 passage made up of fragments of first subject cadencing on the dominant of key C, 42 to 50 second subject in dominant, 50 to 57 variation on and tributary to second subject, 58 to 61 tributary, 62 to 67 passage to prepare for episode, 67 to 71 important episode, 71 to 82 fragment of episode and passage of sequences to, 83 to 90 running passages, 90 to 103 passage to close first part. Second part opens with allusion to first subject in C minor and continues to measure 126 with passages derived from measures 60 to 63 of first part and fragments of the first subject (109 to 111), and the second subject (113 to 115,) and a transposition (at 123 to 126) of the closing passages (100 to 103) of the first part, 126 to 138 in double counterpoint, made entirely from the first measure of the second subject, 139 to 142 passage suggested by rhythm of same, 143 to 146 second transposition of measures 100 to 103, 147 to 154 the first subject in original key, 154 to 156 portion of first subject in F minor, 156 to 158 the same in D♭ major, 158 and 159 the same in B♭ major, 160 to 167 delayed progression of the first measure of the first subject made to lead to transposition of passage in first part (measures 38 to 42), 169 to 200 transposition of dominant matter of first part (measures 43 to 73) to the principal key, 200 to 207 working in double counterpoint of first portion of first subject, with first portion of episode of the second subject (measures 67 and 68), 207 to 220 protracted sequential treatment of the tributary to the episode (measures 75 to 82), 221 to 241 transposition to principal key of measures 83 to 103.

The second movement of the same sonata is on the same plan and the third movement is an extended rondo.

## The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

VI.

*Pupil.* My dear sir, will you clear up a mystery? I hear people sing sometimes, who say that they deliver their tones naturally, never having "injured their voices by taking lessons." Usually their tones are extremely throaty. Now I have seen old men, singers of forty and fifty years ago, who never studied, yet would, as old men, sing in a manner which I think you would indorse. Now why is this—why should the uneducated singer of fifty years ago, be superior to the uneducated singer of to-day?

*Mr. D.* Well, it can hardly be otherwise, when the educated singer of fifty years ago was better than the educated singer of to-day. Let us first deal with this fact. I say that the difference is great—am I correct in my assumption? Let us see—who were the singers then in their prime? Grisi, Persiani, Malibran, Sontag, Rubini, Duprez, Tamburini, Lablache, Staudigl, and the English singers Braham, Incledon, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and a host more. I give the names just as they occur to me and doubtless omit many great ones. Now it may be said that the accounts of these singers were probably exaggerated and that were we to hear them now, our opinion of their singing might change; but it so happens that Grisi and Sontag have sung here, in their old age, and even then there was no younger singer who could compete with either. Staudigl and Lablache are in the memory of a great many living persons, as it is not long since they died. Ask any admirer of these great singers, what were the characteristics of their singing, and unless I am mistaken the reply would be—clear and pure delivery of tone, distinct articulation, ease and grace in singing. Ask how Rubini compared with Wachtel, and the reply would probably be—there can be no comparisons, where no similarity exists. One sang like a finished artist, the other like a "hack-driver." Artistic rendering was the great thing then, not shouting. A finished performance throughout, not a bad performance, covered up by a single high or low note at the end. Now please remember my remark at the very commencement of these articles. "Public performers are educators." The people who imitated the singers of forty and fifty years ago strove to make as little exertion as possible, to enunciate clearly, to sing forward in the mouth. I met a lady some time since, nearly sixty years of age, whose voice was in perfect order, and who sang ballads more satisfactorily than any concert singers that I can name, yet she never took a lesson of anybody. She had practiced by herself, but then they were not fashionable exercises at all. In fact, in her depth of ignorance, she had actually fallen upon the plan of reading on different notes, just as if that would do any good. So you see the models which one has constantly in sight make all the difference. Now let us take the present day. You see, this is an age of progress. If we make a good article to-day, by to-morrow it is time to adulterate it in some way, so as to lower the price, or else increase the profits. In the old days, only those took up music who had a natural tendency towards it. In these days it is used as a means of subsistence by thousands who know nothing of the soul of it. The consequence is, that a parcel of mechanical music-makers, mechanical teachers, mechanical singers, and mechanical players have come to form what is termed "the profession," and these people necessitate half work. It is the correct thing for every lady to know how to play and sing, but "cheap instruction is as good as any," so many think. Often the piano teacher will teach both playing and singing. "It saves trouble and expense." The piano teacher probably does his best to convey correct principles of singing; but what does he generally know about the matter, more than the pupil? If one were to come to me to study Russian, I should hardly consider myself qualified to teach it, even though I had a grammar to assist me. Now you can see that poor teaching must produce poor results, but as likely to please as the reverse. The present standard of criticism is frightfully low. Now the uneducated singer, following after bad models, will follow the faults as well as the excellencies. A certain partially educated Italian tenor captivated the American audiences several years ago, by the beauty of his voice. He was and is to-day so bad a singer, that he is not even tolerated in his own country, yet here he became the great standard of excellence. To sing like Brignoli was all-desirable. To be told that one's voice was suggestive of Brignoli's was great praise. Yet as a singer, he has always been bad and his tone very throaty. He has been the one imitated, and so you constantly hear throaty tones. I regard his stay in this country as altogether detrimental.

*Pupil.* But he is not one of the shouting tenors whom you have mentioned, is he?

*Mr. D.* No, he is the representative of the throaty class. Mazzolini, Lefranc, and Wachtel are good specimens of the shouters. Of course I am instancing only the opera singers, who are the ones usually imitated. There is another class of tenors, who imitate some favorite balladist of the "Mother kissed me in my dreams" type, and who can only be described as namby-pamby. They are usually more or less throaty, but as they are representatives of only faults, we will not waste time on them. I do wish, however, to mention one singer of the genuine type, who dares to sing like an artist. He is not half appreciated, I think, for he sings only his composer, or rather simply interprets him. He does not sing anything carelessly and then depend on a final note, but always gives his best. Why not adopt him as a model, rather than some of the others.

*Pupil.* I can think of but one answering your description. Do you refer to Geo. L. Osgood?

*Mr. D.* I do. He is a genuine artist, but one who will not be followed to a great extent, as he is not sufficiently sensational. I do not mean to individualize generally, but cannot refrain in this instance. He has not been treated as warmly by the papers, as was his due, and I think it only fair that he should receive justice, when working in so good a cause.

*Pupil.* Does he not make use of the falsetto voice?

*Mr. D.* When occasion requires it he is not afraid to. Conscious of his abilities, he sings to satisfy himself, not his audience. Therein I respect him. We have other genuine singers, but they are not generally recognized as readily as the poor ones. But let us bide our time. America contains musical taste enough. Let us hope that we may come finally to the knowledge of the difference between good and bad. First, however, the standard of criticism must be raised. Critics must know whereof they speak, and then speak fearlessly, upholding the unpopular good, denouncing the popular bad.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## An Unpublished Ballet by Mozart.

[From the French of VICTOR WILDER, in *Le Menestrel* (Paris), Jan. 26, 1873.]

Mozart arrived at Paris (March 23, 1778) just as the Academy of Music had passed through a little managerial revolution. A royal decree had taken the theatre from the control of the city government and of the stewards of the *Menus Plaisirs*, and put it into the hands of the Sieur Devismes du Valgay, who was to assume entire control and carry it on at his own risk.*

The task did not appear difficult at first sight. During the five years which had just elapsed, Gluck had thoroughly replenished the national repertory, and his incomparable genius had endowed our opera with a host of master-pieces, of which the last, *Armida* (Sept. 23, 1777), was certainly neither in profit or merit the least distinguished.

Suard's pamphlets, La Harpe's impertinences, the Abbé Arnaud's sharp rejoinders, and Marmontel's epigrams, in exciting the anger of both parties, far from scaring away the general public, had, on the contrary, roused its curiosity, and made the fortune of the theatre.

Gluck's departure, it would seem, would have put an end to these quarrels, or, at least have quieted them. Far from it. In the absence of the general-in-chief the war was carried on with renewed heat and fury; the only change was in the fields of battle, the contests which formerly raged in the theatre being now fought in the newspapers and in the salons,—a change which the director thought was injurious to him. Devismes of course was not pleased at the new aspect of affairs; the quarrels might continue indefinitely if they only took place in his theatre. Possessing a restless and daring disposition, he was ready, at any sacrifice, to rekindle the flame which was now threatened with extinction. Presuming that he could easily recall the partisans of the older French school, and repeat at his theatre the boisterous scenes of 1752, he imported, at great expense, a company of Italian singers, whom he placed under the direction of Piccini, and who were to play the principal works of that master.†

*Les Buffons* opened at last, Thursday, June 11, 1778, with the *Finte Gemelle* (*The Supposed Twins*). "This opera," says the bill for that night, "will be

* Grimm's Literary Correspondence, Vol. X.

† In 1729 the first company of Italian buffo singers came to Paris, but they failed to make an impression. They produced two works: *Il Giocatore* and *Don Mico e Lesbina*. Castil-Blaze refers to this event in the *Opera Italien*, making, however, a comical error in saying that the troupe was under the direction of Lucio Papirio, mistaking the Roman for a man, *Lucio Papirio* being the title of a work in which the first of the above-named musical interludes was introduced: *Intermezzo nell' Lucio Papirio*, says the prompt-book. In 1752 came a second Italian company who, this time, effected a decided revolution. Its first appearance was in *La Serva Padrona*, August 2, and its success was remarkable. I take occasion to note here a fact little known. An opera by Pergolesi had already been presented at the *Comedie Italienne* (October 4, 1746), with Riccobini and Signora Monta or Montigni in the cast.—*Vide Le Dictionnaire des theatres de Paris*, by the brothers Parfait.

followed by *Les Petits Riens*, ballet pantomime by M. Noverre." ‡

Unhappily for the schemes of Deviemes, Gluck's broad style, his dramatic recitatives, his startling *melopœias* had put French ears out of conceit with Italian arias. Transformed by him who "preferred the muses to the sirens," the nation henceforward sought its pleasures in the austerities of Art. *Res severa verum gaudium!* and despite the merits of some of the singers, despite too Piccini's amiable melodies, the public gaped at the *Finte Gemelle.*

> " With his opera bouffa
> Friend Deviemes chills us;
> If 'tis thus he purposes
> To amuse the Parisians,
> Better keep the doors closed
> Than to give us a little something
> Accompanied with 'Little Nothings.' "

Notwithstanding the malice of this last squib, the new ballet met with a better fate than the ultramontaine opera.

Did Noverre's ballet deserve the favor denied to Piccini's opera? I have been unable to find, either at the National Library, or in the Library of the Opera, the prompt-book of *Les Petits Riens.* Happily the *Journal de Paris* of Friday, June 12, acquaints us with the principal features of the ballet, and gives the reader an opportunity to judge of its merits.

"It is made up of three episodes, each of which is distinct in its action. The first is purely anacreontic: it is Love ensnared and encaged; it is a very pleasing composition, and was acted by Mlle. Guimard and Mons. Vestris, Junior, with all possible grace. The second is a game of blind-man's buff; Mons. D'Auberval, the popular favorite, played the leading part. The third is a frolic of Love; to two shepherdesses (Mlles. Guimard and Allard), appears a third (Mlle. Asselin) disguised as a shepherd. The two become violently enamored of the one, who, to undeceive them, ends by revealing herself. The scene is very piquant in effect, in consequence of the intelligent and graceful action of this celebrated trio. It should be noted that when Mlle. Asselin disabused the two shepherdesses, several voices cried *bis.* The varied figures which concluded the ballet were loudly applauded."

Whatever might have been the opinions entertained concerning the new piece, it is certain that it met with great success. The approving tone of the anonymous journalist—he was not always so good-natured—is sufficient to verify the fact. But Grimm's testimony is equally favorable: §

"It should be noted that there is in this last scene an incident which has never failed to call forth light murmurs [of disapprobation ?] in the midst of the warmest plaudits, so true it is that the regard for decency always exercises severe sway in our theatres.‖ It is when the supposed shepherd, in order to undeceive the two shepherdesses, who dispute his contest, ends by permitting them to catch a peep at her bosom. Though the action was performed by Mlle. Asselin with much grace and modesty, the movement always divided the house, and the voices which have cried *bis* have not overcome those of the more critical spectators."

But neither Grimm nor the *Journal de Paris* have a word to say for the music, and probably neither gave it a thought. There is nothing surprising in the omission. In works of this sort the pleasure of the eyes must take precedence of that of the ears; furthermore, the greater part of the music of our ballets was then put together with the aid of the scissors and paste pot. Liberal use was made of popular songs and fashionable airs, the words of which, being well-known, were recalled to the memory of the spectator, and served to indicate, precisely, the action of the piece. These were called "speaking-airs" (*airs parlants.*)

Did any one then suspect that he had been listening to the work of a master?

> " And you, men of art,
> That I may enjoy myself
> When it is with Mozart,
> Let them advertise it !"

Now they didn't advertise it. Noverre had taken pains to conceal the name of his co-laborer; and Mozart, fearing to displease his patron, kept a prudent silence. Besides, had the name of the real author been known, would a different impression have been formed? Who in France then knew the sweet and glorious name of Mozart? Even those who remembered the wonderful child would not have suspected the presence of the great and illustrious composer—not even excepting Noverre.

And yet this work, given up with so much careless generosity, deserves the attention of the student. I wish to exaggerate nothing, and while considering this comparatively light but cleverly written work, I shall carefully refrain from invoking the mighty shades of Don Juan and Figaro; but it is none the less true that this delicate little ballet is, in its way, worthy of its immortal author. I shall be told that Mozart when writing this work knew that his name would not come before the public. I admit it. But he had set his heart on captivating Noverre, and on proving to him that he was capable of honoring the protection extended to him. Furthermore, being in full possession of his faculties, he had only to put his pen to paper to produce the most charming and original fancies.

I said in a former article* that the score of *Les Petits Riens* is composed of an overture and twenty numbers for dancing or pantomime. Of these there are six† which we may at once discard on the word of the master.‡

Critical study will readily detect those which are apocryphal. We are absolutely certain of one of them.§ But if to the five others we only apply the test of style, it is clear, to our eyes at least, that further doubt is not possible.

Independently of the overture, of which Mozart expressly claims the paternity, there are fourteen numbers which must be ascribed to him. All these bear the stamp of the master, and we do not need the previous avowal contained in the letter of July 9 to reveal to us their origin. It is very true that in this letter Mozart seemed to acknowledge twelve numbers only: *Ueberhaupt zwölf Stücke werde ich dazu gemacht haben;* but *überhaupt* is hardly intended for an exact expression. It is not then "twelve" numbers, but "about twelve."

Is it not clear, besides, that in limiting the work of the other composers to six numbers he thereby accepts all of the remainder as his own?

Note here, too, that in excusing himself to his father, who had taken him to task for writing for nothing, he would naturally endeavor to belittle his work, and the trifling importance of two pieces (which, after all, amount to but twenty-four bars) would appear to him to justify his little tergiversation.

I consider then as proved that the last fourteen numbers of the work are by Mozart; and I accordingly give them a new enumeration, leaving out of the question the first six numbers which are not by the master.

I will not again consider the overture, having already given an analysis of its instrumentation; it has but one movement. It is not of the conventional classic form, but is that adopted by Gluck in *Orpheus;* and this sketchy character is peculiarly adapted to the work which it precedes. Let us add that it abounds in charming details, and that it is full of Mozart's peculiar turns of melody: thus the cadence which is found in the opening of *Figaro,* on Susanna's words *Sembra fatto in ver per me:* is here repeated, note for note. I now proceed to give a detailed analysis of each number.

No. 1.‖ *Largo con sordini.* 4-4. C-major. 32 bars.¶ Strings, 2 flutes, 2 oboes. A very short presto is interpolated leading back to the principal theme.

No. 2. No movement indicated; in the form of a *Lied.* 4-4. A minor. 18 bars. Strings.

No. 3. *Andantino.* 2-4. C-major. 18 bars. Instrumentation limited to two violins which accompany two flutes echoing one another. These responsive *motifs* were probably made from either side of the theatre, suggesting the action in the scene of the blind man's buff.

No. 4. *Allegro.* 6-8. C-major. 6 bars. Strings. Very short *melodrame,* indicating as nearly as may be guessed, that the blind-man has just caught one of his opponents.

No. 5. *Larghetto.* 4-4. F major. 16 bars. Oboe solo, strings, 2 horns.

No. 6. *Allegro-Gavotte.* 2-4. F major. 64 bars. Strings, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons.

No. 7. *Adagio.* 2-4. D-major. 12 bars. Strings, 2 flutes.

No. 8. No movement indicated. 6-8. D-major. 36 bars. Strings, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 horns. There is a sudden change of movement introducing a theme resembling those which Mozart has so ingeniously interwoven in the last finale of Don Giovanni: the *Cosa Rara* of Martini, and the *Fra due litiganti* * of Sarti.

No. 9. No movement indicated. *Gavotte-gracieuse.* 6-8. A-major. 27 bars. Strings, 2 oboes.

No. 10. No movement indicated. *Pantomime.* 4-4. A-major. 28 bars. Strings.

No. 11. *Passe-pied.* 3-8. D-major. 16 bars. Strings. The first four bars are precisely the same as the corresponding phrase in the second movement of No. I of the six Sonatas for piano and violin dedicated to the Princess Palatine. Observe that this last-named work was also written in 1778, and that it was also engraved at Paris for the first time, from the author's manuscript.

No. 12. No movement indicated. *Gavotte.* 4-4. B-flat major. 50 bars. Strings.

No. 13. *Andante.* 4-4. B-flat major. 16 bars. Strings, 2 oboes.

No. 14. No movement indicated. *Gigue.* 6-8. E-major. 67 bars. Strings, 2 flutes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons.

The second performance of *Les Petits Riens* did not take place until Saturday, June 20. The ballet of necessity followed the fortunes of Piccini's opera, the indifferent success of which was the occasion of some delay before its next appearance. The *Journal de Paris,* of June 15th, explains the cause of this delay. "The Bass who has just arrived will supply the Signora Farnesi's place in the *rôle* of Marescial, which she had undertaken as an accommodation."

It was rather venturesome to supply a baritone's place by a Soprano. The Signor Fochetti had little more success than his predecessor, and when produced for the third time, Thursday, June 25, the *rôle* was taken by the Signor Tozzoni. But the

‡ *Vide Journal de Paris,* June 10 and 11, 1778.

§ Grimm's Literary Correspondence, Vol. X.

‖ This was in 1778.

* *Le Menestrel.* November 24, 1872.

† These are the first six of the score found at the Library of the Opera. They doubtless served as accompaniments for the first entrance of the ballet dancers.

‡ *Sechs Stuecke werden von Andern darin seyn.*

§ That numbered "2," and which is, as I have said, the air *Charmante Gabrielle.*

‖ This "No. 1" answers to "No. 7" of the full score, the other numbers bear corresponding relations.

¶ Not including "repeats" or the *da capo.*

* *Fra due litiganti il terzo gode.*

*Finte gemelle* was no longer oo the play-bills after its 4th representation. The hallet, surviving the shock, re-appeared with new scenery, Thursday, August 13.

"It is with renewed pleasure that we have again seen the ballet of *Les Petits Riens*, composed by Mons. Noverre. The principal parts were executed by Messieurs d'Anberval, and Vestris, Jooior, ond Mesdemoiselles Guimard, Allard, and Asselin, with all possible skill and grace."†

Such was the fate of this delightful work, from the pen of one of the greatest composers by whom Music has been honored.

For a time it amused the curious audieoce, theo disappeared into oblivion, without revealing its mysterious origin.

There was published in 1856, by Mons. Edouard Fournier, an interesting account of Mozart's sojourn at Paris, in which is recorded his connection with Noverre.‡

It is remarkable that it occurred neither to the author of this work nor to any one of his readers to search out this lost book.

It is true thot one of Mons. Fournier's statements was erroneous, for *Annette and Lubin*, another of Noverre's ballets, he ascribes to Mozart. Now, *Annette and Lubin* was produced for the first time on Thursday, Joly 9, 1778. § Mozart in a letter to his father, written that day, could not have referred to the latter, saying it had already been played four times.

It was fated, doubtless, that the book of *Les Petits Riens*, like *La Belle au bois dormant*, should remain for nearly a century in dusty libraries, and that ninety-five years should elapse before its discovery aod restoration to its true author.

VICTOR WILDER.

A postscript appended to the above article announces that the music of the ballet *Les Petits Riens* would be produced at a concert in the Graod Hotel, on Thursday, January 30, 1873, in commemoration of the Mozart anniversary, under the direction of Mons. Danbé.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 22, 1873.

## Harvard Symphony Concert.

The Eighth Concert, Thursday, March 13, offered a programme which proved generally welcome,—perhaps none the less so that it was short.

Overture to Byron's "Manfred"..........Schumann.
Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master,"
from the St. Matthew Passion Music.......Bach.
M. W. Whitney.
Entr'acte from the "Manfred" Music.....Schumann.
Overture to "Jessonda"........................Spohr.

Aria and Gavotte, from the Orchestral Suite in D. Bach.
**Concert Aria: "Alcandro, lo confesso,"....Mozart.
M. W. Whitney.
Symphony, No. 8, in F...................Beethoven.

The sunshine of that bright Spring afternoon (instead of the usual gas-light),—hope long deferred through a long gloomy winter,—was not more exhilarating thao that happiest of oll the Symphonies, out of the darkest winter of Beethoven's life, of which said sunshine was the visible reflection on the walls. Streaming through the windows just below the ceiling, the soft brightness fell upon the glorious head and shoulders of the Sun god high up opposite the stage, while what seemed the essence of all sweetest, purest sunshine gushed forth in the fresh, spring-like harmonies of that delicious Symphony, out of the heart of the divine musician, whose bronze image loomed behind the orchestra. Was it on "enormous idol sternly glaring at its frightened worshippers!" Was not the sun-girt "Apollo, smiling ond graceful, springing gayly forword into the Hall," received by music full as smiling and divinely graceful? Could our dear convalescent in his "Easy Chair" have been rolled into that forgiving Hall for one short half hour then, it would have hastened his recovery, for which we all sincerely pray.

Now it is too true that the Eighth Symphony has been better played in Boston than it was that day. But so long as the bright chords did ring out spring-like and exhilarating, so long as the intention ond the *spirit* of the composition were not difficult to catch, so long as the deaf and outwardly wretched Master's inward heaven and suoshine of a great loving, trusting heart were so revealed with all the aid of a conspiring first Spring day, we, for one, should just as soon have thought of counting spots upoo the sun as of listening for imperfections in performance. If the Symphony was *there*—the soul of it we mean,—if it came home to you and me and made us happy, and transfigured the dull daily life, what matter whether the mechanical execution were a little more or less pronounced or scrupulous-polished? That is not a matter to be despised, of course, or shiftlessly neglected. But there is such a thing as taking the shadow for the substance, which is particularly unfortunate when the substance happens to be sunshine itself. The performance, in many of its details, might have been and ought to have been better. But the real drawback this time was one admitting of no remedy. The remedy will never come until our city shall contain several times as many good orchestral musicians as it now does,—nor in fact until a Boston public will support not ten Symphony Concerts in a winter, but one or two good concerts every week the whole year round. This alone would make it possible to hold first-class musicians to the work (rehearsals ond performance), as they are held to theatres, Quintet clubs, military bands, &c., and as Theodore Thomas alone, among concert-givers, can hold them, by the inducement of a whole year's engagement. In that way orchestra playing (in one and the same trained organization) becomes the business and chief interest of the 50 or 60 men, who otherwise drop out of the ranks at aoy call from their respective theatres or quadrille bands, or quintet clubs, which pay them in the long run for such loyalty, in spite of any nobler occupation which a few Symphony concerts may offer them. These, and particularly their rehearsals, are always liable to such desertions. Two "Quintette Clubs" were really the cause of the ooe serious defect in the orchestral performance we are now reviewing; pursuing their Club interests out of town, they took away so many of our best violinists ood 'cellists as to destroy the fair proportion between the string and wind departments of the band. But these things are the exception not the rule. For the most part the musicians have been faithful and have shown a real interest and pride in these endeavors to keep the master works of instrumental music constantly aod worthily before a public that enjoys them. Every year has shown improvement in the composition and in the performaoce of our orchestra. The only fair comparison to make is with our own orchestras before these concerts were established; whoever can go back to that time, will admit that we have made great progress. To fiod fault with our local orchestras, because in completeness and in uniform precision of performance they fall below the standard of the only real permanent orchestra in the whole country, the only one whose members find their whole occupation in thus practising and playing together all the year round, is unreasonable. The real wonder is that we succeed so well, that so many admirable and delightful concerts have been given, and that our renderings of great works so often (witness the Schumann Symphony in the concert before the last) come near enough to the Thomas renderings, even in technical execution, to suggest comparisoo; while in spirit and enthusiasm, and in the *artistic tone* of the whole concert, they more frequently excell than fall below them.

We believe the eighth Symphony was heard with sincere delight by that great audience; some parts of it were never better given here, for instance the Minuet and Trio, with the rich passage for the horns. The little gem of an Entr'acte from "Manfred," too, was almost faultless. And the extremely difficult, impassioned, gloomy "Manfred" Overture, though some of the wind instruments had not quite found their pitch at the start, was on the whole clearly and impressively presented. Of course in that, as in all the pieces, the need of greater breadth of violin and 'cello tone was felt. The *Jessonda* Overture by Spohr, also beginning gloomily, and in a morbid mood more commonplace than that of "Manfred," but soon relieved by lively gipsey strains, with something vary like the Rossini sparkle in some passages, was given very well indeed.

Mr. WHITNEY's bass tones, both the deepest and the highest, never sounded more majestic. His intonation and his execution, particularly in the Mozart Aria, which is very difficult and full of bravura passages of a wide compass, which might seem written for a bassoon solo, was certain and exact, and the whole style dignified and manly, commanding warm recognition. What one chiefly felt the want of, was more vitality, more elasticity; and this was most felt in the great Bach Aria, which also was not quite so sympathetically accompanied as it might have been, though Mr. EICHBERG's rendering of the violin *obligato* was artistic; and possibly the piece was taken just a little too fast to move easily. The additional instrumentation by Robert Franz (two clarinets and two bassoons, answering to Bach's organ part) were used. In the Mozart Aria the Italian words were of course more advantageous for the singer. A curious fact regarding Mozart's setting of those words, shows how readily he let the light of his fine genius gild whatever convenient object came to his hand, and how indifferently the same text served for very different situations. Here we have the strong man, the stern ruler (Clisthenes he is called), amazed at the strange impression made upon him by the appearance of a certain person, and at his unwonted experience of some sort of tender sympathy: "*Alcandro, lo confesso, stupisco di me stesso. Il volto, il ciglio, la voce di costui nel cor mi desta un palpito improviso,*" &c.; and then as the Aria begins: "*Non so donde viene quel tenero affetto.*" Mozart composed the piece for a bass singer, Fischer, in the same year with *Don Giovanni* [1787.] About ten years earlier he had used the very same words for a concert aria for the Soprano voice, which he composed for Aloysia Weber, with whom he was then in love, the sister of the Constance Weber who became his wife. That time the situation supposed in the music and the words was that of a pure and simple maiden startled by the first revelation in her own breast of the tender passion.

The ninth concert (Thursday next) occurs on the anniversary of Beethoven's death, when a Beethoven programme will be presented: 1. First "Leonore" Overture; 2. Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, 'Cello (Messrs. PERABO, HAMM and FRIES); 3. Seventh Symphony. 4. Third "Leonore" Overture.

## Chamber Concerts.

Mr. B. J. LANG's first of four concerts was given at Mechanics' Hall, which was entirely filled, on Thursday afternoon, March 6. The programme was inviting.

Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1, in C major, op. 15. Beethoven.
*Allegro con brio.—Largo.—Allegro.*
(Cadenzas by Moscheles.)
Mr. B. J. Lang.
Songs. { "Returning," Op. 34, No. 6,..Mendelssohn.
"To the absent one," Op. 71, No. 3. "
"Suleika," Op. 57, No. 3........... "
Mr. Chas. R. Hayden.
Sonata in A major, for Pianoforte and 'Cello, Op. 69. Beethoven.
*Allegro ma non tanto.—Scherzo, Allegro molto,—Adagio cantabile.—Allegro vivace.*
Mr. Wulf Fries and Mr. B. J. Lang.
Six little pieces for the pianoforte, Op. 72. Mendelssohn.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

† *Journal de Paris*, of Friday, Aug. 14, 1778.
‡ *Revue Française*, Vol. 7.
§ *Journal de Paris*, of Friday, Aug. 14, 1778. The second representation of *Annette and Lubin* took place Thursday, July 16,—which was seven days after the letter to which we allude.

Digitized by Google

Sonate in D major for two pianofortes, Op. 53. Mozart.
*Allegro con spirito.—Andante—Allegro molto.*
Mr. J. C. D. Parker and Mr. B. J. Lang.

Mr. Lang limited himself to the first two movements of the Beethoven Concerto, wisely, considering their great length. The Allegro is a larger, richer movement than that which opens the second or B-flat Concerto, so that the Cadenza by Moscheles seemed not so disproportioned to the whole. The slow movement is beautiful, full of a deep and tender feeling, but, as in several of the master's earlier Adagios, &c., the same thought and the same mood seem too long drawn out; it required all the fineness of Mr. Lang's touch and phrasing to save the last half from monotony. But the Allegro was delightful; and Mr. Sumner supplied the outline of the orchestral accompaniment effectively on a second grand piano. It was an uncommonly fine Chickering on which Mr. Lang played, and the two instruments, being brought forward into the open hall, sounded much better than we have heard pianos sound there before.

The Beethoven Sonata in A, one of the most genial and delightful of his works in that kind, which we hear played sometimes with violin, sometimes with violoncello, went to a charm and was keenly relished. Mozart's Sonata for two pianos was a most acceptable novelty, full of the truest Mozart life and charm throughout, and the performance by Mr. Parker and Mr. Lang was all that could be wished. The six little *Kinderstücke* by Mendelssohn were a pleasant offering gracefully presented.

We were much gratified, and so were all, we think, by the tasteful and expressive singing of Mr. Hayden. His tenor voice is of a pure, sweet, even quality, his style refined and without affectation. The first of the three songs by Mendelssohn is so strikingly good, that we wonder it has not been heard more in the concert room. A knight on horseback in the storm dreams, to the wild music of the winds (most palpably suggested in the accompaniment, which Mr. Lang played very finely), that he has reached the castle of his lady love, who makes him happy, and in this blissful mood he gallops homeward, when an old oak, out of the mingled voices of the resumed accompaniment, cruelly informs him that his adventure was nothing but a dream! One of Heine's romantic little poems, of which Mendelssohn has caught the spirit perfectly. Much might be said, too, of the beauty of the two other songs.

Of the second concert (Thursday of this week) we must speak next time.

---

On the same afternoon, at the same hour, Mr. Carlyle Petersilea gave a *free* Piano Recital in the Meionaon, with a choice selection:

Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57..............Beethoven.
Concerto in G minor, Op. 25..............Mendelssohn.
Berceuse and Fantasie Impromptu, Op. 66...Chopin.
Fantasie, on Themes from "Les Huguenots."
Thalberg.

---

Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg, on the next day, had Wesleyan Hall uncomfortably full, as usual, for their third matinée. They began with the great Schubert Trio, ever welcome, ever exciting, never disappointing,—the op. 100, in E flat,—Mr. A. Suck taking the 'Cello part. Mr. Leonhard played splendidly, but the strings somehow were not in perfect tune; at least the upper tones of the violin sometimes offended. That marching serenade of the *Andante con moto*, returning so unexpectedly in the Finale, was delightful; but the whole work abounds in exquisite ideas and happy inspirations. Perhaps no Trio, with the exception of the great "B-flat" by Beethoven, has been so often heard of late years in our city, yet it is always fresh.

Next came piano solos.—Schumann's charming little series of "Scenes in the Woods," op. 82, which Mr. Leonhard played (not for the first time) with the most delicate poetic feeling. These are of the very best things of the kind. Mr. Eichberg's violin was much more like itself in the rendering of a couple of movements from Bach's Sonatas for Piano and Violin. These were most beautiful, and finely rendered. The first, a musing, serious Andante in F sharp minor (ending strangely on the dominant) from the second Sonata, is notable from the fact that its principal theme reappears, though in a different rhythm, in a Song without Words by Mendelssohn (1st Set, No. 2); the latter appropriated it from pure sympathy, no doubt, and by an original treatment made it fairly his own. The other was the *Adagio* which forms the beginning of the third Sonata, in E major; a very original and noble piece, in which the violin meanders on in sweet poetic reverie, while the accompaniment keeps repeating a short figure of its own and passing, quite independently (it almost seems) of what the violin is thinking, yet making a most interesting harmonious whole with it.—Those who heard Mr. Leonhard play the "Krakowiak" of Chopin at the Symphony Concert, can imagine how much sunshine he brought in with it again into the smaller room, with Mr. Otto Dresel to sketch in the orchestral accompaniment upon a second pianoforte.

The fourth matinée (yesterday) presented the great Beethoven Trio, op. 97; Bach's Chaconne for Violin (Miss Persis Bell); Scherzo in C minor, Chopin; and Schumann's Quartet with Piano.

---

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.—The fourth and last of the Saturday evening concerts was the best of all. The programme was this:

Sextet in G, op. 36, for two Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos..............Brahms.
Allegro non troppo.—Scherzo.
Sonate for Piano and 'Cello, in D. op. 58. Mendelssohn.
Allegro assai vivace.—Allegretto Scherzando.—Adagio.—Finale, molto allegro vivace.
Messrs. Sumner and Hennig.
a. Romanza op. 8, No. 9..............Mendelssohn.
b. "An den Sonnenschein," op. 36. No. 3. Schumann.
Mrs. Anna Granger Dow.
Solos for Violin, "Barcarole"..............Spohr.
"Air" and "Gavotte" from Suite..........Vieuxtemps.
Charles Hamm.
Suite in Canon form, op. 10, for two Violins, Viola, 'Cello and Bass..............J. O. Grimm.
Allegro con brio.—Andante lento.—Tempo di Minuetto.—Allegro risoluto.

The two movements from the Sextet by Brahms were among the most fresh and vigorous of the new works presented in this series. They were played with spirit, but the heroic temper of the leading violin was a shade more than up to true pitch in the high tones at times; the close atmosphere of the room must have rendered it difficult to get into perfect tune at once. Messrs. Sumner and Hennig gave an artistic and effective rendering of the Sonata Duo by Mendelssohn, which is full of life and of fine contrasts; the broad choral harmonies in the Adagio came out very grandly, Mr. Hennig having a peculiarly large and generous quality of tone, as well as masterly execution, not excelled by any violoncellist whom we can remember to have heard for many years. Mrs. Dow's bright, pure soprano voice, and finished vocalization won the favor of the audience,—so that she was obliged to repeat the "Sunshine" rhapsody of Schumann (which, by the way, was taken too slow). Her style is simple, unaffected, somewhat cold. Mr. Hamm is an effective solo player, and handles the violin with a sure grasp and searching, subtle power. The term "heroic" is applied to certain operatic tenor singers, and why not as well as to violinists? Mr. Hamm seems to us to be one of this class; of animation, vigor, soaring ardor one can feel sure when he plays; if it were sometimes more subdued, it were still better. The "Air" and "Gavotte" show that Vieuxtemps has been a careful student of the old masters of Bach's period; certainly the imitation is ingenious. The Suite by Grimm gives one more than enough of *Canon* before the four movements—short ones to be sure—are over. Such perpetual side-by-side imitation is like seeing double. It is as if the two ears were not precisely synchronous in their report. But the work is clever and has music in it. The same man, still prisoner to this fixed idea, has composed another Suite in Canon,—for the full orchestra this time.

---

Last week there was a lull, an *interregnum*, among chamber concerts; but this week they have *rained* again, and without intermission. Thus: Tuesday afternoon, N. E. Conservatory (Schumann Piano Quartet, by Mr. B. D. Allen of Worcester, Messrs. Eichberg, &c.; Songs composed by Mr. Allen, sung by Mrs. West, &c.) Wednesday, Miss Mehlig. Thursday, Mr. Lang. Friday, Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg. Saturday, Miss Mehlig again. Later in the month Mr. Perabo comes on with a couple of matinées, and still later there is promised a series by the new "Beethoven Quintette Club."

---

We listened lately with great pleasure to the singing of Male Part Songs by the "Boylston Club," which is composed of some forty fresh young voices, trained to great precision and delicacy by Mr. Sharland. The "rehearsal" at John A. Andrew Hall was much enjoyed by an overflowing crowd of invited friends.

---

Mr. Peck, of Boston Music Hall, offers marvellous attractions for his annual benefit concert, Wednesday evening April 9th. He will have Rubinstein and Wieniawski, the Thomas Orchestra, Miss Annie Cary, Mr. Nelson Varley, and as much more splendor as an audience of mere mortals can well bear.

---

Mr. John Lodge Ellerton, a well-known amateur composer, died at his house in London, recently, we learn from *The Athenæum*. He was born in Chester, and, after taking a degree at Oxford, studied music at Rome. He wrote some dozen operas, never produced in England; an oratorio, "Paradise Lost"; a Stabat Mater, masses and motets, symphonies, and chamber music of all kinds. But, numerous as are his compositions, none of them have made their way.

---

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.—Mr. Carl Wolfsohn gave his first "Saturday Night Popular Concert" at the Academy of Music last Saturday evening. The programme was for all tastes. The "Allegretto" of Beethoven's 8th Symphony was worthy of the encore it received. The "Freyschuetz" overture and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" March were also really well given. Nervadha's "Loretei" paraphrase, Lumbye's "Traumbilder" and Strauss's "Blauen Donau" Waltzes completed the orchestral part. Mrs. Gulager, of New York, was the vocalist. Her "piece de debut" was the Polonaise from "*Mignon*," and so favorably did she impress her audience that she received an encore. In Part II. she sang Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle Lark" and for encore, Millard's "Waiting." She has a clear, round soprano voice, and her method is most excellent. Herr Benno Walter, in the first movement of Vieuxtemps' E-major Concerto, and in Ernst's "Otello" fantasia, proved himself an artist of a very high order. His playing is brilliant and firm precise and fresh.

On Tuesday evening, 11th inst., Mr. Gaertner gave the third of his "Classical Concerts" at the Amateurs' Drawing Room.

Quintet Op. 29, C major..............Beethoven.
Allegretto Op. 8, E major..............Gade.
Andante Cantabile, C major..............Haydn.
Marchen, Op. 29, D major..............Volt.
Nonetto, Op. 77..............Onslow.

This last piece was most grateful to the audience, both from its comparative novelty, and its intrinsic worth, as well as from the smooth and accurate interpretation. The Beethoven Quintet, and in short the whole programme, was rendered in a highly satisfactory manner.

On Thursday evening your celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a concert at the Academy of Music under the auspices of Mr. T. B. Pugh. The audience was large and the performance excellent. Rubinstein's F-minor Quintet was beautifully rendered. Mr. Heindl's flute solo was not audible clearly to all of the audience, as he seemed to forget the vast size of the building. Mr. Ryan was very successful in his selection. Mr. Hennig was rapturously welcomed and seems to have improved since he left us. Mrs. Granger-Dow in the "Mignon"

Digitized by Google

Polonaise was not entirely successful, and in her English song her enunciation was quite defective, but in the duet "with Mrs. Bernard she was exceedingly good. It was the "Letter" Duet from Mozart's *Figaro*. Mrs. Bernard acquitted herself finely in the Garden Aria from the same opera.

On Saturday evening Mr. Jarvis gave the fifth of his classical Soirees.

Piano Solo. "Grand Sonata." D major....Hummel.
Chas. H. Jarvis.
Violin Concerto in E major.............Vieuxtemps.
G. Guhlemann.
{ Impromptu, F major........................Chopin.
{ Novelette. E..........................Schumann.
Chas. H. Jarvis.
Rondo. 2 pianos..............................Chopin.
Messrs. Jarvis and Guhlemann.
Solo. Violoncello.............................Popper.
W. Popper.
Trio. D minor...........................Mendelssohn.

On the same evening, Mr. Wolfsohn's second Saturday night concert took place. Miss Drasdil was the soloist, and sang a "Prayer" by Hiller, and an English ballad by Hay. Miss Drasdil was entirely successful; she sang with intense feeling, and her voice is pure and even throughout the whole compass. The "St. Petersburg French Horn Quartet" performed two quartets. It is impossible to describe the perfection to which these men have wrought this ungainly instrument; the *pianissimo* effects are indeed wonderful. Next week Patti sings us her farewell; and the week after comes the Rubinstein-Thomas combination. EUSTACE.

## Music in London.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD'S RETIREMENT.—The *Musical Standard* concludes its article on this event as follows:

A brief sketch of her career may perhaps be interesting at the present time. Born in 1836 at St. Saens, near St. Malo, of English parents, she soon showed a talent for music, and at the age of six was placed under Kalkbrenner at Paris. The master was famous for his system of fingering, and the child soon acquired a correct method of manipulat'on and steadiness of time never to be forgotten. After two years' study, Miss Goddard appeared in public, playing one of Hummel's Concertos. In 1846 she was brought to London and placed under Mrs. Anderson; she shortly after played before the Queen and Prince Albert, who took the highest interest in her future career. Thalberg was her next master, and the famous virtuoso boasted that his fair pupil was his only rival. Under the direction of Mr. J. W. Davison, the attention of Miss Goddard was especially directed to classical music, and a tour in Germany developed and strengthened her inclination for the highest species of pianoforte music. She studied composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren; and now the young artiste was well-nigh pe fect in the path she had chosen, and regular daily practice soon ripened the debutante into a performer of the very first ability. Not that Mme. Goddard ceased to improve; those accustomed to weigh minute differences noted year by year a more perfect finish in her playing, and a larger grasp and greater breadth in phrasing, showing that self culture was not neglected, and that "excelsior" was still her motto. Her first important appearance in London was, we believe, at the old Promenade Concerts in the Haymarket, in 1850. Three years after she played Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C minor, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts given in Exeter Hall under Lindpaintner. Since that time she has been before the public constantly, and from the Crystal Palace to the Suburban Concert Room, her career has been a series of triumphs.

In wishing and predicting as much success for Mme. Goddard during her extensive tour as she deserves, we are selfish enough also to wish that she were not going to quit London; and this last wish is greatly increased by the reflection that on the lady's return here, she intends to devote herself entirely to teaching, and that the public will hear her no more. She will leave a void by no means easy to fill. Foreign pianistes with limited repertoires, whose style is as exaggerated as their pretentions, may have their short day; at present we know of no one competent to fill Mme. Goddard's place. The last farewell has been said, and midst the universal regret with which she leaves us, it is impossible to help feeling proud of our countrywoman, and watching her colonial and foreign career with close interest. Hope never deserts the human breast; and it may be, that when London is again reached, the fair pianiste may be led to reconsider her determination, and not deal so strong a blow at the art of music, as her retirement must necessarily be.

---

A WAGNER SOCIETY has been formed in London; through some mysterious influence, the musical journals there are ringing with the reformer's praises, while they still hug their prejudices against Schumann's music. The most temperate account that we have seen of the first concert, is that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we extract the following:

Meanwhile Wagner is being introduced or re-introduced to us in London; for it must not be forgotten that some twenty years ago he officiated one season as conductor at the Philharmonic Concerts, when several of his orchestral pieces were performed under his direction. Whether through the fault of the public or of the composer, certain it is that these works produced no favorable impression. Nor did the success of the first "Wagner Concert," which took place last week at the Hanover Square Rooms—the first concert devoted specially and exclusively, in this country, to Wagner's music—prove that music to be eminently acceptable, even to an audience composed largely of Germans, with many of whom the question of Wagner's merit is viewed, not so much from a musical, as from a national and patriotic point of view. Much of the music performed was in accordance with the public taste, and much was in Wagner's latest style. But what was in accordance with the public taste was not in Wagner's latest style, and what was in Wagner's latest style was not in accordance with the public taste. We are merely stating facts without wishing to imply that Herr Wagner is to be judged by the likings or dislikings of his audience. It is worth noticing, all the same, that the pieces most applauded were those belonging to his earlier works, which have been often performed, and may often be performed again, without its being at all necessary to construct for that purpose a theatre at Bayreuth or elsewhere. For our part we like and admire the *Flying Dutchman* (which, however, is never mentioned by professed Wagnerites, and which Wagner himself is said to regard as an error of his youth); we like and admire *Tannhaeuser*, and we like and admire the little of *Lohengrin* that we happen to have heard on the stage. Wagner loses more than most composers by being heard piecemeal in a concert-room; for the creator of the "art-work of the future" does not "lisp in numbers," and his whole system is opposed to the elaboration and perfection of particular scenes which, however highly finished, cannot, he maintains, joined together, form a musico-dramatic work possessing unity, but only a musical medley, or mosaic. In London he must be heard at concerts or not at all. But to judge of him as a stage-composer one should witness a performance of *Tannhaeuser* at Berlin, or better still, of *Lohengrin* at Munich, or, best of all, the longest works of his last period, as they are to be given when a theatre fit for their reception and production has been provided at Bayreuth. For this last opportunity, however, it will be necessary to wait, desirable to attend Wagner concerts in aid of the Bayreuth fund, and commendable to join the guarantee committee which is to ensure the organizers of these concerts against the possibility of loss.

* * * * * *

In his latest manner, Wagner seems inclined to replace squarely-defined tune by so-called "continuous melody" even in march music, of which, at the Wagner concert, we had a specimen in his vigorous Kaiser Marsch. Still, as a rule, a march in music must be looked upon as something to be marched to; and the bold, effective themes of which the Kaiser Marsch is mainly made up convey no idea of the sort of music which forms the substance of Wagner's operas. They remind one rather of Meyerbeer, as the well-known and undoubtedly effective *Tannhaeuser March* (which, again, is no specimen of Wagnerian music in general), must remind every one who hears it of Weber.

At the first of the Wagner concerts a very fine orchestra, under Mr. Dannreuther's able conductorship, did full justice to the *Tannhaeuser* overture, the overture to the *Meistersinger*, the above-mentioned Kaiser Marsch, and various instrumental and semi-instrumental pieces from *Lohengrin*. Nor must we forget the prayer from *Rienzi*, which, like the overture to *Tannhaeuser*, the *Lohengrin* selection, and the Kaiser Marsch, excited much admiration. Encores are scarcely a criterion; but however that may be, the pieces most applauded and re-demanded were those of Wagner's early manner; and the public can form but little idea from the Wagnerian entertainment provided for them at the Hanover Square Rooms of the sort of treat that will await, at Bayreuth, those who, by becoming guarantors to the extent of five pounds, will "secure the privilege of choosing four reserved seats at half-price." They will hear a fine singer, however, in Herr Franz Diener, who, at the Wagner Society's first concert, sang, with much earnestness and with all the dramatic power which Wagner's vocal music absolutely requires, Lohengrin's expressive song to Elsa, and Sigismund's intricate "Love song," in the *Walkuere*—the second of the operas included in the *Niebelungen* series destined for the Bayreuth Festival.

# Special Notices.


DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

All like faded flowers. Song and Cho. 4. E♭ to e. *Lutz.* 30

Rosalyn. 4. E to e, *Dagnia.* 30

The Violets blossomed where she trod. 4. F to a, *Ryan.* 35

The above three songs give evidence of fine workmanship in their composition, and may be safely recommended as effective concert songs.

The Raft. 4. E to f. *Pinsuti.* 60

A very fine song, descriptive of a shipwreck and escape. Reminds one of the days of Henry Russell and his thrilling musical declamations.

In the Land that lieth beyond. Song and Cho. 3. C to a. *Hackleton.* 30

Guide us to Rest. 3. E♭ to e. *Kaye.* 35

Two beautiful songs of a sacred character.

O teach me to forget. Baritone Solo. 4. F to f. *Kerremann.* 35

With German and English words. Made on this side the water, but is quite good enough to be one of the "Gems of German Song."

The Handsome Man. From "Roi Carotin." 3. F to d. *Offenbach.* 30

London Society. 3. E♭ to d. *Lee.* 35

No! Comic Duet. 3. (5 keys) to f. *Schwenseck.* 60

Three very laughable comicalities. "No!" is a duet between Mr. and Mrs. T.

Ave Maria. 4. E♭ to *b*. *Wand.* 50

An effective Ave Maria, with Latin and English words.

The Little Gipsey. 3. D (and B♭) to f. *Campana.* 40

Words like an English Ballad, and music of that pretty, solfeggio-like character, which Campani writes so neatly.

I love my Love. 4. B♭ to f. *Pinsuti.* 30

"O, happy words! At Beauty's feet
We sing them ere our prime."

"The old sweet story," beautifully warbled by Ciro Pinsuti. Good concert song. Words by C Mackay.

**Instrumental.**

Souvenir Waltz. 3. C. *Wales.* 35

An agreeable souvenir, certainly.

Mattei. 4 hands. Gird Valse de Concert. 4. A♭. *Wels.* 1.00

The 4 hand arrangement adds much to the power, without detracting from the brilliancy.

Un Perle de Varsovie. Four Hands. 5. E♭. *S. Smith.* 75

A sprightly and powerful Polonaise.

Flying Leaves. 4. G. *Rosenhain.* 30

A sweet "Baritone Air" played principally with the left hand, the right hand accompanying.

Will-o-the-Wisp. Caprice. 4. D. *Jensen.* 40

As the name indicates, it is light, flitting music, imitating very prettily the dance of a wandering light.

Merry Bird Waltzes. 3. *Fahrbach.* 40

Introduces Parrot and Mocking Bird calls, &c.

Trios Idylles. No. 3. Aventure Rustique. 4. C. *Loeschhorn.* 30

Graceful, and not long enough to be tedious.

Overture to Poet and Peasant. 8 hands. 2 Pianos. 4. *Brunner.* 2.25

No overture, probably, is more popular, and it seems to please as a solo, duet or, as in this case, a double duet, and has even made a "sensation" on the organ. Try it by all means in your next Seminary exhibition.

Wedding March. 8 hands. 2 Pianos. 4. *Mendelssohn.* 90

Well-known as a solo and as a 4 hand piece, but gains evidently in power and brilliancy by this new arrangement. *Mem.* Be sure to hire an extra piano for your next wedding.

**Books.**

BELSHAZZAR. A Cantata. By *J. A. Butterfield.*

It is termed perhaps properly, a Cantata, but may also rank as a short oratorio. The story has reference to the taking of Babylon by Cyrus, and the characters, Belshazzar, Cyrus, Daniel, Zerubbabel, Nitrocris, Shelomith, Festus, &c., as well as the incidents are partly from the Bible, and partly imaginary. Has been given with acceptance, and in costume, as a sacred drama, being "unequivocally endorsed" by the audience.

---

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 834. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873. VOL. XXXII. No. 26.

## To Beethoven.

BY C.

Yes, break, strong heart, and in thy music die,—
Die to the hearts that worship not with thee,
And live among thy peers, if such there be
Amid the throned Olympians on high.
Low, tender strains that breathe the passionate sigh,
And great assaults that set the spirit free,
And wild, heroic bursts of ecstacy,
And steadfast triumphs that can fate defy,
Through the wide ocean of thy music swell;
Strange, solemn meanings rush upon my soul
From depths unknown to me; to thy control
I yield, and in thy spirit I would dwell;
But where art thou, oh where, in silent space?
Shall Heaven bring me to thee, face to face?

*Music Hall*, 1872.—*Woman's Journal.*

## Gossec.

[Translated from the French for Dwight's Journal of Music.]

### IV.

Concluded from page, 402.

Gossec composed an innumerable quantity of patriotic songs, and took part in all the national fêtes of the period. I have already related how he composed his Hymn to the Supreme Being; to him also was due the music composed for the apotheoses of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, and the funeral march for the obsequies of Mirabeau. On this occasion, the tam-tam was employed for the first time. At that period there existed but one in France or perhaps in all Europe. It is impossible to express the effect produced by the introduction of this instrument, of which no previous idea had been formed. Whenever, during the march, which was performed by wind instruments, the prolonged melancholy sounds of the funereal tam-tam reached the ear, cries of terror and fright were heard from the crowd who pressed upon the steps of the cortége. This funeral march was performed also under the Empire at the obsequies of the Duke de Montebello. During the Revolution, Gossec wrote two pieces for the Opera, composed for the occasion, *Le Camp de Grandpré*, and *Le Siège de Toulon*. He had been made, conjointly with Sarrette, director of the municipal school of music which preceded the founding of the Conservatoire. But hardly was this latter created than Gossec was appointed one of the five inspectors, and all his time and care were devoted to the prosperity of the new establishment.

Up to this time the study of composition had been especially defective, because the theory had never been explained in a clear and precise manner. The Germans and Italians indeed had a system of regular harmony, but it had not been formulated in any method, nor in any particular work; the elements might be found scattered among various authors, and the school was in some sort traditional. In France it was far worse, the theory was false; it was based upon the ingenious but erroneous system of Rameau, that of the fundamental bass. Musicians had generally adopted it, and its errors had been propagated for more than forty years before any of those who recognized and acknowledged them ever thought of correcting them. Instruction in composition was therefore carried on at the Conservatoire upon entirely opposing principles; thus Cherubini and Langlé taught after the Italian method, while Méhul and Eler had adopted the principles of the German school, and Gossec and Lesueur gave instruction in the French method.

Sarrette, director of the Conservatoire, was no musician, but he was, what in the case in question was far better, an excellent logician. He saw that it was impossible to have any proper instruction unless they could unite in adopting a body of doctrine. But who would undertake to formulate one? Gossec had had as a pupil a young musician of a subtle and ingenious turn of mind, reflective and somewhat cold, but clear and sagacious; this young man, having acquired from his master a theory with which he was far from being satisfied, determined to study the German and Italian systems. He resolved to blend the principles of the three schools in a work which should unite the best elements of each, and succeeded in composing a treatise upon harmony, which, while recognising the theory of chords, not like Rameau, according to their algebraic origin, but after their rational and musical essence, reconciled the most contradictory ideas, and explained in the clearest and most intelligible manner the principles of an art, the acquisition of which had hitherto seemed the more difficult, because those whose duty it was to teach it found themselves incapable of explaining its elements.

Sarrette, as I have said, had convoked a sort of congress of composers and theorists. For six months they had been in session; always discussing, sometimes disputing, but making no progress, and the solution of the main question was almost despaired of, when the young man I have mentioned went to Sarrette and presented his work. Sarette already knew Catel, for he it was, through some meritorious compositions, but as a theorist he did not appreciate him. He invited him to submit his method to this assembly of composers who could come to no understanding. These gentlemen were divided into three altogether distinct camps. Chtrubini and Langlé represented the Italian school; the combatants for the German method were Méhul, the elder Rigel, Martini and Eler, while the French school had for its champions Gossec, Lesueur, Rey and Rodolphe. Catel presented himself modestly before this august tribunal to submit his work to them. He prefaced it by an address in which he showed both his wit and his modesty, affirming that, far from wishing to overthrow or build up one school more than another, his sole aim was to profit by the excellent principles he had found in each, and to unite them all in one system. This exordium disposed his audience favorably toward him, and the reading of the treatise finished the work so well begun. Hardly had the theory deduced in the first pages been fully explained, when shouts of "Bravo!" and "Good!" from the Germans and Italians interrupted the reader every moment. The French meantime kept silence. When the reading came to an end, the Germans and Italians rose and said; "Those are precisely our opinions; that is what we wished, but were not able to formulate. Our doctrine is all there, it is that of reason and of truth."

"And you, gentlemen?" said Catel, delighted, turning toward the partisans of the French school.

"My child," said Gossec, stretching out his arms toward him, "for more than forty years I have been walking in darkness; you have opened my eyes to the light. Come, embrace your master, who will henceforth be your pupil."

Catel threw himself on the good old man's neck. The cause was gained. According to his promise, Gossec studied his pupil's method and made it the base of his own instruction.

At the foundation of the Institute, he was made a member, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor soon after the institution of that order. His glorious old age was devoted to instruction, and besides Catel, we may name among his principal pupils, Doaréen, Gossc and Panseron. In 1814, at the Restoration, the Conservatoire was temporarily suppressed, and its founder, Sarrette, retired with a pension. When the Conservatoire was re-opened, under another title and with a new organization, Gossec would not resume his functions, less perhaps, on account of his great age, than from a desire to share voluntarily the disgrace of his old friend and companion, Sarrette. Gossec was then eighty-one years of age. It was time for the hour of repose to strike for him, but he preserved all his love for musical art, and never ceased to be interested in it. He attended assiduously all the meetings of the Institute and read some remarkable reports. He lived in the Place des Italiens, and every evening his servant-maid, (he had long been a widower, and besides his conductress had no other society,) attended him to the theatre Feydeau, where he occupied the last seat on the balcony at the left of the spectator. The *habitués* carefully preserved his place, which was never let. If, by chance, it was occupied by some stranger a provincial ignorant of his habits, he would touch him lightly with the end of his cane "Get out of the way," he would say, "I am Gossec, that is my place." There is not a single instance of resistance to that celebrates name; every one bent before the double royalty of age and talent.

However, by degrees his faculties declined in 1823, his mind, formerly so vigorous and penetrating, had become so much enfeebled that he scarcely recognized his oldest and best

Digitized by Google

friends. Sarrette watched over him constantly; he thought that a residence in the country could not but be beneficial to him. Intellectual life was entirely extinct within him; Paris could afford him neither comfort nor pleasure. Having no family, he was left entirely to the care of the servant who had been for many years accustomed to attend upon him. This woman was married, and she and her husband retired to Passy with the poor old man. His fortune consisted of his pension from the Conservatoire and his salaries from the Institute and the Legion of Honor. All his resources would die with him, it was therefore for the interest of his servants to prolong an existence to which they owed an unexpected benefit, for Gossec's income was given up to them, while his own wants required the expenditure of scarcely half that sum annually. Thus his last days were tranquil and happy, if we may call that life happy which is little more than vegetative. He preserved much of his physical strength and took quite long walks in the Bois de Boulogne. When he reached Ranelagh,

"Ah ! ah!" he would say, observing the building, "that is the Opera-Comique, is it not?"

His conductress, careful not to contradict him, always agreed with him.

"Well! let us go in."

"Oh, no," she would reply; "you forget that to-day is Easter and they are not playing; we will come back to-morrow." The next day he would be told that it was Christmas or some other festival, and every day he went away happy in anticipation of the pleasure he was to enjoy on the morrow. Thus he lived upon illusions until his last hour. Was I not right in saying that he was happy to the last? He died at the beginning of the year 1829, having attained his ninety-sixth year.

The career of Gossec offers one peculiarity quite remarkable in the history of art. Fate willed that he should always precede in his career some man of genius who should come and seize the position he had attained, yet without Gossec's own labors having opened the way for his successor. A singular fatality raised him up unknown rivals from every corner of Europe. He began with symphonies, which ought at least to have secured him the supremacy in that style of composition, and when his celebrity seemed the most assured, the works of Haydn appeared in France. He composed a mass for the dead which passed for the masterpiece of the period, but as soon as that of Mozart became known, it disappeared in oblivion. Grétry and Gluck appeared just in time to arrest him in the career in which he had preceded them. He founded the first school of song which ever existed in France ; hardly was the edifice commenced when the Revolution came and overthrew it, building upon its ruins the Conservatoire, an establishment of such brilliant reputation that it has caused the very existence of the modest school which preceded it to be forgotten. But one uncontested title remained to him, that of theorist, and his own pupil bore away from him this last crown. His ignorance of this species of injustice on the part of fate constitutes Gossec's highest praise. Not only was he not aware of it, he may be said to have seconded it by the kindly support he always gave to the rivals who were to dethrone him. He it was who aided Gluck to accomplish the revolution which was to annihilate the musical system in which his works were written ; he was the first to make known the compositions of Haydn, which condemned his own to an eternal oblivion. It was because Gossec had that quality so rare among artists, the love of art for its own sake, making always a complete abstraction of his own person and his own works. He was of the small number of those who rejoice at the success of another artist; he was one of those, in short, who see only brothers and not rivals in their competitors. Gossec was, perhaps, not a genius of the highest order, but he had immense talent. We can readily recognize this when we reflect on the imperfection of his early education, at a time too when there was no organized musical instruction, and when the few principles inculcated upon pupils rested upon foundations so false that it took no less trouble to forget them in practice than it had required time to learn them in theory. The compositions of Gossec may contest without too great disadvantage with the fresh and animated works of Méhul and Chérubini; what an amount of talent was required for him to attain such a result, him too, who had had no model, since such models as he had were already excelled by his own works !

At present nothing remains to the public of all Gossec's works; but they live entire in the history of the art in which, from the multiplicity and variety of his labors, he deserves to occupy a high position. What still lives, is the memory of his goodness and of his noble character, a memory which can never fade in the hearts of those who knew him. Too young to be capable of appreciating him when he enjoyed the possession of all his faculties, I have but a confused recollection of his features and his figure: what I do remember perfectly is the respect which he met with on every hand, the veneration which his name and person inspired; and these recollections of my childhood must plead my excuse for the length of my narrative. Could I, however, have said less, or have neglected the details of the long and honorable career of this composer, who had the singular fortune of hearing in Paris the last performance of the operas of Lully, and of witnessing the first triumphs of Rossini?

## The First Birmingham Musical Festival.

[Abridged from the Birmingham Morning News.]

It is now one hundred and five years since the first gathering of this kind was held in Birmingham. Since 1768, the population has risen from under 40,000 souls to over 343,000, and the local music meetings have advanced no less rapidly in importance. And, for the Benefit of this Public Charity, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, 1768, "*Il Pensieroso*,"&c., "*Alexander's Feast*," and the "*Messiah*" were performed. "*Il Pensieroso*" and "*Alexander's Feast*" at the theatre in King Street in the evening; and on Thursday morning, in St. Philip's Church, Handel's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, the Coronation and other Anthems, and the *Messiah* on Friday morning at the same place.

The committee of management engaged the best vocal and instrumental performers, at least they secured the services of artists able to effectually execute the music set down in the programme. To have allotted the principal vocal parts in Handel's oratorios to Italian opera singers would have been very injudicious. The music was such as required English vocalists for its interpretation, and the Festival Committee wisely engaged none but English vocalists as principals.

The result of somewhat extended inquiries as to the magnitude of the orchestra at the first Birmingham Festival is that the performers numbered about seventy. The precise proportions of the various departments is uncertain; but basing our calculations upon what is known of the orchestras of the period, we may suppose that the chorus comprised about forty vocalists, and that in the instrumental band there would be probably six first violins, four second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, two double basses, one flute, two oboes, one bassoon, two horns, two trumpets, and a pair of drums. To these must be added the four principal singers and the organist. The instruments enumerated would form what may be called a complete Handelian orchestra, the band being such an one as would be required for an effective rendering of the works of Handel, and, with the exception of the trombone, comprising every species of instrument used at the great Westminster Abbey Commemoration in 1784, when the number of performers was five-hundred and twenty-five.

The names of the principal singers, and of a number of the principal instrumentalists, have been preserved. The first soprano was Mrs. Pinto. As Miss Brent she had before her marriage made a great reputation. She was born about 1715, and became a pupil of Dr. Arne, making some of her earliest essays in that composer's operas. Dibdin, in his History of the Stage, says: "Mrs. Pinto, possessing an excellent voice, and being under a master, the great characteristics of whose musical abilities were natural ease and unaffected simplicity, was a most valuable singer. Her power was resistless, her neatness was truly interesting, and her variety was incessant. Though she owed a great deal to nature, she owed a great deal to Arne, without whose careful hand her singing might, perhaps, have been too luxuriant." Mrs. Pinto retained her vocal powers for a long period. When nearly seventy she sang "Sweet Echo," in "Comus," at Covent Garden.

The principal tenor singer at this Festival was Charles Norris, who was born at Salisbury in 1740. When a boy he was a chorister at the Cathedral of that city, and his beautiful voice and fine style attracted the notice of some patrons of art, who induced him to study for the stage. He left the theatre to become an oratorio and concert singer; settled in Oxford, took the degree of bachelor of music, and was appointed organist of St. John's College. At the great Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, he was one of the principal tenor singers, and Burney speaks in high terms of his pathetic delivery. His last efforts in public were at the Commemoration of 1790, and at the Birmingham Festival of the same year. He died, ten days after his last appearance in public, at Imley Hall, the seat of Lord Dudley and Ward. Norris was a good musician. He left some fine anthems, glees, and songs, and also some examples of instrumental music.

Very little can be said about the other two principal singers at the Festival of 1768. Mr. Matthews resided at Oxford, and his name appears in the list of the principal basses for the Commemoration of Handel, in 1784. He continued to sing secondary parts at the Birmingham Festivals until 1790. Mr. Price's name is to be found in the lists of principals at some of the annual meetings of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester.

The leader of the instrumental band was Thomas Pinto, the husband of the principal soprano already noticed. He was born in England, of Italian parents, and, when a boy, was a remarkably clever player on the violin, being frequently employed as the leader of large bands. He was a careless performer, and used to boast that he could play difficult solos better

Digitized by Google

at sight than after practice, for if the music was quite strange, he could not be looking about him instead of looking at his copy. He was for some time deputy leader under Giardini, at the King's Theatre, and afterwards leader at Drury Lane. He died in Ireland in 1773. Another of the principal violinists was John James Lates, musician to the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and the composer of a number of pieces for the violin. He died in 1777.

The conductor was Mr. Capel Bond, of Coventry. His duties were, according to the custom of the period, to play the organ at the morning performances. The real labor of directing the music devolved upon the leader of the band. Mr. Bond resided at Coventry, and was appointed organist of St. Michael's Church, in that city, in 1750, and also of the Church of the Holy Trinity in 1752. He died in 1790. Soon after his first appointment at Coventry he commenced a series of oratorio performances in Birmingham, and it is probable that this induced the managers of the Festival to engage him as their conductor. The various performances took place as announced; and in addition after each of the evening performances a ball was held at Mrs. Sawyer's, in the Square.

It is observable of the programme of music performed at the first Birmingham Festival that it was almost all selected from the works of Handel; an Anthem by Boyce, and instrumental pieces by Mr. Bond and Mr. Pinto, being the only exceptions. At the time there was very little music available for concerts on a large scale, and when scores were procurable, the whole of the parts had to be written out for the performers. That the oratorios written by Englishmen—Greene, Arne, Stanley, Worgan and Arnold—were generally unworthy of a place along with the works of the mighty master who produced "*The Messiah*," "*Israel in Egypt*," "*Judas*," and "*Samson*," is pretty well proved by the fact of their having fallen into oblivion. There were a few cantatas, such as Galliard's "*Hymn of Adam and Eve*," which for some years were regarded with favor; but of all the compositions of the period for the concert-room, Handel's alone are now esteemed. The introduction between the acts of a concert of an instrumental concerto demands a slight notice. The custom was an old one. When Handel, in 1739, gave "*Alexander's Feast*," at the Crown and Anchor, for the benefit of the fund for the support of decayed musicians, "a new concerto, composed by Mr. Handel on purpose for the occasion," was announced; and in the advertisements of his Lenten oratorios, "new concertos for the organ and other instruments" are frequently mentioned.

The first Birmingham Festival was a great success. The tickets of admission were five shillings each, and the receipts, together with donations given at the church doors on Thursday morning, amounted to £800. The expenses were £501; so that a net profit of £299 was made for the Hospital.

## The Voice, and how to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

(From the Worcester Palladium.)

VII.

*Pupil.* You have made mention of two great basses, Lablache and Staudigl. Some little time ago you spoke of some bass singers enlarging their tone too much. Now I would like to know something about the proper action of the bass voice, for it is evident that I have had ideas that you would not consider correct. For instance, I heard an eminent singer on one occasion sing E, with what you would designate as an open tone. The effect was very startling, for the passage required great power.

*Mr. D.* It is probable that the effect would be startling, but was it agreeable to the ear?

*Pupil.* Well, I thought so at the time, or rather—I am not sure that it occurred to me to think whether it was agreeable or otherwise—I expected a loud tone and it came, and consequently I was not disappointed; but as to expecting a tone which should be pleasant to the ear, I do not think I should have desired it. The passage did not call for it; it simply needed loudness.

*Mr. D.* Then it might as well have been one noise as another. By loudness of course you mean noise. Now let us see how that idea would operate. The violinist wishes to gain greater power from his instrument than it is capable of properly producing, and we speak of the "rasping" effect. The cornet player desires more tone than his instrument will properly give, and we speak of the "noisy blare." The tragedian forces his voice, and we accuse him of "ranting." So you see that loudness is not the only thing desirable. Legitimate power we do want, but that does not consist in shouting. But you have hit upon a matter which needs some attention. A great many bass singers do just this thing of which you have spoken. Let us now go back a little to the action of the organs again. I will repeat that all sound is the result of vibration, and in the case of the voice, of the vibration of the muscle called the vocal chord. A certain number of vibrations per second produce a given tone, and a certain number more per second produce a certain higher tone. Now it is evident that with the same chord the only way to increase the rapidity of the vibrations is by shortening them. But let us take an example which all must understand. A Tuba is a brass instrument used for the bass of a brass band. It can of course be made a very effective solo instrument if desired. Now let the performer play the "Star Spangled Banner." This is a tune which extends over a considerable range, and when sung by a bass, is usually I believe taken in the key of G, which carries the highest note up to D. The line in which this occurs is the fifth:

"And the rocket's red glare,"
G A B B C D

and the usual way to do it, is to give a perfect yell, for I can call it nothing else, on the D. Now notice the Tuba. The tone gradually points off as it ascends, the upper tone being full and resonant, but in proportion. It must strike you that the tone that was sung was wholly out of proportion to the rest.

*Pupil.* Then you would designate the tone which I thought was so fine, by the name of "yell." It seems to me that you are very hard to please. Do you ever hear anything or anybody that is right?

*Mr. D.* Now you are repeating what many others say. I understand that people do me the honor to believe that my standard is so high, that none can attain to it. I think you will find, however, that I have indorsed some singers as being good examples of their art. You will find that I only oppose wrong that is proved to be such. I am not hyper-critical, but aim at genuine progress. I detest humbug and false show. I admire sincerity in all things, and in singing as well as in other matters. I despise the man who does a good action for the sake of popular applause, and I despise in the same way the singer who bids only for popular applause. As one should do right for its own sake, so one should sing honestly for no other motive than because it is right and just to his composer and his listeners. I am perfectly aware that my position is rather a Quixotic one, so considered, but I am in earnest in my views.

*Pupil.* Well, please indicate the best bass singers than you can name.

*Mr. D.* I imagine, from all accounts, that Lablache and Staudigl were both as near perfection as possible, though I have nothing but tradition to guide me as to Lablache; but I once knew a Baritone singer who claimed to have been a pupil of Staudigl. He had a splendid voice, but was a bad singer, which led me to think that he had not been a faithful student; but one thing was very noticeable. He could sing high G with perfect ease. His voice tapered off beautifully, from which I gather that he was so taught by the great master. Badiali was a wonderful singer. His delivery of tone was easy and natural. No trying to make tone too large—all was beautifully shaped. He was an old man when he died, but preserved his powers to the last. The present race of Italian teachers seem to aim for making the upper part of the voice large and shaky. It may be said that the first fault produces the second. What is the effect? The real beauty of the voice disappears, and the voice becomes dry and unsatisfactory. I always feel troubled when I find people so mistaken, knowing as I do, that they might be far more acceptable singers, if they would be more natural. There it is again, they should be more natural. The effect of that would be to make them sing as they would speak, and consequently deliver their voices in the same way for both. I heard a singer not long since, having a charming voice, but wrongly delivered, and thought to myself: "How I should like to have you hear your own voice once, just to realize how far superior it is to this false voice, which you think is yours." But he probably never will know what a treasure he has, nor will anybody else who listens simply to his artificial voice.

*Pupil.* You speak of a shaky tone, as if that were a blemish. I had an idea that it was an evidence of cultivation. Certainly, those studying under Italian teachers generally use the tremolo, so-called.

*Mr. D.* So they do, and I can only account for it from the fact that the majority of Italian teachers, at least those in this country, are decayed opera singers. When their voices fail them, they take up teaching for a livelihood. Some of the most fashionable teachers cannot sing a song respectably. Do you question my statement? Begin the list of fashionable teachers in New York, for instance. The ablest teacher there, or rather in Brooklyn, commenced teaching in the full glory of her powers, and can to-day surpass any concert singer that I can name; but where is there another? I do not know of one. Now I fail to see how a system of singing which will not last Signor or Signora whoever it may be, can be the best thing for a pupil. The faults of the teacher will be imitated. The shaky voice is the result of over-straining the vocal chord. The pupil imitates it, and lo! the fashionable tremolo.

## Negro Folk Songs.

SLAVE MELODIES OF THE SOUTH.—THE JUBILEE AND HAMPTON SINGERS.

The Editor of the *New York Weekly Review*, in the article which follows, shows a just interest in the untutored religious melodies of the ex-slaves of our Southern States. The collection to which he alludes of these songs, set down in notes by Mr. Seward, may be found appended to an interesting volume just published by Lee & Shephard of this city, entitled "The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University," presenting, in a couple of hundred pages, an account of that institution and its teachers, the personal history and portraits of the singers, a chronicle of their successful musical and missionary tour through the Union, and, as we said before, an Appendix containing the words and notes of about sixty of the songs.

At last the American school of music has been discovered. We have had accomplished virtuosi, skilful vocalists and talented composers. They have, however, all trodden the beaten track. It has remained for the obscure and uncultured Negro race in this country to prove that there is an original style of music peculiar to America. This school is found in the songs of the Southern blacks, and they have been but lately made familiar to Northerners by the efforts of two groups of colored singers who have lately given concerts in our principal cities. Both of these bands of wandering minstrels are working in aid of meritorious educational institutions.

The Jubilee Singers who appeared here some months ago represent the interests of Fisk University, of Nashville, Tennessee. They are nine in number, including: Ella Sheppard, pianist and soprano; Jennie Jackson, soprano; Maggie Porter, soprano; Minnie Tate, contralto; Eliza Walker, contralto; Thomas Rutling, tenor; Ben. M. Holmes, tenor; I. P. Dickerson, bass; and Greene Evans, bass. They have sung in most of our Eastern cities with excellent pecuniary success; and the quaint, weird melodies in which their natural talents and acquired skill have been exercised, have been further made familiar to the public, through a collection of some fifty of their favorite songs which were reduced to musical notation by Mr. Theodore F. Seward of this city. Of these songs the editor of the little book containing them, and published by Bigelow and Main of this city, says:

"The Songs—Of these neither the words, or the music have ever before been published, or even reduced to written form, at least, to the knowledge of the Jubilee Singers.

"The most of them they learned in childhood—the others, which were not common in the portion of the South in which they were raised, they have received directly from those who were accustomed to sing them. These songs, therefore, can be relied upon as the genuine songs of their race, being in words and music the same as sung by their ancestors in the cabin, on the platform, and in the religious worship.

Digitized by Google

"By the severe discipline to which the Jubilee Singers have been subjected in the school-room, they have been educated out of the peculiarities of the Negro dialect, and they do not attempt to imitate the peculiar pronunciation of their race. They have also received considerable musical instruction, and have become familiar with much of our best sacred and classical music, and this has modified their manner of execution. They do not attempt to imitate the grotesque bodily motions or the drawling intonations that often characterize the singing of great congregations of the colored people in their excited religious meetings.

"It is true, however, both of the words and the music, that whatever modification they have undergone, has been wholly in the minds of the Singers under the influence of the training and culture they have received in the University of which they are members."

The music of these songs is generally strikingly wild. Some of them at once recall the "break-downs" made familiar to us by the negro minstrel troupes. Others suggest ordinary Sunday School hymn tunes; but the majority are unique in construction, rhythm and melody. The cultivated musician will at once perceive that they are crude and childish, but he cannot deny their originality.

The success of the Jubilee Singers seems to have inspired a number of the pupils of the Hampton, Va. Academy to "go and do likewise," and a band of nineteen members have started out on a similar mission. Being greater in force, they are more efficient in choral effects, and if less cultured than their predecessors, their performances are even more characteristic. They have given three concerts in New York (at Steinway Hall) and have, on each occasion been greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences.

The institution in whose aid their concerts are given is amply described in their programmes. It is situated in the town of Hampton, Virginia, near Fort Monroe, and the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, and by one of the curious coincidences of history, close to the spot where the first slaves brought to this country were landed. Here, too, the famous order declaring black fugitives to be "contraband of war," was issued, and here was established the first school for Freedmen, from which, in the providence of God, this existing institution has been developed, beginning under the auspices of the American Missionary Association and the Freedmen's Bureau, and drawing its support mainly from Northern benevolence.

The Jubilee Singers aimed to secure twenty thousand dollars with which to pay off a mortgage on their University Buildings. The needs of Hampton Normal College are much greater. The Institute wants not less than $125,000, and must raise $75,000 of this amount during the ensuing year. In their appeal to the Northern public the Hampton singers say:

"The women of the North could do no better deed than to reach out helping hands to these sisters of theirs, to whom, as yet, the nobler fields of woman's kingdom are terra incognita, and by wise and timely assistance, to lead them to that knowledge of better things, which they, themselves, unaided, cannot reach.

"The young men and women who sing before you to-night know their own need and the need of their race, and we ask you if there is nothing in their wild music and dusky faces which brings before you the pathos and terror of their past, nothing which reminds you how deep their ignorance has been, and how dependent their future still is upon the loving kindness and reasonable charity of their fellow-citizens?

"It does not appear to us possible that this appeal can be unheeded by the wealthy and charitable communities of the North. Every one will acknowledge the first great need of the emancipated negroes to be Education; and this can be best furnished to them through such organizations as the Hampton Normal Institute."

The words of these negro songs are as curious as the music. They are marked by an oriental gorgeousness of imagery, which sometimes approximates to poetical genius and oftener descends to mere nonsense. As originally they were only preserved orally, they are replete with repetition. In most of them the first strain is of the nature of a chorus or refrain, which is to be sung after each verse, and the return to this chorus should be made without breaking the time.

We give a few specimens of this strange religious poetry—this quaint hymnology of an ignorant, uncultivated, yet pious and devotional race. The most noticeable is "Go down, Moses," a song which is not without historical interest, as it expresses the yearnings of the Southern slaves for freedom and their half-formed hopes of emancipation:—

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole Pharaoh, let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

We need not always weep and moan,
Let my people go;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.

This world's a wilderness of woe,
Let my people go;
O, let us on to Canaan go,
Let my people go.

What a beautiful morning that will be,
Let my people go;
When time breaks up in eternity,
Let my people go.

After a score of verses in this style, the "poem" closes with a characteristic expression of denominational preference:

The devil he thought he had me fast,
Let my people go;
But I thought I'd break his chains at last,
Let my people go.

O take yer shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go;
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.

I'll tell you what I likes de best,
Let my people go;
It is the shouting Methodist,
Let my people go.

I do believe without a doubt,
Let my people go,
That a Christian has a right to shout,
Let my people go.

A spirited unison chorus is sung to these words:

I'm a travelling to the grave,
I'm a travelling to the grave, my Lord,
I'm a travelling to the grave,
For to my this body down.
My mouse died a shouting,
Singing glory, Hallelujah!
The last word he said to me
Was about Jerusalem.

The succeeding verses *ad infinitum* are simply formed by substituting the words "My Mouse" or "My Brother" for "My Massa." It will be readily seen that the song can thus be prolonged till lungs and patience are both exhausted.

An odd little trifle is entitled "Many thousand gone."

1 No more auction block for me,
No more, no more,
No more auction block for me,
Many thousand gone.

2 No more pick'n' corn for me, etc.
3 No more driver's lash for me, etc.
4 No more pint o' salt for me, etc.
5 No more hundred lash for me, etc.
6 No more mistress' call for me, etc.

One of the most beautiful in point of melody is "Steal Away."

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here,

My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me—He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

Chorus.—Steal away, &c.

A great favorite is the following:

I Gwine to ride up in the chariot,
Sooner in the morning;
Ride up in the chariot,
Sooner in the morning.
And I hope I'll join the band,
O Lord have mercy on me,
And I hope I'll join the band,
And I hope I'll join the band.

2 Gwine to meet my brother there, Sooner, etc.
Chorus.—O Lord have mercy, etc.

3 Gwine to chatter with the Angels, Sooner, etc.
Chorus.—O Lord have mercy, etc.

The most difficult of all for any one save a South-ern negro to sing—difficult on account of its incomprehensible rhythm is this:

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel, d'liver Daniel, d'liver Daniel,
Didn't my Lord d'liver Daniel, and why not a every man?
He deliver'd Daniel from the lion's den,
Jonah from the belly of the whale,
And the Hebrew children from the fery furnace,
And why not every man?
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel, d'liver Daniel, d'liver Daniel,
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel, and not a every man?

2 The moon run down in a purple stream,
The sun forbear to shine,
And every star disappear,
King Jesus shall be mine.
Chorus.—Didn't my Lord, etc.

3 The wind blows East and the wind blows West,
It blows like the judgment day,
And every poor soul that never did pray, 'll be glad to pray that day.
Chorus.—Didn't my Lord, etc.

4 I set my foot on the Gospel ship,
And the ship it begin to sail,
It landed me over on Canaan's shore,
And I'll never come back any more.
Chorus.—Didn't my Lord, etc.

These dusky song writers seem to have a special enmity against "Ole Pharaoh." One song declares the intention of the writer to forward a letter to "Massa Jesus" to send some valiant soldier to turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu!" and closes with gusto:—

When Pharaoh crossed the water,
The waters came together,
And drowned ole Pharaoh's army, etc. Hallelu!

A very curious musical effect is made in "Roll, Jordan, roll" by the unexpected introduction of a flat seventh. The words begin thus:

"Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,
I want to go to Heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll;
Oh brothers you ought t' have been there,
Yes, yes, my Lord,
A sitting in the Kingdom,
To hear Jordan roll,
Chorus. Roll, Jordan, roll.

"Swing low, sweet chariot" tells how the singer hears a band of angels coming after him, to carry him over Jordan. Of "Sweet Canaan" it is said:—"My mother used to tell how the colored people expected to be free some day; and how, one night, a great many of them met together in a cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs as though they were going off somewhere, and prayed, and cried, and shook hands, and sung this song."

A very odd song runs as follows:—

Go chain the lion down,
Go chain the lion down,
Go chain the lion down
Before the heaven doors close,
Do you see that good old sister
Come a wagging up the hill as slow?
She wants to get to heav'n in due time
Before the heaven doors close.

Another popular song tells how "Mary and Martha just went along to ring those charming bells"—went "way over Jordan, Lord, to ring those charming bells." Another describes how "King Jesus rides on a milk white horse," with the rather inconsequential refrain: "No man can a hinder me." A version of the parable of "Ten Virgins" is sung to a very pleasing melody. We will, however, close here our extracts from these quaint rhymes with a verse of "Judgment Day."

Google

Judgement Day is rolling around,
Oh! how I long to go;
I've a good old mother in the heaven, my Lord.
How I long to go there too;
There's a big camp-meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
Oh! how I long to go.
CHORUS.—Judgement Day, etc.

We have spoken of the music of these songs as American; but possibly it is of the real African origin. But whencesoever it comes it is certainly unique and entertaining, and not without its tinge of pathos. In addition to this, its hearty sincerity saves it from derision, even where it is weakest, in either sentiment or melody; for these strange religious ballads are the folks-songs of some four millions of the people of the United States.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 5, 1873.

END OF THE VOLUME.—The present number completes the *Thirty-second Volume* and the *Twenty-first Year* of our Journal. The Title page and Index of the past two Volumes will take the place of the usual music pages in the first number of a new volume, after which there will be four pages of music in each number as before. The St. Matthew Passion Music of Sebastian Bach is finished with the present number. In No. 2 of the next Volume we shall begin the publication of Schumann's little Album pieces for the Pianoforte.

## Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The ninth of the series of ten occurred on the 27th of March, which happened to be the anniversary of the day on which Beethoven died (in 1827). We commonly commemorate the birth rather than the death of a great man. The season of the advent is the season of rejoicing; but it is when the great man is taken away that the world first begins to realize how great he was; his death reminds us of his real worth; whereas he was born into the world unknown, unconsidered outside of a little circle. Our hero, poet, master, saint, is nearer to us when he dies than he has ever been before. So that there is some sense in the German custom of making an occasion of the anniversary of a great composer's death. Here there was the further motive of ministering to that strong preference and even passion for Beethoven's music, which has so long characterized this musical community, and which is never satisfied with any season's concerts in which he does not have the lion's share. Accordingly this was the programme:

Overture, "No 1," to "Leonore," op. 138. [Now proved to be No. 3, composed in 1807]. Beethoven.
Triple Concerto, in C. op. 56, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello. [Comp. 1804-5] .....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Largo.—Rondo alla Polacca.
Ernst Perabo, Charles Hamm, and Wulf Fries.

Seventh Symphony, in A, op. 92. [Comp. 1812]. Beethoven.
Poco sostenuto; Vivace.—Allegretto.—Scherzo. Allegro con brio.
Overture, "No 3," to "Leonore," in C, Op. 72. [Now proved to be No. 2, comp. 1806] .......Beethoven.

This programme drew the largest audience of the season, and on no occasion have we witnessed a more universal, unremitting, close attention. And there was every sign of general satisfaction. No! one sign was wanting: the clapping of hands was far from overwhelming, insignificant indeed compared with that which follows any flashy, trivial performance. The noble harmonies were drunk in and received in silence,—a silence irritating and confounding to those newspaper "critics," who measure Art and all appreciation of Art entirely by that noise thermometer, and know not what to say when that is wanting. Have we all lived so long and not found out that clap-trap always is more clapped than the best things are? that the most superficial, hacknied, *ad captandum* song will "bring the house down," while the noble aria of Handel or of Mozart will carry inward and sincere delight to an appreciative but less demonstrative audience? The cheaper things appeal to just the audience that is demonstrative; the nobler music is addressed mainly to another public, one somewhat prepared, one that listens from the soul, and may not think to lift its hands and clap just in the moment when it is most deeply moved, preoccupied with those interior vibrations which cease not with the tones by which they have been set in motion. It does not follow that that audience heard the great Beethoven works unmoved and joyless, because they did not break out into loud applause. In some cases that may be taken as a sign of coldness, but by no means in all. A comic actor, a punster, a *prestidigitateur* of the piano, a self-exhibitor of any sort, of course, has missed his mark when he is not applauded. But an artist, in the high, pure sense of Art, has aimed at a far higher mark, and possibly has hit that, even if your senses hear a very faint or even no reverberation; had you been in sympathy, you would have felt it though!

This Beethoven programme might, however, have been better. Programmes, with the best intentions, are liable to many accidents, so that their final shape is governed by fatalities. Did it ever occur to any of the gentlemen "critics" how completely a single whim or change of mind in a solo player may take all the vital unity, all the symmetry, all the character out of the best planned programme,—and that just when it is too late to reconstruct the whole *ab ovo*? Or how a sudden terrorism about *too great length* may prompt the leaving out of just the one little thing which would, by force of contrast, have made the whole seem shorter? In the present programme, for instance, the great E-flat Concerto would have given the relief of greater contrast with the other number of the first part, besides that it is a far more important representative Beethoven work, although the Triple Concerto in itself is very interesting, especially when played so finely as it was by Mr. PERABO (who has a special fancy for the work), as well as by his two associates.

The so-called "No. 1" of the four Overtures to "Leonore" (or "Fidelio") is by no means so great a work as the so-called "No. 3," (both of which, besides the Concerto, are in the major key of C,—another reason why the E-flat Concerto would have been better *in this place*). It is not so brilliant or effective an Overture, heard by itself, or at the beginning of the Opera, as the one in E, which Beethoven composed some eight years afterward. But the "No. 1," the real number *three*, has a peculiar interest when brought into comparison with the great "No. 3," which for a time it superseded; far more so than "No. 2" could have, since that is only the imperfect sketch of "No. 3." The smaller one, put at the beginning of this concert, was purposely composed because the "No. 3" was *too* great, dwarfing the music of the first part of the play. It has a singularly delicate and tender, spiritual beauty; a musing, tranquil and half dream-like character, as of a recalling in the memory of thrilling scenes, of which the excitement is long past; whereas its magnificent predecessor (which of course could only be put at the conclusion of the programme) brings you right into the midst of the exciting drama. This is the actual presence, the other is poetic reminiscence. To many excellent musicians, we are aware, this sort of relationship is something quite external, and of no account in music; while to them this smaller overture is too insignificant to be brought into such comparison with the much greater one. Schumann, however, was not of their mind; he speaks of it, under the innocent impression that it was the earliest, as "a beautiful, fresh piece of music, well worthy of Beethoven's genius." But, judging from the very close attention, we believe that most of that great audience were deeply interested in the piece with which the concert opened; and to all who were familiar with Beethoven's opera (as most could safely be assumed to be), that musing soliloquy of the violin, after the opening chord, must have seemed, as we expressed it once before, a thinking over as it were in memory of "my prisons," after time has healed the wounds and wrought sweet reconciliation.

We have only to add that the orchestra were present in full force this time, and that all the pieces, especially the Seventh Symphony and the last Overture, were remarkably well performed. The Symphony movements were taken in a much truer tempo, than they were when it was last played here (by the Thomas Orchestra). As to the great "Leonora" Overture, we doubt if it was ever brought out quite so well in Boston.

Thursday, April 10th, will close this eighth season of Symphony Concerts,—and grandly, with the inspired great Schubert Symphony in C, which by itself will form the second part. Part I., too, will be brilliant, fresh and varied, —also *short*; consisting of: 1. The bright *Fidelio* Overture in E. 2. The Soprano recitative and Aria from Rossini's *Tell*: "Selva opaca," by Miss CLARA DORIA. 3. Two little orchestral gems from Schumann's *Manfred* music, viz.: "Incantation of the Witch of the Alps" (first time) and the ever welcome Entr' acte. 4. Songs with pianoforte, by Lindblad, Schubert and Taubert (Miss DORIA).

## Chamber Concerts.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG gave the first of three Piano Matinées, at Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday, March 19th. The audience was flattering in character, but only moderate in numbers, since the announcement came late in a season nearly all preoccupied with chamber concerts. The programme was a rich one.

Sonate. C sharp minor. Op. 26.... .........Beethoven.
Preludes and Fugues. C minor, D major...Seb. Bach.
Sacred Song [Pour out thy heart before the Lord]. Molique.
Mr. Varley.
Rondo. A minor..............................Mozart.
Songs without Words.....................Mendelssohn.

Scherzo. B flat minor. Op. 31.................Chopin.
a.] "Si Oiseau j'etais" [If I were a bird.]
b.] Poeme d'Amour. [Love Song.] } ....Henselt.
Ballad ["Flow'ret of the dale"]............. ....Molloy.
Mr. Varley.
Spinning Song [Flying Dutchman]...Wagner. Liszt.
Soirees de Vienne [after Strauss]...............Tausig.

Miss Mehlig's playing was never more brilliant, more finished, more expressive. Her rendering

Digitized by Google

particularly of the Chopin Scherzo, and of the Liszt and Tausig transcriptions at the end, was really magnificent. The Preludes and Fugues of Bach too, from the earlier numbers of the "Well-tempered Clavichord," came faultless from her fingers, showing their fine imaginative quality as little tone-*poems*, though they are in the fugue form. The opening Adagio, and the little Allegretto and Trio of the "Moonlight Sonata" were beautifully played, and with true feeling. The swift, impassioned Finale, too, was brought out wonderfully well, except in one respect: to-wit an overdoing of expression by too much retarding of the tempo, particularly whenever the second theme comes in. The Mozart Rondo suffered from the same cause, as it did also (to our feeling) in the rendering of Rubinstein; the simple, naive piece was refined to an almost morbid sentimentalism, compelling it to express more than was intended by it. This is one of the tendencies which artists always before publics,—publics not always very musical,—have to be upon their guard against.

Mr. VARLEY's voice was in excellent condition, and his rendering of the fine sacred aria by Molique, with violoncello obligato by WULF FRIES, was altogether satisfactory. The Ballad, too, was very sweetly sung, suiting his voice well, and charmed so much that he was obliged to repeat it.

For her second Matinée, Saturday, March 22, Miss Mehlig played the following selections:

Praeludium and Fugue, E minor.........Mendelssohn.
Menuetto. Op. 78..............................Schubert.
Tarantelle, C....................................Heller.
Sonate. B flat minor. Op. 35..................Chopin.
Grave. Scherzo. Marche funebre. Presto.

Novellette. D major. Op. 21..............Schumann.
Gnomentanz. E flat............................Seeling.
Venetia and Napoli..................................Liszt.
Concert Etude. B flat minor..................Hendel.

The Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue in E minor was not the very familiar one from "Notre Temps," but one of the six in Op. 35, the Prelude being a light and airy flight of arpeggios, the Fugue winding up with a grand solid Choral. The Chopin Sonata containing the well known funeral march was played entire for the first time here. The March and the short, swift Finale are the really taking parts of it, though it is all interesting, and placed the executive virtuosity of the performer in a brilliant light. The closing numbers of the programme appeared rather trivial. Between the parts a young Soprano singer, Miss ANNA STAAMED lately returned from studies abroad, was introduced, who with a flexible, sweet voice, executed "Son vergine vezzosa" from *I Puritani*, with ease and fluency. We have not given the programme as it was printed; those who went with a curiosity to hear Miss Mehlig play in unknown keys ("E-sharp minor," "C-flat minor, &c.) were disappointed!

The third Matinée (Wednesday 26th) began with the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*, in F, of Bach, superbly played. One of the simple, delicate *Nocturnes* by Field sounded very sweetly after it. This was followed by a brilliant, freakish Scherzo (*Menuetto capriccioso*) from the Sonata in A flat by Weber. Then Mr. VARLEY sang "Be thou faithful," from *St. Paul*, with fine voice and expression. And then came a rather puzzling novelty, and a very elaborate one, in the shape of a Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11, by Schumann. A task of immense difficulty, to which the lady was entirely equal. But either the composition is not one of the most clear and edifying among so many fine things of Schumann's, or it required preparation on the hearer's part.

The second part began with two poetic Etudes by Liszt: "*Waldesrauschen*" (rustling of leaves in the forest) and "*Gnomenreigen*" (dances of the gnomes). Mr. Varley sang Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and Miss Mehlig closed the concert and the brief delightful series with three ever welcome things by Chopin *Nocturne* in G, op. 37, the *Berceuse*, and—we forget which *Ballade*,—the programme said in "F flat"!

---

Mr. B. J. LANG's second Thursday afternoon Concert, March 20, was even more interesting than the first, and in fact, both for the matter and the manner of performance, will be remembered among the best of our chamber concerts. Bach's Concerto in C major for *two* pianos,—even more beautiful than that for *three* pianos,—admirably played by Mr. DRESEL and Mr. LANG, with string quartet accompaniment by Messrs. SCHULTZE, HAMM, RYAN and HENNIG of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, gave a true tone to the feast from the beginning. Mr. Lang then played a Prelude in G minor and a Fugue in E major by Bach,—the former from one of the "English Suites," the latter from the second part of the "Well-tempered Clavichord," one of the most deep-felt, tranquilizing, sweet, religious, among all the Fugues, and of the most pure and perfect in the movement of its parts; you seem to hear four human voice parts in it. Both were beautifully played. Mendelssohn's Andante and Variations in D, op. 17, for violoncello and piano came next, a strong work, full of genius, in which Mr. Hennig's large and even tone, artistic style and execution told to great advantage. It was a great pleasnoe to hear once more that lovely, and in the middle part extremely bold, *Nocturne* by Chopin, in C minor, op. 48, interpreted in Mr. Lang's best style. Schumann's superb, rousing Quintet for piano, violins, &c., (heard once before this season in the concerts of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg), was given with great spirit and triumphant mastery, as if the whole thing were the inspiration of the moment. Indeed the composition bears that mark of genius: it seems to have all come out at one cast.

---

Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG on the next day had their turn again. (Fourth Matinée, at Wesleyan Hall).

Trio, for Piano, Violin, Violoncello in B flat Beethoven.
Allegro con brio. Adagio, Allegro con Variazioni.
Messrs. Hugo Leonhard, Julius Eichberg and Wulf Fries.
Chaconne (with Schumann's accompaniment.).... Bach.
Miss Persis Bell.
Piano Solo, Scherzo op. 39, C sharp minor.....Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Quartet for Piano and Strings...............Schumann.
Sostenuto assai, Allegro ma non troppo; molto vivace; Andante cantabile; vivace
Messrs. Leonhard, Eichberg, Mullaly and Fries.

The smaller B-flat Trio (op. 11) of Beethoven seldom shines into our concert rooms, compared with the great one, op. 97. Therefore all the more welcome; for it is a most genial, charming work. The Variations on the bright Italian sounding air from one of Weigl's operas are full of invention and fine contrast. It was very nicely rendered by the three artists. Miss PERSIS BELL's performance of the great Violin *Chaconne* by Bach was wholly without notes, firm and correct throughout, with almost faultless intonation. It is a task for the best skill of a mature artist; and for a girl hardly in the middle of her teens to deal so easily and surely with its difficulties shows force of character as well as talent. Mr. EICHBERG may be proud of his pupil. The fiery, swift Chopin Scherzo (the third) was capitally done by Mr. LEONHARD, and the grand Schumann Quartet, grandly played, was a vivid reminder of one of the best musical experiences of last year.

---

Mr. ERNST PERABO gave the first of two Matinées, at Wesleyan Hall, on Friday, March 28, assisted by Messrs. CHARLES HAMM and RUDOLPH HENNIG. A large and sympathetic audience were present. His programme was unique:

Sonata, op. 110. A flat major.......... ....Beethoven.
a. Moderato cantabile, molto espressivo.
b. Allegro molto. c. Adagio ma non troppo.
d. Fuga. Allegro ma non troppo.

"Album de Peterhof," 12 Morceaux pour Piano, op 75. Rubinstein.
No. 1. "Souvenir." Moderato, C major.
No. 2. "Aubade." Moderato con moto E flat maj.
No. 8. "Nocturne" Moderato assai. G major.
Douze Grandes Etudes, op. 21.......... F. W. Grund.
(First time in Boston.)
Liv. 1, No. 1. Allegro con fuoco, C major.
Liv. 2. No. 9. Adagio con molto sentimento, E maj.
Grand Trio, op. 37. No. 3. B flat major. Wold. Bargiel.
a. Allegro moderato, con grazia.
b. Andante, molto sostenuto.
c. Scherzo, Allegro. d. Allegro moderato.
[Second time in Boston.]

The Beethoven Sonata, with its shifting moods of thought and passion, was rendered *con amore*, and so successfully that all were interested and would like to hear it many times. Perhaps the Fugue, however, was a little hurried in the excitement which it naturally engendered. The three little album pieces were among the most genial and pleasing of the smaller compositions we have heard by Rubinstein, and they could hardly have found a better interpreter, always excepting of course the composer himself. Of the two *Etudes* by Grund,—entirely a new author to us,—we thought the first had real character and beauty; but the Adagio, not very original in its theme, seemed overloaded with commonplace though finely elaborated ornament. The Trio by Bargiel (which we were obliged to lose when it was first played by the Quintette Club lately) is a spirited and striking composition, which we hardly know whether to like or not upon a single hearing. The Scherzo is quite taking; and we thought the audience generally seemed pleased with the whole work. It certainly had three strong forces combined in the rendering.

At his second matinée, next Friday, Mr. Perabo will play, with WULF FRIES, Beethoven's Sonata in D, op. 102, and an Adagio by Bargiel; also a Sonata by Hummel, a Barcarole by Dupont, and a Gavotte by Gluck.

---

THE KREISSMANN TESTIMONIAL CONCERT came upon a very rainy night (last Saturday,) and yet the Music Hall was very nearly full, while tickets enough had been sold to actually cram it. The programme might have been better, but the greater number seemed to relish it exceedingly. The Orchestra, under Mr. ZERRAHN, although the theatres reduced the number of violins, &c., played the *Meeresstille* and *Der Freischütz* Overtures, the Allegretto from the 8th Symphony, and for a close the "Wedding March" with a good will and quite effectively. The Orpheus, under their new leader, JULIUS EICHBERG, paid the tribute of several of their more familiar part-songs to the honored older leader and father of their order, under whom they used to sing the best part-songs and larger choruses composed for men's voices by Mendelssohn. The fresh young voices of the Boylston Club were joined with theirs in singing the hymn: "To thee, O Country," which Mr. Eichberg composed for the School Festival a year ago, and which was eagerly applauded now as it was then. Miss ADDIE S. RYAN sang Schumann's song: "Er der Herrlichste von allen" very finely; and Mr. VARLEY was imperatively encored in Handel's "Sound an alarm," besides which he sang "Be thou faithful" from *St. Paul*, instead of the Concert Aria by Mozart set down in the programme. About the most brilliant thing in the performance was the piece for two pianos, "Les Contrastes," by Moscheles, executed to a charm by Messrs. Lang and Dresel, Leonhard and Parker. Mr. Eichberg's Concertino for four violins (Messrs. Schultze, Hamm, Suck and Eichberg), with orchestra, was also well received.

The many friends of Mr. Kreissmann will rejoice to learn that the testimonial was a substantial one, and we all hope that it may cheer him in his illness, which has been so long and painful, and further his recovery.

Digitized by Google

# Musical Correspondence.

New York, March 31.—We have been afflicted with a brief season of Italian Opera, which, fortunately, is now ended. The troupe, with one or two exceptions, was the same which had performed here during the past fall and winter season, but this time it was under the management solely of Mr. Maretzek, who has contrived to get rid of his old man of the sea, yclept Jarrett.

Of this Lenten season of Opera there is little to be said, save that two excellent artists, Mme. Lucca and Miss Kellogg, have been unable to redeem the general character of the performances, which were the most wretched and slovenly that I have ever witnessed. It is understood that the season has been *pecuniarily* successful, but, from the drift of public opinion, I judge that Maretzek and his enterprises will not be tolerated here in future.

Strakosch will be here next fall with Nilsson, and will, undoubtedly, give us a season of Opera which will be respectable, to say the least.

Among the concerts since the date of my last letter, I note the following.

The third "Soirée Classique" of the Onslow Quintette at De Garmo hall, on Wednesday Evening, March 5th, with the following programme:

Quintet, B flat, No. 15....Mozart.
Part Songs. { a. Autumn Song. / b. Praise of Spring. } ......Mendelssohn.
Violoncello Solo. Romanza .........A. Franchomme.
Part Songs. { a. "And wilt thou leave me thus.Florio. / b. "Come away death"....G. McFarren.
Quintet. C sharp minor..............Carl Graedener.

The vocalists were Misses Brainerd and Bulkley and Messrs. Bush and Shauffler. Mr. Bernhardt Bierlich played the violoncello, and Mr. Caryl Florio presided at the piano. The instrumental selections were well rendered, and the Graedener Quintet, which was a novelty, made a favorable impression. The last two parts, Menuetto and Allegro Energico quasi Marcia, are particularly good. The vocalists screamed with all their might, and the effect in the small hall was anything but pleasing.

Next came Richard Hoffman's third Piano-forte Soirée at Chickering Hall, on Saturday evening, March 8th, when the talented pianist interpreted an excellent programme to the most select and refined of audiences. This reminds me that I have omitted to mention Mr. Hoffman's Second recital on the evening of Feb. 22nd, when he played Mendelssohn's *Variations sérieuses*, op. 54; Schumann's *Arabeske* and *Abendlied*; a Mazourka and Valse by Chopin; Gottschalk's "Last Hope" and his own Fantasie on themes from "Faust." He also took part in Beethoven's trio, op. 1, the Sonata, Op. 5, No. 2, by the same composer, for piano and violoncello, and the Adagio and Allegro from Mendelssohn's Sonata, op. 4, for piano and violin. Mr. Hoffman was assisted by Mr. Burke and Mr. F. Bergner, and I have rarely listened to a programme so interesting and so well interpreted.

On Saturday, March 15, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society gave their fifth concert at the Academy of Music. The following selections were performed:

Symphony. "Oxford." G maj................Haydn.
Cavatina, "Bel Raggio"......................Rossini.
Mdlle. Corradie.
Concert-Stueck............................Von Weber.
Mr. Richard Hoffman.
Symphony. To the *Divina Comedia*............Liszt.

The orchestral performance was, as usual, weak; and the vocalism only passible, the most artistic performance being Mr. Hoffman's excellent rendering of Weber's difficult *Concert-Stück*.

The appearance of this gifted artist is so rare here that it is considered a great privilege to be present at a concert when he plays, and he has long been considered as the most thoroughly classical and refined artist whom we have among us.

Liszt's Symphony to the *Divina Comedia* is the subject of much discussion, and, as the work of a thorough musician, it should be seriously considered; but I should wish to hear it again before attempting to describe it or to form any opinion concerning its merits.

The N. Y. Wagner Union was formed last fall, at the instance of Mr. Theo. Thomas, for the purpose of raising a fund to defray, in part, the travelling expenses of those of its members who will visit Baireuth on the occasion of the great Wagner Festival in 1874, and to purchase, for them, tickets of admission to the performance of the "Niebelung Ring." This fund is to be raised partly by subscription, and partly by the proceeds of two Concerts which Mr. Thomas and his orchestra are pledged to give in New York. The first of these concerts took place at Steinway Hall, on Friday evening, March 28th, before an audience, which, although not large, was composed of musical people. The programme consisted mainly of selections from Wagner's compositions, with which, thanks to the perseverance of Mr. Thomas, we are now tolerably familiar. It was divided into three parts, separated by brief intermissions, and opened with the overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*, an opera which belongs to an early period of the composer's life; (it was produced in 1840) and which presents fewer eccentricities than his later works. The overture is massive and sombre, in which the weird idea of the Phantom Ship is plainly presented to the mind. This piece was followed by the exquisite Vorspiel to *Lohengrin* and part first ended with "*Eine Faust Ouverture*," which seems to have been written in one of the composer's most extravagant moods.

The second part was taken up by a masterly performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony.

Part Third was composed of two scenas from "Die Walküre,"

a. Ritt der Walkueren.
6. Wotans Abschied.

with the vocal part by Mr. F. Remmertz, and the Kaiser March, which concluded a most enjoyable concert.

A. A. C.

---

Dresden, Feb. 17.—As to music here it is, as you know, abundant and good, whether at the Court Theatre or at the numerous concert rooms. Beginning with the latter, there are at least half a dozen places here where a most excellent orchestra of 40 or 50 players give an excellent programme, something like what our afternoon concerts of ten years ago offered, often including a symphony of Beethoven or Mozart, and always admirably played. While you listen you may drink your beer, or eat and drink whatever else you please, and stay as far into the long evening as you can stand the thick smoke, which makes the bright gas lamps in the further end of the long hall as dim as a London fog does the street lamps, and irritates one's eyes finally beyond endurance. These entertainments cost 5 groschen (about 12 1-2 cents) including programme, (which you elsewhere pay for extra) and which also answers the purpose of what we call a "check." It is getting a good deal of what is very good for your money.

Then there are the innumerable occasional concerts of the wandering stars of the musical world, from Ullman with his satellites to Clara Schumann and Joachim and other lesser celebrities: no end of charity concerts for the sufferers by the flood in the North Sea; the admirable trio and quartet concerts in the Hotel de Saxe, where one finds the best music and the elite of music lovers; and lastly, but by no means least, contrariwise greatest, the Symphony Concerts of the Court Theatre Orchestra given in the Gewerbehaus, under the lead of Julius Rietz, and a younger conductor, Schuch. These are as good as orchestral concerts can be, and the winter series of six, offers, with many standard compositions, a good many novelties. In the concerts thus far have been given the 2nd and 3d Symphonies of Beethoven, 3rd of Schumann, G minor of Mozart, "*Fantastique*" of Berlioz, Suites by Bach and Lachner; Overtures: *Normannenfahrt* by Dietrich, *Jubel*, by Weber, *Semiramis* by Catel, *Abencerrages* by Cherubini, and others. The programmes generally have only 3 numbers, that of the last concert being as follows: I. Overture: *Abencerages*, Cherubini; Variations on an original theme for grand orchestra, by W. Taubert (1st time). II. Overture to *Richard III.*, Robert Volkmann (1st time); Symphony in G minor, Mozart. The concerts begin at 7 and end at 8 1-2, a striking contrast to the interminable programmes and late hours of the London concerts.

The theatre is now a temporary wooden building, which will be used till the completion of the new edifice to replace the one which, as you know, was burned some two years ago. The new one progresses slowly, and for several years the Dresden theatre will be the wooden shanty now standing near where the old one stood. It is however admirably arranged for seeing and sound, and is the best temporary music room I ever was in. I have heard a good deal in the way of opera this winter, going mainly to such operas as I had not previously known, and such as we never have at home, such as Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin*; Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Armide*; Schubert's *Haüsliche Krieg*. The prime donne are Mme. Otto-Alvsleben and Mme. Kauss-Pranse, who are equal to rendering any roles. Besides these there are a host of lesser lights, and the best chorus that I ever heard in a theatre, for execution and musical voices, equal to our best choice picked choruses, such as we sometimes get together from private circles, but never dream of hearing in a theatre.

Apropos of theatres, I went to the new opera house in Vienna, which is the finest theatre externally and in its internal arrangement that I ever saw. I was sorry not to hear an opera there, only a superb ballet being given while I was there. I should like if I could to give you a realizing sense of a tragedy that I saw in Prague, performed in the Bohemian language; but my pen is not equal to rendering its horrors adequately, so I forbear.

H. W.

# Music Abroad.

Paris.—The Choral Symphony of Beethoven was brought out with such splendid success by the Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire, that it had to be repeated in the two succeeding concerts.

All the musicians of Paris, says *Le Ménestrel*, were eager to become acquainted at last with some of the important works of Bach, "that patriarch of music, and foster father, as it were, of all the greatest geniuses." Accordingly a hearing was organized for the 11th of March, at the Salle Pleyel, by M. Lamoureux, which attracted a select public.

"The *séance* commenced with a Concerto for two pianos, with orchestra, very well played by MM. Delaborde and Fissot. The former artist also executed another Concerto, of which the first movement was altogether charming. Two choruses, from his sacred Cantatas, produced a great effect, in spite of some hesitations in the female voices. Mlle. Adèle Monnier won applause in the beautiful Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio. Finally, two fragments of an Overture for flute and orchestra, played in a grand style by M. Taffanel, that eminent and excellent artist, completed the first part of the concert. The second part was still more interesting. It contained an entire work, the *Dramma per musica: "The Quarrel between Phœbus and Pan."* The introduction (for orchestra and chorus) is a magnificent page of brilliancy and grandeur. Each of the personages then sings his Air, separated by recitatives from Airs by other characters (Momus, Mercury, &c.). By two of these the audience were ravished, namely the air of Pan (bass), full of frank gayety and drollery, sung with verve and good round tone by M. Bataille, and that of Momus, the

god of laughter sparkling with malice, which Mlle. Marcus sang with a great deal of spirit. The imitativa *hi! han! hi! han!* of the violins created great diversion during the air of Midas, which for the rest is of the ordinary cut, like those of Phœbus and of Mercury." The article ends with praise to M. Lamoureux, and a strong desire to hear more of "old Bach."

## London.

MME. SCHUMANN'S RECITALS.—*Second Recital.*—The beautiful "posthumous" sonata of Schubert in B flat, headed the scheme. This was so finely played that the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria would have undoubtedly *encored the whole work*, if his spirit had been present. Bach's "Partita" in G, with an *Andante* and Presto of Scarlatti [a dual number] succeeded. Mendelssohn's "Variations" in E flat, provoked an encore, which was responded to by the most acceptable performance of Schumann's indescribably beautiful "Arabesque" in C. The "Carnaval [*Scenes Mignonnes*] of this same inexhaustible Robert Schumann, a fantastic, but rather rambling and certainly very peculiar piece, concluded the afternoon's entertainment.

Mme. Lavrowska [who appeared for the last time Friday evening], was *encored* in both her songs,—Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," and Schumann's "Waldesgespraech," or romantic dialogue between another luckless fair one and the terrible "Lorely" of the Rhine. Mme. Schumann, at this matinee, played with remarkable energy as well as *finesse*. The audience, in fact, were slow to leave the hall, so anxious were they to "talk over" matters, and to vent their enthusiasm.—*Standard.*

According to her annual custom, Mme. Schumann—whose brilliant reception at the Monday Popular Concerts, on the occasion of her first appearance for the season, was described not long since—gave two pianoforte recitals on her own account. At the first, on Wednesday week, in St. James's Hall, the accomplished lady began with her late husband's "*Etudes en forme de Variations*," which Schumann dedicated to "*son ami* William Sterndale Bennett," who, in return, dedicated to Schumann his own admirable Fantasia in A major. The original title of the piece, which stands as Op. 13 in the published compositions of the master, was "*Douze Etudes Symphoniques*." A more trying and difficult work of its kind can scarcely be named. There are twelve variations, all constructed upon a very singular theme, confided, it is said, to Schumann by an amateur; and the whole takes up a good half-hour in performance. Nevertheless, difficult as are the variations, which tax the powers of the executant more and more severely as one succeeds another, Mme. Schumann plays them from beginning to end without book, and plays them superbly—as, indeed, she does whatever proceeded from the pen of her husband, whose music lies as deep in her heart as it flows readily under her hands. Admirable as is her interpretation of the music of other masters, she is never, in our opinion, so entirely herself, so beyond all rivalry, as in that of Schumann, whose spirit seems to breathe through her fingers. Many would, therefore, have liked more of Schumann than was contained in the programme of Wednesday week's recital; and, in fact, if the entire selection had been made out of Schumann's works, vocal and instrumental, not a soul in the room would have complained. As it happened, the only other excerpts from the same source were three fancy pieces—"Aufschwung" ["Soaring"], "Warum" ("Why"]) from Op 12; and *Scherzino*, from Op. 26—each attractive in its way, each, it is almost superfluous to add, given in perfection, but each, to a certain extent, familiar. Mme. Schumann vouchsafed no more.

Among other compositions brought forward by the gifted pianist was J. S. Bach's so-called *Italianisches Concert*" [Italian Concerto], which Kuhnau, a contemporary of Bach's styled simply "*Klavier-Sonate*," and which, if it really did emanate from the genius of Bach, a fact that some in the face of traditional *quasi*-authority deny, is comparatively one of the least important works of its kind with which that most learned, ingenious, and profound of musicians is accredited. It was played, however, in such a style as to win a "recall" for the player, who earned further honors in a *Notturno* by Chopin, and a couple of Schubert's charming "*Momens Musicals*," the last of which [in F minor] was encored. These also Mme. Schumann performed without book.

The remaining pieces were the Adagio from Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto, very cleverly executed [and with deserved success] by Mlle. Friese, well accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Sauerbrey, who also accompanied Mme. Sauerbrey in songs by Gounod and Schubert.

—*Times.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—On Saturday afternoon, the 8th instant, the programme was headed by the second—in our opinion by far the best—of the "Rasoumowski" quartets, the one in E minor, now led by Herr Joachim, as it was, before Christmas, [if our memory does not fail us] by Mme. Norman Neruda. Schubert's tuneful pianoforte trio in B flat (Op. 99) was played, at the close, by Mme. Schumann, with MM. Joachim and Piatti. "Sorrowful, lyrical, and feminine," such are the epithets applied to this trio by the admiring and sympathetic Schumann, but we do not see the force of the first adjective. Except the *andante* in E flat, the movements have always appeared to ourselves remarkably vivacious, full of "animal spirits," and joyous abandonment to the impulse of the hour. Mme. Schumann played Beethoven's solo sonata in E flat, Op. 29, making, out of many points, a capital one in its quaint *staccato* of the *scherzo* in A flat, of which movement, by the way, the startling second theme in F was well taken up. Herr Joachim repeated, by desire, Bach's sonata in A minor [the *andante* and the *allegro* movements]. Mlle. Nita Gaetano [Miss Mackay, from the U. S. A.,] the vocalist, sang Haydn's "Sympathy," and Sir J. Benedict's "T'amo."

The following is a copy of the Monday evening's programme:

Quintet in C, op. 29 .......................... Beethoven.
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti.
Cantata, "Il Nerone" .......................... Stradella.
Mr. Santley.
Suite de Pieces, in G minor, for Pianoforte alone. Handel.
Miss Agnes Zimmermann,

Recit. and Adagio, from Concerto in G minor, Op. 28, for Violin, with Piano Accomp ........... Spohr.
Herr Joachim.
Song, "Nasce al bosco," [Ezio] .............. Handel.
Mr. Santley.
Trio in D minor, Op. 49, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello. Mendelssohn.
Miss Agnes Zimmerman, MM. Joachim & Piatti.
Conductor ............ Mr. Zerbini.

VIENNA.—Gluck's *Iphigenia* was to have been revived at the Imperial Opera house some time ago, but for various reasons, including the indisposition of some of the principal artists, the public are still looking forward to the first performance, or, at least were looking forward to it a day or two ago.—The season of Sig. Merelli's Italian Operatic season, which commenced on the 10th inst., at the Theater an der Wien, is to extend to the 1st May. Among the principal artists are Mmes. Adelina Patti, Barbara Marchisio, MM. Nicolini, Naudin, Graziani, and Vidal. Conductor, Signor Arditi.—Herr Feustl, banker, of Bayreuth, has just paid this city a visit. His object in coming was—not to put too fine a point on it—to "go round with the hat," for the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre now in course of erection at Bayreuth.—It appears that the Universe has not exhibited the alacrity they ought to have exhibited in contributing to the funds for this great Wagnerian project. Some hundreds of thousands of thalers are still wanting, and 1874 is fast approaching. —*London Musical World.*

HAMBURG.—A four-act comic and romantic opera, *Waldmeister's Brautfahrt*, music by Herr Adolff Mueller, has been produced at the Stadttheatre, but achieved at most only a *succes d'estime*. Referring to this opera, a writer in a German contemporary observes: "There is a kind of music which has gradually fallen into discredit and disrepute; it is commonly known under the title of 'Conductor's music' ('*Kapellmeistermusik*'). For the benefit of any one to whom the term may be unintelligible, we beg to offer the following short explanation: A conductor, who conducts so and so many operas a week, becomes at last convinced that it is, after all, not so very difficult to manufacture something like what he has before him; nay, he believes, as he is practically a thorough musician, and knows all about the stage and the requirements of the public, that he cannot fail of success. He is, from long use, perfectly familiar with the tablature of opera, and is a famous adept at what Lessing denominates in literature 'the official style;' as to anything else necessary for the creation of so difficult a work—as for any indispensable quality which his good angel may have refused him, he troubles his head no further about it; he either does not deem it worthy of consideration, or in his conceit, imagines it will come to him in his sleep. Thus it is that there spring into life those weakly bantlings, which usually never behold the light of the float anywhere but at the theatre where their authors occupy the post of conductor, and which, after a short existence, are doomed to be forever buried beneath the dust of the library of the theatre. This is called 'conductor's music,' and, unfortunately, *Waldmeister's Brautfahrt* must be considered a specimen of it."

BREMEN.—Herr Max Bruch's last work, *Odysseus*, has been successfully executed by the Singacademie, under the direction of the composer. The two principal solo parts of *Odysseus* (Ulysses), and Penelope were sung by Herr Scheiper and Mlle. Keller, both of the Stadttheater.


# Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

**LATEST MUSIC,**

**Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.**

**Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.**

EASTER CAROLS.
Now He is Risen. 3. D to e. *Tomkins.*
Hail the bright morn. 3. Bb to f. *Carr.*
The first has one part only, and the last is for mixed voices.

The Evening Star. 3. G to f. *F. A. Strauss.* 30
"Brightly shines the evening star."
Pretty melody with flowing "arpeggio" accompaniment.

Just beyond the Pearly Gates. Song & Cho. 3. Eb to *a*. *Pratt.* 30
"Longing fondly, longing for us,
In their heavenly joy they wait."
There cannot be too many of these beautiful "gate" songs. This is the last, and very good.

Beneath the Waves. Contralto Song. 4. Eb to e. *Smart.* 35
A sad but musical description of the "world beneath the waters."

Fairest One, when first I met thee. 3. G to e. *Fitz.* 30
"Thee I worship, fairest one!"
Musical lovers take notice! Here is another pretty thing to sing to the adored one.

So the Story goes. 3. G to *g*. *Molloy.* 30
"'Twas on a summer's day,
So the story goes,
A little maid did stray,—"
Admirable. Charming little story, which "goes" as musically as the brook that carried the lost rose to the Miller's son.

No Father, no mother. Song & Cho. 2. Ab to d. *Danks.* 30
"From morn until night I am walking the street."
A beautiful, simple, touching ballad.

Little Darling. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to e. *Danks.* 30
"Would you kiss me again, little darling,
And lay your sweet head on my breast."
Charming, and no mistake.

Friar Bacon. From "Selections of Old English Songs." 2. A to e. 30
"With that a merry devil
To take an airing vowed,
Huggle, huggle, ha! ha! ha!
Peculiar but good old song, as are the 15 contained in the "selections" all, no doubt, rare favorites in their day.

**Instrumental.**

Fairy Queen. (Reine des Fées.) 4 hands. 4. Ab. *S. Smith.* 1.00
May Pole Dance. 4. C. " " 1.00
Sydney Smith is one of the most brilliant of composers, but his works have been, in general, too difficult for ordinary players. The above two pieces, however, if skilfully fingered, are hardly above the 3d degree of difficulty, and are as brilliant in this arrangement as in any other.

Little Bird's Nest.
No. 3. Piggie Buck Galop. 1. C. *Mack.* 30
" 9. Little Birdie's Dead March. 1. A min. 30
Little birdies who are learning to play will take these among their first pieces.

Recreation. Polka Redowa. 2. Bb. *Bonn.* 30
Useful instructive pieces.

Melodious 5 Finger Studies for 4 hands. *Behrens.*
In 3 Nos. each 75
Complete, 1.50
5 Finger Exercises are very useful, and (speak it softly) a little tiresome. But the 4 hand arrangement, and the "tunes" which are evolved, greatly lighten the task of practicing them.

Eight Hands. Music well-arranged for 2 Pianos, 4 Performers.
Overture to Martha. 4. *Horn.* 1.75
Soldier's Chorus. (Faust). 4. *Schubert.* 1.00
These are noble things for exhibitions, and, when well-played, have almost an orchestral effect.

Pupils Recreation. 6 moderately easy and elegant pieces. *Wels, ea.* 35
1. Polonaise. 4. F.
The "instructive" quality betrays itself at once. Excellent practice.

Middlemarch Waltz. 4. *Tolmatschoff-Strauss.* 60
Tolmatschoff is one "variety" of Strauss, and the waltz is brilliant and Strauss-y.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.


Digitized by Google